

# Robbie Yates-M.P.D.

by David Swinson

Believe it or not there is quite a lot for our Montreat police to do here besides watching over our campus. They watch over the Gilly Graham estate and all of the privately owned houses as well.

Robbie threw some statistics at me and they show that last quarter, which ended this September, that they spent 2792 hours on duty in the patrol car, drove 6385 miles, and answered 562 calls. To top that, they made 149 investigations, and spent 34 hours in court. You may say 'well so what,' to this. . . well, so what! I thought I'd throw these figures in anyway.

Robbie is one in a few who has followed through with his childhood dream, that of being a cop or a fireman. He has fulfilled both of these dreams for he is also a Black Mountain volunteer fireman. If Robbie is not helping the public as much as he can, he is just plain bored!

There are still a couple of us out there who will yell, "Hey pig!", when they cruise by in their cars, but there is one thing that we must realize: they are really not out there to hurt any of us. So we should try to help out by having a little respect for our men in blue. But watchout, if you are caught breaking the law they

will by no means be easy on you.

If you see a MAC student riding in the back of a Montreat police car, don't worry, he's not busted, it's just our Montreat policeman Robbie Yates giving him a ride to wherever he wants to go. Robbie is surely one to be admired. He has been on the police force here for 1½ years, and has already advanced to assistant chief. In addition, he has made quite a few friends here on campus. You may see Robbie at some of the MAC sports events, or just mingling with the students.

While talking with Robbie, it became clear to me that he was not out to make a big bust, although, he

stated, that the boss would like one every once in a while. I also asked Robbie what basic problems he tends to run into more on this campus and he said, "Basically the only real trouble we have had this year is reckless driving, and students speeding in their automobiles around the campus." He also added, with a smile, "And stuff like water fights. There were a few complaints about that at the beginning of the year, but in comparison to last year, this year is looking a whole lot better." For you new students this sounds pretty good, but for you oldies, try to keep this going as a good year.

## Meadows' Meditations Present. . .

# Earl Zelswick - In Search Of The Big 'M'

Before this story goes one word further let me define for all of you unfortunates the "Big M". Really, by the time you're in college you should have "touched" upon this subject. Although Earl never did "touch" on the subject, even he knows what it is! (Phillippi, did you catch those last three words?) But enough of this and on with what all of you freshmen guys and gals have been waitin for since you read the title--the definition!

The big 'M' is short for the move. What's the move? The move is the act of the human male trying to be macho in order to impress the human female of his choice. Get the picture? (Just nod your heads folks)

Good, on with the story. . . Earl couldn't help but notice the lass as she walked throughout the campus with the greatest of knees. She was different somehow, but he simply could not recognize how! But Earl could sense that she was not your everyday discount-countess (I guess it was the perfume she was wearing that alerted Earl to this fact), moreover a dedicated individual. He felt an investigation

was all but evitable. Research referring to her refrained personality was his first required requisition. A minute stopoff at the friendly campus library seemed fitting. While scanning the shelves in search of the book Romance Made Easy, Zelswick ran upon (no one was hurt) several interesting titles.

Reading until his eyes fixed upon Kissing--The First Step Towards Marriage. While this may have seemed humorous to the everyday frosh, Earl found it to be remindful. Yes remindful of the time his high school civics teacher stated that in famous figurative anecdote to his class just before graduation day. "Kissing is merely a persuasion for a lower invasion." And Earl knew what that lead to. After all he was in college now, and besides he had seen a National Geographic before!

Dismissing with this trash he read further whereupon he cited "Turn the Other Cheek. "Must be the history of Medical inoculations," he thought. He was definitely getting nowhere and fast!

To get to know her better he began asking questions in order to obtain

answers. (Brilliant, isn't he?) He had remembered seeing the periodical, The Montreat Herald, posted at the library. Where else could he find the best info on anything but from an able-minded, super, great, and downright intelligent reporter? After receiving obscene and derogatory remarks when he called the establishment asking for Harold, he again moved on to another idea.

Even Earl knew that girls loved to get gifts, and while he couldn't afford a real gift he did think of sending a set of nifty cards from the local Hallmark Card Shop. He sent her three in fact and numbered them 2, 3, and 4. When they finally met she asked him where number one was. "Hey baby," he exclaimed, "I'm number 1." For some reason she fainted.

Speaking of their first meeting, it occurred two semesters after he had first saw her, and after he had gone through 5 boxes of Kleenexes and she 5 boy friends. (And at Ma Hall lobby of course) The music he heard was more powerful than Boston, more melodic than 3 Dog Night, and possessed less words than Led Zeppelin. It was, it was, it was, (this

is suppose to be a climax so howabout helping out folks by everybody breathing in deeply)...

It was a loss, for as he began to converse he heard a high-pitched and annoying sound of her unknown sixth boyfriend from across the lobby, "Hold it right there!" Well now Earl wasn't going to let anybody tell him what to do so he grasped the girl firmly at the waist and transported her to the other side of the room and said rather proudly, "No. I think I'll hold it right here!" The sixth boyfriend promptly strided over to Earl and kicked him squarely in the knee cap. Earl's face turned an angry red as he chanted "Kill, disfigure, and break" towards the kicker. His biceps began to flex, his chest widened, and just as he was about to attack, someone yelled in the surrounding crowd "12 o'clock!" Of course you know what happened, Earl shot out of the lobby and over to the cafeteria much like the dog on the Chuckwagon commercial. Only two things are more important to Earl than dating and that is his mother and food. Since his mom told him never to miss a meal while at college he just had to go. Alas, Earl did lose severely, didn't he?

## EARL ZELSWICK... THE FIG M

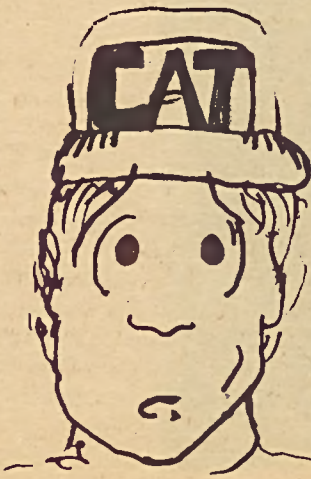
EARL'S SENT ME CARDS MARKED 2, 3, AND 4. I WONDER WHAT NUMBER 1 IS?



HEY BABY, I'M #ONE!



EASY, IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT SEEMS



TO BE CONTINUED...

4 YOU LOSE! 5. ZELSWICK