

McNeely Goes To Hill--Leaves Behind Suggested Improvements

By PATRICK McNEELY
 "Last lectures" are becoming a trend on this campus so I feel that this is a good time for this writer to give what might be called his "last column." Below I will briefly point out the five improvements I would like to see on the UNC-C campus, revealing as little about myself as I possibly can.

(1) EXPERIMENTAL COURSES:
 This is not a new idea but one practiced in many other institutions of higher learning. The process would be that if a certain number of students (say 30) were to request a course to be taught at the University which is not taught at the present, the University would hire an instructor to teach said course to the requestees. The course could be in yoga, Indian music, Eskimo customs or any other subject which would draw enough interest to fill a classroom. Obviously the student would not receive quality point nor semester hour credit for these experimental courses unless they were added to the catalogue of credit courses after the trial class. The object would be to set up a system of supply and demand for education beyond the courses offered. This would be a great step toward enlivening academic interest as well as providing a basis for adding new courses to the standing repertoire.

(2) UNIVERSITY PRIDE:
 The problem of lack of pride is an abstract and perplexing one here. It is primarily the students' problem. We already have academic pride but those standards are set by the faculty; what are you, the students going to do which you can be proud of. The field of athletics is a good place to start. Support and be proud of your teams regardless of their records. Winning is not as important nor as rewarding as the feeling of togetherness of effort, and appreciation of and pride in the endeavor.
 Pride begins with little things such as display of the University name on car windows, sweat-

shirts and drinking mugs. Its substance is the desire to enter into the pulse of campus activity and its result is a spiritual experience.

I may be "the fool on the hill" but I wouldn't have it any other way. There is plenty of room on this hill for all.

(3) THE "CHILD COMPLEX":
 We are waivering between two forces which, when they meet produce uncommon behavior for a student. One force is the parental-home influence not present at residential colleges. The other is the natural need of college-aged persons for independence and individuality. Some are content to remain children and proceed to act the part. Others struggle so violently to rid themselves of this complex

that they become candidates for the old folks' home. I think you will agree that neither extreme is good.

The sad part is that the social structure which results from this unbalanced majority either alienates or contaminates the few independent students.

I would like to see students of this campus exert some introspection and become collegians in the true sense of the word. As the situation is now the following is probable: The Lord made man and He said, "This is good"; and the Lord made woman and He said, "This is good"; then the Lord made the UNC-C student and He said, "This is odd."

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5-Year Man on Campus With Ellison Clary

Scourge Of Students Exams Bring Out Worst

Exams are the scourge of students. They're like laxatives; they bring out the worst in people.

Campus life patterns undergo abrupt transformations around exam time. Often old friends are rendered unrecognizable.

For instance, during the last few days of classes several of your buddies are apt to disappear completely. Sometimes you can catch a glimpse of something which vaguely resembles them in a faraway, musty, cobwebby corner of the unchartered, vast wilderness, the library.

They're (sometimes literally) pouring over a text which still looks new after four months. Later you find out the text is new; they just bought it yesterday.

Although the vision appears quite life-like, you figure it's got to be an apparition since the only other time you can remember them being in the library they were asked to leave because they were making too much noise--snoring.

You sit around a table in the union with several friends. Normally you'd all be laughing and joking. But now it's exam time. So nobody speaks. You just stare at each other. Now and then someone will grimace painfully, someone else will shuffle his feet, another will look up and open his mouth as if to speak, only to drop his head after realizing the futility of it.

Finally one of you will scowl at a clock and all will silently rise and trudge together toward the impending slaughter.

If you arrive early for the exam, you have the dubious pleasure of observing the other lambs flock in, all ready in unique ways for the kill.

Sat Up With Little Girl

Usually one of them is the older woman type, you know, grandmotherly looking. This is the only course she's taken during the semester and she's dead set on showing those youngsters who've struggled through four other subjects that she's got more intellect in her little toe than all of them can collectively muster. And she probably does; her problem is in transferring it to her brain.

She bustles in and exclaims to no one in particular, "Oh, I didn't get a single chance to study for this exam. I've had to sit up with my little girl for the last three nights. She's been running a fever of 103 and the doctor says it's just a virus but I just know it's scarlet fever because it runs in the family on my husband's side. I'll die if this keeps me from making an "A" in this course."

You're beginning to hope she doesn't make the "A".
 "But at least I did finish all the outside reading the professor said would be on the exam," she proclaims triumphantly.

You wonder, "What outside reading?"
 After the lady comes the carefree fellow you noticed in class the first couple of times and then didn't see again. He's the son of the richest man in Matthews or some such place and you thought he'd dropped out to take over the old man's wooden clothespin business.

"No, I didn't drop," he explains, "I've just been living it up in Harrisburg with some waitress and running a gambling house on the side. My dad would disinherit me if he found out, so last week I read up on all the texts in this class and figured I'd come on back and ace the exam."

You hate to, but you inform him the exam is coming entirely from the professor's notes.

"Ooooooooh hayel!" is his only reply.
 Then there's the guy who drags in looking like something that was thrown away and refused pick up by the garbage man. He sports a three-days growth of beard which took him a week to cultivate, the no-bath smell, grimy jeans with holes in the seat and both knees, a raggedy sweatshirt with "Eat at Joe's when Joe's not home" inscribed on it in pink magic marker, and a turban.

Had No Time To Shave

"I've been so busy studying I haven't had time to shave or get cleaned up," he says. The truth is, he's spent so much time getting dirty, he hasn't had time to study.

Following this guy is the shapely party girl who's never studied in her life. She can't concentrate long enough on anything except marriage. She's her usual sexy self as she nonchalantly coos, "I don't care if I do flunk out. Maybe I'll get drafted."

If she did, Bob Hope wouldn't have to entertain the troops. Finally, some poor soul who's been on No-Doz for the last 72 hours straight somehow staggers in. His eyes are like glass and you could ice skate on his pupils. He doesn't say anything, he just stares straight ahead, never blinking. By the time the exams are passed out, so is he.

So you stare at your exam and hope the entire first question is a typist's mistake because you don't even know what language it's in. This is when you identify with a drowning man. Your whole semester flashes through your mind in a minute's time.

Now you know you're finished. How do you know? Well, if the course is Russian History and you think Bogdon Khmelintsky and the Ukrainian Cossacks are a new psychedelic rock group, that's a pretty good indication.

Letters To The Editor Barnstormer Critics Put Foot In Mouth With Vigor

Dear Editor,

It is with some reservations that I write this reply to Mr. Lafferty and Mr. Logan's letter to the editor in the January 10 issue of THE CAROLINA JOURNAL. As a member of the Barnstormers I was pleased to note that some reaction, regardless of the small value of that reaction, has been made to the magazine's latest issue. As far as I know, the magazine and the club have always welcomed any criticisms and/or comments on the quality of the publication, including this "criticism", if it can be labeled as such.

However, upon examination of Mr. Lafferty and Mr. Logan's lam somewhat puzzled by their charges. They refer to the magazine as "Hancockian," which it is, as much as it is "Stonestreetian", "F. N. Stewart-ian", "John Hostetter-ian," or any other proper adjective one cares to apply in reference to authorship of articles. I would hazard to guess that any publication reflects, to some degree the tastes and abilities of its editor, just as THE CAROLINA JOURNAL reflects Miss Watts' guiding hand. Jerry Hancock would I am sure, appreciate any assistance or comments in editing.

If the Barnstormer is "Namby-pamby" and "Third-rate" it is because, we the students of UNC-C, have only submitted "third-rate" material to be selected from for publication. If Mr. Lafferty or Mr. Logan have any better poetry to submit, the Barnstormer would appreciate it, as we have a an opening for a page of "second rate" poetry for advanced readers.

Sincerely,
 O. C. Stonestreet, III

'Namby-Pamby' Barnstormer Reflects Quality Of Writing

TO THE EDITOR:

All too frequently there is a tendency, on the part of others, to excoriate someone else's "stuff" without producing any of their own. In a rather paltry and childish manner however, they go about it in a way that reveals how "warped" their minds can be. A two year old can say, "I don't like it" and put his thumb in his mouth. When he grows older and does the same thing he puts his foot in his mouth.

With reference to the article published in the last issue of THE CAROLINA JOURNAL the "stuff" that was published in the BARNSTORMER is an attempt by students to explain their sensitivity to life and broaden their perspective of things no matter how unpoetic it may appear to others.

The poing: don't knock until you've felt the blow first.

To Mr. Logan and Mr. Lafferty I can never reproduce what the masters did with verse.....

Scribble.....so I must, what then is your woth?

You see my friends, and I say this because I like you, but your groove is something I can't dig. You are the critic and not criticized. You can afford to wipe the wrong end with your handkerchief. Let me cite a quote from R. M. MacIvers, THE PERSUIT OF HAPPINESS: "The fault lies not in the seeking but in the spirit of the search, not in the engrossment but in the perspective. Our values should dwell in our hearts, not our nerves; our innovations should excite our minds, not our tempers."

If you've written "stuff" for the BARNSTORMER do not be robbed of the intrinsic quality of the pursuit; do not fret and fume or vex yourself in vain. Scribble on, and perhaps in one line out of a hundred you'll step out of doors and enter the field of life, look up at the sky and know you've not been troubled.

T. J. Reddy

Sincerely,
 Dr. Edward Perzel
 Assistant Professor
 of History