

Les Wagoner

No fun at hometown party

Candles in cheap, sleazy Japanese lanterns cast eerie shadows, dancing across the walls and ceilings; ice tinkled in the bourbon-filled glasses and laughter bawled across the room in raucous, ear-slapping waves.

The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, all passed the same time-worn and tired cliches around as though they were the bright and witty thoughts they were supposed to be. Even the quidnuncs were having a thriving evening.

It was a party. Hadn't I heard? A party! We were all celebrating. It was a happy, happy time.

I'm glad someone told me. I was sure that I had stumbled onto a half dead wake, having seen more genuine merriment and enjoyment in a corn field on a hot, sweaty Friday afternoon.

Ayn Rand covered the situation perfectly when she said parties were for people who had something to celebrate. From what I could see and hear, the height of celebration for these people came the day they learned to tie a bow in shoelaces, without knotting them.

Oh well, into each life, some joy must rain.

What was that sound? Oh hell, the "Top-40's-Hits-Parade" was being piped through a super-poor sound system. Turned loud enough, anything masks as a background for these mass miscarriages.

"Hi. Are you going to vote for George McGovern? Personally, I think he's a good man, but I just don't believe he'll make a go of it with the common people."

"My God! Lady," I came back, "I just got here."

"Well, well. Look who's here. Doing any more writing for that commie newspaper? These affairs aren't exactly your type of thing, judgin' by what you been writin'. Wouldn't a thought ya would ah been here."

"Hm. Never thought I'd have

been here, either."

Someone jammed a glass in my hand. "Gin O.K. buddy?"

"Well, actually, I rather prefer to have Scotch when I drink, but right now I don't care for anything, thank you."

"Oh! Not a Scotch drinker myself. Gin and tonic man."

You look it too, I thought to myself as I grimaced what must have looked like a sickly grin.

"It's a shame about the Yankees, ain't it."

"I beg your pardon?"

"It's a real shame."

"Yes, I suppose so," I said, wondering what in hell I was supposed to say.

"You stayin' over tonight?"

"No, actually I've got to drive back to Chapel Hill tonight. Classes on Monday morning, you know, and I have to be at work on Monday afternoon, too. I've got some studying I've got to get done."

"You oughta stay over, anyway. You guys don't study or nuthin' down there, so what difference it gonna make?"

"Sorry, I really can't. I've got to write a column tomorrow and get some reading done for a couple of courses I'm taking."

"Les! Haven't seen you in ages! Where in hell you been keepin' yourself? You comin' to Bettie Lou's shindig tomorrow night?"

"No, I'm driving back to Chapel Hill tonight. I've got some things to do before class Monday."

"Saw youh mama 'while back and she said you was livin' down there now, goin' to school or sumpin'? Said you don't hardly ever git home anymore."

"Yes, in school and working."

"Well, funny place to live, 's all I gotta say."

"Yes, well, you know how it goes." I was trying to remember some of these people and wishing desperately that I hadn't remembered quite a few others. Promising myself that my revenge on Jean would be sweet for dragging me to

this affair, I gritted my teeth and tried to sound and look at least human for the short while she and I were supposed to stay at this stockyard shambles.

"Ya want a Bud, fella?"

"No, thanks. I don't care for one."

"Hummmmmph! Try to be nice to some people!"

That did it. "Jean, it's time for us to go. We've got to get to Marge's before it gets too late. We don't want to miss Scott's singing at the tavern tonight. Come on!"

"Yes, dear. Just let me say goodbye to a few of the girls."

Oh my God! Jean's idea of saying goodnight to a few of the girls means giving each one a detailed itinerary of events for the coming biennial.

"That's O.K. I'll take care of it right now."

"Good night, everybody. Take it easy and thanks. We've got to go. It was interesting. Perhaps we'll see you again the next time we're up." But I hope to God we don't, I thought to myself as I hustled Jean and myself out of the house.

The sign says, "Chapel Hill—29 miles." My mind says, "Chapel Hill—Southern part of heaven."

Reader says costs of plumbing too high

To the editor:

It's a pity some of these students who have to work to get through school can't do little plumbing jobs such as were done for me at such high prices.

Re: "Stores rip off students" by Les Wagoner. Small consolation it evidently

The Tar Heel accepts letters to the editor, provided they are typed on a 60-space line and limited to a maximum of 300 words. All letters must be signed and the address and phone number of the writer must be included.

The paper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements.

Address letters to Editor, The Tar Heel, in care of the Student Union.

would be to the students to know that they are not the only ones "ripped-off," over-priced, or whatever we wish to call it. The writer has before her a plumbing bill as follows:

2 one-inch fiber fib washers	.60
tax	.03
labor 1½ hrs. @ 12.00	18.00
	<u>\$18.63</u>

This for putting in 2 30-cent washers, a job of 15 minutes!! Another one is dated a day or two later:

1 refill tube	.75
tax	.03
labor 1 hr. @ 12.00	12.00
	<u>12.78</u>

\$12.00 for putting in a 75-cent tube in the toilet tank, about a 5-minute job!

There must be a lot of satisfaction in getting a "liberal" education, but if someone wants to get rich, why not go into the plumbing business!

Name withheld by request

Phil Whitesell

Know your campus ?

Since it's becoming quite apparent that most students at the University (particularly freshmen, transfers and visiting students) know so little about campus personalities, places and events, this article is intended to inform the ignorant, enlighten the knowledgeable and disgust the majority.

Prizes for the most correct answers will not be awarded but contestants will be enshrined in The Tar Heel Hall of Fame (whatever that is) and remembered in the annals of history.

1. The chancellor of the University is:

- J. Carlyle Sitterson
- N. Ferebee Taylor
- Jyles Coggins
- Nyle Frank

2. The sportscaster for University Television is:

- Larry Carr
- Larry Stogner
- Larry O'Brien
- Larry Olivier

3. "Silent Sam" is the nickname given to:

- The guy behind the bar at

Clarence's

- The wrestling coach
- The bouncer at Abraxas
- The ram mascot at the football games

4. The famous gangster's biography that is required reading for some courses is that of:

- Al Bentz
- Al Neuman
- Al Capone
- Al Inthefamily

5. UNC's cross-town rival is:

- Duke
- State
- Jesse Helms
- The Karrboro Klansmen

6. A former director for the CBS network who is now a professor at UNC is:

- Paul Nickell
- Paul Crawley
- Lara Hoggard
- Paul Coder

7. Jack Cobbs is:

- An instructor in the English department

b) A former editor of "The Carolina Quarterly"

c) A pseudonym for a writer of sex paperbacks

d) a, b and c

8. "The Rock" is:

- What everyone wants to own a piece of
- The weatherman at channel 4
- Willard Smith
- Peyton Farquar of the swim team

9. The president of the student body is:

- Richard Stoner
- Richard Epps
- Richard III
- Richard Daley

10. The "Greek of the Year" award went to:

- Frank O. American
- Nick Galifianakis
- Spiro Agnew
- The owner of Hector's

11. The biggest money-makers at the Varsity Theater during the past year were:

- "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice & Ozzie & Harriet

b) "Son of Sex-Crazed Vegetable Man"

- "Lassie Catches Dodge Fever"
- "Jim Daily—Ace Reporter"

12. The only "love boutique" in Chapel Hill is called:

- Pegasus
- Adam & Eve
- Barclay's
- Bertha Butt, Ltd.

13. The president of the University is:

- Leonard Woodcock
- R. Milhous
- Terry Sanford
- Leo Jenkins

14. The general manager of Granville Towers is:

- Mel Rashkis
- Mel Daniels
- Mel Rinfret
- Mel Douglas

15. The purpose of this article is:

- Hardly worth mentioning
- Hamster litter
- a and b
- To help me get a job