



Oh Yeah?

by F.N. Stewart

Leaving Memories

I lived for nearly eighteen years in the same old house. The only time I spent away from home was my three years in the Army. But, even then home was that house and the shelter and warmth it provided. I left to go to the Army and took only a few clothes with me. I knew I would be coming home - home to that house to live in it again. My things were there. The valuable junk that a curious young boy gathers and keeps and stores in the back part of the closet, under the bed, and in the secret places of the basement.

My room was large then, it was five steps from the edge of my bed to the door leaving the room. The room grew smaller each year. Now it is two good steps from the edge of my bed, still in the same place, to the door. It was a long run from that bed to the Christmas tree in the living room. It has become a short walk. The doorsill which I had to jump up to touch has now shrunk so much that I almost have to duck in order to walk thru it. It used to be so wide that I could almost stand in the middle with outstretched arms and touch both sides. Now I draw my elbows to my sides in order to keep them from hitting the door as I walk thru. The mirror above the sink in the bathroom was so high that I had to put one foot on the bathtub and the other on the toilet in order to be tall enough just to see to comb my hair. The mirror has fallen so much that I have to bend over in order to comb that same hair.

The apple tree in the backyard, which once ripped a gash in my pitching arm, died years ago. It was very old when my family moved there. One of its children grows almost in the same place. One of the grandchildren grows futher back in the yard. The rip in my arm healed of course, and the arm's memory, a scar, remains much like my memory of the old tree.

The backyard which once took a Saturday morning to cut with a push mower, now falls quickly beneath the whirling blade of a power mower. The yard, like my room and the house itself, has become much smaller.

Changing Homes

I moved out of that house several weeks ago, but not because it was small and confining. The house, although it seems small, could never be confining. Something which has shared so much of my life and given so much warmth and security could never be less than a wonderful memory. I moved simply because it was an inevitable thing that I must move. I knew the time was coming. I have always known that one day I would be leaving. The three year trip to the army was merely a foreshadowing of this time for moving. And should I not recognize it, this moment is one of those milestones of life.

The average family moves once every five years. This will be my first in nearly twenty-years, and it is a lonely feeling. I had never realized the number of odds and ends which are silly nothings that I had accumulated for only sentimental reasons. Particles of memories are precious things and seem to cling beyond all amounts of reasoning. I'm told that if you move once in those five years, then it is a sort of shedding affair and these odds and ends never really have time to accumulate. Perhaps that makes it easier to move the next time, because there are fewer of these memories to pack or leave.

Moving from a favorite place is a melancholy thing. Somehow it hurts to admit that a certain pleasurable time is ended. Perhaps it is overdue, but that doesn't ease the breaking with that part of the past. It is not really just a time or just a set of memories, it is a part of life. And walking back and forth in that blue room packing and picking between books and memories, wasn't really a happy thing.

The Big House

The big house that I have just moved into, will probably one day have part of a huge set of memories like home had.

This old house was built around the turn of the century and has begun to show its age in places. The stair case which leads upstairs is worn smooth from the leather of many shoes. Not all of the doors shut evenly or easily, and some don't shut. Not all the windows open, and there is one that won't close, and one that is missing the glass that goes in it. The lights were added after the house was built. They are turned on by means of pull chains. This means you walk into a dark room and wave at the ceiling for a while until you find the pull cord. This has one bad effect; it becomes habit. After a while, you will make the mistake of walking into a "modern" house and waving at the ceiling, and someone will see you and look at you and wonder. There is really nothing that you can say to explain the action. It looks foolish; and unless someone knows the reason you do it, it is foolish.

For a while the heat was off. We forgot to call the oil man. We didn't really forget, we just don't have a phone. So for about three days, we had the only 13 room walk-in refrigerator in the whole south-eastern United States. It's quite a distinction, also it's quite cold. This worked out okay because the food didn't thaw out. We didn't have a refrigerator either. I really wasn't too much of a benefit because we didn't have much food. Any anyhow crackers and cokes taste pretty much the same if they are warm or cold.

The house begins to fill with memories; there will be more, and once again I learn a new meaning for the phrase: "You can't go home again."

From the President's Desk

Last Wednesday, December 4 at 11:30 A.M. the student divisional representatives were elected for the University Governance Committee. They are as follows: Economics and Business Administration: Mike Robertson Education: Nancy Petrea Engineering: Ken Gilleland Humanities: Connie Lee Mathematics: Neil Carriker Nursing: Linda Whitener Social and Behavioral Sciences: Sam Hubbard

Monday, December 2, the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina approved a recommendation stating that Asheville-Biltmore and Wilmington Colleges be made

a part of the University of North Carolina with, at present, only undergraduate degrees being offered. The campuses had requested admission to the system in 1962. The recommendation is subject to the approval of the North Carolina State Legislature.

There will be a Senior Class meeting on Wednesday, December 11, 1968 at 11:30 a.m. in the Parquet Room. The purpose of the meeting is to vote upon the selection of a class gift, to vote on the acceptance of our graduation invitations, to select a student from the class to serve on the committee which chooses the professor named to receive the Teacher of Excellence Award and to receive information concerning

a class dinner which will take place later in the year. At the conclusion of the business meeting, all seniors are encouraged to remain and listen to Mr. Gerard Davidson of Duke Power Company speak on "The

Employment Interview." I would remind you that interviews will take place during the Spring Semester and any information concerning interviews may prove to be very beneficial.

The Student Legislature meeting has been postponed from Monday, December 9 to Monday, December 16 at 7:45 p.m. in rooms 209-210 of the university Union.



A K Psi Tours

The brothers and pledges of Alpha Kappa Psi made a tour of the Federal Reserve Bank in downtown Charlotte on Wednesday, November 20. The tour went through the various departments of the bank and culminated with a film which showed how the Federal Reserve System works. Under guard, except on the elevators, the

brothers even toured the target range where the security police practiced. The tour showed how the money was destroyed and the many hands that handle it in the process. The vault contained three timed locks which when once set could not be opened until the designated time. The method of loading and unloading the armored cars was also unique.

Music Group Contest

The Anheuser-Busch Corporation and Trans World Airlines are sponsoring the Intercollegiate Music Festival. This is a competitive festival for college musical groups, i.e., folk, folk rock, etc.

The requirements are that a group complete an application form, available in the Fine Arts Department, and submit the application and a ten minute tape by December 19, 1968. The groups who qualify will compete in the regional competition in Mobile, Alabama, February 28, 1969 and March 1, 1969. All expenses are provided by Anheuser-Busch and Trans World Airlines.

Winners in the Mobile competition will participate in the festival to be held in St. Louis the week of May 22.

Backtalk!

Mr. Editor,

I am writing this letter on December 6, before the name of the Holiday Queen has been made public-in order to register a complaint concerning the Union's handling of this affair that has no direct relevance to the girl who has been chosen.

I have discovered that a number of girls who were nominated were not notified of their nomination because those Union officers in charge of this operation "couldn't find them." Apparently they found it too taxing to contact the Records Office for addresses and telephone numbers (or the records and class schedules in the Union office); instead, as it appears from answers to inquiries that I have made to those supposedly "in the know," those in charge managed to get information to their friends and acquaintances but not much further. This concludes my first gripe, e.g., that all those nominated were not notified.

My second gripe is with the method of election. A committee of certain relevant Charlotteans and faculty members, I am told, chose the Queen. The students as a whole had no voice in the selection.

Perhaps I would not be quite as incensed about all this if I had not been assured earlier this semester by certain influential (?) Union officers that the selection of the Queen this year would be based even more on student participation.

I realize that there are definite reasons for screening the candidates before election- I don't particularly relish the idea of having a male or some other such oddity elected Holiday Queen. But I still cannot believe that a position such as his has relevance without student

participation in the final decision. I sincerely hope that the Union does a better job on the selection of this year's Miss UNC-C.

Patsy Stokely

(All future letters to the editor should be addressed to BACKTALK! in care of THE CAROLINA JOURNAL, P. O. Box 12665, in the city - Thanks (ed.)

Editorial Cont.

Pay Here, Park in Newell

(Continued from page 2)

How much did you pay for that black and yellow bumper sticker that ruins the aesthetic balance of the automobile's design? No, don't tell me; let me guess. Ten dollars, right? And what is it good for? Not much. When you arrive at school, where do you park? Between rows, at the amphitheater parking lot, on the grass, in front of the Newell post office, or anywhere else that you can find a space. Result? You get a ticket. All that trouble and money just to pay more money or go to more trouble. You could get a taxi and save money. Why all this cost? "We have to pave and maintain the parking lots." Right. So you bleed the students for more and more cash. Isn't there some other source from which this revenue could come? How about a gift? WE DON'T NEED A BELL TOWER! WE DO NEED PARKING LOTS! What money we do get should go for the necessities. We'll worry about the luxuries later! And who knew that ten-dollar fee had to be paid at the time of registration? If you got to the automobile registration station and they asked for the ten that you didn't have, you had to either borrow the money quick, not register, or walk for a year. Students got angry; the faculty got angry. Where will this drain on our finances end; And the boss says, "Hey, Jim, we can use you tomorrow night, if you can work." And you tell yourself, "I've got that quiz tomorrow in seminar, but I've got to pay for that parking sticker next year." "Yeah, boss, I'll be there."