

Cornyflakes

Meeting Captain Raleigh Beats Binging For Beer

By CORNY STILWELL

Now that classes have begun it's good to get back into that old and battered harness again. And it's particularly nice to see so many friends back.

I sat down in the Union over a cup of coffee grounds and listened to all the summer gossip. It was fun to hear who had gotten married and why... who'd broken up and when... and who'd gotten engaged and how. (That last one is my favorite!)

But the conversation swayed to what each of us had done to pass the hours of summer vacation. "What's his face" spent part of his summer down at the beach calling Bingo at the pavilion. The pay was \$.50 an hour and all the free beef he could drink. It seems he lost his job because by 9:00 every night he was too potted to read the numbers on the ping-pong balls.

Then there was the lifeguard who faked it through the summer not knowing how to swim a stroke. When I asked him if he wasn't a little foolish and asking for trouble he said, "No, I worked at an all girl's camp and I only let the ones who said they couldn't swim go in. Any life-guard will tell you that only the ones who can swim will say they can't."

Another friend spent a leisurely summer attending family reunions. He counted 35 and when I made the remark that he surely had a big family, he said that none of the 35 were his own family's.

I hate to ask people to explain because I usually come up with some of the most unbelievable answers but I did wonder enough about this guy to ask him to give me some sort of explanation. He says, "Easy enough, Corny, I merely watched the papers for announcements of family reunions and then I made plans to attend them. No one ever knows who is there and it's for sure they'll never admit to someone when asked, "Now, who is that boy?" that they don't know him from Adam's house cat.

So they all put their hand over their mouth (that's so everyone will know they're talking about someone) and whisper, "Oh, that's Sarah's boy, what's his name." The other party says, "Oh, surely, I just couldn't remember his name, that's all." My friend said he'd never eaten so good in all his life and it was for sure that his food bill had gone down.

Television provides nice summer work too. Somebody worked for a local show this summer as the prop man. The other night we were over at his house and suddenly the commercial was interrupted by a program. When we'd settled back down to a Mux Soap Commercial Spectacular Hour, he jumped up, spread his arms out---I thought he'd learned to fly---and screamed "Quiet everyone!!!"

With all eyes glued on him he says, "There! There! Did you see that? Did you?! Fabulous, wasn't it!"

Afraid he'd grow more violent than he already was, I said, "Oh, sure, absolutely great." Then I sort of sneaked this by him and said to the others, "See what?"

Well, that did it! He nearly died. He swung around on me and pointed his finger and yelled, "You did that on purpose!!! I told you to look and you did that on purpose. You didn't even want to see it."

Three years and thirty lbs. ago I might have argued with the ape, but all I said was, "Fellow, what was it I missed that you said 'look' and I did on purpose?"

"Why, that commercial. I told you to look... and you just didn't on purpose. That was my hand-MY HAND- that put that bottle of Mux on the counter."

You would have thought I'd stolen his Honda or something the way he carried on about it. (I would have, too, only I'd already had a run-in with the cops for ridding one at the beach without a thing-a-ma-bob on the exhaust pipe.)

Well, it appeared that all my friends enjoyed their vacation and there I sat. I knew they'd get to me sometime. I was afraid that when the first person said, "Well, Corny, did you have a nice 'vacation'?" that I'd slug him. So, in order to keep from committing an assault that I might later regret, I chimed in first with, "Oh, I suppose you're all just dying to hear about my terrific summer?"

I went to Europe, toured the U. S. S. R. and got caught as a spy, turned in my Jr. Police badge and surrendered to the SPG.

When they found it almost impossible to believe that I didn't really do all that, I explained that I'd filled the position of student-employee all summer. In trying to recall a single terrific event so that it wouldn't sound as if my entire summer was a loss, the only thing I could think of was my chance meeting with Captain Raleigh.

Captain Raleigh is a highway patrolman. I happened to meet him on Highway #49 one night at 10 'til 6:00. I had a 6:00 class and knew that I'd have to hurry or I'd never make it. I sort of "stepped on it".

"Sort of" doesn't quite do it justice. But I was being careful when I saw Captain Raleigh.

Actually, I didn't see him. I saw his red bubble on top of his car going round 'n round. Then I saw that double-gaged shotgun propped up against the dash of his car and I humbly put my little blue Lark in side gear and got off the road!

Knowing that I didn't have \$20 for a speeding ticket, I said to myself, "Self, what will you do?" At that moment my eyes veared up and spied the gray uniform behind the badge and as I moved upward I caught the sight of broad shoulders and hair coming out of the top of the uniform shirt. What a bruiser!

And if you think Captain Raleigh's wife was gib, you should have seen him. And that was the only exciting event of my summer. How did you spend your's?



While trying for a close-up picture of the swans for the "Name The Swans" contest, photographer Robert Pliner made this beautiful shot. Although the swans were too far away here to use with the contest, this breath-taking picture just couldn't be left out of the paper.

New Counselor Peterson Shows Sincere Interest

BY BOBBE BERRY

Mr. Gary W. Peterson began his duties as a counselor in the Student Affairs Office here on September 1. A graduate of State College in California, Mr. Peterson attended graduate school at Duke University after spending two years as a Peace Corps volunteer in Nigeria.

As a counselor, Mr. Peterson is concerned with the educational and vocational area of the student's life, the range of which includes advising the student in determining his major field of study, exploring fields of work to enter after graduation, and exploring the possibility of graduate school for the student.

The area of the student's personal adjustment is also of interest to Mr. Peterson. Family, social, or emotional problems

which any student may be taken to him.

Only "a few students" have been in to see Mr. Peterson but he is eager to have all students on campus whom he may advise in any way to stop by and talk with him.

This reporter can verify the sincerity of Mr. Peterson's interest in all UNC-C students. What began as a short and simple interview with him for the paper developed, somehow, into a 45 minute counselling session. He has a quiet

and sure way of drawing one into discussion.

For an hour, this reporter saw Mr. Peterson in action and was impressed. He did more than give simple - and - no newspaper interview answers or give a textbook explanation of the duties and responsibilities of a college counselor.

We are fortunate to have this young and forward-looking man in a position of advising on this campus.

Editor's Mail

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summer delivery. There are several main reasons why summer delivery is used. One is so that we can better cover the entire year. As we have no football, we have to depend on Spring events. For you to get your annual in May, the publisher must receive it by February. Therefore, the Forum, Miss UNC-C, track, golf, tennis, graduation, and many other events would have to be left out.

But the main reason is a financial one. A summer delivered book is granted a 20 per cent discount.

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