

# My Journey Home

By E. CLARY  
INTRODUCTION

George Gobel once said that there were only two subjects about which he could make jokes without fear of a reprimand. One, George went on, was his wife and the other was a man-eating shark.

Recent events have caused me to take these words of wisdom in a more serious vein than I once did. Since I don't have a wife, and I'm not even married, my safe subject range is narrowed to one. Is it any wonder that George Gobel is twice as funny as I?

Maybe someday I, too, will possess a double subject range. But, then again, it will probably be just my luck that I will marry a man-eating shark. For this reason, it is implicit that I begin my fishy career in this column.

## MY JOURNEY HOME Chapters I-MMCM

As you may remember, I informed you in my last column that I was saving stamps for my free trip back to the United States from South Vietnam. Well, I saved enough but some strange, inner drive forced me to redeem them for every album ever produced by a famous American choir.

I had planned to remain in Vietnam while I compiled another collection of stamps, but my plans were all for naught. The Honorable Reginald M. Flaggart's reign of 55 hours, 43 minutes, and 19 seconds was ended unexpectedly by a counter coup. (That's what you hear when an adding machine falls in love with you.) The new government leaders weren't nearly as friendly to me so I decided to do the swim home. By the time I reached open water, I was doing the jerk.

Suddenly, I noticed a shark circling me. I soon came to the conclusion that this shark was either full or exceptionally friendly, for he swam directly under me and rode me on his back.

He later explained to me that he was headed for the U.S. eastern sea coast for the summer feeding season and he would be happy to give me a lift. As to why he didn't devour me, he said that his doctors had placed him on a diet and he couldn't eat sweets. Come to think of it, I guess I would be just like a Bit-O-Honey to a great ole shark!

Anyway, as soon as he had me safely on his back, he politely asked, "Aren't you Ellison Clary, that dull and unoriginal columnist for the Charlotte Collegian?"

"That's me," I snapped proudly. Then he mumbled something like, "Yeah, you're dull and unoriginal allright."

"Where did you learn to talk?" I asked. He shot right back with "Where did you learn to write?" "I didn't," I said. "You're telling me," he replied.

After this pleasant exchange, the shark finally told me, as you may have guessed, that he was taught to speak, as all fish are, in his school. (I'm sorry about that; I really am.) I then asked him if he read all my columns. He said that he did but that they were all wet by the time he read them.

Next I begged permission to write of him in the paper. He reluctantly consented. "Be careful what you say though," he admonished, "because we sharks are a minority group with a very thin skin." I explained that I had no intention of ridiculing him and we became fast friends.

"Tell me about yourself," said I and he did. First he told me his name—Norman Luboff. He quickly assured me that his complete name was Norman Jerome Luboff and I revived from a swoon.

He was, he said, a pool shark. True or not, I could tell he was a dandy for he was dressed immaculately in his her-ring bone sport coat and sharkskin trousers.

It seems that he came from a long line of famous sharks. His famous father, who died only recently, ran an underwater finance company and was known as "The Loan Shark."

Now, to make a short story long, I rode the shark all the way to Myrtle Beach and from there I rode a Greyhound home. As we bade each other good-bye, I thanked Jerome for the lift and invited him to swim up the Catawba to see me sometime this summer. Jerome assured me that he would, so be careful at the river in the future. If you ever meet a shark in the Catawba, tell him I said hello.

## APPENDIX OR THEREABOUTS

Another column comes to a close but meanwhile, back at the ranch, Tonto, not knowing that the Lone Ranger had dis-guised himself as a pimple, blew his top.

Now I guess I'll wait for the mail.

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# Nanney Made Loose Assumptions

(Continued from Page 2)

the article is Mr. Nanney's view of sexual freedom as an intellectual necessity. Mr. Nanney states that instead of troubling young people with morals we should introduce "contraceptives" and dissolve the "... inhibitions, complexes, and guilts. ..." that "... go against the grain of nature ..." and which "... lead to suffering in the form of neuroses and other diseases involving the mind. ..." Had Mr. Nanney read a book on sociology or psychology, he would have found that inhibitions are the results of sociology or psychology mechanisms present in every maturing person. These mechanisms are not a function of the specific content of the moral freedom or restriction of any given society but rather are pure inherent mechanisms of human nature. Thus every maturing person arrives at certain crises in his adolescence regardless of which society he is in, or what the specific traits of that society. The removal of certain present moral restrictions would not remove the mechanism of adolescent frustration but rather focus these frustrations onto other moral traits of our society.

Furthermore, Mr. Nanney appeals to the so called "... top authority in the world ..." for justification of his opinion. It should be known that not every biologist or sociologist would consider Dr. Kinsey the supreme ranking authority on sexual matters. Furthermore, the research carried on by Dr. Kinsey was the questioning of a far too limited number of people. The people interviewed were for the most part in the lower or lower middle income brackets with a few of the extremes here and there. There were far too few interviews with people of strict religious purpose or of highly educated income brackets. The views of Dr. Kinsey are far too generalized to be justified by his survey. Also, very many social scientists disagree with many of Dr. Kinsey's conclusions.

And as a final criticism, one on the last topic of Mr. Nanney's discussion. I would like to say to Mr. Nanney, who claims that he finds a correlation between early love relationships and successful life

work, that he read more about the press to be critical or satirical Kant and Einstein and less about as it so chooses. Rousseau!

Vincent Batts

C.C. Rider

Editors, The Collegian

I am writing this in response to a letter that appeared in the last issue of **The Collegian**. This letter severely criticized an article by Ellison Clary called "Swinger Hits Town." The main objection was that Mr. Clary had dared to use the name of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir in a way that the author of this letter deemed derogatory.

The letter further contended that the Mormon Tabernacle Choir is made up of talented, dedicated people who are "above the sophomoric satire of such amateurish columnists as Mr. Clary." The fact that the Choir is composed of talented and dedicated people I will not argue; however, I will take issue about the right of a journalist to criticize or satirize. The possibility exists that Mr. Clary's use of the Choir's name may have been disrespectful or uncalled for, but it remains an inalienable right of

Everyone is aware that the Choir is a worthy organization, the use of its name in Mr. Clary's column notwithstanding. Mr. Clary simply used the name of the Choir; he did not attempt to degrade it in any way. Certainly the mere use of the Choir's name was not sufficient to provoke such a virulent response. The reputation of the Choir speaks for itself; it does not need any loud, saber-rattling defense.

James R. Cochrane

## Engineers To Meet At Cafeteria

The Charlotte College Engineer's Club will hold its next night meeting at the Park Road S&W at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday.

The speaker will be a representative from the Charlotte Engineer's Club. During the course of the meeting it will be discussed how the professional Engineer's Club can best benefit the Charlotte College Engineer's Club.

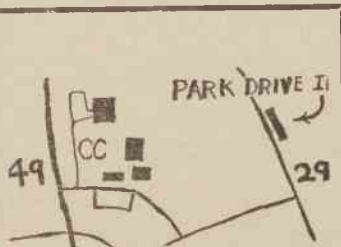


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