

A ROLLING STONE

The Secret Life of Mrs.C.

By The Phantom
Undercover Guy

The mailroom. For some of us, it's our only connection with home. For others, it's the social spot of Guilco; a place to be seen and to see others. And, for a select few, it's a place to pick up trash. But whatever our reasons for venturing down into the dark depths of Founders basement to these endless banks of usually empty metal boxes, we've all come to depend on Queen of the Mailroom, Mrs. C., always cheerful, always helpful, and always there when we need her. Or is she? Look closely one day and you'll notice that you never see her before 10:00 or after 5:00. And, just what goes on when the plywood window closes at 1:00 and stays that way until 2:00. What about weekends. We all know that we get our mail on Saturday, but has anyone actually seen Mrs. C on a Saturday? Why is this? This reporter, in a daring undercover assignment, has discovered the secret life of Mrs. C. What follows here is fact; sometimes touching and sometimes shocking. but always revealing.

It began one Friday morning. Hidden in a mailbag provided by the Guilfraudent, I sat behind a stack of Time magazines and waited. Suddenly, the door slammed open and in strode Mrs. C. She glanced around quickly and pulled a small portable radio and spoke into it.

"C. to control," she said. "Go ahead, C.," came back the instantly recognizable voice of Bob White.

"Security file #197-FT," she replied. "Three illegally parked cars in the Bryan fire lane, and there's an unpetitioned party in

the Pines tonight."

"Thanks C.," came back Bob's voice. "Over and out."

It was unbelievable. Mrs. C. was an undercover Guilco security guard. There was more though. She switched frequencies and again spoke into the radio.

"C. to bookstore," she said. "Bookstore here," came back the voice of proprietor Dee Desantos.

"President Marcos called last night," she said. "The campaign is going badly and he needs more finances. He wants you to jack up the prices some more, about 150%."

"Roger C., was the answer. "Over and out."

The next day this reporter purchased a five subject spiral notebook in the Guilford College Bookstore for \$7.49 (tax included) and, along with hundreds of other Guilco students, unknowingly helped prop up a crooked government in the Philippines.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. A swarthy man stepped in, carrying a large package.

"That the stuff," asked Mrs. C. "Yeah," the man replied with a heavy accent. "Real quality too. Worth over a cool million out on the street."

"Chuck it over by that mailbag," she said. "I got the dough in my car. C'mon."

They both left and I jumped out of the mailbag. What was she up to now? I opened the carton and found it crammed with an all-too-familiar looking leafy green plant. Mrs. C. was trafficking black market Communist rutabagas. But to who? Before I could answer, footsteps sounded outside. I dove back into the mailbag and Mrs. C. walked up with Doug Gilmer. Doug handed her an envelope stuffed with cash

and his eyes lit up when he saw the rutabagas.

"Ooh baby," he whistled. "This is gonna make me a rich man."

"Freeze, sucker!" shouted Mrs. C., whipping out a pistol and a badge. "VEA (Vegetable Enforcement Agency), you're under arrest." Two police officers stepped in, handcuffed Doug and led him away.

By this time, students were starting to check their mail and Mrs. C. opened the window and said hello to everybody and sold them stamps. If they only knew. Eventually 1:00 rolled around and Mrs. C. shut down for lunch. Before she left, though, she unlocked a back door and shouted something into the room. A ragged man in chains stepped out. She undid his chains, leaving one attached to his leg and the other to a water pipe.

"O.K. buster," she said, "I'm going to lunch and you better have all of these Wall St. Journals in the boxes by the time I get back or there's gonna be hell to pay."

She left and as I sat there watching this guy, I got the strange feeling that I had seen him somewhere before. Then it hit me. I stepped out of the bag and said "Aren't you Ken Schwab?"

He looked up at me, very slowly, and said "Yes."

"I thought you were in South Carolina," I said.

He sighed. "That's what they're saying," he said. "In fact, they haven't the slightest idea where I am. The truth is I stumbled upon Mrs. C.'s activities here and she hasn't let me leave. I need your help. Tell everybody what Mrs. C. is really like and get me out of here."

"Who would believe me," I asked.



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