

Spaghetti Supper at the Hill

By Mike Combs

Stay a week in Chapel Hill? It had only started out to be a couple of days, but it stretched into a week quickly. I saw buildings ranging in age and tradition from Old East to the new student union. Coming out of the Union and looking to the right, one can see Lenoir Hall. If one happened to look lately, one might see Howard Fuller preaching in support of cafeteria workers and BSM (Black Student Movement) or lines of state troopers wielding sticks that would weigh down the shoulder of any "300 hitter." The "heat" was brought in to retard any more of the Green Bay Packer end sweeps that the BSM and SSOC made through Lenoir.

Speaking of places to eat, I must mention the Tuesday night spaghetti special at the Zoom Zoom Room. That was more spaghetti than Italy uses in six months (or New York in two weeks). As it was explained to me, there are three types of establishments selling food and drink. There are those places that are strictly eating establishments, those that are drinking establishments (the Scoreboard), and those that are convertible. Convertible establishments are those that, at a set time, convert from an eating establishment to drinking establishment. On one trip to the Scoreboard, I encountered a guy named Sam. By reputation he is the second man on the Scoreboard drinking team. Sam carries his Phi Beta Kappa key on his keyring; ain't that wierd?

"Men die and they are not happy." — Albert Camus in "Caligula"

WHAT CAN HAPPEN HERE NEXT????????

From the President's Desk

Mrs. Connie Lee, the representative to the University Government Committee from the Humanities Division, has resigned from her position. An election will be held on Monday March 24 at 11:30 A.M. in room C-122 to elect a new representative.

The barbed wire surrounding the construction area of the D-wing of the liberal-arts complex has been removed. Students are asked to respect this site.

Volleyball Until One in the Morning

By Sherry Drake

The mail came and there, sitting sedately in my mail box, was a green envelope, which clearly marks a letter from the Chancellor.

Even to someone without TOO much of a guilty conscience, there's a moment while tearing that envelope open in which you wonder somewhat uneasily just exactly what you will read inside. Whew! There was nothing wrong, in fact it was good news. UNC-C was going to have a retreat, and I was invited to attend. Being someone who is always ready to go out of town for a weekend, this sounded fine. I read a little further down the page and found that "accommodations, food, and

"7 Year Itch"

By Wayne Eason

The Pineville Dinner Theatre of Charlotte is presenting March 11 thru April 6 the well-known bawdy comedy of George Axelrod, "The Seven Year Itch." Perhaps "bawdy" isn't the appropriate word; how about "goofy" and "hilarious"?

The play is about a pickle-pussed publisher, Richard Sherman. Sherman and his wife, Helen, live in New York. Helen has gone to Massachusetts for the summer with their son. Sherman will have to stay in New York and visit only on weekends. The action of the play begins when a young, luscious blonde drops a tomato plant onto Sherman's terrace from above. Sherman has a super ego and his id is not too far behind. "The Seven Year Itch", Sherman and Helen have been married for seven years, is a romp through adultery, only slight, and is a delightful piece of dramatics.

In the role of Richard Sherman is Michael Johnson whose list of credits in acting run from numerous Country Dinner Theatres to such TV series as "Naked City," "The Defenders," "Mr. Lucky," and "Wyatt Earp." Mr. Johnson performs beautifully and with much ease and expertise.

Sharlee Cohn is in the role of Helen, Linda Lavine is the girl from the upstairs apartment, and Marcia Nina Groff portrays the other girls (Sherman's secretary, a social friend of the family). David Burnett is Dr. Brubaker, a psychiatric in thymidist of publishing a book. Brubaker's role is advice to Sherman, as well as depicting the stereo-typed "head-shrinker." Mr. Burnett does a superb acting job. The cast is rounded out by Tom, a playboy and world traveller, and close friend of Helen. Sherman fantacises Tom as a rival, and therefore uses him as justification for his romp. Tom is played by Blaine Quincy, and he is truly a fine actor. Look for him soon in the motion picture, "Black Mercedes" in which he portrays a German officer.

Although the play is of excellent quality, the dinner served by the Pineville Country Dinner Theatre is equally excellent. With prime roast of beef flambe, au just, broiled Spanish mackerel—with shrimp sauce, bar-be-que beef, ala "Seven Year Itch," and Roddy's chicken & dumplings heading the menu, one almost wants to take a nap before curtain time. But the meal is truly a delicious one. It is served buffet-style, so, unlike Charlotte's provincial restaurants, you find that the amount of food you may take is comparable to your appetite — and you are full.

For a delightful night out, if you want to enjoy a superb dinner, and be entertained by a New York cast performing one of America's funniest comedies, make reservations to see "The Seven Year Itch" and the Pineville Country Dinner Theatre.

Feedback

Does THE JOURNAL Have a Practice - Preach Credibility Gap?

Dear Mr. Smith,

Alas, I must plead slave to the inconsistency of man and break a solemn oath never to write a point of view regarding anything that the Carolina Journal had printed so long as its staff was as present. I feel obligated, however, to take issue with what I must label the greatest bit of malarkey since the Wallace-Lemay November escapade.

Say you in reference to the Journal's position and current race oriented issues confronting the campus: "There's not a person of the staff who would spare any expense to make all seem to be an undistinguishable gray, all alike, all equal." Rubbish. (I certainly hope the majority of students shouldn't think that a favor.) Hell, you haven't even strived not to produce the residual racism that's so much a part of this campus and area.

Reference is made to a past Journal edition that showed a black student at a UNC C dance,

apparently dancing. In the background stood two uniformed guards and a caption above the photo stated: "We're gonna have some fun soon as they leave" — or something close thereto. Might I ask what idea this conjures up in your mind? Nothing anyone could find offense in? Yes, I thought as much. There are similar past editions I can remember that do nothing to support the above quote and do a lot to suggest a "practice-preach" credibility gap.

Say you, "When the present militant demeanor of the black students here first became apparent, the school was relatively devoid of racism." Now I ask you — are these the words of an honest man? Dare you tell me you really meant that — that it is not part of the "package deal" handed the progressive Southerner when he assigns himself the label journalist or politician? If you actually believe that, well, don't think it'll take the imagination of a first grader to find a practical use for your four steps. Personally, why not ask me to communicate to a wild tiger, who has seen no food for weeks, that I shouldn't make a delectable meal.

I now shift to an article you wrote in an earlier edition where you expressed an interest in learning if black oriented activities on campus are supported by black students at large or those who can shout loudest. In this same article you said that so many people on campus are doing everything that they can to help equalize racial attitudes. In addition to

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Oh Yeah?

by F.N. Stewart

Army Truths

The Army is not as bad as many would have you believe. Sure, you hear about all the bad food, bad sergeants, bad exercises, bad barracks, bad bunks, bad clothes, and bad times. But all the times aren't bad. To hear some of the veterans tell it, they seem to be really good times, great times. There is always a catch in their stories, because, if the times were so good, they would probably still be there. As a word of warning, take all the old "warstories" that the veterans tell with a grain of realism because many times some of the realism has been left out of the story. The stories have usually been told so many times that the ex-G.I. knows how to tell them so that they have the best effects, and he has usually added a little more color to the story than was actually in it.

Even under the most adverse conditions, 40 - 50 guys together can manage to have some good times. When you have that people together it is hard for a handful of sergeants to make sure that all of the guys are working all of the time. Let me give you an example. My platoon was sent out one day to pull what is called post duty. This particular day it consisted of painting some officers quarters on the other side of the post. There were 50 guys in the platoon and only three sergeants going with the men. Three sergeants cannot watch 50 men going in and out of 30 different rooms. One of the young privates in the platoon discovered this great truth, so he crawled up into one of the beds and slept thru most of the afternoon undisturbed.

And then there was the night march. Knowing that the platoon would be marching five miles out to the rifle range and five miles back to the barracks on the same road, some of the guys in the platoon hid in the woods as the platoon was marching out to the range and played cards by flashlights until the platoon came marching back home.

Painting Again

Overseas we lived in three-story barracks which some officers had decided needed painting about every five months. One of the guys realized that you needed only look busy and not actually be busy. So he would put on a pair of paint-splattered fatigues, add a bit of fresh paint to them; carry a paint bucket and brush and then not hit another lick all day. Then he'd get bored and after a while with three or four other guys hiding behind some old wall lockers in the attic the cards would begin to shuffle again.

A good rule to remember in cases like this is to always carry a deck of cards in your field jacket. Many of the sergeants are card fanatics. If the guys are caught, there is a good chance that the sergeant won't break up the game but merely want to join in.

One of the Army's favorite playtoys is secrets. This can be a fun thing because one of the rules is that no information will be disclosed to anyone, who doesn't have a need to know. So a third rule is make anything you don't want to tell seem like classified information. There is a case where four privates requisitioned a jeep for a weekend trip to the mountains. On the requisition form where it asked "purpose" and "destination" one of the privates wrote "Classified." The privates got the jeep and enough gas stamps to drive to the Bavarian Alps for a weekend of skiing. When the privates were spotted by MP's they merely showed the trip ticket which was marked "classified." The MP's then courteously showed the privates to the ski lodge and nothing else was said.

Thumb Rule

The Army is too big for any one sergeant to know all that is going on at any particular time. Sergeants don't usually know what's going on anyway. This is a rule of thumb in the Army. Some of the officers can think, but it is a quality not found too readily among sergeants. The sergeants usually do everything by the book, so if a soldier wants to do something different he "changes" the book. One private who didn't want to do exercises on a cold morning told a Sergeant, "Sarge, according to the new TM-9-618-T-7413A (which was a non-existent manual) we're not supposed to have PT on a morning when the temperature is below 35 degrees." The sergeant, a man who followed the book, called off PT for that morning. However, the sergeant knew that PT was supposed to be held so he ordered it for the afternoon when the temperature was above 35. Sergeants are not dumb; they just don't know any better.

A Platoon sergeant once told a private that the best way to meet the girls in town was to go to church on Sunday morning. In church, the sarge had said, they don't suspect that you have come with any intentions other than worshipping. In a sense, he said, that was true; you just don't have to tell them what you are worshipping. I'm told that the idea works well.

The Army is not all bad times. About 5/7ths of the time is not good time — Monday to Friday. If you're not pulling duty on the weekends then you can make your own good times. That is, you can make your own good times if you have any money left over from your meager paycheck after paying to have fatigues pressed and starched, buying a saving bond, or contributing to the Red Cross. You can have a good time if you can get a pass to go to town. You can have a good time if the service club isn't overcrowded or closed. You can have a good time if you work real hard for it.

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