

Editorial

Why Does Journal Need \$\$

There are several items of which one must be possessed in order to print a newspaper (and one must surely be possessed). One of these necessities is a camera. Another is a typewriter. Unless one wishes to have staff members (provided, of course, that one can gather a group of talented and intelligent individualists under a common roof in this time of crisis) waiting in line to type their articles, one must have a minimum of two typewriters - preferably of the functional variety, which is to say, two typewriters that work. Furthermore, in order to keep an accurate set of financial transcripts, any organization should have indisputable access to a calculator which is equipped to handle the particular quality and quantity of figures with which that specific organization's business manager is to be faced in the course of the period for which the aforementioned organization is to maintain a reasonable level of activity. A telephone is also an indispensable item on the equipment list. It becomes increasingly difficult to place or receive a telephone call when one does not have a telephone. Stamps! One needs stamps. The government frowns on sending correspondence through the U.S. Post Office without stamps. What's worse, they won't let it go through. A staff without a dictionary is a staff unarmed against a veritable sea of troubles. And criticisms. And about those photography supplies- film, chemicals, printing- just try to make the pictures come out without them. (True, we've done it in the past, but it's a once-in-a-lifetime feat). We sing a song of news releases, which tell us of events in colleges all over the country. International Press' services are not free, and not even UNC-C can afford to ignore what is going on all over the country.

Can't Work Without Tools

Further funds are necessary to be used as tokens of affection from the students to those who put in long hours in order to insure that, when Billie Freshman or Allen Sophomore go to the newspaper racks on Wednesdays, the goodies will be there. These expenses come in the form of grants to the editor, the photographer, and that overworked individual, the business manager. We're sorry, folks, that we're so mercenary, but one cannot eat pride or accomplishments. That's life. One of the most dependable tools for maintaining proper and efficient liason with colleges all over the nation is the conference in which journalistic workshops in all phases of newspapering are held. That, too, costs money. But if the consensus is that THE CAROLINA JOURNAL staffers do not need to go to one of these informative and effective sessions, fine. We won't argue that point. There are also several other minor expenses, but we will forego the explanation of such items as office supplies, Xerox copies, and syndicated cartoons, feeling in the deepest part of our souls that the reader will have no difficulties in recognizing these as expenses with which every organization is faced. Oh, yes- almost forgot- one of the greatest expenses encountered in publishing a newspaper is the printing itself. The particular sum now under discussion by this editor is low. It is more than fair to the students. We are trying to get by on as little of the students' money as is possible.

The Carolina Journal is not a non-profit organization. No, we don't realize our profits in the same monetary manner that most business concerns strive for. We try to exist on the happiness (or, at least, contentment) of the Student Body. We feel that the Student Legislature should do the same. If student activity fees are given to the legislature for the purpose of allocation, then they should be allocated, not placed in the Student Legislature savings account. And funds that are already in the savings account should be used as they are needed, not hoarded.

If it is the contention of the Student Legislature that THE CAROLINA JOURNAL can maintain its present publishing schedule on the amount of money allocated at the last meeting, then they are badly mistaken. They seem to be greatly concerned with the problem of overspending of budgets. Is the idea of underallocation a solution to overspending? No.

If the Journal has to cut to four pages, or has to be published on a bi-weekly basis, or has to be sold in the Union, it will be because we simply don't have enough money. The Student Legislature didn't give us enough.

Polaroid Pics, Abacus Accounts

There is, as there always is, an alternate solution. Several, in fact. We can print the JOURNAL on homemade papyrus, with handlettered articles. Pictures by Polaroid. Our business manager can always try keeping accurate accounts on a used abacus that sits in the windows of the local Family Nickel Store. We can send all messages across town by bicycle messenger, and we don't really need a news service. We can use the ones we see in other newspapers, trying not to get caught. We don't mind not going to the USSPA Conference. We'll just stay here, surrounded by your ignor- excuse me- innocence, and not try to help you out of it.

Publishing Schedule Cut

Until we of the Journal can come arrive at a solution that solves the problems of everybody concerned, we will do what seems to be the best action. The October 16 issue of THE CAROLINA JOURNAL will be dropped from our present publishing schedule. One issue will also be dropped from the spring schedule. This is an alternative to charging the readers a price for reading THE JOURNAL. We're just trying to do our best for the Student Body, and we can only work within the financial bounds that the Student Legislature sets up for us.

In Response to Mr. Phillips

In response to Mr. Phillips' letter of last week, we can only admit that he has discovered a problem that has become apparant to most everyone here. In defense of Mr. Hugh Jolly, manager of the bookstore, we would like to state that Mr. Jolly is understaffed and is presently seeking assistance in the form of employees. Don't get mad at Hugh, he's doing the best he can with what he has to work with. Remember, he's the man who brought PLAYBOY to UNC-C. Concerning the other lines that were enjoyed (?) by Mr. Phillips and two-thousand other unidentified and angry students, we quote from a news release of July three, this year:

New students at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte won't be subjected to mass confusion when they enter in September. Instead, they will get their orientation to UNC-C in small groups the weeks of July 8 and August 12. 420. Relax, Danny and friends, you just imagined that you were standing in line you were really home in a comfortable chair thanking the good Lord for early registration (yes, we know; we were standing in that same chair).

The Baron

By Walt Sherrill

Once upon a time, long long ago, there lived in the great state of Taxes a cattle-baron of outstanding ability and overwhelming ambition who sought to rule the ranch all by himself. And although the Baron was a man of transcendental qualities, he retained that attribute common to all men-ego. In fact, as egos go, the Baron was more human than most.

The Baron hadn't always been a baron though; he had started out as a humble school teacher, but the life of teaching didn't satisfy his need to serve his fellow men. (Some say that even though the Baron left the life of teaching far behind, he always remained a pedagogue at heart.)

Through hard work and ability, not to mention a few greased palms, the young teacher-turned-cowpoke worked his way up through the nobility until he found himself in the privy council of the Crown itself. No one seemed to know why the Baron was so successful, and no one seemed to care-cattlemen never argued with success.

The picture, however, didn't stay rosey forever: just when the Baron seemed destined to go down in history as the most illustrious cattle-baron of all time, the sheepherders came over the horizon.

Enter Sheepherders

Now theres nothing in the world that a cattelman hates worse than a sheepherder, unless it's two sheepherders, and our Baron was the greatest cattelman of all time. He was, however, a peaceable man. Once during a showdown with a slick-tongued gunslinger from Arizona, the Baron shot his man down for being trigger-happy, and the act made him the most popular cattle-baron ever known. His record, however, didn't impress the sheepherders, and the Baron saw that he was going to have to fight fire with fire. (Some of his critics suggested that he ought to fight fire with water, but they were soon drowned out in the conflagration.)

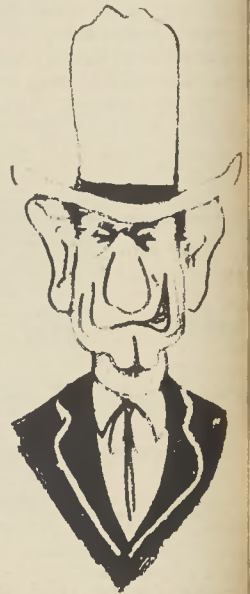
At first the Baron did nothing more than give the Badland ranchers a little moral-support and some barbed-wire. The ranchers, however, didn't know how to string a tight strand of wire, and the Baron soon found himself forced to send a bunch of his best cowpunchers to show them how the job ought to be done. The Baron didn't really care all that much about the Badlands-they were too far away to really matter-but he couldn't tolerate a challenge to his authority: he was the Law and he was gonna make damned sure that those conniving sheepherders knew it.

The barbed-wire and advisors were soon followed by a company of Taxes Rangers, and a bunch of stern-wheeling river boats-all of which prompted the sheepmen to send in more sheep and herders. Not only were those mangey, cowardly, sissified sheepherders

not running away from Baron's hard-hitting cowpunchers they were actually hitting and winning! Some of the Rangers protested that their ropes weren't strong enough, that their weren't fast enough, and their silver bullets didn't quickly enough, but pointedly ignored mentioning the sheepherders had only dung for weaponry. Things desperate that the Baron forced to use them newfangled aeroplanes to keep things burning the grass just so the couldn't graze the land bare.

The Captain in charge of Rangers was a man star-turned-lawman known for a knack of never taking a picture or ever losing a fight-something he also mentioned in his letters to the Sheepherders, however, read his letters and thought it was just another foreigner trying to keep them from feeding sheep.

Not only did the sheepherders not read the Captain's letters they also didn't fight like they were supposed to: they didn't blindly into dead-end arroyos hole-up obligingly in abandoned cabins until reinforcements arrive. In fact, the Sheepherders were downright unaccommodating.



The Baron

The Rangers fought and fought well, but they just weren't enough. The Indians in the area didn't like the sheepherders, but a lot of them were relatives, so they found it hard to bushwhack their own kinfolk. The Rangers were soon reinforced with thousands of deputies, many of them wearing green stetsons, and a few wearing white stetsons, a good-guy, but one that was a green stetson was a man good-guy. They all bled when they were shot though... Well, the going got rough, the Baron would slip off to his private spread where he'd sip his beer and race like hell all over his ranch in his luxurious surrey. (Continued on page 8)

THE CAROLINA JOURNAL

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