

B ORIENTATION

Carolina trivia
Who's who at UNC
Getting involved

page 5
page 6
page 9

Monday, August 23, 1982

Life in the Village

By LISA PULLEN
Staff Writer

Dorothy never came to UNC from Kansas, but if she had, she would have said, "There's no place like Chapel Hill."

It has to be lived to be believed. For here in Chapel Hill, an incredible diversity of people, personalities and philosophies mingle to produce a stimulating, communal atmosphere. If you are a freshman, you are now discovering all that Chapel Hill has to offer. If you are an upperclassman, you are probably trying to figure out how long you can possibly stay.

Chapel Hill is unique in that the sophistication of the large, metropolitan university combines with the village atmosphere to lend an air of friendliness and openness to the town. Here, everything and everyone is tolerated. Fraternity baggers live alongside long-haired bohemians, academics coexist with partiers. In Chapel Hill, your set of friends may include a vegetarian, a football player, a professor, a sorority sister and a Dead Head.

To be bored in Chapel Hill is almost a sin. You will never have trouble finding something to do. There is, of course, the

obligatory studying to be done. But your education here will extend far beyond the walls of the classroom. After the books are closed, head uptown for a beer at Harrison's or sargria at Papagayo's. Watch the traffic from the stone wall on Franklin Street while munching an egg roll, or cure the late night munchies with a Greek grilled cheese from Hector's.

Stop and listen to a strumming guitar player, chat with the flower ladies or join in a protest at the post office. Catch a free flick in the Carolina Union or a concert under the stars in the Pit.

Chapel Hill is a town of hardy partying. There is an infinite variety of mixers to attend — hat mixers, Hawaiian mixers, tie mixers and 60s mixers. Fraternity parties draw large crowds for sippin' and shaggin'. In Chapel Hill, an excuse can be found to celebrate anything.

And of course, on fall Saturdays there is football. A football weekend in Chapel Hill is more than just the game on the field. It is the brightly-colored alumni fashion parade in the stands, tailgate picnics of chicken and champagne and the scent of Polo (the latest preppy cologne by Ralph Lauren) pervading the air. Hours later, disheveled but happy fans troop off to the victory celebration on the lawn at Fraternity Court.

Later in the year, enthusiasm surfaces again at basketball games in Carmichael. Boisterous cheers bring the student section to its feet as fans roar their approval for a well-executed slam dunk.

Only in Chapel Hill could 45,000 Tar Heels stampede down Franklin Street to celebrate the NCAA championship victory. And only in Chapel Hill would UNC President William Friday greet the welcoming crowd the next day with a "Thanks for coming by the house last night."

Spring in the village is equal to none. Pink dogwood blossoms wreath the town. South Building lawn is strewn with students sunning on top of their books, and lovers stroll hand-in-hand through the arboretum.

The town celebrates the rites of spring at the Apple Chill festival on Franklin Street. You can spend an entire Sunday admiring the handiwork of craftsmen, tapping your foot along with the Apple Chill cloggers and enjoying the performances of jugglers, clowns and mimes.

Spring in Chapel Hill also means Chapel Thrill, the annual outdoor concert in Kenan Stadium. The bleachers are jammed with bodies as the smell of sun-tan lotion and beer rises above the crowd.

There is a myriad of sights, smells and sounds to life in Chapel Hill: the clanging

of the cowbell at closing time in Wilson Library; members of St. Anthony's Hall co-ed fraternity streaking in socks and tennis shoes through the Undergraduate Library during final exams; the suspicious aroma of "higher" education floating around the Bell Tower at High Noon on Fridays; join the crowd on cool fall evenings to watch the football highlights from the day's victory in the window at NCNB on Franklin Street; the sticky feel of blue paint in your hair, on your clothes and your shoes after the NCAA championship; the sharp odor of menthol

Noxema after a 2 a.m. shaving cream fight; and native son James Taylor singing "Carolina In My Mind" in Carmichael.

In Chapel Hill, you will experience the freest environment in which you will ever live. Here students step into the path of oncoming cars while crossing the street without even a glance, dogs wearing bandannas go to class with the students, evangelists preach fire and brimstone from the steps at

Lenoir Hall and Communists urge passersby to join the revolution.

There are more things to experience here than you will ever have time for and plenty of ideals and lifestyles to choose from. When you leave here after four years (or longer if you are lucky) you probably will have a clearer idea of who you are and what you believe in.

Chapel Hill is not the town, and it is not the school. It may sound trite, but the bumper sticker says it best — Chapel Hill is a way of life.

Atmosphere

Chapel Hill's unique lifestyle ranges from Franklin Street's flower ladies, no-nuke protesters, street musicians and jugglers to native son James Taylor and his songs.

Photos by Al Steele

