

A Few Gripes

We realize that this school is experiencing growing pains and that a lot of little nuisances will be done away with in time, but still we must complain about a few things.

First, let's see what a male student has to go through if, for some reason, he decides his hands need washing.

Usually in this situation he heads for the men's rest room, if he's on campus. Come to think of it, he probably heads for the men's room even if he's off campus. But after he gets inside the little retreat, what does he discover?

Most people who attend classes out here and occasionally get their hands dirty know what he discovers. He finds a powdered soap container, containing nothing but air.

So, being a patient type, sometimes you just have to be that type on this campus, he moves on to another similar closet and finds that the situation is a somewhat different one. This time, there is a liquid soap container, but just let him try to get any liquid soap out of it.

Being good natured about the whole thing, he shuffles over to another building to try his luck. What does he find in the little room over there?

Well, he's in luck. There is a liquid soap container, empty of course, but some kind soul has left a bar of soap on the sink. He lathers up, thinking how lucky he is, but when he tries to dry those hands, he's flat out of luck.

No paper towels. Naturally, he resorts to drying his paws on toilet tissue. This is a long and tedious process and it usually takes a whole roll to do the job. Pity the next guy.

Now this doesn't happen in every rest room, mind you. And it doesn't happen in the same rest rooms all the time. The situation seems to skip around, happening sometimes here, sometimes there. It makes getting your hands clean much more exciting than ever before.

We had another gripe about the freezing or at least frosty, room temperature in the Liberal Arts Complex. Maintenance officials have, however, set about correcting this problem thereby proving completely false the rumors that a family of Eskimo exchange students have signed up for three classes a day in A, B, and C, buildings. Now the only gripe we have about the situation is that it was cleared up before we got a chance to write a lengthy editorial about it.

Of course that long-overdue entrance to the campus bothers us a little since it was supposed to be completed by the time fall classes started and on rainy days students are forced to rent swamp buggies to get to the new engineering building, but, if we could just get our nasty hands clean, we'd stop complaining. For awhile, anyway.

A Little Moral Support

Our new cross country team made a rather creditable showing in its first time out last Friday. It lost to St. Andrews as expected, but not by nearly the margin as was predicted.

The attitude of this team is wonderful. Although its members have been practicing together for less than a month, many of them are in acceptable physical condition to run about five miles a day. They got this way because they wanted to. They had the desire to do their best for their school.

As team member Ron Payne put it after a long, hectic practice run, "We may be second best, but we try harder." This is obviously a borrowed phrase, but he meant it. Especially the latter section of it.

The boys on the cross country squad deserve the recognition and praise of a grateful student body. This is sometimes difficult to provide, though, since cross country is hardly a spectator sport.

The JOURNAL thinks the best way to let the team members know that we appreciate what they're doing for our school is to stop them when you see them and tell how proud we are of them. Let's all try it, okay?

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Silly Comparison May Not Be Far-Fetched After All

BY PAUL BOSWELL

This column is not intended to solve the world's problems or even propose solutions. It is simply dedicated to the destruction of that nasty demon, apathy. This word seems to pop up quite often, as well it should in a world filled with it.

May I direct your attention to the center ring, paraphrasing a well known quotation from history, the "sick man" of the Western Hemisphere, the U. S. A.

Lyndon, the ringmaster, cracks his whip, and the donkeys jump and go into their routine; yea, even the elephants cringe. Only a few of the animals dare to spit and claw at the chief, but to no avail since he controls the act.

Sure, the above is a silly comparison, but is it so far fetched? "Hesitant Lyndon" is not so hesitant when it comes to doling out the dollars.

There is no doubt about it, Lyndon is the master politician. The "something for nothing" boys have a champion in the white mansion. He is currently attempting to subsidize the entire world with his benevolent programs. He insists on increasing expensive programs here and abroad while financing that smoldering spot on the opposite side of the globe.

Here are a few of the President's recent or future ideas:

A proposal to subsidize rents of families eligible for Public

Editor's Mail

Save Stamps For Juke Box?

Mr. Editor:

Where did our dear ol' juke box go? Look man, the Union is exactly what the name implies: a STUDENT Union.

Now if the professors prefer a more refined atmosphere let them frequent one of the many eating establishments scattered along the highway near the school--like Davis' Tavern or Green Acres Snack Bar or maybe even the "Juice Hour" at Wilmith.

We know that Sargeant O'Conner doesn't exactly emote when he hears the strains of the Tops or Dylan or Wilson Picket (Say yea, children). But, we think most of the students want the juke box --somewhere (anywhere?).

If we can spend 28,000 green stamp books for our College Union addition and an additional 82,000 Red Scissor Coupons for the furniture, it seems like we could fork out a little greech for a juke. That's all.

George Freeman

Bob Lemmonds

P. S. Save your Martha White Flour Sack coupons, children.

Instructor's Name Omitted

Mr. Editor:

I read with interest your story on the new faculty which appeared in the September 14 issue, but was disappointed to note that the story was incomplete. Miss Linda Fowler's name did not appear. Miss Fowler is a new member of the Department of History and Political Science whose specialty is medieval history. She has recently returned to this country from two years of study and research in Italy and France and is in the process of completing her doctorate at the University of Wisconsin.

Dr. R. W. Rieke
History and Political Science
Dept.
Chairman

housing.

A Massive Demonstration Cities Program, costing 2.3 billion over six years, in addition to financial aid for urban renewal.

He proposes the International Education Act "to give children in other continents the same head start we are trying to give our own children."

He proposes the International Health Act "to wipe out smallpox, malaria, and control yellow fever over most of the world in this decade."

A program to assist overpopulated countries in birth control. An anti-poverty program at the cost of one billion.

It appears he intends to cure the world's social and economic ills in a decade and give to everyone who doesn't have. Perhaps he'd better start an anti-poverty program for the taxpayers who must foot the bills for these ventures.

No wonder hearts cannot be stirred when our chief executive appears on television and actually begs the housewife to pinch pennies to curb inflation. These pinched coppers must go to support a ridiculously overburdened Social Security Bureau which has never been out of debt and never will be.

Inflation is not here because of spend thrift housewives; it is here because of a growing national debt which makes the American dollar increasingly worthless.

Anything the government does costs much more than it ordinarily would. Private enterprise would fall flat on its face if it attempted to operate as the Federal government does.

Japan has conducted a space program for eleven years. They are sending up a satellite very soon. Cost of the entire eleven years of research and achievement? Twenty-five million dollars.

Our Surveyor II crashed last Thursday on the moon with no scientific results. Cost of this one failure; sixty-five million dollars.

We live prosperously; we pay prosperous prices to erase prosperous-sized debts.

Where does the apathy come in? It comes in when ignorance is the result of apathy. It is disconcerting to hear an adult citizen of the United States say, "Oh well, if the National Debt gets too big, we can just forget about it and start over." Meanwhile what happens to personal bonds, bank accounts, insurance and, generally, the national economy which is wrapped up in the cumbersome deficit?

It is hard for the young adults, who by 1975 will be half America's population, to look forward to bearing this burden which is being so graciously accumulated by our predecessors.

We, who will inherit this financial fiasco, literally cannot afford apathy.

Watts Wrote, Not Russell

Ronnie Russell didn't know what was going on. All he knew was that he didn't write that column about Lyndon on this page in the last JOURNAL.

Ronald Watts was mad. He knew he had written the afore mentioned column and he knew his name hadn't appeared on it.

What happened was that Ronnie Russell had promised to write a column for the September 21 edition of the paper, while Ronald Watts had said that he might write one if he had time. Both Russell and Watts are staff members.

When the Friday deadline rolled round, the editor found a column which appeared under the headline "Hesitant Lyndon Worries Writer" on his desk and signed simply "Ron". He assumed that it was from the pen of Ronnie Russell but, in fact, he was wrong. Ronald Watts was its true author. The editor apologizes.



I'm so thrilled! They voted me "Most Opposite of the Opposite Sex" at the Consolidated University beauty contest.