

### What's In A Name?

We've finally made up our minds. Half-way, at least.

We voted by more than two-to-one margin to change the mascot name. We showed pretty convincingly that we don't like to be called the Forty-Niners.

But this brings up another question. What do we want to be called?

For the most part, we don't know. That's why we've just halfway made our decision.

Those who advocated a mascot change for something which has significance here may experience some difficulty in finding a name that means something. Undoubtedly, such names as Bonnies, Cones, Conies, etc., will be bandied about but the JOURNAL hopes they won't be seriously considered by the committee of students, administration, and faculty which has the unenviable task of submitting to the student body six names from which to choose.

After all, although we all feel a great deal of respect for Dr. Cone and a great deal of indebtedness to her, can we not find some more dignified way to honor her than to call our athletic teams by her name?

The JOURNAL feels that our new nickname should be first colorful and imaginative and then, if necessary, significant. Such names as Red Barrons, Wild Turkeys, and Fighting Arabs may have been, as Tim Britton suggested, submitted lightly but at least they are colorful. They're not drab. They make a definite impression. If you were to hear of a school called by any of the above three names, you wouldn't be likely to forget about it for awhile.

The JOURNAL isn't pushing any of the above names. However it does feel that they are better than some of the "more serious suggestions." These included such jewels of originality as Colts, Clippers, Checkers, Rams, Bisons, Cougars, Packers, Hornets, and so on. There's not one among them that you don't see at least twice a day in the sports section already.

We'd like to suggest two nicknames for the committee to consider. How about the Sharks or the Jackals?

The shark, in at least one variation, is the most vicious of all fish. It will even attack human beings and has been called a "man-eater" which would not be a bad name either, but it is already employed by at least one large university.

The jackal is known to be mean and sneaky. Jackals travel in howling packs and their cry is a fearsome, weird, and horrible sound.

An athletic team known by either one of these names would at least sound like a powerhouse. To the JOURNAL, these tags are as good as any names really big-time institutions bear. And they certainly aren't common.

But whether the committee sees fit to include these two suggestions on its list or not, when the time to finish making up our mind comes in January, we hope to be ready.

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# Making Love To His Rifle, He Feels Just A Tad Weird

Editor's note: This is the third in a series of articles by former JOURNAL editor turned soldier, Howard Pearre.

BY PVT. HOWARD PEARRE  
 FT. BRAGG — Basic training is a weird feeling.

It's a weird feeling in your back after standing at attention for 20 or 25 minutes.

It's a weird feeling in your knees and elbows after the skin is all gone from crawling on the ground.

It's a weird feeling in your feet from "walking" fast and long and hard.

And it's a weird feeling when you drop your rifle. You kiss it, love it tenderly, caress it, and ask it to please forgive you. (Rifle hits ground.)

Drill Sergeant: PICK THAT RIFLE UP AND MAKE LOVE TO IT, SOLDIER!"

G.I. (Picking up weapon): I LOVE my rifle. Oh, how I LOVE my weapon. I LOVE my....."  
 Etc.

The new G. I. learns quickly about the bayonet, killing, marksmanship, and killing.

Drill Sergeant: "What is the spirit of the BAYONET?!"

Young G. I.s: "To KILLLLL!"  
 Drill Sergeant: "What is the spirit of hand-to-hand COMBAT?!"

Young G. I.s: "To Killlllll!"  
 Each movement one makes in practice sessions of bayonet or hand-to-hand is made with an aggressive "GRRRRR!"

(Imagine 250 Tony Tigers after 500 bowls of Sugar Frosted Flakes.)

Basic Training is Army Drill One (Physical Training).

It is indoctrination. ("I am an American fighting man. I serve

in the forces which guard my country and our way of life. I

## Chancellor Addresses Students

(Continued from Page 1)

being solicited wherever possible. By the morning of the student assembly, 42 people and firms had become Founding Patrons of Excellence of UNC-C, pledging \$1,000 a year for the next ten years.

Dr. Colvard expressed his pride in working with the students. He told the students that the Visiting Committee of Trustees reported that the students of UNC-C had an "attitude of refreshing constructiveness."

During the question and answer period, Dr. Colvard said that there were no specific plans for football at UNC-C at the present. It is expected that the University will have adequate parking as it grows; Dr. Colvard said that when it comes to a choice between having people or cars on the central campus, the people will come first.

Dr. Colvard said that the University has no established position on national social fraternities. He did say that he has had a good deal of fraternity experiences, most of which were good.

Why tuition fees for a student taking seven hours and for one taking eighteen are the same is being studied at the present. Dr. Colvard made the statement that in the next ten years UNC-C may have 10,000 students.

am prepared to give my life in their defense.")

(This last quote from the Code of Conduct is memorized by every trainee.)

Basic training is cooperation. Drill Sergeant: "And before anyone goes to bed tonight EVERY one will have bought a Savings Bond."

Basic is getting in shape. G. I.: "One, two, three, four; one, two,....."

But more than anything.

Basic is a psychological test and training period.

You have to take stuff. To eat your pride. To kiss your rifle. To apologize to your hands.

G. I. (with hand palm toward his face): "I'm sorry I put you in my pocket. I'm sorry I...."

If you can take the unreasonable, illogical, senseless, nonsense, ridiculous, just for eight weeks, you're in fine.

If you can pass this psychological test you're OK.

You're just like 80 million American men who have already done it.

## Traffic Mishaps Mar Seasonal Cheer

BY PAUL BOSWELL

As this holiday season arrives each year, thoughts shift to vacations, nippy night air, seasonal greetings, and holiday cheer in its various forms.

Unfortunately, this time of year brings with it tragedy which, for some, dampens the holiday spirit. The reference is, of course, to the tremendous increase in traffic deaths or injuries on our national highways.

The holidays allow much more travel and put many more cars on the road, thus increasing the number of accidents.

The disturbing fact is that death rates are continually rising proportion-wise, not just numerically. The first six months of 1966 showed an 8 percent increase in deaths over the same period of 1965.

The often quoted but still true comparison is that more people have died on our highways (Incidentally, the first American traffic fatality occurred in 1899) than in all America's wars combined.

The figures show that the vehicles lead with 1.56 million deaths to 1.1 million fatalities by all of this country's wars.

The realization of these facts comes at the holiday season when deaths are more frequent and many times more tragic.

Drinking is a factor in about one-half of all fatal accidents, but this rate is probably higher during this festive time of year.

Carefree drivers are prone to partake of "holiday cheer" and

hit the road, leaving their clear judgment and sharp reactions behind. All too often the result is sad and sobering, but too late.

The continuously blamed teenager is not, as is popularly supposed, the greatest source of death. This honor belongs to the young adult, age 20 to 24.

Perhaps the people in this category feel that they have arrived as the mature driver after several years of driving, and relax at the wheel in their self-confidence.

Self-confidence is nice, but relaxation is not feasible in today's road networks. Traffic is busy or at peak conjection more often than not, and driving cannot be a relaxed pleasure and longer. Watching out for the other guy has become a very profitable pastime.

Most likely the answer lies in safer road construction of some type. Obviously, driving is not improving, but something must be done to protect the auto jockey from himself. Safety devices on cars may save lives, but cannot prevent accidents.

The auto manufacturers contend, perhaps rightly so, that "nothing can prevent an accident if the person at the wheel is drunk, irresponsible, or incompetent."

The problem is a real one with an elusive solution. Probably the best one for the present is to be a defensive driver and try not to do too much "offensive" driving.

Hopefully, these precautions can lessen the number of holiday marring tragedies this season.



"TELL TH' MANAGER THAT WITH THE NEW EQUIPMENT I THINK WE CAN HOLD TH' PRICE ON TH' STUDENT SPECIAL."