

Hug'ums Gather for Trip

Autumn is in the air and the leaves are beginning to take on their fall garments. The anxiety of the fall semester begins to set in for real. It is accompanied by a certain restlessness—the urge to run free once more before getting down to the serious business of being a scholar. Men (and women) listen to the call of the foreign, the wild, the primeval. At night, one realizes that the moon and stars would appear far more

beautiful from a mountaintop. Why wait? The Hug'ums are an informal non-organization of friends who cannot turn their backs when the fall forests issue their summons. They come from all around, rallying together to enjoy the wonderfulness of the great out-of-doors. The time to gather is once again near. Sleeping bags and hatchets are brought out of musty closets. Pans and hatchets rattle

down the hallways, strapped to a heavy belt. The odor of bacon cooked over hickory fires. Orange juice and vodka breakfasts. Hearty laughs, strange stories over a warm fire. The sound of a guitar in the background drowned out by the sound of an ax on a log. Chopping. The shadow of a huge tent descends over the entire camp.

Who could resist such temptations as these? The time is near. Hug'ums, arise! October 18. Ask around; the word will spread. Anyone interested in a great weekend in the shadow of Hawkbill Mountain is invited. Maggots, APOs, colonists, SCL members, or just plain independents. Get in touch with a member of the JOURNAL staff.

Journalism Club

There will be a meeting this Friday to discuss the feasibility of a Journalism Club at UNC-C. There is presently no means for an interested student to receive indoctrination in the field of journalism except THE CAROLINA JOURNAL, and UNC-C is one of the few public colleges and universities in the state of North Carolina which offers no course in journalism for academic credit. There is a possibility that a journalism organization might stir enough interest to call attention to this phase of education. Such an organization could also serve as an aid to the JOURNAL and produce more skilled writers and reporters for the campus publications.

According to JOURNAL editor R. T. Smith, "There is a serious case of neglect here on the journalistic side of academia. There are few people on the campus who know the 'ins' and 'outs' of the newspaper business. There is advertising, layout, writing heads, make-up, and the aesthetic canons of journalism to be considered."

All interested students are asked to come to B-6 in the basement of the University Union at 11:30 this Friday. Those who can not come, but are interested, are asked to give their name to one of the JOURNAL staff members listed in the staff box on page 6 of the JOURNAL.

Entertainment

(Continued from page 3)

Marlena socks it to you from the surface of the Cadet disc with a gusto that is almost un-American. "I Stayed Too long at the Fair" is rendered in a flashy style with a jazzed-up beat in the way that only Miss Shaw can carry without letdown. Her presentation of "Alone Together" has the sophisticated taste of dancing at The Cheetah and midnight coffee at Jilly's. In the midst of the crowd. On a subway before noon. Central Park on Sunday afternoon. And then, "Somewhere in the Night" (Naked City Theme) flows gently from the throat of the artist. And the listener is ready to go off into the dark with a very, very dear friend.

Also Laugh-In

If you like to watch the ROWAN AND MARTIN SHOW (and who is willing to admit that he doesn't) will really dig the new "Laugh-In" album. The sparkling intellectual wit of Goldie Hawn and the unbelievable beauty of Ruth Buzzi almost leap out of the album and sock it to you. Sure it's ridiculous, loud, repetitive, and silly; but typically American. Dick Martin's non sequiters and Arte Johnson's impersonations suffer only a little from lack visual aids. And Henry Gibson's pathetic poems are still relatively funny. The rest of the album, especially the "knock, knock" sequence, are lacking without the visual aids. The album is full of punctilious little quotes like "here come de judge", "How I Got It Socked to Me by Henry Gibson... pretty much in the usual way", and "What do you mean my head doesn't cast a shadow?" The Cocktail Party sequence comes across pretty well, and Barbara Felton interview is well presented, but much of the other sequences on the album just don't quite make it. It's the type of album that's fun to listen to at a party.

Singles

"Don't Rain on My Parade" by Jack Jones is a quick-moving version of that song from FUNNY GIRL on the Kapp label. His rendition of "People" on the other side; however, is the more attractive of the two. Mr. Jones really tells it like it ought to be with feeling.

Erroll Garner's jazz composition of "Up in Erroll's Room" is a sparky, but mediocre, tune on the piano. One's first impression on hearing it is to turn it over. Don't. "The Coffee Song", on the flip side, is no winner.

"Shades", by Pat Williams and the Band, is a swinging instrumental, highlighted by an electric organ. The flip side is even better. It's the most pleasing version of The Beatles' "Eleanor Rigby" to be released in quite a long time. It's this week's pick as best single. It's a Verve.

Cadet's release of "Looking Thru the Eyes of Love" by the gracious Miss Marlena Shaw is another fine disc. She's a real "soul sophisticate", and shows it on this cut. "Anyone Can Move a Mountain" is on the back, if there really is an "other side" to this release.

Next Week

If you dig novelty tunes, we've got a real winner for you—"Big Fanny" by Neil Ray. This Plantation release is a parody on Jimmy Dean's "Big John" from the early sixties. Fanny is a VC fighter who "turned up one day in a wet rice paddy". "She was big and she was bad. She was also kinda sad. There wasn't anybody who could put Big Fanny down. She was big, and fat, and ugly, and she weighed 300 pound. "This girl is worth talking about, singing about, and laughing about. Anyone who hasn't heard this disc just doesn't know where it's at. "Just looking stupid and standin' stiff. And even the dogs refused to sniff at Big Fanny..."

The Howard Roberts Chorus has out a single release of "Lady Will Power" from his album of the same title. It's a hit. The flip side, "Dream a Little Dream of Me," is a little tame for the tastes of most college-age cats—kind of subdued—but it is still music for "sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon".

Brook Benton has turned a commercial into a good thing—his own thing. And that's the title of the Cotillion disc—"Do Your Own Thing". Nice, soft, Brook Benton. On the other side Brook says, "I Just Don't Know What to Do With Myself." Just keep on singing, Brook.

If any great questions should arise in the readers' mind(s), such as, "Where around Charlotte can one hear the psychedelic sounds of hard rock?", it will not be a surprise. One really has to search to find it. To hear most of the sounds reviewed in this column, a good hint would be to tune in to WYFM from eight til one on Saturday nights for a program entitled "Underground". WYFM is the pioneer station in Charlotte with the new sounds. Once You've found out what it's all about at 104 FM, you'll want to know where it's at. Try the Bamboo Lounge on Wilkinson Boulevard. Nuff said.

What's the plural of WIT? Would you believe WITNESS? Next week I'll be joined by an associate (accomplice?)

The Baron Revisited

(Continued from page 6—)

Ranchers' Exodus

Things went from bad to worse, and the Badlands ranchers began to pack up and head elsewhere—leaving the land and the fighting to the people who really had an interest in the war. There were so many marshals and herdsmen in the badlands that their new-fangled aero-planes couldn't crash without killing six of one or a half-dozen of the other.

bunch of new ranchers decided to try for the Baron's job. (They all promised easy answers to difficult questions and they all won. The only ones who lost were the townfolk.) And just when things started to settle down in the west, a bunch of swineherders back-east turned their pigs loose on the neighboring farms. If there's anything a cattleman hates worse than two shepherders, it's a swineherd.

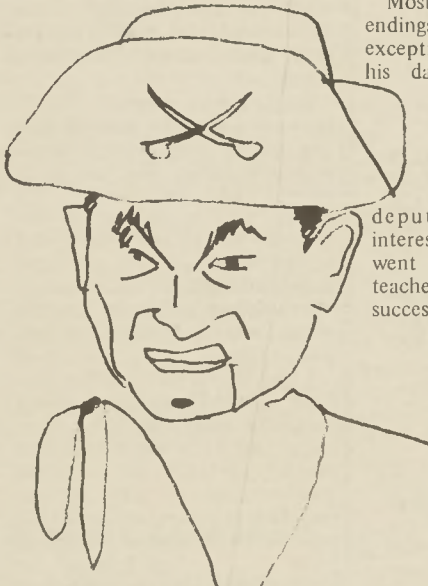
Most fairy-tales have happy endings, and this one is no exception. The Baron married off his daughters to a couple of

"Would you buy a used horse from this man?"

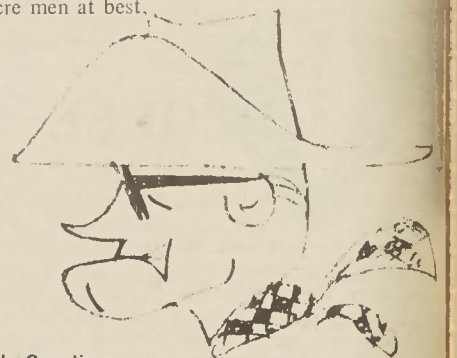


deputies, bought controlling interests in a chain of saloons, and went back to being a school teacher in a Texas law-school. His successors, mediocre men at best,

that was only a poor performance after the Baron's great achievements. As baron's go, Baron was one of the greatest—just a shame he didn't like she-



"I hate them Injuns...."



A Slick Gunslinger

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the townfolk were getting tired of paying high prices for their beef and began to threaten to lynch the Baron. (A few widowed wives said things too, but you don't put things like that in fairy-tales.) Sensing that he had finally over-played his hand, the Baron sought to save the integrity of the ranch by sending his pony-express all over the world in search of peace.

To make a long tale short, a

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