

They should give green stamps in every class

by sid helper

As a transfer student to UNCC, it seems that the main question people tend to ask me is "How to conditions differ here in relation to other universities with which I am acquainted? Since the other university I am most familiar with is Carolina, people generally wish to contrast UNCC (favorably) to it. This has been rather a problem for me.

As far as I can tell both institutions are scholastically very similar. I don't particularly groove on either one. The main difference lies in the job which each university tries to accomplish. Carolina is more concerned with giving the gifted student a superior understanding of their particular field, while UNCC is concerned with the rank and file student who is generally interested in getting a "good" job after graduation. It is in their students then, that the major schism develops. I am continually amused by one segment of our student body that was lacking at Carolina.

In order to focus on this segment, I would like to be allowed to develop a stereotype. Our subject is a woman, pushing forty, who sits two rows over from you in that Shakespeare class. It is impossible to overlook her because on entering class every day she states, in a voice louder than most P.A. systems, "I got to leave early today, my son's playing in the football game." Whereupon she begins to show her latest pictures of Sally, her little 2 year old.

At this point I begin to wonder where in suburbia this woman came from and why they let her out. As class begins my mind begins to re-create how she first became involved in college life. Lets go back...back...back... (Setting: Sonny who is barely 16 is taking Mom on that long awaited shopping trip.)

MOM: Hey Sonny, turn left at the next light. There's a big parkin' lot. There must be a K-Mart out here.

SON: No, Mom, don't ya see that big white tower, that's the Belk Tower.

MOM: Belks, K-Mart, who cares? I said turn off, don't get smart with me. You're not so old I still can't turn ya over my knee and give ya a whipping.

(After several minor catastrophes, they pull in outside the gym during registration.)

teacher, Pete A. Gogue, on noticing my glazed stare, asks me whether the ghost of Hamlet's father was a sub-conscious manifestation of Hamlet's own homo-sexual desire for old "Pop." Of course I remain calm and bullshitting, as usual, reply the answer is obviously no. The ghost is in reality, the sub-conscious manifestation of Hamlet's incestuous desire for his "Mom."

Back in my dream world again, I begin to think, is Sonny's mom that far off the track? After all,



MOM: This way Sonny, see the crowd, they must be havin' a sale over there.

REGISTRATION OFFICIAL: Sorry ma'am, you have to have a blue entrance ticket before I can let ya in.

MOM: Oh...uh...where do I get one of those?

OFFICIAL: Across the parking lot in that white building.

MOM: Thank you. C'mon Sonny, we got to go get our coupons before we can get in.

At this point I am rudely returned to the present when my

our architecture could probably be best described as "CharlotteTown Mall Provincial." I mean, let's be realistic. If they gave away green stamps at every class, I am sure attendance would pick up and so would class participation if they gave an award of 1000 stamps and maybe a little statue to "The Most Interested Student of the Year." Well, I've got to go now. Class is over, and besides I heard they've got a sale on B.A.'s in A building.

SGA President Speaks

Course evaluation January-4-8

Course evaluation week has been set for January 4-8, the first week back from Christmas vacation. Teams of students will be going to the approximately 200 sections to be evaluated, delivering the packet containing the course evaluation forms. The forms should be handed out at the end of the class period and the completed forms should be returned to the class AT THE NEXT CLASS PERIOD. One student in each class should be responsible for taking up the forms, sealing them in the course evaluation packet, and depositing them in the deposit boxes placed in each building. Forms for each particular section must be kept together and sealed in the packet. Loose forms cannot and will not be accepted.

The SGA Book Exchange will be open for business January 25-February 5 in room 209 of the University Center. The procedure for using the book exchange will be as follows: Students will set their

own prices for the books they wish to sell. If the price is under five dollars the Book X will add a 25 cent service charge. If the price is over five dollars, the service charge will be 50 cents. Students will have a full month to pick up unsold books. Students whose books are sold can either pick up their money at the SGA office, or a check will be mailed to them.

My last article contained a warning about certain restrictive proposals concerning unlimited hours privileges in the residence halls that were under consideration of the Administration Council of the Consolidated University. These proposals contained, among other things, curfew hours for 1st semester freshmen girls and required parental permission for unlimited hours for girls under 21. These proposals have, of course, been bitterly fought by the SGA Presidents of all 6 campuses of the University. The Deans of Students were consulted in this matter and they

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Times, They ARE A'changing

by mike mcculley

From BEYOND THE BIRDS AND BEES. . . "Most of us are in the uncomfortable position of knowing more about what occurs 238,000 miles away on the surface of the moon than what happens six inches below our own navels." . . . from David Reuben's book.... "I have everything now I had 20 years ago--except it's all lower."---Gypsy Rose Lee....

Look What They Done To Our Brains, Ma... "Is it on?" -- Three-year-old boy holding ballpoint pen.... \$70,000 will get you an oil well drilled or a one-minute commercial during a network telecast of a professional football game.... "Mass media do more to keep Americans stupid than even the whole U.S. school system, that vast industry which cranks out trained consumers and technician-pawns for the benefit of other vast industries."---Frank Zappa, Mother of Invention.... In 85 1/2 hours of network television in mid-1968, Christian Science Monitor monitors counted 84 killings and 372 acts or threats of violence....

Continual Connubial Chain?...the following came in the morning mail: "Dear Friend: This chain letter was started by a woman like yourself in hope of bringing relief to tired and discontented women. Unlike most chain letters this does not cost anything. Send a copy of this to 5 of your friends who are equally tired, then bundle up your husband and send him to the woman whose name is at the top of the list and add your name to the bottom of it. When your name comes to the top of the list, you will receive 16,478 men, and some of them are dandies. Have faith and don't break the chain. One woman broke it and got her son-of-a-bitch back. P.S. At the time of this writing, a friend of mine had received 183 men. They buried her yesterday, but it took 3 undertakers 36 hours to take the smile off of her face."...being male, the letter found the nearest trash can....

Graffiti...overheard: "Not everything is covered in the classroom, but then, that's today's chance for a little insight." ...At any given instant in the college lecture hall, 20 per cent of both men and women are thinking about sex, and only about 20 per cent are paying attention to the professor. --Survey, American Psychological Association, Wayne State Univ., Detroit...

El Condor Pasa.... "Where did you go for your vacation?" asked the tall man waiting for an elevator in Smithsonian Institution. "Cayman Islands," replied the second. "Where on earth are the Cayman Islands?" the first inquired. "I've no idea," said the second. "We flew."....

Red Rapid Growth... "Sometimes I think we're alone, and sometimes I think we're not. In either case, the idea is quite staggering."---British Astronomer....

The Different Drummer... "You sadist. You want people to think." --e.e. cummings to Ezra Pound....

Collagesand/orislands... "When I'm dreaming back like that I begin to see we're only all telescopes." --James Joyce, FW 295-10... sentio ergo sum (I FEEL, therefore I am).... man can no longer live by bred alone.... "We are waking from the American Dream to realize that it was a dream few Americans lived in their waking hours." --Gerald Piel....

Mounts and valleys... "My husband pays little attention to me. He is so interested in the different kinds of cars. I told him that he suffers from autoeroticism." ...told by Theodor Reik....

Nighthoughts...idyll internally inspires... Welcome, O life!...falling forth, The Love Song of A. Martin Carson....

Whiterabbitland... "Cheshire-Puss," she began rather timidly... "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?" "That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the cat. "I don't much care where..." said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the cat. V....the timelessness of togetherness fires the forge, the smithy of my soul....god love is every only the.... je t'aime....

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