

Feedback

Registration Prostration From A Student

REGISTRATION PROSTRATION
By Shirley Blackwell

As I joined the single-file line of students standing along a four-inch wide strip of curb bordered in mud outside C building, I was glad I had given in to the impulse to don slacks, turtle-neck sweater, loafers, and a pair of my son's furry, gold colored socks that morning. It was a damp, gray day with clouds that were reaching fingers down to touch the ground.

I caught sight of a professor at an upper window grinning down at us and shaking his head at the sight of the line of people good-naturedly teetering along the curb and then on up the sidewalk to the door. The drizzle managed to hold off until my segment of line had inched its way up to the door.

Once inside, we were in for a new surprise that made us forget the weather. The line wasn't leading into Station No. 1 in sight

across the hall; instead, it snaked all the way upstairs and down the hallway only to double back and come down the same stairway so you could greet those who were just staring upward. Then it still did not lead to Station No. 1 — after all, the game had just begun. It wound its way the full length of the downstairs hall, horseshoe-turned at the far end and returned to turn the corner and disappear through a doorway. I had heard they were trying

something new this time — it was — registration had never before been quite like this.

The young man behind me had been an evening student until this semester and was beginning to wonder whether he should stay in the night sessions if this was a taste of daytime procedure. Senior Bernie Lewis ambled by, looking as though this was any usual, ordinary day, but he was the only one. The other faces coming in had wide-eyed "you've— GOT-to-be-kidding" looks of disbelief which dissolved into smiles and wisecracks at the sight of friends. Usually sunny Dr. Ellis walked by with a glassy-eyes, preoccupied expression; obviously something wasn't going precisely according to plan.

"They" no doubt hadn't planned this snail pace that sort of took the fun out of the game — like playing Charades with no motions. "Surely there can't be this many Juniors!," I remarked to my captive conversation partner of over an hour now, "When do the Sophomores start?" "All I read was the time for Juniors — this is one of my ME-days," he replied with irony. I spied a girl from my German class in the horseshoe line across from me. She is expecting a baby in May (brave souls are to be found in registration lines) and had her 4 or 5 year old son with her. He was sitting on the floor at her feet looking bewildered so I handed him a nearly-gone package of life-savers out of my purse and was rewarded by a wide smile. At this point, his mother was using her umbrella as a cane.

Through a doorway across the hall, Professor Alker looked up from the desk where he was giving out Geology class cards and gave a grin and a wave. The thought crossed my mind that the good-natured greetings and grin and bear it attitude of this throng was a pleasant contrast to the newscasts of placard-bearing students and rioters on some of the campuses across the country in recent months.

Several notches ahead of us stood a portly, well-dressed gentleman well in his forties who was looking about with a composed air that gave one the impression he was standing in line at the teller's cage of a London bank, rather than registration line at U.N.C.C.

My cantankerous back was beginning to rebel in spite of the fact that I had been leaning on walls, doors, tall waste-bins, and anything else I passed that was firm enough to lean on; I was beginning to have visions of crawling the rest of the way. I began swinging my leg out in the air as it was giving out too. Maybe we could all do the Can-Can standing still; I knew I wore slacks for some good cause.

Upon reaching the long awaited doorway, we learned that all whose names began with M through Z were being shot right through; however, it seemed all of us were A through L, so could continue in line through a second door which, of course, was further down the hall. I made it without ending up on the floor, joyously took the cards to fill out and collapsed into a seat. Never dreamed I'd ever be overjoyed to be able to sit down and fill out cards — but SIT DOWN had become the magic words. Even going from room to room to pick up class cards was welcome — if felt good to be WALKING somewhere. Jogging up the stairs to reach Station No. 4 knocked a few more cricks out, but wait — what now?

A brand new Line disappearing around the corner of yon hall

away down there. By now it was well past noon and another line was too much to face on an empty stomach. Some kind soul warned me the candy-bar machine was accepting only nickles today, so I found to sweet shiny nickles, grabbed a candy bar and a coke and decided I might as well eat them while standing in line. I was becoming conditioned.

At least, this was "coming down the home stretch" and offered new conversation partners as a bonus. Similar situation to being trapped in an elevator together—amazing how much people can discover about one another while waiting in a frozen line. For example, three who were in our little conversation knot live in house trailers. The first, a radiant brown-haired girl, had just been married the previous Saturday. The newlyweds have a trailer and love it. However, the student in front of me, an 'oldy-wed' of a year and a half, said they have a trailer and hate it.. "its old, and there's no place to put anything." The third, a pretty brown-eyed blond, shares a trailer with her mother, "because my brothers and sisters are grown and Dad died a few years ago, so Mom bought a trailer." This was said without either condemning or praising it — just a pretty smile of acceptance.

Bernie Lewis walked by with a cup of coffee, and someone asked him if they could borrow his cup when he finished his coffee. (There are pots of perked coffee to be found in various spots around campus, but not being a coffee-drinker I am only dimly aware of their existence). This was where I came in, five hours ago, only Bernie had taken his sweater off — it must have been keeping company with the coffee pot. I realized I was still buttoned up in my heavy coat, but that was as good a way to carry it as any. My back had stopped that threatening pain; I think it just went numb somewhere along the way.

It was now nearly two o'clock and I was fervently hoping I had left a door unlocked so Whit, my second grader, would be able to get in the house. Some boys at the back of the line had a card-game going — somebody had a lot of foresight to come equipped with a deck of cards. The girl in front of us had left home without breakfast, and upon asking her husband for snack-machine change, had received from same a twenty-dollar bill. Now really, any other time, would a husband do that? The only place she could get that changed would be at the head of this line where the cash register was located, and it seemed pretty remote.

Inevitably, conversation turned to deeper subjects: "Is all this really worth it?" Worth what? What am I doing here — what are you doing here? The pretty brown-eyed girl turned out to be an English major, also taking teacher education "in case I need it"; the hungry girl with the twenty is also an English major — it seems to me 85% of the people I know out here are English majors — what IS it about that English department? A Sophomore with long ash-blond hair to her waist asked why they don't call it something besides "English" — "like 'Literature' or something, after all, they do other things in there. Maybe there just sin't any name for it." Hmmm.

A small blue-eyed blond behind me said her Dad keeps trying to persuade her to get the teaching certification "as long as I'm out here anyway. He feels it's a cushion for a woman — but there

Course Evaluation?

Mr. Editor

I read with great interest your editorial concerning our not having a course evaluation by which to determine the value and efficiency of the fall semester's

courses. I feel that we should have some system of evaluating courses and professors. I whole heartedly commend and support you and your staff for taking it upon yourselves to provide this vital

service to our student body. However, at the same time I feel that you should find out why this service was not provided by the Academic Affairs Committee of the Student Government. It is the primary function of this committee to provide this service.

Furthermore, I suggest you begin by asking President Bill Billups since this committee is directly responsible to him. I may add that we in the Student Legislature have expressed concern to President Billups about this matter. I hope you continue your interest in this matter, and please inform the entire student body of your findings.

Respectfully,
Gus Psomadakis
Night School Representative

UNC-G Probes

Dear Sir:

THE CAROLINIAN, the student newspaper of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, is investigating student opinion on the consumption of alcoholic beverages on North Carolina campuses.

We would like information concerning your campus about the following points:

1. What are the regulations about drinking in general, and

specifically on campus consumption?

2. An evaluation of the enforcement of the drinking policy from your viewpoint

3. How long has the present policy been in effect?

4. If there any difference in application between male and female students?

We would appreciate response from you as soon as possible. Thank-you for your help.

Yours sincerely,
John L. Pinnix

Financial Aid at UNC-C

Who may apply? How do I qualify? What is available?

It is time for many students at UNC-C to think about answers to these and other questions pertaining to student financial assistance at UNC-C. Now is the appropriate time to make application for financial aid for the 1969-70 academic year.

WHO MAY APPLY FOR FINANCIAL AID? Any full-time student who feels that he is in need of financial assistance may apply. Limited aid is available for half-time students. Students who are receiving aid this year MUST REAPPLY for next year.

HOW DOES A STUDENT QUALIFY FOR FINANCIAL AID? At the present time, all student aid at UNC-C is awarded on the basis of financial need. The primary purpose of the financial aid program is to provide financial assistance to students who, without such aid, would be unable to attend college.

WHAT IS MEANT BY "FINANCIAL NEED"? In determining a student's financial need, two elements must be considered: (a) the amount of money the student and his family can reasonably be expected to contribute for an academic year, and (b) the expense of the education for an academic year. Financial need exists when projected expenses exceed projected resources.

WHAT FUNDS ARE AVAILABLE FOR FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE? Financial aid consists of scholarships, grants-in-aid, loans, and employment.

WHAT STUDENT AID IS PROVIDED BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT? National Defense Student Loans, Educational Opportunity Grants, and College Work-Study jobs are Federally funded.

NATIONAL DEFENSE STUDENT LOANS — Awards range up to a maximum of \$1,000 annually. The student is obligated to pay nothing on the principal and interest until 9 months after graduation or termination of his

academic program. At this time, he must begin repayment at 3% interest and has up to ten years to complete payments. Students who go into full-time teaching in an elementary or secondary school, or an institution or higher education may cancel up to half of the loan.

IN ADDITION TO FINANCIAL NEED, ARE THERE OTHER REQUIREMENTS THAT MUST BE MET BEFORE A NATIONAL DEFENSE STUDENT LOAN MAY BE AWARDED? Yes. (a) The applicant must be a citizen or national of the United States, or a person who is in the United States for other than a temporary purpose and intends to become a permanent resident thereof. Persons who are in this country on an "F" student visa or a visitor's visa are NOT eligible. (b) The student must carry at least one-half the full-time academic workload. (c) The student must maintain the appropriate continuing grade point average. (d) The student must sign a loyalty oath before a National Defense Student Loan may be awarded.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY GRANT — These funds may be awarded in amounts up to \$1,000 (depending on family resources and college costs) to students who demonstrate "exceptional financial need" (those whose parents are judged able to contribute approximately \$600 OR LESS annually toward the education of the applicant.) Educational Opportunity Grants must be matched with equal dollar amounts from other sources.

This is an "opportunity" program. Grants are available to qualified students who are progressing normally toward a degree. They are not by any means restricted to students who are expected to or actually do maintain a strong academic average.

In addition to meeting the "exceptional financial need" requirement, a student must be a national or permanent resident of

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