

Account Given of Trip Taken By BSU Officers to Conference

What happens when you take six college students, their luggage, one five-hour trip, mix well, and pack the entire combination into a Renault sedan? TROUBLE! To understand the meaning of this, you must know a little bit of the background for such a setting.

Last Spring the BSU officers endeavored to take a trip to Salisbury, North Carolina, to attend the BSU Spring Leadership Conference. On the same day this group was to leave, another college group was leaving to attend a dramatics contest at UNC, Chapel Hill. This latter group consisted of Mr. Bob Brown of the Music Department and three students who were participating in the contest itself. And so, with this in mind, we are able to begin our journey.

It all started out so very lovely. The sun was dancing sprightly through the boughs of the trees, which were dressed in their newest spring creations, and the soft breezes were filling the air with the fresh aroma of pine.

It was 10:30 A. M., and "good-byes" and "have-funs" were being distributed among our jolly group as we were embarking. With all the luggage packed away, the next major step was to figure out away in which John (Dink) Whitley, then a student at Southeastern Seminary; Linda Cowan, now a junior at UNC, Chapel Hill; Leeman Lamb, Chowan sophomore; Eric Moorefield, Chowan sophomore; Marsha Porter, Chowan sophomore; and yours truly, could find enough room into which we could seat ourselves to complete the setting for this chaotic tour.

It all started just the other side of Roanoke Rapids. We were going up a hill, merrily on our way, when a casual glance behind revealed that the motor was on fire!

After waiting about two hours for the car to be fixed (we ate lunch in a cafe across the road, looked at stacks of old comic books, and rendered help to a pitiful state of hysterics with our jokes and comedy), we were off again, confident that this time we were going to make it all right. Everything was going along just fine until, inevitably, we came to another hill. Again the car refused to cooperate, so the four boys jumped out and started pushing, while ole' hot rod Cowan did the steering. The end result spelled doom for any hope of continuing in our midget friend.

Upon turning into the first driveway, we discovered that no one was at home, so we left a note explaining who we were (what a joke), what had happened (funnier still), and where we were going. I still don't know if the car was picked up or if the people thought we were a bunch of nuts.

Everyone knows what happens when you have to get somewhere and have no way to get there. You start hitchhiking, of course. This proved to be a wasted effort. Who in his right mind would pick up four boys and two girls, plus luggage, in the middle of nowhere? You guessed it! No one!

Only one thing left to do. Walk. And walk we did. Seven miles in all.

When all looked hopeless and lost, we were almost run down by some crazy driver in a blue Opel station wagon. Hooray!! It was Mr. (Be-Bop) Brown to the rescue. We gladly accepted his gracious invitation to give us a

lift into Louisburg, so we could call for help. After all, he loves all his "kiddies" too much to leave them stranded twenty-five miles away from a telephone.

Can you imagine ten people, with luggage for a week-end trip, all in one Opel station wagon? It's not easy. The events following happened in rapid succession. Carole Lindsey's (Miss Norfolk, 1965) cosmetic case blew off the top of the 'wagon.' A truck (North Carolina Highway Department) avoided disaster and missed it, sliding, with the grace of a muskrat, into a ditch in doing such a gallant deed.

But wait! The fun is just beginning. A telephone truck was hailed to a stop and the driver quickly persuaded to help us pull the other truck out of the ditch. Amid the roar of engines, the squeal of tires, and the smoke and acrid fumes of burning clutches, a traveling salesman — then passing by — was so awe-stricken that he stopped to offer his assistance.

Now anyone who has known Mr. Brown very long can tell you that he knows more people than Governor Terry Sanford, himself. Therefore, the kindly gentleman was rapidly "conned" into taking us into Louisburg. (Actually we begged a little by telling such a hardluck story that he almost cried.) Upon reaching Louisburg, we said good-bye to "Dink" as he left us on the campus of Louisburg College, while he proceeded to Raleigh with Mr. Brown and his group. (Later we found out that they had a blow-out on the car.)

The plan was very simple. "Dink" was to get another car in Raleigh and return to pick us up. By this time it was approximately 6:00 P.M. For two hours — after having eaten supper — we tried to amuse ourselves with games, such as trying to "ring" the shoe on a twenty-foot statue in front of the campus. Needless to say, the Louisburg students would have nothing to do or say to such a "kookie" bunch of kids. Finally, around 8:30 P. M., we were once more on our way. By now we didn't think anything was funny. We had had enough laughs to last for weeks.

Everything went smooth as butter for the rest of the way into Salisbury, except for that fire in High Point. But I won't go into that. At 11:15 P. M. we arrived at Salisbury, a sorry looking bunch indeed. We got a rousing welcome from the other delegates there. They had been

waiting for US! It was a very comforting feeling. All the fatigue lifted immediately.

The next day in town, J. C. Penny & Co. was thrown into a state of disorder from its daily routine of customer-satisfying when yours truly had to hurriedly purchase a pair of pants, for obvious reasons. The trouble all started when his companions couldn't decide which pair he ought to buy! Further down the street, another scheme was hatched. Elmo "proposed" to Marsha and, as prospective bride and groom, they entered to purchase the rings. After looking at ALL the rings to be found in the display of a local jeweler — and indicating dissatisfaction with all of them — our helpful salesman made one last ditch effort. The rest of the group, waiting and watching outside the store, burst into hysterics as they realized his intentions. After all it did look rather silly: a mature man, crawling on hands and knees in the showcase window, to show us the last set of rings in the place!

Oh well, all this and much more is expected to be ORDINARY when the members of BSU take a simple week-end trip!

Sleeping On The Steps...

(ACP) — There were students sleeping on the steps of a building on the Berkeley campus of the University of California.

But the people wrapped in blankets and sleeping bags in front of the library weren't protesting anything, noted THE DAILY CALIFORNIAN. They were waiting for the opening of the Graphic Arts Loan exhibit at 9 A.M. Saturday.

Doug Ring, a freshman art major, was the first in line, arriving at 6 a.m. Friday. As has become tradition among those waiting for the opening in order to rent pictures from the Morrison exhibit, Doug started a list for people to sign as they arrived, eliminating the necessity of standing in line. Periodic roll calls ensured that no one left after signing.

Most were fairly serious about their vigil. They came to rent pictures, they wanted certain pieces, and to get what they wanted they were quite willing to suffer through a cold night on hard cement.



WHERE TO FROM HERE?—Members of the BSU, stranded on the highway, "put their heads together" to figure their next move.

ABC's on Dress

Ladies, do you want to know if you are properly dressed? We learn the points to show if we are dressed correctly in the Nancy Taylor classes. One is underdressed if she has less than 11 points, she is overdressed if over 14 points, she is correctly dressed if there are between 11 and 14 points. This will prove true for school wear as well as for special occasions. Where do you stand?

Basic pumps - 1; Shoes with trim or in another color than the outfit - 2; Stockings - 1; Colored stockings - 2; Detailed stockings - 3; Basic dress - 1; Dress with trim - 1; Dress with stones - 3; Basic coat - 1; Coat with trim - 2; Coat with fur - 3; Basic suit - 1; Suit with trim - 2; Suit with fur - 3; Basic pocketbook - 1; Pocketbook with trim or in another color than the outfit - 2; Gloves - 1; Gloves with trim - 2; One bracelet - 1; Charm bracelet - 2; Necklace, each strand - 1; Earrings - 1 point each; Ring - 1; Ring with stone - 2; Wedding band and engagement ring on same finger - 1; Pin - 1; Pin with stones - 2; Gold watch with gold band—or matching watch and band - 1; Watch with diamond band - 2; Hair ornament - 1; Hair ornament with stones - 2; Trimless hat - 1; Trimmed hat - 2; Fur hat - 3; Matched skirts and blouses - 1; Mixed skirts and blouses - 2; Self-fabric belt - 0; Matching leather belt - 1; Belt in different color or fabric from the outfit - 2; Glasses - plain - 1, frame - 2, jeweled - 3.

Gentlemen, you have a great deal to offer with your dress, also. Solid colors, checks and

stripes in muted tones are in good taste for sports shirts. All shirts tucked in, except for overshirts (this applies to ladies, also.) Colored socks should be kept in harmony with the rest of the ensemble. Belts and shoes should be polished and of the same color. Standard trousers, slacks or khakis in plain, basic, neutral colors of grey, black, or brown are practical for changing outfits. Ties are not worn with sport shirts. They are worn to match the suit or sport coat along with the matching, colored socks. When going out for dress wear, use the solid colored shirt with your coat and tie, no sports loafers or tennis shoes.

Paper Couldn't Go To Press At Regular Time

(ACP) — THE OPTIMIST, weekly newspaper on the campus of Abilene Christian College, Abilene, Texas, came out in time, even though —

The editor's bed burned. She and her husband moved from their house into a motel and tried to run the paper while washing smoked clothes.

Somebody forgot to set up a room for Friday's staff meeting.

The list of reporters' assignments got lost.

The business manager was in two successive auto wrecks.

It could have been worse. The week before, the press broke down.



THOSE LONG LINES—The large student body of Chowan College waits patiently to enter the cafeteria for their noon meal. A. L. Mathias and Company is operating the cafeteria this year.