

Journal Closes Out Year

Since this is the last issue of the Journal, we thought that we'd take this opportunity to clear our minds of all the jumbled abstractions that have been occupying space there for the past few weeks. So grab your bootstraps, fasten your seat belts, and hold on to your cool. (Also, it might be a good idea to pull in your toes. We don't guarantee that we won't step on a few.)

To begin with, let's get all the congratulations that are due out of the way in order that we can get on the more meaty scuttlebutt. The Blackfriars are certainly worthy to top the list of worthies. Their groovy cool under fire was fantastic. Never in the history of the stage have so few been belted by so many peanuts. And then there was the Parbershop Quartet-excellence is. . . And a most hearty thanks to Dr. Roy Moose for his presentation of England's first poet laureate. The Arts Committee did a wonderful job. It's a shame that they didn't have any more help, the APO pledges deserve thanks, too.

Faculty Wakes Up

Another event we can't pass up is the requirement change approved in the faculty meeting of one week ago today. At last we're going to become a real UNIVERSITY. About time! The faculty is not nearly so far behind the times as we would like to pretend, even though they didn't show up for "The Green Garter". Hey, is that another chicken joke?

Did anyone notice the total vote in last week's YRC mock election? Surprisingly enough a total of 472 votes were cast. But, no need to be alarmed. That's only 250 more than the election committee had to count during the last campus election. There seems to be some sort of inconsistency here, though we're not sure exactly what the indication is. The obvious interpretation would be that the students are more interested in state politics than they are in determining who their own campus leaders are. This, however, is not the way we read this problem. Perhaps the solution lies in the manner in which these two elections were conducted. The principal behind having students show their I.D. cards and then checking their names off a student list is fine. But, like most theories based in idealism, it doesn't work. Many students are annoyed by this laborious procedure. Many potential voters passed up the campus elections because they weren't convenience enough. There is no excuse for this, but it is a problem and must be solved. True, it wasn't impossible for a student to vote more than once, but which is more representative of student opinion, an election with a few invalid votes or one that doesn't involve enough votes to predict overall student trends?

Beer, Music On Campus?

We would also like to congratulate the Board of Trustees of Davidson College for their recent approach to the issue of whether or not to allow drinking on campus. When will the state University System catch up with these "cold Presbyterian conservatives" and call for a study to investigate this long-controversial issue that we would all like to see cleared up?

The record selection in the juke box in the cafeteria leaves much to be desired - much. If one is a member of the "teen scene" or a devotee of the beach cult, then he can sit and listen for hours, but what of Dylan fans, country-western listeners, blues buffs, folk music lovers, or those who dig the pop sounds of Williams, Sinatra, and Goulet. Ane last, but far from least, what of the many jazz fans and potential jazz fans? What has been done to appease these devotees of various types of music?

Music lovers of UNC-C, ARISE.

And, speaking of entertainment, what was wrong with the mikes in The Green Garter Friday night? And, speaking of The Green Garter, what was wrong with the audience Friday night.

Election Oddity

Before closing out, we would like to state our opinion on one further campus issue. That is, the involvement of faculty members in student elections. Whether or not it has been done in the past is a question for the historians and reactionaries. It is, however, the position of the Journal that any attempt to meddle in student politics for an ulterior motive will be met with direct opposition. We will do everything in our power to expose and nullify any such attempt.

Concerning the issue of student power, which has been much-publicized and often-discussed in the past few months and which has come to a climax in colleges all over the country this Spring, we would like to congratulate those students who have practiced restraint, shifted the emphasis from demands to requests, and attempted to go through the proper channels to obtain their wishes. Furthermore, we feel naught but pity and shame for our colleagues who were not able to see the light and who felt that violence was the proper means to obtain the desired ends. For those, especially our contemporaries at Columbia, we are indeed sorry.

For a final note, have you ever tried to put out a newspaper in an office that is not equipped to take incoming phone calls on the day of deadlines? Or in an office that has one typewriter? Or with an active staff of about eight? Believe us, it isn't easy.

'Out To Lunch' Coming

Next year's Journal will not feature the "Little Man On Campus" for the first time since 1965. It has been phased out in deference to "Out To Lunch", a cartoon strip drawn by Mollie Poupney and presenting a unique outlook on the college scene. "Mollie sees the poet, the philosopher, the radical, the folksingers, the lovers, the girl friends, and the conservative as hoes in this non-hero world of ours." The strip, distributed by Advocate Syndicate of Contra Costa College, is geared to allow each reader his own, idiosyncratic interpretation. We hope that all will enjoy the strip as much as the staff has enjoyed the initial proofs.

Cardboard Justice

I had an opportunity last week to witness Justice in action, and although it was of the much ridiculed Southern variety, one might question whether it was peculiar to the South.

Early in February I witnessed an accident involving two cars and a telephone pole. For some reason that quite escapes me now, perhaps a long-forgotten sense of duty (a throw-back to my military service?), I stayed at the scene while the other witnesses made good their getaways. The details are unimportant -- the police arrived, I volunteered my information and left. No one was hurt, and the cars were only slightly damaged; the telephone pole died.

A month later I sat in court for 7 hours waiting for our case to reach the docket, and it was a marvelous experience. The Judge was civil, urbane, and knowledgeable. When several laws were questioned, he attempted to rule by their intent rather than by their language;

one case, concerning a controversial Charlotte ordinance governing the placement and use of signs, brought about a re-interpretation of the law. The Judge showed remarkable restraint, even with second and third offense Negroes--the sign of a true humanitarian.

The lawyers were fascinating: Talking with patrolmen, wise-cracking with the solicitor, and generally having a good time; they needed only blue helmets and mustaches to give excellent imitations of the Keystone cops. In fact, their imitations were so good that I began to crave popcorn. No doubt, in their serious moments they accomplished much, yet they didn't inspire my confidence, and I wasn't a defendant.

The solicitor was beautiful. Awed by his own eloquence, and technical competence, he ran the court with the flair of a P. T. Barnum; obviously a man on his way up. Any number of times warrants were misinterpreted,

judgments made, and then revised after the errors were found. In one case, a defense attorney based his case upon misinformation given him by the solicitor and a patrolman involved; a simple, human error, not a conscious act of misdirection on anybody's part, yet the attorney was obviously shaken. Happily for the defendant, the case was thrown out of court on a technicality. In another case, the victim was charged, judged, and convicted so quickly that he was on his way to a cell before someone realized that they had tried the man on the wrong charge--and my head was spinning, can you imagine how the poor man felt? It had all happened so fast that I felt I was watching a magic act. The solicitor tried any number of times to change pleas from "not guilty" to "guilty" so that the court might be cleared earlier. "Say fellow, you know what'll happen if you're found guilty? . . . it'll be easier . . ."

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The Hawk Predicts Victory, Loses

By JIM PATTERSON

Dr. Reginald A. Hawkins spoke on campus Tuesday night April 30th. Dr. Hawkins, who finished third in the Democratic primary for Governor of North Carolina, said he was saving the hometown University for last. The Charlotte Dentist has been re-

ferred to by the newspapers as the candidate running on issues instead of personalities. His speech here drew a standing ovation from an audience of students and faculty. The good Dr. didn't seem to mind not being furnished with a microphone or that he had to share the stage with the back of a piano. The

gubernatorial candidate spoke in room C-220. The program was sponsored by The Students For Action.

Dr. Hawkins spoke in support of a state tax on cigarettes. He said this tax would constitute 78 million dollars in tax revenue. Hawkins would use this money to improve North Carolina schools from kindergarten through the state Universities. The candidate attacked the low rate of pay going to North Carolina teachers. Liquor by the drink was also listed as a needed source of generating tax dollars. Speaking further on education in the state, Dr. Hawkins called for state universities with graduated tuitions based on the student's ability to pay. The "Hawk", as he is called by his soul friends, closed his attack on education in North Carolina by calling for the burning of history textbooks that don't depict our state history as it is. He pointed to the fact that by law all such texts are to be burned at the end of the school year.

If there was any doubt about Dr. Reginald Hawkins being a

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"The Hawk Addresses a UNC-C Audience."

Gaither Looks Back, Moves On

Has it been a good year? Almost anyone will give you some kind of answer, but only time and the succeeding years hold the true answer. It is my fondest wish that in this final analysis the results will prove to be favorable.

It can be said with assurance, however, that this has been a year of contrast and extreme.

The joy and happiness of many occasions have been marred by the tragedy, a sadness, and sorrow of others. Many times during the year it has become impossible for me to see through this veil of heartbreak and waste, and distinguish the tempering effects of the occasion on life as we know it.

This has also been a year of change as have all previous years in the life of our fledgling university. Not only do the personnel of our community continue to change, the degree requirements change and define the face of the physical plant is again undergoing change. The detours, detours and damn'it anyways have been gone from the campus entirely too long, but they are all back in force and hopefully will remain.

Finally this has been a year of learning for most members of every segment of our community, even some students are reported to have picked up a few gems of wisdom along the way. There have been some good lessons presented to certain faculty members by the student body; let's hope some of these sank in.

In general, the apathy and poor communications existing on this campus remain as the biggest obstacle to the growth and progress of this institution. That's about it in a nut shell and since I'm running a little late (5 years), good night.

John O. Gaither

1967-1968 President, SGA

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