

EDITORIAL

Journal welcomes

The JOURNAL would like to begin the 1968-1969 academic year by welcoming all of our readers, both new and returning students, back to the campus, so, we will. WELCOME.

Even the returning students will find the campus and halls an exciting atmosphere in which to dig out an education. With the renewed construction on campus and promise of much more to come in the following year, it will be very difficult indeed to ignore the growth of The University of North Carolina at Charlotte into a University of reputation and status, as well as spitit and progress. However, only the students who participate in the campus life offered here will receive the feeling of accomplishment and responsibility that results from sharing the load.

In the course of the year, there will be many problems. We've learned that from past experience, and it will be very easy for us, as students, to cry out and try to place the blame on the shoulders of the administration. This is often a very invalid and unfounded criticism. If this University doesn't sell itself, then there's no way that the members of the administration can sell it for us. What we're getting at is this- boycott the SAL.

FIGHT THE SAL

For the freshmen and transfer students, the SAL is the most influential non-organization, but it's on its way out. The other organizations and non-organizations on campus are emerging as the victors in the battle for supremacy at UNC-C. A brief explanation- the SAC is the Student Apathy League. Membership is not restricted. Anyone can become a member merely by going home every afternoon after classes, not attending the scheduled social events, ignoring the fact that the University has a television show on Thursday nights, passing by the Journal stands without picking up a copy, avoiding lectures in the Union, pretending that UNC-C has no athletic teams, and failing to realize that, every time he takes a verbal slice at the University, he is cutting himself. It is to a student's advantage to avoid this non-organization as if it were a plague.

'What Else Can I Do?'

There are several obvious alternatives to joining this organization. Bill Billups (William D., that is) is the President of the SGA. SGA means YOU. Every student automatically becomes a member of SGA simultaneously with his acceptance to the University. And there's work to be done, plenty of work! This work has, in the past, been performed in a very noble but inadequate manner by a very small handful of concerned students. The quality of performance has been very high in the past, but the quantity has been low. These same people can not and will not carry the load alone this year. Bill Billups will not let them. Bill, whose theory focuses on complete involvement, intends to see to it that every student does his share this year. In order to simplify matters, we have worked out a simple, step-by-step method by which any student can learn how to go about getting involved with the University Union, the SGA, or student publications. The first step is to attend the SGA convocation in the Union Parquet Room today at 11:30. The remainder of the procedure will be explained there.

NEW PROFESSORS, DR. MILLER

The JOURNAL also welcomes the new professors and administrators to the campus and wishes them much luck in learning what goes on in that shadowy building next to the Union. Much of it is still a mystery to us. The procedure is complicated, and the red tape is often thick; however, it works. We tend to pretend that it does not work, but "that don't hardly make it so". We also extend a welcome Dr. Paul Miller to our University. He, too, has quite a job ahead of him (see related story).

POTPOURRI

Remember the beer ad controversy with the Publications Board last year? Number-one complainant T. R. Lawing is no longer with us as an advertiser. -his choice. Could it be that he just lost interest?

We recommend that everyone read Phil Wilson's column "From the Couch". And please don't hesitate to write to Phil soliciting his advice. It's his living.

Have you read the posters advertising the dance with Marlana Shaw this Friday night? University is spelled "Univeresity." Come anyway.

Auto-Biography

by Walt Sherill

Bill Cosby once said that the most terrible pain known to man was the pain he got by sitting with his arm around his date for two full-length movies while the blood drained from his arm to his stomach, and he fought frantically to save his wrist. Crap.

The most terrible pain known to man is that pain he gets when he reaches for his wallet to pay another repair bill so that his much-used car might live again.

There are still a few of us, it seems, deep enough in the poverty pocket that we have to drive a car without a fish, cat, horse, or snake in its name. Yet infinitely worse than the stigma attached to driving a car without a fish, cat, horse, or snake in its name is the constant aggravation of watching cars with fishes, cats, horses, and snakes in their names as they accelerate smoothly away from stoplights. Sensitive but less affluent drivers are driven to near-violence, but the S.P.C.A. is everywhere.

There's something inherently snide about the presence of a low, racy, new pony-car next to yours at a drive-in movie, and it's very presence soon causes you to think that the pony car's driver has driven all over the lot looking for a slot where there was an older car like yours to park next to, committing in the process an intentional act of provocation not unlike Israelis selling shares of the Great Pyramid or Czechs sticking parking tickets on Soviet tanks. If you could only convince yourself that they were the real culprits it wouldn't be so bad, but deep in your heart you know that any car that doesn't have a fish, cat, horse, or snake in its name can't be all good.

Take my car for instance. (I wouldn't touch that line with a ten-foot tow rope.) At the first of the year the overdrive unit and transmission went amiss. One day and \$170.00 later it drove like a new five year-old car; and if I drove the car 100,000 miles a year for the rest of my life, the savings in gas mileage might pay for the cost of the repairs. Not long after that frightening experience, the brakes on the car stopped stopping. The pedal would go all the way to the floor, and that,

any knowledgeable driver will tell you, is a NO-NO. I had a few exciting moments before finally parking the car upside a tree in the relative safety of my own backyard. Luckily I knew what the problem was and fixed it; the real problem was that it worked better before I fixed it than it did after. and it didn't work at all either way. %5.00 and a junk-part later the car started stopping again.

For a short while the beast gave me no trouble, and I began thinking lovely, positive thoughts about automobiles again. Then I found that my brakelights weren't working right-weren't working at all, in fact. I got the necessary switch to fix the ailment, but couldn't get the old one off to put the new one on, so I took the, (for want of a better term) car to a garage. They couldn't get the old one off either. \$8.00 worth of professional labor later I had brakelights again.

Then, while driving around town something went POW! KAPOW! HOLY BAT CAVE! The beast-mobile began doing the boogaloo all over the road at all speeds over 10 mph. The universal joints weren't feeling too well, and neither was I. \$18.00 later the car ran as well as any five year-old car in an advanced state of decay could be expected to run, and it stopped doing the Boogaloo all over the highway.

But no sooner had it given up doing imitations of Navaho rain-dances than the car began bouncing over pot-holes in the road that weren't there in the first place. I wrote complaining to the Highway Commission, and they replied that they had already repaired the pot-holes that weren't there, and recommended that I have my car's front end checked. Since I couldn't see the pot-holes that weren't there in the first place, but my car quit bouncing over them too. I painted a little sign on the back of my car saying "Your Highway Taxes at Work".

By now my auto-investment had grown so large that my car was included in the Dow-Jones industrial average, and attempts to junk it were followed by an eerie four-point drop in the market. Representatives of the Auto-parts

industry began taking me to dinner, and manufacturers started sending me free samples. I even received a personal letter from President Johnson thanking me for my sacrifices and asking me to vote Democratic in '68. The mechanic who had treated me with indifference bordering on contempt when I first began broadly whenever he saw me coming, and has even given me my own parking place at his garage right next to the cash-register. Since I've given him my business he has installed air-conditioning, color TV, and his mechanics have started taking two-hour coffee breaks.

My car problems cleared up from a while, but the sky didn't and, it started to rain. It rained for forty days and forty nights and my windshield wipers refused to work. I managed to fix them with a great wailing and gnashing of teeth, though now I have to turn them off from outside the car with a screw-driver. They explained that to a suspicious cop late at night.

At present, strange noises are coming from under the hood, but I don't think they're too serious. A clairvoyant told me that there are the disembodied spirits of several old Schwinn bicycles coming back to haunt me. This, of course, causes no real problems, but an unusually large number of dogs chase my car on the highway.

Last week I found the burned-up wire that kept the car from starting when it was stopped, and now it starts most of the time. I had to park it on hills for a while so that I could let it roll-start to get it going. A girl I know thought that all of this was funny as hell: she laughed, didn't.

Has all of this, you ask, daunted my faith in American Technology? Yare're darned right it has. To paraphrase Al Capp, highways are no longer highways, but long entrance ramps to garages and junk-yards, and I spend so much time and money on my car that my psychiatrist-uncle has accused me of Auto-eroticism.

In Greek mythology a King named Sisyphus was condemned to roll a huge boulder up a hill until it rolled down the other side then to roll it back up again, for all of eternity. Some cynics at the time insisted that sisyphus got a perverse kick out of that last little push and that even then he was thumbing his nose at the gods. We... if Sisyphus were around today, and the Gods were still looking for a way to lay one on him, they'd not bother with rocks-they'd just make him drive a used car. And just between the two of us, I bet Sisyphus DID get a perverse kick out of that last little push. I know the feeling well.



"... AND PRESIDENT JOHNSON HAS JUST DECLARED IT A DISASTER AREA..."

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