



## The Hot Line Dial A Column

By ELLISON CLARY, JR.

We have a party line at our house and I overheard a telephone conversation recently. In dire need of a column I listened to the whole conversation and jotted it down in a somewhat reasonable facsimile of a column.

This is what I heard between Him and Her:

Her (sweetly): Hello-oo?

Him (confidently): Hi, Babe-e! Know who this is?

Her (hesitatingly): Maynard? Him (disappointed): Nope. Guess again.

Her (teasingly): Clifford?

Him (exasperatedly): Now come on, Babe-e, you know me. I'm the guy you met at the party Friday night.

Her (giggling): Which party and which Friday night?

Him (teed off): Last Friday night at Stan's party. I'm the guy who put you back in your chair every time you slid out. You said you'd never forget me. Remember?

Her (knowingly): Oh, you're that sweet, lovable Leonard, aren't you?

Him (Giving up): No! Leonard's the one who kept sliding out of your chair. I'm "tall, handsome Neal" but I guess it doesn't matter. (Puzzled). What's that noise I hear?

Her (peevish): If you mean that little "beep" you hear every fifteen seconds, that's my nutty neighbor listening in on the conversation. He thinks he's some kind of Super Bond or something.

(When I tap a wire, I do it right!)

Him (annoyed): I think I'll hang up and call back later.

Me (pleadingly): Don't do that. You've only given me seven inches of copy and I won't be home much longer today.

Her (matter-of-factly): I'll have to be leaving in a half-hour.

### LETTERS

## Go, Go, Go Forty-Niners

It is about time somebody did something and changed the nickname to something other than Forty-Niners. The one we have now stinks! When you hear the name you naturally think of the National Football League team with the same name. And we don't even have a football team yet!

Why was the name chosen in the first place? We reside on Highway 49 and the school was founded or something in 1949. Wow.

Making up good cheers is one of the numerous problems involved with a name like "Forty-Niners." Why? They don't scan, which they should. For instance:

"Rip 'em up  
Tear 'em up  
Give 'em Hell (Forty-Niners)"

Come, come. Surely some bright UNC-C student of words could come up with something better. Something like "Owls" perhaps.

Or maybe the "Sixty-Fivers." We became a University in '65.

DISGRUNTLED FAN

Him (grudgingly): Okay, we'll talk now. Uh, what did you get for Christmas?

Her (excitedly): I got a granny dress!

Him (clarifyingly): You mean your Granny got a dress. That's nice but I asked what you got.

Her (pertly): I told you, a granny dress.

Him (seeing the light): You mean you got one of those sexy jobs with the low chin line and the high toe line?

Her (proudly): I certainly did.

Him (wisely): What's your Granny wearing, granddaughter dresses?

Her (smartly): No. She's wearing auntie dresses.

Him (cornily): That's enough to make a guy say "uncle". Maybe I'll find me some grandfather trousers.

Me (cutting in): Aw, come on Buddy. You've got to do better than that. After all, this IS supposed to be a humor column.

Him (heatedly): I'm doing the best I can, wise guy. If you can do better, why don't you call your girl and take down the conversation?

Me (explaining): That would be hilarious but I could never get it printed.

Her (cuttingly): You do need some new trousers, Leonard. That pair you were wearing at the party looked sort of ratty.

Him (angrily): My name is not Leonard and I'm a sharp dresser.

Her (off-handedly): That's nice.

Him (suavely): I guess you're wondering why I called.

Me (nastily): I certainly am.

Him (in rage): I'd sure like to know who you are, you wise...

Me (wittily): I'm Leonard.

Her (advisingly): You ought to Leonard and I'm a sharp dresser. Leonard. You did appear a little birdy the other night.

Him (straining): Listen! I called because I need a date for Friday.

Her (stabbingly): I hope you find one. I have plans.

Him (persistently): How about Saturday?

Her (viciously): I hoped you'd never ask. Alright, make it Saturday.

Him (meaning well): Would you like to see a movie?

Her (menacingly): No, but we can. I've seen everything that's on except "Lasagna Italian Style" and "Annette Meets the Son-In-Law of Frankenstein".

Him (suggestingly): Let's see the one with Annette in it. I always get a kick out of those beach pictures.

Her (emotionlessly): Make it the early show because I have to be home by 9:30 to meet my fiancé.

Him (half-heartedly): Fine, I'll be by at seven. Goodbye.

Her (quickly): By the way, what's your name again?

His end of the line: Click. Baaaaaa...

Her (questioningly): Do you know who he is, Leonard?

Me (devilishly): I'm not Leonard. I'm really your fiancé. What's the idea of dating out on me?

Her (sobbingly): Oh Tony, you're just looking for an excuse to break off our engagement. You know I wouldn't cheat on you for all the money in the world, etc., etc., etc.

My end of the line: Click.



## If Bed-Wetting Doesn't Work, Try Drunkenness

Certain fundamental values of our American way of life are on trial for their lives again. One of these is a principal on which our great country was, in large, founded. This is tolerance.

During recent years American tolerance has been tested on many sides, the most dramatic being the civil rights protests and demonstrations. Now a new movement is under way which seems destined to test this principal as it has not been tested since McCarthyism and the Smith Act. I am speaking, of course, of the problems of the anti-war dissenters.

The big issue is not whether we should be fighting in South Viet Nam or not, but whether our "great society" is strong enough to find a place for dissent.

These anti-war demonstrators have created quite a stir among every aspect of our country's

## N.C.'s Finest Pass Through These Portals

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"Be a C.O. Write your local draft board requesting the special conscientious objector form SSS 150. Now if you don't have a religious or philosophical reason that will cause you to be against war "in any form," don't let it bother you. It's fairly certain that your local board will turn you down. However, you can then appeal their decision, be investigated, appeal again and so on. The whole process takes about a year, and by that time we will have stopped the war in Viet Nam (we hope).

"Refuse to sign the loyalty oath. They'll investigate you and if you've been fairly active in any of the "subversive" campus movements, they won't want you.

"Note from doctor. If you have a "friendly" family doctor or can buy one, you'll find he's extremely handy. Without a doctor's note you'll have to do a pretty good job of faking allergies, ect.

"Be a troublemaker. Refuse to couple of weeks without a shower. Really look dirty. Stink. Long hair helps. Go in barefoot with your sandals tied around your neck.

Be a troublemaker. Refuse to follow orders. (You don't have to, you're not in the Army). Let them know exactly what you think of them. Be antagonistic; smoke where the signs say NO SMOKING.

"Bed-wetting. Tell them you w the bed when you're away from home. If they don't defer you, prove it when you're inducted."

These are the Berkley suggestions. Here's another. Hit the books. The board won't touch you, yet.

## Analysis

By  
RICK  
DANCY  
Journal  
News Editor



report if called by the Selective Service Board. Thus, in no way is the card burner's status with the board changed by this action. The burner is only using his Constitutionally protected right to protest the actions of his government. At most such an action would have to be considered futile, much in the same manner as someone who is annoyed with a traffic cop and tears up his driver's license in protest. But he is certainly not a criminal for the act.

If America is to remain the "enlightened" country which it now has the reputation of being, our judges, politicians, militarists, and the general population will have to remember a phrase coined by the wise Voltaire "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend with my life your right to say it".

We can only hope.

society. Such a stir as a matter of fact that a distinguished bureaucrat, General Louis B. Hersey, used his position as director of the Selective Service to "punish" certain Michigan University students for their anti-war beliefs. He took it upon himself to lift the draft exempt status of the students.

Hersey was immediately challenged by Sen. Philip Hart (D-Mich) and house minority leader Gerald Ford (R-Mich) for his intolerance. Now don't mistakenly interpret the action of these legislators as pacifist, for Ford has repeatedly called for stronger military actions in Viet Nam.

If these congressmen are not "peaceniks" why did they come to the defense of the anti-war students? They believe, and rightly so, that if we become intolerant of opposing segments of our society that we will be no better than the enemy we are fighting in the rice paddies of Viet Nam. Hersey is by no means the only bureaucrat guilty of over zealousness and intolerance. An Army lieutenant, wearing civilian clothes, appeared in an anti-war demonstration and was court marshalled for his actions.

He was sentenced to a dishonorable discharge from the service plus two years hard labor. This far too severe sentence is being appealed to the highest military court of appeals on the grounds of the "no cruel or unusual punishment" clause of the Eighth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

Also, along the same lines, is the law passed by the last Congress providing for as much as five years in prison for anyone burning his draft card. This is a rather absurd law since a man who burns his draft card is still obligated to

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