

Fall Approaches

SGA President Bill Billups has put the wheels in motion for next fall's orientation program. We certainly hope that his efforts to begin early will be rewarded with favorable response from some concerned students. The handbook needs a staff and FAC needs a chairman. Last year's handbook suffered from lack of interest on the part of most students, and FAC was one of the worst the school has ever witnessed. This can be improved upon only if more students take an active part in orienting next year's neophytes; the usual handful cannot handle the task alone, and many of the usual handful are going to graduate.

We would make only a few preferatory suggestions concerning the management of the fall program. Both the editor of the handbook and the FAC Chairman should receive financial stipends. A \$50 grant for both of these is not beyond the executive council's means. We must remember that, in our capitalist-oriented society, one gets what one pays for. The handbook should be for, by, and about students and student life. We sincerely hope that student fees will not be used again this year to print information that rightly belongs in the catalogue. To the administration: either pay up or get out of our book!

Coming Home

The Homecoming festival might not have been the best idea in the world, but that was no reason for the campus organizations to boycott it. The Homecoming Committee sent a notice to all organizations requesting nominees for the Queen. Three organizations replied. What can we say?

Senior Gift

This year's Senior Class Gift is to be a mace to be carried at the head of processions. It will cost about \$1000. Isn't that just a little bit silly? Still, perhaps it's not out of place here.

Still No Answer

The faculty just didn't get around to voting on social fraternities at their February meeting. To some, "Social Fraternities" may be just a phrase or meaningless term. We assure the faculty that it is much more than that for many students on campus. We just thought we'd let you know. That's all.

Untitled

Walking down the sidewalk Friday, one might have spied a curious looking black flag fluttering proudly in the breeze. Closer examination would have failed to reveal a skull-and-crossed-bones design. Vigils are often quite appropriate, but the degree to which they are effective depends on the way in which they are carried out. It is hard to convert casualties into martyrs without altering the facts just a little. We are in complete sympathy with the STATED motive of last Friday's "vigil", but the means of mourning are not quite so laudable. We were of the impression that there were some sort of guidelines governing the placement of flags on state property. Perhaps we are mistaken.....

Legislature Meets, Be There!

The Student Legislature will meet at 11:30 a.m. next Monday. This will afford an excellent opportunity for students to attend, kibbitz, make suggestions, observe, or air grievances, depending on their particular prejudices and problems. We should certainly hope that there will be a large turnout of students. This body makes decisions that affect you every day; you forfeit your right to complain if you absent yourself from this meeting. The regular meeting time has been ammended in order that you, the student, can get first hand information about the SGA. Be there.

Staff Meeting

There will be a meeting of THE CAROLINA JOURNAL Staff at four o'clock this Sunday afternoon. All staff members and regular contributors are requested to attend.

Draft Bears Down-With School's Help

Uncle Sam, in the figure of General Hershey (or Ruth Skidmore) is crouching at the doors of American universities and colleges; there, he waits. He is anxiously waiting for students to make their exit from the "Halls of truth and knowledge." Male students are his particular pleasure. He likes nothing better than to throw them to the small sharp-toothed orientals as sacrifices. He hopes that the cult of democracy will be saved from the God of Vengeance. It won't work.

Now that's bad; it's really bad. But it could be worse. The University, our hope and protection, could be helping Uncle Sam out. Ridiculous? No. As a matter of fact, we are being betrayed to the militaristic mechanism of democracy by the administration of our much loved institution. They are sending our grades to the local draft board. And that's bad.

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Glory to My Beard

By Tim Britton

To really jam up the machinery, to study human reaction to a startling situation, why else would I grow a beard?

Well first of all, contrary to popular belief, I have not turned hippie, even though sometimes I wish I could. Hippie land supposedly is free of all hangups found in everyday life. Well, for me, hippie land is a hangup, no better or no worse than crass commercialism, just another hangup.

Speaking of hangups, that's what I did, I hung everything up; took a look at it, quit my \$10,000 plus expenses job, moved back to Charlotte, hung up my salesmen's makeup kit, with masks; semi-rejected the business world, and resumed my never ending battle for a diploma.

Much deeper than the battle for

a diploma, the search for identity was to continue. Who am I, what am I going to do? Well, I've been introduced as a "scrubbed hippie", "a confused young man", and have been through barrages of MMPI's, Kuder Preference Tests, and various "measurements of personality". So now I am sure that I don't know who I am or where I'm going. The tests have told me so.

One thing the tests didn't say, I have an aversion to accepting anything without thinking it out. And after consideration, I have rejected that part of our culture which demands that I be clean shaven, wear a coat and tie, smile for everybody, and conform to the idealistic image of a twenty eight year old cog in the wheel of commerce.

Instead, I grew a beard, much



to the horror of 276,000 of the 278,000 residents of Charlotte, N.C., our thriving, progressive, cultural desert. I am protesting. I think that I'm protesting the injustices perpetrated on mankind by mankind, or the dehumanization of man, or the demise of the whooping crane; anyway, whenever I receive an IBM card in the mail, I fold it, spindle it, and then bite the corner off. Maybe this is why I grew my beard.

Bookstore and Speeders

Dear Editor:

Somewhere on this campus there must be someone, some brave fighting soul or group, who will take on the bookstore. After attending U.N.C.-C for three semesters, I have become accustomed to the outrageous prices, but now they've gone too far. Monday morning I was on campus by 9:30 in order to have enough time to buy a few books and still make a 10:30 class. When I arrived at the bookstore, there was a line at the door. Questioning several people, I discovered that not only wouldn't they let us in, but that once we got in, they wouldn't even allow us to look for our own books. We told the assistants the books we needed and they got them, their reason being that this would save time. I was 15 minutes late for my class.

Also, they didn't have the book I had stood in line nearly an hour for. I think I could have accepted this with a weary smile if there had been more than one class using this certain book. But only one class was offered for this certain subject and approximately 20 people signed up for it. Surely, the bookstore could have ordered enough books for one class with 20 students. But after standing outside in line for nearly an hour and then discovering they had ran out of the one book I had wanted, I found my patience withering at a rapid pace. Would it have hurt them to post a list of the books they did not have? I ask you, how long must we put up with this?

Students of U.N.C.-C unite! We have nothing to lose but the worst bookstore in the state of North Carolina. Mary Arnett

EDITOR,

It was cold dreary Friday morning, the final day of Fall semester exams. The small car wheeled out of the parking lot, and hurried towards home. It was too much of a hurry. No one knew his name, and there wasn't any driver's license on the person, or in the car. The campus police didn't have very much to go on, but it was enough.

Exactly 65½ hours later, the police were at the student driver's door, demanding entry. It was 3:00 a.m., Monday morning. The charges were stated quite matter of factly, and the offender was hustled off to the waiting patrol car and taken to jail. After seven hours of typical southern jail hospitality, he was able to secure bond, and was released, to return later for his day in court.

We, at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, are subject

to all laws governing the operation of motor vehicles on the roads of Mecklenburg County, N.C. State. Any violation of these laws on campus is no different from the same act, off campus. The laws are the same, only the means of enforcement will differ. Our means of enforcement is our Campus Police Force, an experienced, capable group of officers.

It is regrettable that the jailing of a student was necessary. Perhaps this incident will allow all involved to reappraise the U.N.C.-C. official approach to traffic violations. It isn't too late to form a Student-Administration-Faculty Traffic Committee, to hear ideas, formulate and clarify policy, and most important, publish the outcome, stressing student responsibility. Let's do it NOW. Tim Britton 1-30-69

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