

STUDENT LIFE

The history of UNC according to John

John Bland
Kollege of Knollege

about to outlaw.

So there.

(Editor's note — In case you haven't noticed, and you'd have to be blind not to, John has discovered how to make italics. He does this by pressing the 'Control' key and the letter 'i' at the same time. We've removed both of these keys from his keyboard, so the problem should be corrected. Thanks for your patience.)

As was say ng, astute pol t cal analys s s my m dle name. (Actually, my m dle name s Harr ngtion, but for the sake of th s story, 'll let t be Astute Pol t cal Analys s.) Pres dent Bush, a close personal fr end of m ne, has told me several t mes that ought to run for off ce. told h m that — Hey! What the hell's go ng on here! Where are my 's! can't wrte! Sh!

That's better. I've told them not to do that anymore.

So. Now that I've gotten that intelligence out of my system, I can go back to writing about my other favorite subjects, but I've been told that this issue is being mailed to incoming freshmen, junior transfers and graduate students (grad students need read no further. You've had your astute political analysis, dammit.)

I think the first thing we ought to do is get acquainted. Hi. I'm John. I'm an Aquarius, 42-34-36, and my turn-ons include Daffy Duck cartoons, romantic escapades on water slides and beer. My turn-offs include Republicans, people with no senses of humor and that little stringy thing that hangs from my mouth

after I brush my teeth.

(Okay now it's your turn.)

Hi. I'm (your name here). I'm a (astrology sign here), (measurements here, and if you don't know them I'll be happy to find them for you), and my turn-ons include (list three). My turn-offs include (list three).

So nice to meet you, (your name here).

Now that we've gotten those introductions out of the way, let me give you the whole history of UNC in a couple paragraphs.

The University of North Carolina was founded in 1790-something or other, or maybe earlier, or maybe later. It was founded by a dude named McCorkle, who got real bent one night, wandered into some woods, and puked his guts out. He then looked down at his upchucked lunch and said, "This will be the site of our first state university," and then he passed out. Legend has it that on cold nights when the moon is out about three-quarters you can still see him, hunched over on McCorkle Place, heaving. Usually, though, it's just drunk frat boys named Todd coming back from Thursday late-nights at the SAE house.

The first student, a kid from Wilmington named Hinton James, walked the two hundred miles from his home to Chapel Hill, then was told to walk over to Carr Building to get cashier clearance, then over to Steele Building to get his dean's approval, then to Hanes Hall to turn in his pre-registration, then back to Carr because he owed 62 cents on a library book, then back to Steele, then back to Hanes. By the time he had turned in his completed, corrected freshman registration he had already graduated. So he walked the two hundred miles back to his South Campus

dorm, packed his bags, and left.

Things went smoother after that, until a little incident called the Civil War, also called the War Between the States, or the Blue Vs. the Gray, or the Sugar Bowl. UNC students immediately realized the seriousness of this, and some even lost their lives running the hundreds of miles to the Canadian border.

It was during this conflict that UNC got the nickname we still use today. While watching a basketball game between UNC and Syracuse, Gen. Robert E. Lee, despondent over Carolina's play, said, "Look at them damn North Carolina boys. They look like they're playing with tar on their heels!" And sure enough, they were, because Syracuse had laid down a fresh coating in the visitors locker room, causing Carolina's sneakers to stick to the court. The team lost, 98-77, despite a season-high 34 from Michael Jordan.

After the war was over, million of Yankees, called "Yuppies," poured into the decrepit South. They came in droves, in Volvos and in Saabs. They bought out all the good pool halls and turned them into "billiards parlours." Then they went and did something so nasty that we here in the South don't even like to think about it:

They applied for admission to UNC.

And they got in. They brought their Volvos, their J. Crew sweaters, their annoying accents. They brought their yogurt shops by the ton. They got in the best fraternities, took over the best bars, and, worst of all, they got the best women because they had all the money!

It was around this time that a bunch of journalism students got together and decided to start a newspaper. It was to

See JOHN, page 15B

Freshman year: an extreme version

Dear Mom,

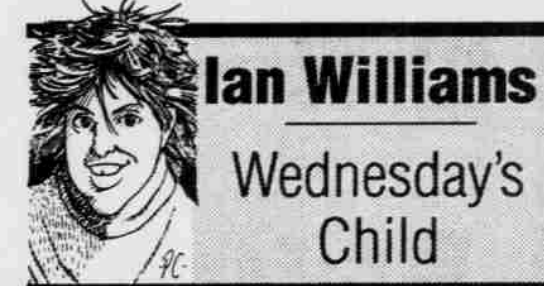
Well here I am in my fourth week at Carolina and I finally have the wherewithal to write home, but don't think it is easy, because I feel like I've been mentally treading water in a vat of Mrs. Butterworth for the last month. I arrive here clueless as the wind, and it's taken me so long to figure out what stuff like "cross-listed prerequisite" and "prorated refund" meant that I haven't been able to figure out how to open my dorm mailbox.

When Dad and I pulled up in front of my dorm on the day I moved in, my mouth dropped open. It's called Hinton James, and it sort of looks like the building where they stored all the bodies in the movie *Coma*. Architecturally speaking, it can be compared to an X-wing fighter with 10 floors, built during the late '60s, a testament to how ugly student housing can be and still have running water. Apparently it's named after the first student ever here, a dude that walked here from Wilmington, so I guess you have to credit Student Housing for providing a realistic almost-like-you-were-there re-creation of his light-year walk to class.

Inside, it's not bad — if you had an unlimited meal card and the ability to subsist on Ding-Dongs, you could probably go without ever leaving. There's a snack bar on the ground floor that specializes in student impulse, so they have every candy bar, food coloring and polysorbate chemical known to man. There's a law here I can't figure out that says that by living in the dorm, we have to have a meal card with a bunch of money paid on it whether we like the food service or not — you also need a little card to copy anything, so I guess pretty soon there'll be a mandatory Xerox meal plan too.

The bathrooms in my suite are okay, as long as you're not an interavenous toilet paper user. When there is toilet paper, it's locked onto this thing called the Sav-Haf holder, a dispenser invented by a dyslexic engineer who woke up in the middle of the night with the vision that if you couldn't get any toilet paper off the roll you would certainly be saving a lot of it. The toilets are, of course, from our friends at Quiet-Flush II — a toilet so loud that I'm sure it sets off the seismograph over in Raleigh — personally, I'd love to hear what the Quiet-Flush I sounded like.

Thomas Andrew Smith is my roommate, and he is about as fascinating as his charming moniker. He's a sophomore, and he didn't even show up until the first actual school night; around 11 o'clock he bashed through the door,



Ian Williams
Wednesday's Child

plopped down an industrial-size fan and threw a Remington 12-gauge shotgun on the bed. He took a look at my poster of Beethoven and said, "Mmmph."

That began one of the most special and rewarding relationships I've ever enjoyed. Here are a few choice examples of our male bonding:

"So, you're from Edenton..."

"Mmmph."

"You like hunting, huh?"

"Ughh."

"You use Crest! Wow, so do I!"

"Glurb."

From four weeks of close psychological inspection, the only brain waves that I can pick up from Thomas is that his sole hobbies in life are reading back issues of Guns and Ammo, and seeing how long he can go on a pair of socks. Perhaps I needn't mention that the room doesn't exactly smell like a stroll through a spring garden, but as long as the Lysol doesn't run out I don't think we're breaking too many health codes.

Actually, Thomas is a breath of fresh air compared to my suite-mates, who I think go out of their way to make sure I have the Southern Experience. The guys next door chew amazing amounts of tobacco, which in itself doesn't bother me, but Mom I swear to God, one of them has saved every bit of spittle he's created since mid-August. His oral refuse now fills three two-liter bottles, which stand proudly on his shelf illuminated by the fluorescent light so that his whole room is bathed in a brown aura. He also gets drunk every weekend on OJ Grandad and sings the "Go Bananas" cheer at the top of his voice until the RA can't stand it anymore. To be fair, they're really nice guys, but they make California seem like it's on another planet.

Classes here are great; we talk about Gregorian chants in Music class, and orgasm in psychology — I try to slice open a sorority chick in fencing, and then paint her gentle visage in Art class — it beats the hell out of the trigonometry bile I had to swim through in high school.

Academically I think I'm fine, but sometimes it's hard to tell when I'm sitting in an auditorium where I can

barely see my professor. There are more people in my astronomy class than were in my entire high school graduating class, and sometimes I feel like my social security number is going to be the only thing that sets me apart from all these other kids. Which is basically the only real problem I have here; I'm an out-of-stater who came here not knowing a single soul, and now I watch my classmates giggle and scream about the things they did on the weekend with all their friends. Although I've met so many people, I haven't found my niche yet, so I wander the Pit alone and sit by myself in the back of the dining hall. Carolina is an amazing school with flowing fields of grass and flowers, huge stately trees set against 18th century towers, and gorgeous sunsets that set the campus awash in a rich orange glow, but if I don't find some friends soon the medics will find me glossy-eyed on the Quiet-Flush II.

But don't worry, Mom — I'm still happy and doing the best I can out here away from the nest. I won't tell you what time I went to bed last night, but rest assured that I'm not doing anything that you guys probably didn't do when you had my hormone level. I love you (please send money!), Ian.

Editor's note: This article is reprinted from a Sept. 28, 1988, edition of The Daily Tar Heel. Ian Williams is a 1990 UNC graduate from somewhere in Los Angeles.

Legends about landmark tree

The Davie Poplar is a landmark older than UNC itself.

Many legends surround this ivy-clad tree, which is more than 200 years old. Stories suggest that William Richardson Davie, author and illustrator of the bill that established the University, personally located UNC around the tree. Although this is doubtful, the name Davie was assigned to the tree almost a century later by Cornelia Phillips Spencer to commemorate one of these tales.

Another legend about the poplar is that while on a picnic in the spring of 1792, Davie and the site-selection committee of the University met and after drinking and making merry, Davie threw a poplar branch into the ground to mark the new site, announcing, "This is it." The switch supposedly grew into the Davie Poplar. (This was proven untrue, as Davie was not on the committee.)

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