

THE CAROLINA JOURNAL

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Unofficially Yours

You are holding in your hand the first issue of The Carolina Journal, at the moment, the unofficial student newspaper of the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. The term "unofficial" applies to the name. The old name, which is still the official name, was The Charlotte Collegian. It seemed rather inappropriate because it contained strong connotations of the name Charlotte College, which is no more.

Finding a new name for the school was relatively simple. The North Carolina General Assembly took care of that problem in spite of the "sounding brass" and "tinkling cymbal" of one Tom White. We at the college were overjoyed at the name change, but the problems of changing various names around the school were appalling. Everything was based on the name Charlotte College. Some organizations took the transition from a college to a university with ease. The Young Republicans Club of Charlotte College simply became the Young Republicans Club of the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. YDC, the Circle K Club, and others handled the transition similarly.

But then two publications discovered the problems involved in finding appropriate names. The old yearbook was named S: S: with use of the Spanish pronunciation making it sound like "ce ce," to fit the Charlotte College abbreviation "CC." Their name change problem is not yet solved, mainly because it doesn't have to be solved until the staff sends the copy off to the printers for publication.

Finally we come to the problem of giving the student newspaper an appropriate name. The Charlotte Collegian, as already explained, carried strong connotations of Charlotte College. It wasn't that we were ashamed of our old name. It was just that we were so much prouder of our new name.

Names for the paper were thought of, and names for the paper were scrapped. We ran a contest. It didn't help. We asked everyone. One of the Journal staffers who works at the Charlotte Observer had everyone there working on the problem. No good. The Gold-Digger, The Student, Spike, Gold Dust, The Charlottean, The Weekly Tar Heel, The Archway. All were either too corny or too plain. On August 29, a staff meeting was called and we still had no name. Someone suggested The Carolina Journal. We took a vote. The result was a name that we hope will stay over the years and not be changed at the whim of any editor that happens to be elected.

Very few people were consulted before the publication of this issue. The Student Legislature was not. And for this we are sorry. We hope they and the student body will forgive our hasty but very necessary decision. We hope the Student Legislature will approve the name at their next meeting. Then we can be the official student newspaper of UNC-C.

Think

Last Saturday morning, you probably picked up the Charlotte Observer and scanned the top line which told you that the paper's weekly prize puzzle was at the time worth \$1,450 to you if you were clever enough to solve it. As you looked on down the page, you spotted the lead headline, "4 Local Youths Die In Smashup Of Auto."

Stunned, perhaps. Shocked, sick, or maybe saying to yourself sarcastically, "big deal." Whatever your emotion at the time, you probably checked on down to the third paragraph where the victims were listed in bold type. If you did you felt very sick. If you didn't, you probably felt very sick anyway.

Your mind roamed unconsciously back to your high school days when you very unwillingly took part in a driver's education course. Figures flashed into your mind. You might remember that in 1964, 47,700 persons lost their very precious lives in automobile accidents. You remember that millions of dollars are thrown away every year in damages caused by the same evil.

But somehow this one headline about four kids hit you somewhat harder than all the statistics you ever had to memorize.

Students at this University are drivers. Nearly all drive to school every day. How far is it to your house? Two miles? Eight miles? Fourteen miles? Think.

Letters, Anyone?

The Carolina Journal reserves a space in every issue for a Letters To The Editor column. No such column appears in this issue for the simple reason that there were no letters to the editor. We hope to inspire you into writing us, or tee you off for the same reason. The end purpose, of course, will not be just to raise contention, but that particular byproduct will be welcomed. So don't just sit there; say something!

On Education

"One of the benefits of a college education is to show the boy its little avail." — Emerson.

"Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education." — Twain.

"I wish that some one would give a course in how to live. It can't be taught in the colleges: that's perfectly obvious for college professors don't know any better than the rest of us." — A. E. Newton.

DEAR BOSS

has been cut from the requested sixty eight hundred dollars to a paltry thirty eight hundred dollars

and prices have gone up exclamation point perhaps someone important has forgotten that the success of the various student activities on our campus is directly proportional to the success of our social activities

but be of good cheer for i have seen the projected social schedule and we are going to have a blast

for one semester then we will run out of money at the moment the money situation is not very fast

just sort of half fast
too many chiefs i think and not enough bucks

beggardly yours vw the beetle



My Name Is Horsley

(Editor's note: Hugh J. Horsley is fresh out of the United States Air Force and is entering UNC-C this year as a freshman. He will be writing a column on this page this year. In this first issue he introduces himself. We are looking forward to his columns; however, we want to know your opinion also. Please let us know via the Letters To The Editor column.)

By HUGH J. HORSLEY

How may I describe myself as a person? Personalities are complex things and there are no simple modifiers upon which to place the bulk of my descriptive introduction. Would it be appropriate to say that I am a Christian and then a Presbyterian? Not really, for the majority of you are Christians and many of you are Presbyterians, so this ceases to become a distinguishing characteristic. Could I introduce myself by saying that I came to school here during the summer? No, for there were more than 700 other summer students here. And to say that I am a freshman is rather stupid for similar reasons.

I might tell you that I have just completed my tour of duty in the USAF but there are just enough other ex-service men at UNC-C to make that method of distinction fail. You wouldn't walk up to someone and ask him if it were simply because you heard him say that he had been in the Air Force.

I might say that I have lived in Tampa, Fla., Atlanta, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala., but I am sure that I'm not the only one here who has lived in one or more of these places. I might be willing to bet that there is at least one other person on this campus who has lived in or been to Denver or San Francisco, two places in which I lived.

Perhaps I should say that I am a lover of the music of the baroque and romantic composers, but just because you see someone listening to classical music don't rush up to him and call him by my name: it just might be Mr. Woodruff and I don't think that he would feel complimented by the comparison. In the enjoyment of music I think that the only truly distinguishing factor is my appreciation of the Beatles as musicians and composers.

The above mentioned facts individually do not separate me, as a person, from anyone else. Yet taken all together they do make up one Hugh J. Horsley, a person who, like most of you, is preoccupied with two major hopes: Enjoying life and, at the present, passing all of my courses.

On May 4, 1965, I arrived in Charlotte after having returned from the Pacific Island of Okinawa. On that day I ceased living the regimented yet carefree life of an airman and settled down to the task of becoming educated. I did so with the knowledge that only as an educated person could I serve society to the fullest. And I do mean to serve man and God.

Concerning my future, it is my hope to become a "pure" scientist, to be, in the future, a theoretical

physicist. I intend to pursue a degree of Doctor of Natural Philosophy and possibly do some work at the Princeton Institute of Advanced Study though at the present I will consider myself fortunate to stay in this school.

I was born on September 7, 1944, (the third anniversary of the beginning of the blitz on London) in Birmingham, Ala. For the first seven years of my life I lived with my grandfather, an uneducated but now prominent engineer and paper products designer. I moved with my mother and father to Andalusia, Ala., a small farming town in the southern part of the state in 1953 on October 5. That year also marked the death of my father's father, Mr. T. A. Horsley Sr., vice-president of Subsidiaries and a member of the board of directors of National Dairies. The elder Horsley had literally built Sealtest around him and the faint memory of that great man has always affected me and will continue to do so the rest of my life. He left a legacy which, each day, becomes harder to live up to.

My mother's father, with whom I lived, and now greatly love, Belmont Duncan Osteen, traces ancestry through his mother to that great and ancient Scottish family whose name he bears. In fact, my entire ancestry is British: Gordy, Duncan, Osteen, Kirkpatrick, Horsley. So perhaps, if you see a gleam in my eye when the pipes are played you will know that it is a bit of my Scottish blood boiling. I have traveled from coast to coast in this broad nation yet I am still a Southern Highlander and I am intensely proud of my Southern mountain home.

After we moved from Andalusia, we took up residence in Atlanta, Ga., one of the most beautiful cities in this nation and it was there that my father became associated with Dixie Cup. During the six years that we lived in that great city we watched it grow around us. When we arrived there in late 1954 the metropolitan population was just over six hundred thousand. When we left in 1961 it was over a million. To call to mind another method of measuring the size of a city, when we arrived in Atlanta the only building over 20 stories was the Fulton National Bank: when we left there were at least five structures that high and six more were being constructed.

My family lived in a small town some 18 miles from downtown Atlanta named Avondale Estates. Here I got my first taste of that great American institution of "suburbia." This was a beautiful little community that only covered three-fourths of a square mile and had a lovely community club. I might also mention that the place was just full of those legendary Southern belles. I really enjoyed it.

After that, we moved to Tampa, Fla., where I finished high school. Then came the Air Force. Now I am at UNC-C and I am as eager to learn as ever. I am also eager to serve and if I may serve you by writing this column I will be more than glad to do so.