

# When Should the Library Be Closed?

When Dwight David Eisenhower died, the entire Western world mourned his death, for he may be the first American since Washington to earn the title of "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Still, enough is enough. Had Mr. Eisenhower still been a prominent figure in politics, the shocked reaction of the United States Government might have been understandable. Had his death called for a readjustment of thought or action, the reaction might have been understandable, as it was in the case of the recent assassinations of prominent American political figures. But Mr. Eisenhower was an old man who no longer figured in the life of America in a direct manner. His death had been expected for a long time and came as a surprise to no one. Yet, the government calls for a day of national mourning during which all government agencies grind to a standstill. The closing of banks and post offices affects everyone, but the closing of a university affects only a few. Mr. Eisenhower had very little connection with the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, yet the entire school closed down in the afternoon a week ago last Monday. This was regrettable. It's all very patriotic to chase students out of the J. Murray Atkins Library in honor of Mr. Eisenhower, but where he is now, he has no use for the library. We're still on earth and we do. The show must go on.

This brings us to some touchy ground. How long must we keep our library closed in memory of the death of Christ? Some day that the building is closed in order that the employees might have a holiday, but Mr. Boykin, acting head librarian, says that this is not the point at issue. He is only sticking to tradition by keeping the library closed. We were glad to see this tradition superceded. Students attending the library over the holidays were requested to sign in when they entered the door. If this was in an effort to statistically justify the opening or closing of the library over the holiday, then it is a misguided effort. If only one student is deprived of his right to use the facilities of the library during the holiday, then an injustice has been done to the academic world by one of its own functionaries. The question of number is not directed at the issue, but to the degree. Any way, we will be anxious to see the results of this count.

Next year there will be students on campus around the clock. They may want to study in the library and utilize its facilities on into the night. Will the University deny them this request? It will be interesting to see.

# An Ironic Twist

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries a certain court existed in the Roman Catholic Church solely for the purpose of trying heretics. It was housed in Granada and conducted by members of the Dominican Order. All persons under the rule of the Spanish Catholic kings were subject to trial in this court if their views differed even slightly from the accepted canon. Many people repressed their differing views in silence in order to escape the wrath of the notorious Star Chamber trials, but many

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## At Union Grove

# Hippies and Cops and Fiddlers

By W.I.T.

Early Friday morning there were only about three hundred people in Union Grove, North Carolina. By dark there were over ten thousand men, women, and children in tents and makeshift shelters of very shape and color imaginable. On the school grounds there was a blue and yellow tent that would make the Ringling Brothers jealous with about four thousand chairs arranged in neat rows. The gymnasium was also arranged for a large audience. Pickin' is what it was all about. Pickin' an' strummin' an' whoopin' it up. But this was only a very small part of what made the 45th Annual Fiddlers' Convention a memorable event for about twenty UNC-C students and their friends.

When the first group from UNC-C arrived, they headed for an open field that seemed to be the site of a rather unorthodox soccer game. Neil Cheek, a UNC-C admissions counselor, was informed that he was treading on the sacred ground that had been consecrated for a makeshift soccer game by the hippies from Hampton Sydney University. Neil politely told them that the field was about to become the temporary home of fourteen thousand people and that they had better move. Shortly thereafter, fourteen thousand people arrived and chased the roundballers away. A camp trailer was set up in order that some of the more refined members of the company might not have to expose themselves to the elements. But the elements came anyway - hippies, idiots, hill people, and dogs set the atmosphere at a level of anonymous incredulity as a camp was set up and roped in for those who were yet to arrive. The clouds that watched the entire event from above were the only ones who were not cramped for space, and by noon Saturday even the clouds were crowded.

About dark most of us were settled down in what looked like a tenement tent that was made up of tarps, plastic, rope, and cars. The people began to think about food (some aid more thinking than others, because the people who were bringing their food did not

arrive until nine o'clock). The little country store-snack bar did more business that weekend than it did the rest of last year, and the hippies didn't steal much, either. After supper the pickin' began, and the pickin' at the Grove is some of the best in the world. The atmosphere around the fog-covered schoolyard was one of carnival proportions, as vendors sold hot dogs, popcorn, and chicken to the long-haired campers. Although the number one attraction was people watching and drinking, several groups gathered around the musicians as they captivated students, drop-outs, bankers, farmers, and state patrolmen alike. Hippies eyed cops and cops eyed hippies as the hill folk watched the entire procedure with detached amusement. The red necks were there, too, and they were much more trouble than the hippies (and pseudos) ever thought of being. Meanwhile, the spectators tried to hide their beer, while the policemen made no effort to conceal their weapons.

This spectacular panorama of humanity in mind, I returned to my shelter, after gulping down six hot dogs and assorted other goodies. Tents stretched farther than the eye could see as a fog descended over the tents and shelters. I explored a nearby sawmill and determined that we could always go there if it

rained. When I returned to the tent, a crowd of hippies was gathering around preparing to do a little pickin', much to the consternation of those few "straights" that we had with us.

The singing was fun and the musicians were both entertaining and capable. About one in the morning, some of us went to bed, and the fun began. One member of the company, whom I will call S., awoke. S. had been passed out since ten. He complained, first about a headache - "I think I'm going to die." - then about - "My shoes! Who the hell stole my shoes?" Soon another member of the group (P.) tripped in and talked about 12-gauge shotguns for an hour. He was a little upset and a lot drunk.

Meanwhile, somebody (who was sharing a pup tent with three other hardy individuals) decided that she wanted some potato chips - it was two o'clock. The crunching of the potato chips woke many students in the area, who then proceeded to discuss some thirteen-year-old speed freaks. Off in the distance we heard a group gathering to look for beer - "Hey Tom, ya find any. Nope. keep lookin'." The fog got thicker and somebody decided that it was breakfast time. One of the straights in the tent threatened to "come out

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# Ranganathananda to Speak Here Friday



Swami Ranganathananda of the Ramakrishna Order and formerly President of the Ramakrishna Math and Mission at Karachi will deliver a lecture entitled "Man's Spiritual Life in the Light of Twentieth Century Science" to students and non-students this Friday at 11:30 in C-220 before lunching with Project Opportunity members and guests. The swami is a well-known lecturer and author who has carried the message of Vedantic Hinduism to all corners of the earth. This former lecturer at Delhi University and affiliate of UNESCO has recently written THE MESSAGE OF THE UPANISHADS, a six-hundred page message on the traditional Hindu texts. He has also published a collection of his lectures and essays.

