



journal photo by dean hubbard

# Commuter Rally Around The Belk Tower

by donna hoover

The Commuter Lounge is open and a steady flow of commuters has been gathering there every day. The lounge is located in the Bookstore area right behind the stairs. As you enter, you will see a bright green shag carpet and several plants keeping the lounge looking cheerful. There is a commuterk desk with commuter signs and information surrounding it. A couch, several chairs, and a temporary television keep it a most comfortable place to visit. There is a long table which offers coffee or hot chocolate to visitors. You will even find an electric typewriter for students' use free of charge. A telephone is also available, but only at designated times for use when there is a volunteer staffing the lounge in order to prevent long distance calls from being placed. The commuter lounge number is 374-2400 and more than likely Fran Saxon will be on the other end, if you call for information.

drop by. Informal invitations have been sent to all faculty, staff and administration in the various departments. As Fran Saxon puts it:

"The Commuter Life Office and Lounge is an effort on the part of the Commuter Life Committee to facilitate communications, not only among commuters, but also among all levels of the University community".

Incidentally, on November 14, Brooks Lindsay of WCCB-TV happened to be on campus and dropped by our lounge. He must have been impressed with what he saw, for he plans to do a news story on the lounge next week.

Let's move on to some more big news. If you haven't heard yet, a Commuter Rally will be held on Thursday, november 21 at 12:30. A speaker stage will be set up with a sound system at the Belk Tower facing Rowe Building. The main purpose to be achieved by the Rally is to generate enough interest from the commuters so as to get a large membership involved in the newly formed Commuter

Association. With enough commuters united behind the Commuter Association, it can serve as an effective advocate for commuters in order to get some of their needs met and their voices heard in administrative matters. For any funding to be made available for the Association though, a charter must be written by the membership.

The following representatives from the university community will be speaking and listening to the feedback from students concerning the various student life programs:

Douglas Orr, Vice Chancellor of Student Affairs; Betty Chafin, Associate Dean of Students; Ed Ayres, Director of Physical Plant; Jerry Hudson, Director of Safety and Security; Tom Feamster, Business Services (Bookstore); Marcia Baroody, Associate Dean of Students for Campus Programs; Don McKay, Director of Auxiliary Services.

Let's see a big turn-out at the Commuter Lounge Open House and at the Commuter Rally. Okay?

# Outing Club Plans Events For Year

by chip hunter

This is an official UNCC Outing Club Press Release. First off, we meet every Monday night in the downstairs lobby of '73, not every night as was previously reported. Second, we have a biggie coming up January 5-10. We are co-sponsoring a trip to Mt. Snow, Vermont, with the UNC-G Outing Club and the Student Ski Assn. It costs \$89 for the week, and includes good lodging, breakfasts and dinners, lift tickets, movies, free beer, bands, races, parties, etc. It's a good deal, and transportation's pretty cheap in carpools. This is at the end of vacation, and we'll leave in time to register

(hopefully on time) and definitely be back for the first day of classes. It's a good way to learn to ski, or just do some good skiing and meet people. It's a big area, and it shouldn't be too outrageously crowded since this is during the week. We also get reduced rates on rental equipment for the week.

Third, for all you people who want to learn to cave, climb, canoe etc. Venture will be offering courses in these things second semester, though free-U, so register early, and then after you learn all that good stuff, keep doing it in the Outing Club (some of our people will be teaching many of

the free-U courses.)

Fourth, we're trying to fill up our calendar for the next few months (at least), so if you want to go on any kind of trip, come to a meeting and bring a friend and suggest something. If you can lead a trip (Bike, day hike, climbing Mt. Everest etc.) so much the better. We need all the help we can get.

We'll leave calendars of our activities, messages, etc. on the door of our office (now a storage room) in the basement of '73.

So wax your skis, pump up hte tires on your bike, relace your boots, or whatever, and come join us.

## typo

## funnies

Before proceeding with the announcement of the WINNER of the NAME THE TYPESETTER contest, TYPO FUNNIES wishes to acknowledge a most extraordinary entrant whose effort receives an Honorable Mention in the competition. Had the writer signed a real name, he/she/it might have won, but alas, chose instead to sign the entry with a blurb. (Blurb)'s entire entry runs below:

typesetter:

Hello? Is this the typesetter reading this letter?

I want to enter your funny, funny contest. I think typesetters are very, very important. Just like my mother who cooks and cooks and cooks!

I want to name the typesetter and win the prize. I want to name he/she/it: "SuperAutoelectricmonolinosteroemimoeplaes-o-grapher/Person/Thing"

So, now that I have given you your name, SuperAutoelectricmonolinosteroemimoeplaes-o-grapher Person, and boosted your ego by answering your funny, funny contest, you get to guess who I am. You will win my roommate.

Good luck with your funny, funny newspaper column.

Sincerely,

  
My name

The writer is phenomenally perceptive. Here I thought I was using the printed word as a mirror of reality, yet (blurb) saw right through the shiny surface and exposed TYPO FUNNIES for what it is - a gigantic ego-trip. I stand revealed.

So look, (blurb), here I've printed your letter and I'll wager that gives YOUR ego quite a boost. Now you stand about knee-deep in the same psychic mire as I. Perhaps we are holding hands. That's how politics is, old buddy. If you sing to me, I'll dance.

## typo funnies

And now, the moment I've all been waiting for, the announcement of the WINNER of the NAME THE TYPESETTER contest, and gifting of the prize thereto. The batch of semifinal entries sit here before me on the IBM modular desk. Each little name is like a voice, so that there are many tiny voices speaking to me, with the entrants' own signatures whispering like echoes. Who shall it be? What name shall be chosen? And, as promised, whom shall this column be about?

Hmmmmmmmm.....

Well, there must be an end to hesitation. After careful consideration I have decided to stuff all the entries for final consideration down into the open part of the input machine of the Composer, down there in the ribbons and springs. Then very carefully repeating Bullwinkle's incantation for magical solution, I will reach down and pull out the lucky entry.....

"Hey Rocky, wanna see me pull a rabbit outta my hat?..... Nothin' up my sleeve....."

"Oh no, not again!....."

ROAR!

Fa da!

The new name for THE TYPESETTER is:

ALPHA OCEAN LEPIDOPTERA NINE ALLIGATOR  
TURQUOISE TOEBELLS WHISTLETUNE  
MILKY WAY

And without further hesitation, the brilliant entrant who came up with this multi-cultural diversely utilitarian name goes by the name herself of HELEN FOWLER, a UNCC student and part-time employee of the Dalton Library Tower, and resident of Derita. Here is her prize: this edition of TYPO FUNNIES is dedicated exclusively to, and is only about, Helen Fowler.

In a brief interview, Helen managed to wipe away her tears of joy quickly enough to speak knowledgeably about herself, and about the tendencies in her life that evolved into a prize-winning nature. She reveals that she was born during Eastern Flight 242 somewhere back in the fifties, on one of the old Electras, the prop-jets that had wings that went up and down. This gave her a love for flights of fancy throughout all her life.

After a few weeks, Helen opened her eyes as young creatures eventually do, and she says she can actually remember her first sights from the cradle, the ticket booths, the people scurrying from snack bar to flight gate, the pilots and waiters striding confidently to work. As a young child she especially loved to ride the luggage belts that went in and out of the pick-up area, as this gave her a chance to beam brightly up at the recently landed passengers, noting their various expressions of surprise. Round and round she went.

Helen had a private tutor all her life, who nestled with her in one corner of the snack bar of her big echo-filled home, and taught her warm and secret things, especially the poetry of Coleridge and Southey. Helen can't remember her teacher's name now, but she can still whisper "Kubla Khan" as intimately as a robin sists her eggs in spring. (At this point, Helen's eyes filled again.)

There was a difficult period in the young woman's life: adolescence, of course, when Helen growing tall would amble, preoccupied, throughout the vast hallways and lobbies of her home. She would stand with her nose merged to the windows of the building and watch the airplanes take off just as her feelings seemed to be doing. A Piedmont flight would lift from the ground and Helen would say, "There goes uncertainty...." A private jet would land and Helen would smile, saying, "Here comes happiness...." A Whisperjet would be circling and circling and Helen would cast her eyes upward and think, "There's love!"

But the time came for Helen to leave her home, when her education was complete and her parents' reservations were cancelled. Helen decided to go to college, and she searched and searched for one that would be 'top-flight'. However, a considerable number of institutions were suspicious of Helen's educational background, so she finally had to settle for attendance at UNCC. She read the catalogue, and filled out the application, and was accepted, and then Helen sighed. She decided to take a train.

Helen admits that this period of life as a student at UNCC has been the most wonderful since her last wonderful period. She's found interesting things to study, including a reunion with her favorite poets, and her house on Mallard Creek Road makes her feel warm and gooey inside because the jets always rumble over on their way to Douglas Airport. Helen admits that she was truly surprised at winning the typesetter contest, as "words sometimes I am not good very much with, ok?" But now Helen is reassured, and Helen says Hello to all the readers of TYPO FUNNIES, and Helen says, "try yourself - believe me, for to win a contest is not really so, so.... you can do it, try yourself, believe me!"

The name submitted by Ms. Fowler is really so fine, that it will be used part-by-part in the signature of this column, as is deemed appropriate by the writer. A special thanks is forwarded to the Selection Committee, who aided the Typesetter in wading through the 7000-plus entries for the contest. Members of the Committee included: Jay Eaker, Dash Riprock, Winfred P. Minter, last year's arts editor of the Journal, and photographer John Baynard.

Well, the excitement is over. It's time to take a breather, and return to normal life. God only knows what TYPO FUNNIES will be about next week, now that the Contest is over.

It seems there's nothing left.

Oh well.

Identifiably yours,

LEPIDOPTERA NINE