



The Hot Line Here's How It's Done

By ELLISON CLARY, JR.

Often people ask me, "How do you do it?"

Usually I say, "Aw shucks, it just comes naturally."

They then explain, "No, we mean how do you write your column?"

And I respond, "That comes naturally, too. I'm what they call a natural, you know."

Some people see through this blatant falsification and press on with, "But how do you really do it?"

"Do what?" I ask.

"Write your column," they respond.

Not wishing to give away my secret, I answer with "I do it weekly" or "with pencil and paper" or "while standing on one foot in a canoe."

But now—oh clamoring students of UNC-C, ye who search for knowledge and instead find me—I shall satisfy your burning desire to learn how I write a column. I shall do this because I have felt compassion upon your teeming, questioning numbers and also because I think you deserve to know.

I shall relate to you of how, at the tender age of eighteen, I was left on the back doorstep of a combination Chinese pizzeria and Italian laundry. Of how, while lying there helplessly in my bassinet, a friendly street corner pencil salesman, who happened to be driving by in his new Rolls-Royce, screeched to a halt and told me the one thing of which I am sure today.

These words he imparted to me:

"If you ever find yourself in a position in which you need a fast buck, the best way not to get it is to be a columnist."

'Twas then that I asked of him what countless numbers of persons demand of me today. "How," I asked, "Do I do it?"

"My son," he replied and I knew he was a liar for I recognized him, not as my father, but as my second best friend's next door neighbor's nephew who had run away with the bearded lady at the circus a few years back.

But I let him continue and he spoke thusly. "Writing a column is extremely difficult. First you must press upon this lucky, autographed, wallet-size photo of Batman and Boy Wonder, which I will give to you, and repeat the magic words which are 'When the glottis arpeggio becomes opaquely obstructed, deglutition is rendered visionary'. A little 'abra cadabra, please and thank you' doesn't hurt either, son.

"After performing this act, a Galician Gypsy woman will appear and talk for four hours with a ten minute intermission. You will disregard everything she says except for the Yazoo, Florida phone number she recites.

"Turn the number backwards and call it collect. If the party refuses the call, you're out of luck. If you get a connection, ask them if their refrigerator is running. The first word uttered by the other party in response becomes the first word in your column unless it is unfit to print.

"Next take a walk until you are contacted by your fairy godfather. You'll recognize him as the man hiding a motorcycle under his overcoat. He will blindfold and hog-tie you, place you upon the motorcycle, and aim it toward Grandfather Mountain. You must make the hazardous journey there in the exact condition you leave Charlotte while making no stops along the way.

"Confidentially," he said, "I could never write a column because I could never make the trip without stopping for a pack of peanut butter crackers.

"If you make the trip successfully, the ghost of Max J. B. Pendleton will descend to you from the heavens. He will be your 'ghost writer in the sky' and he'll be carrying the 'Brown Mountain Light' so that you can recognize him.

"The sight of Maxie will frighten you into a swoon during which you will receive the idea for a column.

"You must always follow absolutely these instructions in order to write a column unless you happen to be sick. In that case you can just dream up a column in your own bed."

With that, the friendly pencil salesman and his beautiful car disappeared, leaving behind nothing save his hat full of pencils. I took over his old corner and sold the pencils and hat; therefore I no longer have any proof of his existence. I swear to you, however, that the story I've told is true and that I write all my columns using his system except when I'm sick.

So now, oh inquisitive ones, you know how I do it. But there is another question which is sometimes asked of me. Even I, as yet, do not know its answer. The question is "Why do you do it?"

By BARBARA JAMES

Rain-spattered visitors dripped into the rear entrance of the bookstore office to hurriedly ask directions. Scholarship workers, trying to locate new book orders or boxes, dashed in and out of the tiny shelf-lined room, seldom escaping collisions with cardboard crates. A teacher squeezed in to ask assistance in obtaining a special paperback edition of Shakespeare. Sitting in the lap of confusion, with a reporter jotting down his comments at random, was Manuel Kennedy. He sat placidly back in his chair with no sign of agitation.

Manuel, manager of the revamped college bookstore, seems untroubled by the confusion and speaks of his job not as a grinding responsibility but as "really an awful lot of fun." He usually has a slow smile waiting as he confronts the varied situations of the day.

Referring to the bookstore as "kind of a little general store," he agrees that just about all that is needed to complete this picture are several crackerbarrels.

Manuel has made noticeable additions and changes to the bookstore. Most recent among these is the acquisition of record albums, found in the store's far right hand corner. A student can select from among novelty and humor records, jazz, folk music, gospel, and various types of popular dance music. "The record company we order from works strictly with college bookstores and try to handle what the students demand. They are keyed to the college market," he says.

It is not surprising, then, that business has been brisk with the many types of popular recordings on hand. But, according to Manuel, the store's liveliest trade is in the multicolored group of sweat shirts, night gowns, and jackets embossed with the

school's name.

The novelty and jewelry bar now display "approximately triple the selection we had before we became a branch of the University." Gold and silver charms molded into tiny UNC-C drinking mugs, disks stamped with the school emblem, necklaces, pins, and tie pins adorn each carefully polished glass shelf.

Eye-catching stuffed animals that resemble marshmallows covered with fur are scattered at random around the room as are different sized mugs decorated in gold.

Large assortments of supplementary supplies and books are arranged in an orderly fashion so that customers dashing in between classes can quickly locate an item without inquiry.

In regard to the biggest transformation of the store, Manuel thinks the coming into the University system has been a major effect. Not only were emblems changed to "University of North Carolina at Charlotte," but also the "general attitudes of the students changed" in a parallel manner.

Speaking of another change in the store, Manuel compared the hour to hour and a half most students waited in line to purchase text books with this semester's operations. The process of buying books was accelerated so that the average student spent a 15 to 20 minute stint in the store. This added speed in maneuvering was due to the labeling of each book according to course name and number, spreading out more lists of books needed for each class, and shifting the required and supplementary selection of paperbacks to cover an entire wall adjacent to text shelves. When the paperbacks are situated within closer range of harried students, they can be



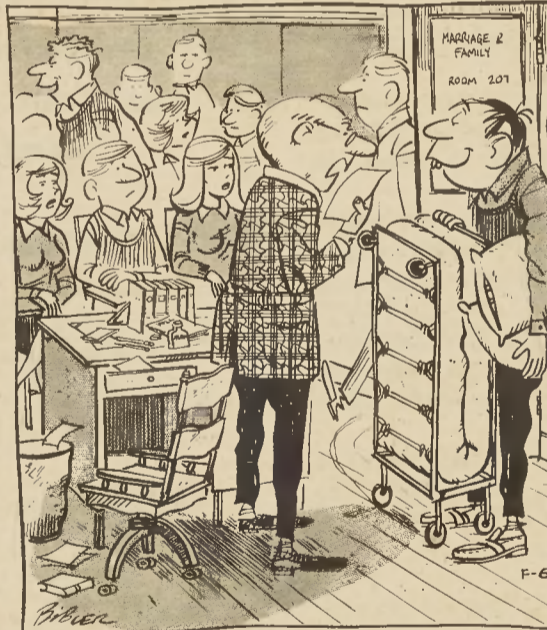
MANUEL KENNEDY

reached with economy of effort and without the student losing his place in line or smashing into others. Consequently, Manuel noticed that much fewer questions were asked of bookstore helpers.

When asked if the Circle K Club trade in used books injured his business any, Manuel said that it didn't actually take that much trade away from the store. "Besides," he stated in his quiet but earnest manner, "as a bookstore, we've got to make enough money to support us. But our main function is always as a service to the school. One day we hope we will be able to buy and sell used books also."

Soon Manuel will finish the few hours he needs to graduate. Twisting his wedding band thoughtfully, he told of his wife also taking courses here at night school.

To hear Manuel speak is like hearing tennis shoes tread down a basketball court at a measured pace. But behind this unassuming manner and soft speech is a young man who is capable of taking over and setting up the entire book store just three days before school opened first semester. And you know by watching him that there are even more surprises to come.



"AND JUST WHAT BOOKSTORE GAVE YOU THE SUPPLY LIST FOR THIS COURSE?"

Fee Disbursements Explained

Before the Feb. 14 meeting of the Student Legislature was called to order Gus Psomadakis, Student Body President, explained the procedures followed by the Activity Fees Commission in delegating funds to the various campus organizations. The fees committee is composed of the student body president and treasurer, the Liaison officer (who is appointed by the Chancellor), with the Dean of Student Affairs acting as a non voting chairman. The commission has the job of dispersing the activity fees paid by the student body each semester to the student government association, the athletics Dept., the Annual, newspaper and the University Union. Allotments to

the Parnessian, CCUN, NEA and the cheerleaders are made by the legislature.

Mr. Psomadakis said he was in favor of turning all activity fees over to the Student Legislature and completely doing away with the commission.

Following the swearing in of Ray Robbins as a new night school representative to the legislature, Bill Billups introduced a resolution recommending that the University Union be named in memory of Miss Mary Stackhouse, past associate professor of English and chairman of the Scholarship committee. The resolution passed by a vote of 11-4 and will now be turned over to the appropriate faculty committee.

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