

Jim Minor

A UNC campus believe it or not

Two extremely popular magazines of today are "True" and "For Men Only." Both feature lusty male action in exciting, dangerous situations. In an effort to keep with the times and to present its readers with the best entertainment available, the Carolina Press is printing "The Courageous Carolinian," a collection of strange but true acts of daring that have occurred on the University campus.

Although the hardback edition has not been issued, the editors have consented to letting The Daily Tar Heel give thumbnail descriptions of a few of the action-packed episodes included in the book:

I PASSED FOR A-I AND F—A daring student, through planning and trickery, parks in the Union parking lot for an entire day without being towed off.

THE UNBELIEVER—One man's story of committing the ultimate sin. Learn of the degradation, the damning of his soul, when he denies that "Jesus Christ Superstar" is more sacred than the Bible.

THE INCREDIBLE IRON STOMACH OF SOUTH CAMPUS—A fascinating story of how a slightly overweight boy eats three meals a day for an entire school year at Chase Cafeteria without once throwing up. This is a blood curdling tale not for the squeamish.

THE WINTER OF '71—Two freshman boys discover sex and maturity when they offer a flower lady a lift in the wintry weather. The joy ride down

Franklin Street will give the reader chills and excitement.

TOO COLD TO HANDLE—The incredible story of Judy, who enters Carolina as a virgin and stays that way.

IMPEACHED—The tragic tale of a strong-willed Carolina Union president who is taken from his office after refusing to book even one member of the Taylor family for Jubilee. It is highly moralistic in telling of the sorrows of one person who tries to fight the millions.

THE PERFECTIONISTS—The little known story of the 1935 Office of Admissions. Through remarkable sense of duty and supernatural insight, the administrators admit only enough students to fill all the available housing. You will not believe this one!

STANDING ROOM ONLY—Chapel Hill theatres run new movies for an entire month. Not once was "The Graduate" or "M*A*S*H" shown. Learn where the booking agencies went wrong.

THE POLITICAL FANATIC—The weird story of a student who actually reads Daily Tar Heel stories on the Student Legislature.

SABOTAGE—Two radicals plan a detailed raid on the Chapel Hill Telephone Company. Learn of the havoc and confusion they create when their espionage is carried out. No unwarranted overdue bills are mailed out for two weeks before the company brings things back to normal.

Evans Witt

A new car trap for Carolina

Remember the tremendous mud flat-obstacle course which used to be known as the Student Union parking lot? The University is finally doing something about it.

No, no—the thousands and thousands of square feet of the lot are not being paved. Such a development is still only in the realm of the dreamed-of.

What appears to be a mixture of sand and gravel is being carefully spread where the Bingham Annexes disappeared from over the far too short summer. Road graders, bulldozers and even forklifts are being employed to level and improve the lot's surface and to put in new parking spots. And, of course, since the annexes are gone, the lot is much larger than it was last year when the bumps and ruts reached new heights and lows.

But the lot will still only be for faculty and administration personnel with those adventurous students who dare to park there risking the ubiquitous Officer Simms with his trusty pad of one dollar, red parking tickets and the always present walkie-talkie to call in the big guns of the parking battle in Chapel Hill—the wreckers.

Even as the Union parking lot is being improved to what appears to be an almost usable condition (the coming of the Chapel Hill monsoon will decide the issue), there appears on campus another lot which is worse—yes, more dangerous to axles, transmission cases, oil pans and suspension systems than the soon to be legendary Union lot.

This new car wrecker, born of recent construction on campus, is behind Carroll Hall.

In the area immediately to the rear of the addition, on the slope of the hill between Phillips and Venable is the new automobile obstacle course.

I ventured into this unmarked disaster area one day as I was trying to park my car in order to go to Y-Court. Although this was actually after the close of summer school and even before the opening of orientation, the campus police were out in force to keep me from parking near the Y.

And the trick about this new car trap is that a number of paved parking lots—which are always filled—form the entrance to this new lot. As one is cruising through the paved lots looking for that rarity, an empty space, it is quite easy to make a wrong turn and become caught in the trap.

There are two characteristics which make this new lot as deadly or more so than the Union lot.

First, as mentioned before, it is situated on a hill. This means that you find yourself in the mud and ruts sliding down the hill, with your wheels spinning, whether you were trying to go up or down the hill originally.

Second, all the water from around Phillips and Memorial Hall must merge and flow through this lot when the rains come, because there are ruts in this lot that you simply would not believe.

Ken Ripley

Later I, too, will cry

It had fallen out of my old trunk, that fading, crumpled sheet of paper. I hadn't seen it for years—not since the summer before my freshman year, 1968. It was a brief letter to my Mother for her birthday, and I had called it "September Parting."

"When we part," I had written, "it will probably be ungracious. When the time comes, Dad will clear his throat and say it is time to go. We will walk to the car together, me in the middle, you and Dad on either side. You will hug me tightly, afraid to let me go, and will offer me your cheek. Dad will say a few manly things, telling me to write, study hard, be good, and then he will shake my hand. You will echo cheerfulness and confidence, and tell me to keep my feet dry, my clothes clean, and to be good. You and Dad will get in the car, and slowly and irrevocably drive off—maybe looking backward, and maybe not."

"No doubt, later you will cry."

"I, for my part, will not hear half of what you say, but will stand impatiently awkward, anxious to say goodbye and afraid to do so. I will be worried and preoccupied for myself. You will offer me your cheek, and I will self-consciously peck it and mutter some goodbye-sounding phrase. I will shake Dad's hand at appropriate intervals, and will wave as you drive off. When you have turned the corner and are out of sight, I will stuff my hands in my pockets, put

The Union lot had ruts up to maybe a foot and a half or two feet deep, but this new lot has ruts that are a good two and a half to maybe three feet deep.

The great characteristic of all Chapel Hill mud flats is shared by this new car-eater — when it has rained, mud is spattered all over your car. In addition, when you get out of your car, your foot is grabbed by this red clay paste which does not seem to release your foot.

When your foot is pulled free and you finally navigate to one of the shoe-eating brick sidewalks, you find that your shoes

are that earthy, reddish-brown which indicates that you have once again ruined a good pair of shoes.

There is at least a slight chance that the successor to the Union lot may have been cured by the maintenance crews of the University by the time you read this.

Not a small chance mind you—a miniscule one.

Until you have scouted the area behind the addition to Carroll very carefully, in hopes that something has been done, beware of the new car trap at the peril of your car's suspension.

you out of mind, and quickly and firmly go back to my room and unpack.

"And, no doubt, later I, too, will cry."

It's not hard now, however distant that long-ago time seems, to remember the effect that note had on my parents. And I can still remember, with some nostalgia, going through the whole process of breaking away from my parents and watching them drive off.

As I had described it, so it happened. The tenseness, the awkwardness, the lumps in the throat were all there. We had gone through all the usual stuff—piling the suitcases, and the trunk, and the piles of boxes in my room, formally shaking the hands of my new roommate, still a stranger, going through together the long list of things the orientation people had decided I should do.

We postponed the parting as long as we could, walking around campus and having lunch. But soon, too soon, we could avoid the inevitable no longer. My mother didn't want to leave, she was dabbling her eyes as they drove off. I wiped mine that night, and knew without doubt that freshman year had begun—for better or worse.

It's been three years since that whole soggy episode, and the senior year seems lifetimes removed from that first good-bye. This time I was eager to leave home and get back to school and my friends. My parents didn't wait to drive me to school. They had left two days

previously on a trip of their own. Somewhere in that three years, my family and I had parted company. There were no ties left to be broken that had not been broken those few brief hours freshman year.

Each year's freshman class seems to be different, and no orientation program remains the same. But as I wandered around these last few days, I can't help but notice how the same scenes appear each year. The faces change, but the tableaux of parents with child are familiar. —the proud father, the overly concerned mother, the slightly embarrassed future Carolina student.

It isn't hard to understand and, in our more humble moments, to sympathize. Because whatever we are told Carolina is—a chance to get a good education, to improve ourselves, to find ourselves, to make friends—Carolina is at very least, a separation of the old from the new. No matter how fancy the speeches these past few days have been, no matter how eager Orientation sophomores have been to absorb new freshmen into college life, the difference between a high school student living at home all his life and a college freshman on his own is jarring. It can hurt.

The first few days, and sometimes months, of college can be tremendously lonely no matter how many hands you shake. For the first time, a freshman is truly alone. He can enter into campus life, draw into his studies, have as much fun as he wants. But he is as alone as he lets himself be. He can, if he wants, try to return to the past and go home every weekend.

Or he can shed his tears, without shame, and get on with it.

QUESTIONS DEMAND ANSWERS! HAVE YOU RUN OUT OF THEM?

You are invited to hear Biblical answers to today's questions at Gerrard Hall every Sun. at 10 A.M. (adult discussion group at 11:00). Chapel Hill Bible Church non-denominational, student and community Christian fellowship.

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