

Sadie Hawkins

We're happy to see that Friday's dance, featuring the catalinas, is what is known as a Sadie Hawkins affair. This should produce some interesting events during the week.

As we understand it, a Sadie Hawkins format means that the boys can just lie (in more ways than one) and wait for someone to call, asking for a date. And the girls are the ones who will have to worry about asking some stud for a Friday night rendezvous.

Just picture a tremendous 250 - pound intramural touch hide-and-peek player, a fifth back for the Senior Slurpers (he's called a fifth back instead of a quarterback because if you give him a fifth, you'll never get it back if you give him a fifth, you'll never get it back.)

Can't you see this guy sitting demurely by a telephone, munching two cherry cordials at the same time, stroking the hair on his new wig and doing bust exercises while he scans the latest underfashion news in 'Seventeen' magazine? Baby, he's killing time waiting for his dreamboat to ring his number and sweep him off his feet when she asks him so sweetly to accompany her to a dance.

Man, he doesn't have care one except for whether he'll wear the pink frilly something or other or the black slinky thingamajig.

Now try to visualize some little fragile 90-pound darling of a honey-chile dragging around in a pool hall in her W.E.B. DuBois summer camp T-shirt and her Spur gas station uniform britches, puffing on a good three-for-a-penny cigar, guzzling RC mixed with prune juice and watermelon rinds (the strongest she can hold on a school day), cussing 'cause the TV went on the blink during the Mamie Van Doren Aqua Velva commercial, sweating and saying 'My God, I gotta get a date for Friday night.'

Can't you see her pulling a list of names and phone numbers and getting with the rest of the Chicks to ask them what kind of good lovin' this certain cat can put down?

Watch her slide into a phone booth and tell everybody else there to keep the dod-flammin noise down while she makes her call. She can't have all that slicka-flickin racket going on if she's going to make him believe she's calling from the library where she's been working on a term paper for 40 days and 40 nights.

The dingaling rings over at the Slurper's house and he answers by exclaiming, 'Oh, its Chickie-Baby. What a surprise! (Some surprise; he's been getting her to squirt the water fountain for him for the last six weeks.)

Anyway, they talk the trash a while and when Chickie thinks she's got him worked up enough that he'd hock his hipster pants with the two-foot wide belt for her, she asks him for a date.

This guy suddenly has a change of heart and tells her prissily, 'I'd love to but I simply must wash my hair that night, . Sorry.'

Just as we said, its going to be interesting this week.

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Letters To The Editor

Student Court Says Honor Code Not All-Inclusive

Mr. Editor:

The Student Court met in closed session to hear a case referred to it upon an alleged violation of the Honor Code, on Tuesday, November 8. Since the accused did not request a public trial, it is the policy of this Court to permit no knowledge of the proceedings to become public so as to best protect the interests of all parties concerned. However, in view of the widespread concern which has accompanied this particular event, we feel it necessary to enlighten the student body as to some of the findings of the Court in this case.

In view of the circumstances in which this alleged offense occurred, and in view of a motion submitted by the Defense Agency Director, it was brought to the attention of all parties concerned that, as presently written, the Honor Code is capable of being interpreted in such a broad fashion as to cover practically the entire gamut of human behavior in its milder forms. It was not the intention of the formulators of the Honor Code to be so all-inclusive, nor is it the intention of the present Student Court to be so.

A quote from the findings of the Court may best serve to illustrate this:

"We, the undersigned Justices of the Student Court, in session assembled, do, upon proper consideration thereof, deem that the current Honor Code, as so stated, is too broad to facilitate interpretation by this Court. In view

of the fallacies of human conduct, wherein we grant that all persons at one time or another are prone to misrepresent information to one another, we feel that there are many such instances which occur on a daily basis which are so petty in significance as to be beneath the dignity of this Court to become a party to by having to sit in judgment thereon."

In deeping with this decision, and with a firm resolution to protect the Student Body from both lawless and petty harassment, the Student Court, in conjunction with the Attorney-General and the Student Defense Director, are currently in the process of preparing recommended legislative changes which shall further define and delineate the intent of the Honor Code. In this manner, both the Student Court and the student

body will benefit, since both will be more aware of what behavior does or does not constitute a violation of the Honor Code. In better knowledge of the rules under which the Student Body has chosen to live, each student will be afforded a greater measure of freedom in his personal conduct with other students, yet still be restrained to the extent necessary to protect the rights and privileges of his fellow students.

Since such a matter vitally affects the well-being of each student at the University, the views and recommendations of all are solicited. Students who wish to have their feelings known on the matter are requested to convey them to any member of the Student Court, the Attorney-General, or the Defense Agency Director.

John Gaither
Mitch Borden



I don't understand Bill. When he corrects me, its constructive criticism; but when I correct him, it's nagging.

Mr. Lopez Inspires Students

BY PATRICK MCNEELY

This newspaper is put out, generally to provide information and enjoyment for the students of this campus but this is not my purpose this week. If you're looking for a few belly-laughs or a "Joe Pyne" style cutting session then read no farther. Today I wish to talk about a great teacher, philosopher, and humanitarian..... Mr. Victor Lopez.

Mr. Lopez, as most of you know, teaches Spanish here, but he is more than just another teacher to me and to many other students. He serves as an inspiration to his students and takes a sincere interest in their problems and their educational advancement. This is a rare quality in this push-button age of student numbers and IBM cards.

Mr. Lopez is furious when test grades are low, but you couldn't find a happier man on earth when the scores are high (with many instructors the opposite is true).

He came to America from Spain in 1935 and worked his way through college. His hard early life and the Spanish influence is visible in his teaching style.

You see, Mr. Lopez doesn't understand our attitude toward learning and life. He doesn't understand how a people who have so much can care so little. The sad fact is that many students have not understood Mr. Victor Lopez and therefore missed not only an education, but a revelation.

Notice

The CAROLINA JOURNAL will not be published next week due to Thanksgiving holidays.

The JOURNAL will appear again on Wednesday, November 30. Watch for us then.

It's Hard For Her To Tell One Pet Fly From The Other

by corny stilwell

For weeks I have been working on a secret project and this is the big day to reveal it for all the world to see. I will introduce you to Gertrude and Heathcliff. They're my pet flies.

Each day they take turns waiting on me at the Union door. Gertie usually is there first, since she likes to tell me all the gossip she's overheard. Heath stays in the game room and picks up bad habits.

I really had a hard time training these two. After I tied a blue ribbon around Heath and a pink on around Gert, I had little difficulty recognizing them in a crowd.

The first day I met Heath was on a Wednesday. He buzzed over to the table and squatted on the edge of my coffee cup.

I noticed he was different right away. He seemed to want to talk... so I listened. He was a little nervous, I observed.

Heath was limping a little, I noticed, so I asked him why. He replied that he'd found a resting spot in the game room when suddenly all hell broke loose. "Blam, blam, blam!"

"Get that ball in that basket!" "Tilt, tilt, tilt that thing!"

So poor, scared Heath buzzed over to the pool table and perched on the edge of a cue to see what everyone was looking at when Mr. Washman took his shot. Heath was wounded in action and one of his closest relatives found himself behind the eight ball. Kersplash!

Gert came over next and told me that Treppa and Red were going to beat me down to the newspaper office and demand to be chosen beauty of the month. (Ha, ha! Red, I told you I'd say that.) Now I will give a prize to anyone who can determine who Treppa and Red really are.

Gert reported she'd received an invitation to join the girls in the conversationalists in the basement of the Union. She didn't like the seal on the invitation but she went anyway. All the gang was there, Treppa, Red, Fartha, Mousey Mini, and Odd Hag. I'm glad to hear that they were discussing my article.

Poor Mousy Mini said, "You know, I been dying to try that idea about going down... to the beach house."

Treppa said, "Oh yes, I've been dying to try it too. They say it's the best idea in the bunch."

They were talking about who to ask to the Sadie Hawkins Dance. Mousy Mini and Fartha said they had heard that there were 40 or 50 hundred men. They planned to lock them in and promise to let them out only if they'd escort them to the dance. Then Red said, "Nah, as dumb as we are we'd never find the room again."

Odd Hag said she'd take the direct approach, you know, just ask somebody. But all agreed it was an ineffective method. Treppa said she knew good and well men have to be tricked.

This was the first time Gert had ever heard of Sadie Hawkins Day, but she caught on quickly. The next time I saw her she was chasing Heath down the sidewalk with a flyswatter.

Heath, who's been hearing all the guys say they were hiding in the Engineering Building, has raced over there to join them. If Fartha and Mousey Mini are at the dance, I guess Gert and Heath will show up too. That is, if Heath can find that room.

Credit for conversation in this article goes to Treppa, Red, Fartha, Mousey Mini, and Odd Hag. The names were changed to protect the guilty.