

# e same old scene?



Lincoln Memorial is just one of the many attractions D.C. has to offer. Once you get there, you won't have to search for something to do.

## On the road with Charles and Layton

By LAYTON CROFT  
 and CHARLES MARSHALL

*Editor's note: The following article way reflects the collective sanity or sanity of the editorial staff or anyone read with Omnibus. Charles and Layton took this road trip across the country of their own free will, and we do not take the mistake of letting them write it.*

Make a load off, put on your suede shoes, wear, wrap some steel-toed sneakers around those clompers, a cornucopia in yer flapper, prepare yourself for a mighty tale of two crazy critters.

Once upon a time Charles and Layton existed: two wacky anti-sub-dreamchildren of no earthly origin. Round came Christmas time and the fellas got an itch on their hamstring and an iguana's tail on their crappers.

Layton got a can of Skoal in his hand and Charles received a photograph of a cloud from Santa ... for a roadtrip, trip. The spritely pair put a wiggle in their stride and into the long, lonely, curvy, dusty way. They almost got carried away in the realm of endless metaphors comparing The Myth of the Highway to the Rites of Passage, but didn't. Instead they counted Waffle cones and contemplated what a 13-set by Bob Mould in their living room would be like. The kids were out, but the windshield wipers didn't.

Charlotte, NC slowly bled into Atlanta, GA after 4 wet hours. Rural Georgia whined with pleas for a visit in a very hasty auto. Charles and Layton faithfully answered the call of the road, armed with two Kodak cameras. The zealous drivers zoomed into

Pell City, home of the only Kentucky Fried Chicken that is still dumb enough to sell Chicken Littles for \$.39! Charles ate six at once and packed three more in his suitcase. Layton was more reserved, as he contemplated all the words that may rhyme with 'zebra'.

All the world is a stage, and the merry pranksters were making a curtain call on their unillustrious quest for further enlightenment. (They got back on the road.)

Birmingham, AL: home of a lot of quiet people. The city bubbles with burgeoning boastfulness for only in Birmingham will anyone ever find The Vulcan, the largest cast-iron steel statue in the U.S. The dumbfounded dudes feigned and then fainted, landing in Layton's magnanimous mound of magma-like dip spit.

Charles tactfully chased his host family out of their luxurious home all the way to Arizona (by accident). Layton slept on the floor in the coffee shop so he could tell everyone.

They woke and broke out of town, en route to Little Rock, Ark. Like most law-abiding, toilet-flushing, three-times-a-day-floss-using, universe-pondering, frog-gigging American males under the age of 21, our two quasi-pathetic heroes followed the drug-inspired guidance from their Official AAA Trip-Ti!

Nightmare for most, Pleasuredome on wheels for these raspy romantics.

"The farther we have to drive, the more we get to eat fast food," Charles aptly commented at one juncture in the conversation with a glitter in his eye and a sparkle in his smile except for the piece of food in his teeth.

"Yeah, and maybe we'll set a record for how many tapes two people can listen to in a car without having to pee," Layton coyly added, with glitter on his teeth and lint in his eye.

They bounced through Louisiana, managing to snap two rolls of film in two hours. One of the two ultra-highlights of their sojourn was the drink bar at Pizza Hut in Vicksburg, Mississippi, home of many Civil War memorial sites.

Charles slyly ordered the drink bar with his meat-lovers' personal pan, which leniently allowed our man to walk on up to that oasis of palatable earthly delights as many times as he darned well pleased even if his cup would happen to runneth over.

Oh Nelly! He drank Pepsi, and Grape Nehi, and Country Time lemonade, and A & W Root Beer, and then he started mixing ...

Little Rock was iced over and so was St. Louis, MO, so they by-passed the mediocre midwest and tugged back at the roots that so often yanked at sensitive spots, making them sore.

The two ended their brief, but hospitable stay in Little Rock with a bang as Layton attempted to burn Charles in his sleep, but was scared when he realized that he himself was wearing government-banned, highly-flammable, Underdog pajamas.

One anecdote: Layton seemed to be extra-curious one endless-highway evening as to whether one could (if he/she wanted) buy alcohol on a Sunday in the kinda deep South. So he asked — in Olive Branch, Alabama. The greasy Kwik Mart attendant swiftly informed our hero in question that, "Nah, you ain't gonna be able to git no drink on Sundee. Not in 'Bama, Mississippi, Leweezana. Nowhere."

Layton nodded, his whimsical curiosity satisfied, but was roadblocked by a large being who stepped in our wimpy tragic hero's way. The creature said, "Nope, that ain't true. Listen boy, you head up the road 'bout 15 and you'll get to Chester. There, at

the store on the side of the road, you can git you sum drink."

Atlanta, GA — New Year's Eve. Charles and Layton had been eating far too well, so they decided to splurge at the wink of an eyelash their cholesterol counts and tackle The Varsity. Layton ate three double cheeseburgers with chili, two chili-cheese-slaw dogs, large (old) onion rings and a large Fanta orange on a bet from Charles for a 12-pack of beer. (Charles had happily turned 21 the night before.)

Later, Charles wishbuckled his way downtown to where Layton stood, his chili-slaw-mayo-cheeseburger/Jagermeister overdose intact, blissfully cutting the strings on the falling peach at the Underground before the rest of Atlanta was ready.

Charles crashed in the downtown Days Inn after being kicked out of the Westin. Layton doesn't remember where he crashed, but he does remember something about garbage cans, smelly kittens and bellybutton hair.

Weary-eyed, the ragged ruckus meandered to Chattanooga, TN, after giving a dollar to some goofy dude at a rest stop in Calhoun, Georgia. 'Nooga proved to enlighten the tired twosome, providing hilltop ecstasy on Lookout Mtn. and thrills of no earthly comparison from the mystic magic that unfolds behind the sturdy gates of Rock City.

Charles almost fell off a very high peak while taking a leak, but left pal Layton forever content with the knowledge that if Charles were ever to die or get crushed by a falling limb, Layton could have his entire CD collection, and vice versa. Killer!

## Just passing through

By DAVID MINTON

Guest Writer

My Summer Vacation by David Minton, or How to Tour Six Eastern States in Twelve Hours or Less Without Missing Much.

For those tired of the beach and visits to Aunt Sally in Alabama, try a whirlwind tour of six eastern coastal states for a change of pace. You can leave campus Friday (ditch those classes), shop in New York City Saturday and return Sunday with plenty of time to spare.

Before you go, pack some drinks and munchies so you don't have to stop along the way. Bring those gas cards Dad told you to use in case of an emergency, and let's go.

**North Carolina** — What can I say about North Carolina you don't already know? Let's skip it. Jump onto I-85 North and head for Virginia. Just before the border, poke your head out the window and check out Buggs Island Lake. It's just plain huge, and something you might only have seen five or six times.

**Virginia** — Remember to get on I-95 when you get to Petersburg. When you notice an overwhelming odor of tobacco, look around for the Phillip Morris plant. Tours of the facility are conducted Monday through Friday from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. This stop is a must-see for all public relations and advertising majors. Cigarette companies are masters in these areas. A complementary package of cigarettes is presented to each participant after successful completion of the tour.

Those who aren't into P.R. should check out Quantico. There's a quaint park named Prince William Forest. You can't miss it, since it's right next to the Quantico U.S. Marine Corps Reservation and National Cemetery. Prince William Forest has nice trees, pretty flowers and chirpy birds. Eat your munchies and head for ...

**Washington, D.C.** — Everybody has been to D.C. so just follow I-95 onto the Beltway around



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the nation's capital. The reality is America's largest jumble of one-way streets at odd angles, designed specifically to confuse tourists and ruin their lives. If you really need a look, peer north as you cross the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Bridge. Look hard and you'll see a clutter of marble buildings that should satisfy any patriotic cravings.

**Maryland** — Nestled in woods about two miles east of I-95 is the Ordinance Museum of the Aberdeen Proving Grounds. Housed at the museum is one of the premier collections of foreign military hardware. This place has everything you could imagine in military paraphernalia, including tanks, tank destroyers, assault guns, artillery, rocket launchers, missiles and the only German rail gun to survive World War II. While many journey to see "Anzio Annie" or the atomic cannon, my personal favorite is a vintage Jagd Panzer VI (Jagd Tiger). This German tank destroyer from 1945 weighs in at a hefty 72 tons and sports a smart-looking 128 mm munition. It survived two direct hits from Allied armor-piercing rounds: the gouges are large enough for you to put your fist in. Neat-o.

**Delaware** — Since I-95 only transverses about 20 miles of this fine state, there is not much to see. Take a gander at the highway you're on, just south of the Delaware Memorial

Bridge — five lanes in each direction, what a marvel of transportation planning.

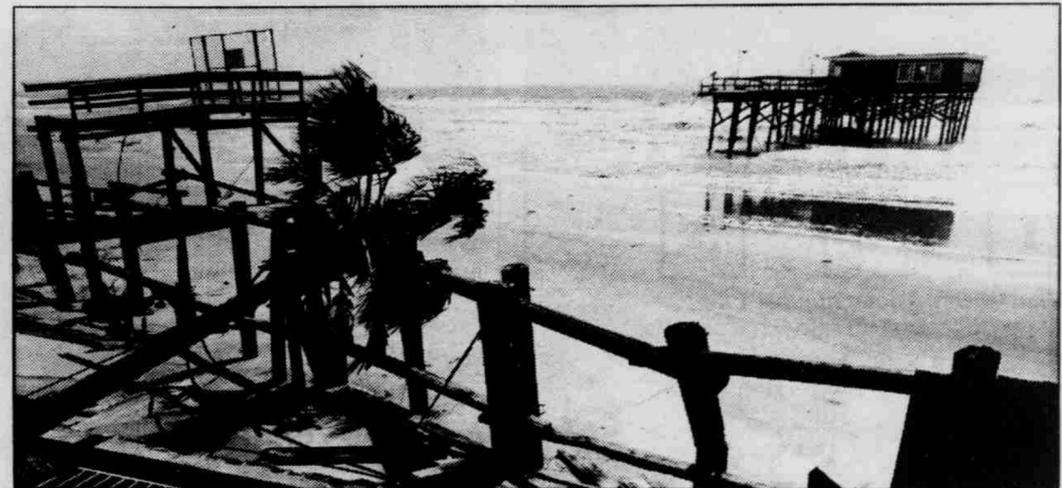
**New Jersey** — I-95 is called the New Jersey Turnpike north of the Delaware Memorial Bridge. It is the most God-forsaken stretch of highway known to man. Beware, the exits can be as much as 33 miles apart, so watch your fuel consumption or pay the price (of towing your car to the next gas station).

Follow I-95 north to exit 10, then take Highway 440 to the Outer Bridge Crossing over the Arthur Kill into Staten Island, the forgotten fifth borough, southern tip of ...

**New York** — Once in Staten Island, drive north to the town of St. George on the north shore and hop on the Staten Island Ferry. You can take your car along on the ride to Manhattan, but I don't recommend it. The ferry leisurely crosses Upper New York Bay in about 40 minutes, and the 25-cent round trip is one of the few bargains left in New York. Enjoy your stay in the fair metropolis.

When you're done with New York, follow the same route back to North Carolina. See you on the open road.

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Okay, so the palm tree fell over before we could take the picture, but you get the idea