

# Duke Demands

Duke University is known everywhere as one of the foremost schools in the South, yet if the excessive demands of Black students are accepted it can hardly be expected to maintain its superior status. We acknowledge the validity of many of their arguments and requests and readily admit that many are long past due, but the ill-will which some of the demands are bound to create and the lowering of the academic standards at Duke and at other institutions will not benefit either the blacks or their fellow students in the final analysis.

We, too, want to see the black man stand with dignity and pride—alone, without the necessity of a white prop in the background. But we also want to be able to see any man empowered to do this.

But to be a man in the universal sense of the word, which is what Eldridge Cleaver says that the blacks desire, is something that one achieves on his own. Dignity and pride are not products of either heredity or of environment. Neither can they be legislated or given. A man must first convince himself that he is a worthwhile individual. And after he has convinced himself, he no longer needs to worry how he is perceived by others.

The blacks at Duke are asking for preferential treatment by virtue of their race. But over compensation now for the deprivations suffered by their fathers and grandfathers will not make them any happier.

The black students who flunked out last year and last semester will not be any better off if they are reinstated. The lack of preparation and the inadequate background will still be in evidence; the basic problem will still remain. Whites and members of other minorities flunk out too. They either go to a smaller school or decide that the college scene just is not for them. Who wants to stay in a situation in which he feels inadequate?

What will ungraded classes for Negroes accomplish? In our estimation, the diploma will not mean a thing. Employers will take one look at the graduate and wonder just what his diploma represents, since there would be no method of gauging the effort of the past four years.

## Separatism

The separatism for which they are asking is another request which we question. Won't this separatism, even though this time it is done voluntarily, be just a maintenance of the separate facilities which they have fought against so long? Furthermore, they will be missing a vital part of what college is really all about—the phase in which communication and association facilitate better understanding between people with different ideals and beliefs.

Several of their demands were commendable, not just for the blacks, but for the University as a whole. "Police harassment" of any student should not recur. Negro professors, as long as they meet the standards thus far maintained by the University and are not merely added in tokenism, could add a valuable insight to the faculty. A Negro advisor would be of great benefit to the black students. Similar backgrounds are necessary for empathy, and empathy between an advisor and the student is imperative.

A summer program for incoming Negro students seems to be a possible key to the question of race relations at Duke. By using a well organized program, black students could be helped to adjust to the difficulties all freshmen face as well as to the additional problem of being black in a white world such as that of the University. Then if the student discovers that Duke is not exactly what he had thought it would be, he will not be so far advanced in his academic year that he cannot make arrangements to transfer.

Other schools, our own University included, might benefit from studying the demands of the Duke students. And without trying to seem smug and self-assured, we might again mention that without the necessity of "liberating" the administration building, the administrative officials are already at work on many of these demands: a "black studies" program, Negro professors, more Negro students, and the removal of any vestiges of a racist policy.

## Union Disunity

We had intended to initiate a new policy on the part of THE JOURNAL this week by endorsing candidates in the Union Executive Offices election. Since only two candidates filed (there are four positions to be filled), any endorsement or non-endorsement might seem a bit out of place. A few comments, however, aryin order. To begin with, these offices are not insignificant, as the student body seems to think. The entire spectrum of next year's entertainment at UNC-C is in the balance. There have been so many people to complain about the Union's programs this year; where are these people now? If

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### STAFF BOX THE CAROLINA JOURNAL

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# If I Had Only Known...

If I had only known...

The weatherman had reported that those "in the know" were expecting precipitation in the form of wet white stuff, but I knew differently (and I was "in the know"). He said that North Carolina might get as many as three inches of snow - I interpreted this to mean .23 inches of cold rain. I was "in the know." I left the house confidently, despite warnings from the parental lobby at my house. I was "in the know."

The first flakes brushed against my windshield before my rear tires rolled out of the driveway, but I (being "in the know") pushed on fearlessly. By the time I reached Interstate 85, my confidence had been shaken considerably. It looked like snow. It felt like snow. It tasted like snow. And it was beginning to sound like snow. Five miles and two inches of illusion later, I conceded that it was snowing. But it IS February, and this IS North Carolina - the snow couldn't go on for long (anybody "in the know" knows that it is too late in the year and too far south for a sizeable accumulation).

Thirty minutes and six miles later I conceded that the snow might be enough to impede the progress of most automobiles, but I knew (as anyone "in the know" does) that my rusty trusty Volkswagen could not be stopped by a little New England

weather, despite the fact that my U.S. Royals were as slick as the ice itself. Yes, it had become ice by now.

I knew that I was a good enough driver to keep out of ditch trouble. Anyone "in the know" is clever enough to keep out of ditches. Two ditches and a push from a friendly jeep later and I was ready to concede anything.

On the open and deserted highway at last, I realized that my windshield wipers were not functioning properly, but I knew that I could make it without them.

My car is in a ditch somewhere under that white stuff - somewhere. If I had only known....

# Let's Pick Up The Pieces- Together

By Tim Britton

I couldn't believe it.

I didn't understand. I wondered why buildings were burned down, why people were shot and beaten. After all, just ask anybody, they'll tell you: "President Johnson gave the country to the negroes." More civil rights legislation has been passed in the past four years than in the entire history of our country. Look what we've done. Do just that. Look what we've done for 200 years, not the past four. The crumbs from the white tablecloth that were allowed to drop to the floor were given with smiling reassurances. Everything is going to be alright "Boy", just you mind your place, under the table. Finally, the crumbs were not enough. The table was overturned.

The time for action had come. Reassurances and sugar pills would no longer suffice. The issues had to be faced. The resultant civil rights legislation was the outcome, but is legislation enough? Prejudice still exists in many forms, and it seems to be becoming less specific. Any

deviation from the accepted norm is the target of prejudice. It isn't just the negro anymore, the ranks have swelled to include hippies, yuppies, or just plain revolutionaries. All are scorned with equal disdain.

Prejudice breeds violence. The boiling cauldron of hate is bitter. Those with red skin, black skin, beards, long hair, or a distinctive manner of dress are burned by this bitterness. It is difficult not to fight back. Hope for a change keeps an uneasy truce. How long this truce lasts depends on the willingness of society to undergo change. Crumbs and sugar pills don't work anymore. Man must be judged for what he is, not what he looks like. If judgements must be made, they must be withheld until sufficient premises are available. Categorizations and generalizations must become antiquated concepts.

The tablecloth has been soiled, the table overturned. The pieces of society are scattered over the floor. It is time for a clean tablecloth, time for us to pick up the pieces - together.

## What's Happening

Coming events for today and the rest of the week include: A senior class meeting in the Parquet Room at 11:30 A.M. on Wednesday. Alpha Kappa Psi will also meet at 11:30, they will be in 209-210 of the Union. Rotaract will meet in 233 of the Union at the same time. In the cafeteria at 11:30, the candidates for the Union Executive Committee will give their speeches.

Friday, the 28th, the AAUP Banquet will be held in the Parquet Room at 6:30.

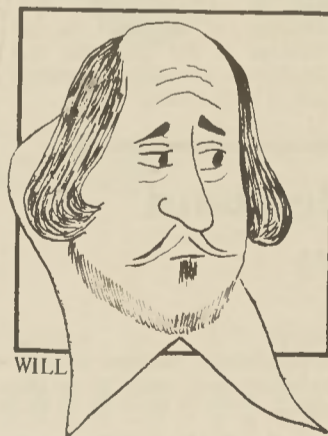
The annual Miss UNC-C Dance will be in the Parquet Room at 8 P.M. Saturday. The dance is open to all students and will be formal. Admission will be \$2.50 per couple.

Placement interview schedules for the rest of the week include Lybrand, Ross Bros. & Montgomery, and Westinghouse on Wednesday. Haskins & Sells and Riegel Paper Corporation will be here on Thursday along with the Marine Corps Air Station Grade Schools. Friday the Board of Public Instruction from Duval County in Jacksonville, Florida will be interviewing. Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company and Sealtest Foods will also be interviewing on Friday.

Next Monday, March 3, the University Forum will be presenting various speakers throughout the day in the Parquet Room. On Wednesday, James Farmer the Assistant Secretary of H.E.W. will speak on the Negro in America. Thursday the State Department Foreign Policy Conference will be held in the Parquet Room.

## Shakespeare

By WILL



"Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise, three-pil'd hyperboles spruce affection, figures pedantical."

Love's Labor Lost  
"If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potatoes."

Henry IV, pt. II  
(A potation is an alcoholic beverage)

"Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh,"  
King Henry IV, pt. I

"Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin."  
King Henry VI, pt. II

"For mine own part, it was Greek to me."  
Julius Caesar

"But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve for days to peck at: I am not what I am."  
Othello

"My boat sails freely both with wind and with stream."  
Othello

And here's one (I couldn't resist the temptation) for Tim (the beard) Britton -

"I must to the barber's, monsieur, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face."  
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Trying something new. Instead of further perverting the meaning of Shakespeare's quotes by commenting on them, let's look at a few and see what each individual can draw out of them without any help.

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."  
Henry VI, pt. II

"Passion, I see, is catching."  
Julius Caesar

"Get thee glass eyes; and, like a survy politician, seem to see the things thou does not."  
King Lear