

Be A Hug'um

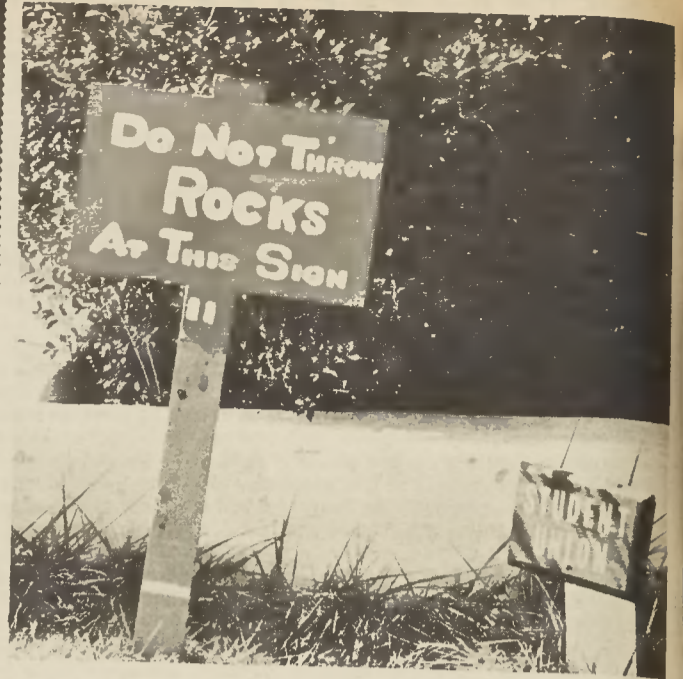
The early morning chill of an autumn day creeps into the tent. Your sleeping bag no longer seems to hold your body heat. Next step? You get up, groping for your old levi trousers, making sure that your tent exit is fastened securely. Once dressed you step out into the open air, rear back on your lungs, and collapse— your lungs can't stand the fresh air. The smell of bacon and eggs, ham, and hot brewing coffee tingle your cool nostrils. You rub your eyes trying to fathom your whereabouts. Then you realize that you're a Hug'um and you are taking part in the Annual

Conclave on the side of Hawkbill Mountain just a short distance from Linville Falls.

All around you are leaves of red, yellow, brown, and gold. Your companions come from fraternities, sororities, left and right-wing organizations, different religious backgrounds (some with none at all), and generally all walks of life, though some appear, at this hour of the morning, to be from all walks of death. Nevertheless, you saunter over to the fire, grab a cup and a plate, and pour the chow on. Then you find yourself a place to sit and eat, enjoying the fine, mystical

taste that comes in food eaten outdoors.

What's on the agenda for the day? Who knows, but you can be sure if you attend the Second Annual Hug'ums Conclave October 18, 1968, there will be campfire sings, roasted marshmallows, hotdogs over a birch fire, and plenty to keep you busy laughing—sometimes crying — and there is the wonderful scenery around you that comes down around you. You lose yourself in the outdoors. The plastic faces are left behind: you are a Hug'ums.



Unzipped?



Unzipped?

Another Sign?

Don't eat grapes



Y.A. Who?

We're gonna have a party....soon as they leave

"Struttin' Lightly"

"But ven he vash asleep in ped, so quiet as a mouse, I prays der Lord, 'Drake anyding, But leaf dot yawcob Strauss," (with feeling)

—C. F. Adams



Journalists Meet

Last Friday eight people interested in forming a Journalism Club met in the Journal Office to begin proceedings for the recognition of such a group by the University. A sub-committee was appointed to write a constitution with the held of S.G.A. President Bill Billups. The next meeting will be scheduled after an outline for the constitution has been developed.

CAROLINA JOURNAL Editor, Rod Smith, who was the primary force starting the club would like to see the membership extend beyond the three staffs of campus publications.

Although a concrete outline for the club has not been decided upon, the students who were present at the meeting expressed a desire to see the focus of the club extend beyond the writing aspect of journalism. Anyone interested in any aspect of publishing is invited to attend the next meeting.



"He's the most unusual bass player we've ever had."



"Struttin'..." photo by Wendy Kleinfeld

picture of Dr. Ellis on page 1 courtesy of the Rogues 'N Rascals all others by Chuck Howard