

# Dumb Broad Leaves Party 'Bare-Back'

BY CORNY STILWELL

I was reminded of a funny incident the other evening while I was munching buttered popcorn and watching the Gary Moore Show. (Which is, incidentally, the only television show I am able to watch this semester!) I hate to admit this but, I've put school work before play.

Gary introduced two curvacious models who were wearing cocktail (whatever this is) dresses. These particular dresses were made from aluminum. They made the funniest rattling sound with every step; like when you open a bag of potato chips...

I always hate to open potato chips in a quiet room. People turn around and stare; you can almost hear them saying, "Who's the stupid broad making all that dumb racket?"

Anyway, this incident to which I've earlier referred, took place last summer. My mother and I saw an ad in this magazine for paper dresses. Being the stupid broad that I am, I came up with the suggestion to order two dresses, one for each of us. Mom protested a little saying, "I don't know, Cornelia, it says in the ad that the dresses only run up to size 14 large. Do you think it will fit?"

I replied, "Oh, I wouldn't worry, Mom, you should be able to fit into that."

She said, "I wasn't thinking of me, you dumb broad, (Mom calls me "you dumb broad" all the time.)

Well, taking a chance that I could get into that 14 large, we ordered 2 dresses. One was a paisley print, red on green, and the other was an op-art print that would have made you cross-eyed if you'd stared for very long at it.

We waited and waited for their arrival. Finally, the big day came and the mailman knocked on our door to deliver a package. He asked, "Hey, you the dumb broad who ordered those paper dresses?"

I told him that I had and he said, "Well, I hope that I'm around when you wear it!" I asked him why to which he replied, "I'd like to see you drop a cigarette ash on it and burn yourself to death. HA! HA!" Real wise-guy, that Mailman.

So, I rushed inside with the package and tore into the box. (I tore into the first layer of Mom's op-art dress too. But we taped it back together.) They really were pretty but we were faced with the problem of where to wear them. My opportunity was soon to come.

I decided to wear it to a July 4th party. I thought it would really be a conversation peice.

Well, here I go to the party in my paisley print dress. I was surprised to find that when I sat down in the car, it didn't even wrinkle. Golly, I thought to myself, I'll have to order a few more of these. When we got to the party, our hostess opened the door and immediately started to question me about the dress, as did all the guests.

I think I'd convinced about all the females there how wonderful the dress was when a disaster struck! My sister was there, too, and her husband is a practical joker from way back. He had started smoking one of those new long-type cigarettes and he said to the group, "I'd like to see ole Corny really get burned up." The next thing I knew, the back of my dress was smoking!"

"Quick," yelled my brother-in-law, "I thought the thing was fire-proof. Somebody get the water."

"Oh no! Not water." I yelled. But alas, it was too late; knucklehead had thrown his drink down my back to put out the fire.

He succeeded in putting out the fire, but when that water hit the paper it started matting-up. You've seen a wet newspaper haven't you? If you touch it, it pulls apart. Well, that's what my dress looked like. I was afraid to move for fear that it would just peel right off of me. I decided to stand there and let it dry.

When the thing dried it shrank and I couldn't move then for fear of ripping it when I took a step.

Finally, my brother-in-law got the idea of picking me up and carrying me to the car. So he and my date told me to hold my arms as stiffly as possible and they'd take care of the rest. On the way out of the door, my hem caught on the screen and I left the party like a fellow who rides a horse without a saddle... bare-back!

As if that wasn't bad enough, on the way to the car which was parked in front of the house, a policeman gave me a ticket for wearing a backless dress.

Mom's experience with her dress turned out somewhat better. She chose to wear her dress to the grocery store. While standing at the meat counter, a little boy raced by her with a small cart and tore about three inches of the skirt off. This wasn't too embarrassing, however, for she pretended to be wearing a new mini skirt. (Course, the neighbors started ugly rumors about her, but after they'd had their fun things were back to normal)

I guess if paper dresses become the "in" style, I'll be forced to ask myself "out" of style. I smoke too much and I'd be afraid I'd set myself on fire and with my luck, I wouldn't have a drink in my hand to throw down my back.

# Chapel Hill Typical Coed Controversy Spreads Here

BY KAY WATSON

The big controversy at UNC-CH these days is over whether or not a TCC (Typical Carolina Coed) exists.

The typical Carolina gentleman -- if there is one -- thinks of the average coed as a snob dressed in "little print dresses and Weejuns." One male over on the Hill even went so far as to say that the TCC has "a bruised chin from bumping into trees -- the result of her nose being held high in the air."

On the whole, it was agreed that 65% of the coeds are members of the elite TCC society who hardly ever speak, rarely smile, and usually fail to even notice that those Carolina gentlemen are there. Sorry about that, gentlemen!

The girls, of course, deny it. They all agree that the TCC does exist, but not a single one will admit to being one.

They all have their ideas of what the mythical figure is like though. According to the girls, a TCC is so busy trying to put on a show that she has little time to be herself and no time at all for those Carolina gentlemen.

Such is the state of controversy at Chapel Hill. But does the stigma exist here? Is there a TCC--UNC-C style? To answer these provoking questions, a few male students were asked for their views concerning the whole situation.

Tom Reece, a sophomore, sums up the typical coed here as usually being "feminine and affectionate." Also, he, like many others, thinks that snobs in a group of 1500 are inevitable.

David Cloninger seems to restrict the snobs to one class by saying that there are a lot of freshmen who think they are "supercool."

Of all the boys interviewed, Tom seemed to have the best opinion of our girls. He said that our girls are just the same as those everywhere else. Also, it was interesting to note that he thought the girls here could "take or leave booze and parties."

Most of the males seemed to agree that there is no TCC here

for a number of reasons. Some cited the lack of dorms and ventured that a TCC would emerge with the coming of dorms. Charles McLamb summed it up very well by saying, "... many of the UNC-C coeds seem to belong in a menagerie, each striving for individuality, yet bound by conformity."

Jack Davis was of the opinion that a TCC does not exist here, but he also added with a smirk on his face, "There are a few girls that are not typical but are in a class of their own."

Another of our men answered questions by writing a letter which he addressed to the average UNC-C coed. It started out with "Dear Pigtails," and in it, he condemned the high school atmosphere that seems to pervade here.

Frank Jones added that the coed here "is generally a nice clean-cut girl who dresses with integ-

rity and carries herself as an intelligent young lady." He went on to say, "In fact, I think so much of one of them, I am going to marry her!"

Tim Britton summed it all up by saying, "Thankfully, one can find smiles or frowns, bookworms or sexpots, mini-skirts or granny gowns; or whatever else one may be looking for. Thanks to Mother Nature, we have a good sampling of God's most perfect creation. May she live forever!"

And John Gaither seconded Tim's idea!!!!

# Nurse Stroud Runs First Aid Service

BY LIBBY HOLSHOUSER

After much waiting for essential equipment and supplies to be delivered, the First Aid-Health Service is now open in Room 216, Union building.

The school nurse is Mrs. Desiree Stroud, R. N. Mrs. Stroud is a vivacious woman. Her hobbies are golf, which she says she does not have enough time for, and bridge, which she enjoys playing by the rules, "So I'll know what my partner means when he bids."

Mrs. Stroud is most enthusiastic about her job and the First Aid - Health Service. She dispenses aspirin and stomach soothers, but has chosen not to dispense any medication which requires perscriptions. The service is equipped with a portable resuscitator, which Mrs. Stroud feels is a fortunate acquirement.

She is on duty from 8:30 to 4:30, Monday through Friday. Her extension is 265.

Because Mrs. Stroud's duties include supervision on first aid supplies and equipment in all buildings on campus, and a program of health education, she will not always be in the Service Center in the Union. Attendants at the Union Desk will know where she is, however.

Although the Center is not completely furnished at this time, Mrs. Stroud invites students to visit her. She has lunch in the Union cafeteria between noon and 1:00 and the Center is not open during this hour.

She is, or course, on duty even during lunch, in order to handle possible emergencies.

Mrs. Stroud said persons injured from 4:30 until 9:00 should report them to the library and follow instructions of library per-

sonnel for obtaining medical and ambulance service.

Mrs. Stroud graduated from Mercy Hospital School of Nursing. She and her husband are originally from Lexington and have lived in Charlotte for five years now.

They have two girls whose ages are 11 and 14.

Prior to her employment here, Mrs. Stroud was employed as an industrial nurse for Dixie Furniture Company in Lexington.

# Dimes March

(Continued from Page 1)

pay for their treatment and care. This movement will be doing the community a great service.

It will show the people of Charlotte that the University is active.

It may provide this campus with some free entertainment in the form of a dance at Park Center.

Planning to begin his program this week, Nick Stavrakas hopes to solicit about \$1 from each student.

## J & J TAVERN

Turn left on N.C. 49  
Leaving the University

2 1/2 Miles



## BEAUTY OF THE MONTH



Presenting  
Miss Cindy Trexler

Connecticut Mutual Beauty of the Month Selected by Ivan Hinrichs and Scott Welton, Your Connecticut Mutual Campus Representatives.

Connecticut Mutual  
The Blue Chip Company  
Since 1846

When Since Do  
You Spell  
SWINGFEST With A 'CH'?

# Rotoract Club Comes On Strong; German Movie Will Play

The new Rotoract Club on campus, the first of its type on the campus of a four-year institution, received official charters from Rotary International and the University at a North Charlotte Rotary Club sponsored dinner on Monday, December 5.

At the dinner were Chancellor Colvard, Dr. Cone, and Dean MacKay as well as many Rotary officials.

Mr. Edward Brasher of Houston, Texas spoke to the gathering. Mr. Brasher is Chairman of the Young Adult Committee of Rotary International.

The Rotoract Club performed its first service during Thanksgiving. Its members escorted the princess at the Coronation Ball and helped

with spacing the units in the Carousel parade.

"I Often Think of Piroshka" is the title of the full length German movie to be shown on Sunday, December 18, in room C-120,

at 3 p.m. This story of a German exchange student in a Hungarian village features beautiful scenes, folk lore, and tender love.

Liselotte Pulver and Gunnar Moller play the leads in this color presentation of the German Club. The latest German newsreel will also be featured.

All interested students are invited to attend. Admission is free.

Tim Britton and Miss Linda La Grone of the registrar's office served as representatives of this campus at Concord High School's "College Day" on November 7, in Concord, N. C.

Approximately 31 universities were represented at the conference, including some colleges as distant as the Air Force Academy in Colorado.

Britton said that the bulk of the questions asked about the school concerned curriculum, type of average necessary, football team, fraternities, and sororities. He felt the students were interested in this campus and what is has to offer. Most of the students expressed a desire to live on campus during their college years.

WILGROVE PHILLIPS' 66  
9305 Albemarle Road  
We are proud for our courteous service  
PHONE 537-9831