

The Hot Line

Never Go Home Again

By ELLISON CLARY, JR.



I suppose everyone has heard the old joke about a boy who comes home from school to find that his family has moved. Some people probably still laugh at that joke, but I'll never again see the humor of it even though I have a wide open mind.

"Why can't you laugh at that joke?" you ask. I'm certainly glad you asked because, if you hadn't, I wouldn't have had a column. When I finish you may think I still don't have a column, but that's beside the point.

Now to answer your question and get this story moving. About a week ago I worked late on a term paper at the Atkins library and by the time I arrived at my house it was rather late. The door was locked, which is not unusual. I opened it with my key and tiptoed inside so as not to awaken anyone. You all know how it is when you arouse your parents after they've hit the sack, I'm sure.

After changing into my pajamas, I silently slid into bed. Feeling something warm and thinking it to be my Theodore Bear (most people call them Teddy Bears but Mama never let me use nicknames), I just gave it a shove and it fell on the floor.

Suddenly, Theodore Bear leaped up and growled, "Who's this sleeping in my bed?" This made me think I was Goldilocks for a second but then I remembered I have brown hair. That's when I knew something was wrong.

Mama and Baby entered the room and switched on the light. I could see that this family wasn't bear except for Theodore, and he quickly got into his clothes. They were people, but not mine.

Theodore demanded, "What are you doing in my house?" I could have asked him the same thing but he was much bigger than I. Instead, I grabbed my clothes from the floor where I'd piled them to avoid making noise and made a break for my car. Dressing myself as I drove off dodging shotgun blasts, I found that Theodore's cat had curled up in my shirt. I tried to toss it out the window but I saw that it wasn't going to let go of the shirt so I gave in and let go of it.

As I drove I remembered that we had bought a new house and realized that all my family except me had moved while I had been gone. I guessed they just didn't remember to tell me. Surely they wouldn't leave me on purpose, would they?

Deciding the best thing to do was to find them and ask them, I remembered I didn't know where they'd moved. I started thinking, "If I was my family where would I live?" Well, I checked Harrill's and the pool hall but nobody had seen them, so I figured that line of thinking was no good.

Knowing nothing else to do, I just kept driving. Soon I noticed a police car following me and the officers were motioning me to pull to the side. I stopped and one of them walked to my window while the other lagged behind with a gun in hand.

"What's your name?" the officer asked me and I told him. "Where do you live?" he then asked.

"I know this is going to sound like a lie," I said, "but I really don't know where I live. You see, my family moved out on me and . . ."

"Those your pajamas on the back seat?" the officer interrupted. "And what about that cat?"

Before I could answer, he drew his gun and yelled to his buddy, "Call headquarters and tell 'em we picked up another one."

"What's this all about?" I yelled. "You picked up another what?"

"A man says some kook in PJs answering to your description and driving a car like yours broke into his house, prowled around, rolled him out of bed and took his cat. That makes you a cat burglar."

"But officer," I begged, "I thought I lived there. My family moved out without telling me and . . ."

"Aw, come off it," the policeman replied. "Do you expect me to believe some story about not knowing where you live? There's something wrong with you. I think I'll charge you with drunken burglar."

To make a long story short, I was found innocent at my trial because members of my family testified that they actually had moved while I was gone. However, they still wouldn't tell me where they moved. I tried to follow them but they successfully lost me.

Now I'm living at the "Y" and it looks as if I can't go home again. Hey, that would be a champ of a title for a book — You Can't Go Home Again. I'm glad I thought of that.

Students Will Probably Vote On Class Ring Again

Students will probably be asked to once again vote on their choice of school rings.

This was the word from a representative from the ring committee at the Monday, Dec. 6, meeting of the Student Legislature.

The reason was because of a great number of write in suggestions (over 50) by students who preferred the "traditional" style ring but wanted the school symbol substituted for the shield bearing the letters UNC diagonal-

ly with a large C superimposed.

The ring committee, headed by Kearny Smith, is in the process of having drawings made to depict this change. No date has been set for the possible referendum.

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More Letters

★ ★ ★ Fraternities

In the December 1 edition of the journal, there appeared an article with which we were greatly concerned. This article describes Acting Chancellor Cone's attitude toward social fraternities and sororities on the UNC-C campus.

The article states that: "Miss Cone mentioned no progress toward setting up fraternities, but questioned whether or not our particular situation warranted the establishment of fraternities . . . In this initial question, Acting Chancellor Cone emphasized that we were a new University in a new situation, and therefore, what other colleges and universities did had little bearing on similar problems facing our own University."

We would like to be given one good solid reason why "our particular situation" should not warrant the establishment of fraternities and sororities. The main purposes of a fraternity or sorority are brotherhood and social organization. It is a well-known fact that with the lack of school spirit and the general apathy that pervades upon our campus, we do need some sort of brotherhood. Fraternities and sororities would provide a nucleus for intellectual stimulation which we certainly do not have at the present time. It has been said that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. It seems that this is true with our student body, possibly the school itself. If our school is ever to make anything of itself and be on a par with other universities, we must have fraternities.

TOM HIXSON
SAM E. SCOTT
SKIP MILTON

Lambasting

In the December 1, 1965, issue of "The Carolina Journal," the President of the Student Body, Gus Psomadakis, was given an editorial lambasting for his actions at the previous Student Legislature meeting, as well as a general criticism of his social image.

The point was made that his amiable "folksy manner" was not in line with the dignity of his office. The students of UNC-C that voted him in to his office by an overwhelming majority, didn't find anything disagreeable in his manner. If friendliness is his most serious fault, he's a lot better President than I could hope to be. I acknowledge the fact that he was out of order at the last Student Legislature Meeting, but also acknowledge the fact that the meeting was far from efficient or dignified. Some criticism was definitely warranted.

Secondly, Gus is welcomed to our Student Legislature Meetings, mainly because he is an intelligent person, well versed in all forms of student faculty relationships. His advice is often welcome, and very useful. I doubt that you'll find a member of the Legislature that wouldn't be glad to have the

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The Management

★ ★ ★ President of the Student Body's opinion on any important legislation.

As to your point concerning Gus' lack of tact, I'd like to mention a seemingly forgotten fact. Our President, Gus Psomadakis, spent one year as head of our Student Legislature, before assuming his duties as President. The legislative process wasn't very closely followed at the last Student Legislature meeting, and Gus was understandably disturbed. President or not, Gus should be allowed to lose his temper, or become disturbed, without being accused of being tactless. Tactless on this occasion, he was; but, on many occasions, he has had to call on more tact than most of us possess, to iron out difficulties, or misunderstandings between the administration and the students of UNC-C.

Finally, Mr. Editor, I would like to ask that a little credit be given to our elected officers when the job is well done. As of yet, I have failed to see any member of the executive or legislative branches of our student government receive a complimentary nod from your paper during this school year. Criticism is absolutely necessary; but, please, let's not turn the newspaper into a scandal sheet, meant to keep Student Government on its toes. Too much criticism can do nothing but undermine the work that each of us is doing to put UNC-C on top. Thank you for allowing me to express my views.

TIM BRITTON
Chairman, The Student Party

Malicious Criticism

Your recent editorial concerning Mr. Psomadakis resembles malicious criticism rather than an editorial opinion! What, Mr. Editor, do you have against Mr. Psomadakis personally?

First, you say Mr. Psomadakis was "out of order" at the November 22 legislature meeting. Do you mean this technically or figuratively? According to your own statement, this meeting had already been adjourned when the president "let his temper get the best of him." This is not a major point, but it is one of which you should be aware.

If you feel that Mr. Psomadakis is "a very good president," and agree with "nearly every piece of legislation he has pushed," why are you so concerned with his personal short comings? Is not the President of the United States simply a man with undesirable as well as desirable characteristics? Do you expect more than this of our president?

It seems that a number of your accusations against Gus Psoma-

dakis are purely personal, and it is advisable that you air these differences in private as you so aptly advised our president.

Constructive criticism is good. But a direct assault on a person's character is unwarranted and tactless. There would be some justification of your criticism of Mr. Psomadakis as president, but you have no right to attack him publicly on what you deem his personal failures. This indicates childishness and sheer ignorance on your part. Please, Mr. Editor, let's be fair.

MARTHA CATON
PHYLLIS HENLINE

No Apathy?

If you people who compose our paper don't begin giving the student body some news instead of verbal fist fights, we're all going to get like Mr. Howard and just not "give a damn."

The word war rages on. Here are the battle lines for this week: the forces of Tew and Horsley against those of Burgess, Clary preparing to retaliate against Newrman, Howard rebuilding strength after the sneak attack by Horsley (H.J.'s everywhere), Psomadakis bombed out completely by the editor himself. The battle fronts may be slightly different next week, but the participants will be the same. Whose character can we wreck next week? How many more exciting ways can we discuss the word apathy?

Don't get me wrong. Controversy and criticism are needed, I know, but couldn't we use some moderation? When I see that one-fourth or more of our four-page paper is made up of verbal fights week after week among the same few staff members, I begin to wonder if the staff is truly interested in controversy and criticism that can help our school or in simply fighting personal battles among its members.

Since the paper is the only means of communication on campus, why not use it to best advantage? Why not have more news of sports, more news of social and club activities, more detailed coverage of special lectures, some more movie reviews, perhaps a book review, a human interest story, and maybe even a little humor. We can use these four pages to generate real school spirit!

We've had enough fighting for now. Come on boys, smoke the peace pipe.

MRS. B. F. GOLDEN



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