

The Carolinian

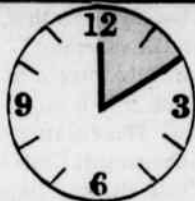
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Volume 74, Issue 25

The University of North Carolina at Greensboro

Tuesday, December 6, 1994

12-2 a.m., Dec. 2



A billion things go on at UNCG every day. People work, go to class, participate in activities, study, act in a play, make friends, laugh, cry, live, and learn.

The spirit of UNCG can be summed up by the members of her community: the students, administrators, faculty, and staff members who live and work here.

UNCG is a place where a history of innovation and creativity collide with a future of promise and change. Generations past have seen changes in the name, focus and physical structure of this University.

This issue sums up the modern UNCG by taking one day as a representation of the whole: examining the happenings hour by hour and putting them in perspective. We present to you "A Day in the Life of UNCG," Friday, December 2, 1994. We offer it to you in words and images. On each page, you will find a clock, like the one above. All of the photos and stories on that page correlate with the hour represented. In addition, you will find an update: a notice, so to speak, of how stories started earlier on this issue turned out.

We presume to make no assumptions about what we cover in these pages. Some of it is newsworthy, things that would have appeared in this paper whether we were focusing on this one day or not. Some of it is so commonplace, so routine, that upon leaving UNCG, you may forget that it ever occurred at all. Remember, though, that even these small things are what makes UNCG what it is.

Where the wild things go

By MELISSA FRICK

Features Editor

College night at Club Zero delivers a plethora of fascinating benefits — musical variety, colorful, spinning lights, a friendly crew, and a woman in a suspended, moving cage.

Thursday evening entrance is free to all college students over 21 and \$3 to all students under 21 until 11 p.m.. Club security person Everitt Hillman states that the club sees a lot of UNCG students. Hillman said that college night "keeps [the club] crowded."

While I was there, a variety of music was played. There was everything from rap to techno to popular alternative to hard core rock. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Most were dancing, but the most interesting dancer was a woman suspended in a cage from a steel beam rafter across the ceiling.

Others came to enjoy the company of other people, and some were there for the alcohol. One

UNCG student remarked, "I came out here for a few drinks and to be with the girls."

The layout of the club is effective. The entrance leads to a bar area that actually has ample seating room.

The main dance area is slightly below the bar area and is accessed by a descending ramp. It was actually possible to move from one area to another without being trampled by other people.

Club Zero is a fabulous place for UNCG students looking for an evening to get out and have a good time. All of the club staff were extremely friendly and seemed to enjoy talking to the club members. In the four years Sean Anderson has worked for the club, including their previous location at Myrtle Beach, he says the best part is the personal interaction.

"Everyone is really nice and you get a lot of great benefits, music, girls, dancing ... it's where the action is."



JOSEPH CESTARO/The Carolinian

The frenzy at Club Zero begins on Thursday and continues through the weekend.

A quiet after-midnight stroll

By HEATHER S. MILLS

Executive Editor

1:15 a.m.—North Drive is populated with vacant cars covered in thick frost and left unattended when the late-night walk around UNCG begins.

The campus is deserted, except for scattered twosomes hustling through the cold; the low tonight is expected to be 28 degrees. Most of these couples are not taking a late-night stroll. They are, instead, venturing into residence halls or waiting cars.

Students appear to have gotten into the holiday spirit, despite strict Residence Life rules governing decorations. A window on the second floor of Ragsdale is circled by white Christmas lights. Cotten Resi-

dence Hall's lounge is adorned by a 4-foot tall tree strung with bushy silver-garland and a single strand of multi-colored lights. The lights neither blink nor twinkle, but the student stretched in front of the television does not seem to mind.

Other students are celebrating something other than the impending holidays. Occupants of a corner room on the first floor of Cotten are sharing beer and cigarettes with their blinds open.

At 1102 Spring Garden Street, all of the lights are out. No cars are in front, either. A change from the days of Chancellor Moran.

Further down Spring Garden, the sound of heavy machinery carries from the Physical Plant.

On College Avenue, a lone female walks across the lawn of McIver, pressing against the wind ... and the odds, having ignored the general "don't go out alone" rule.

From Guilford Residence Hall, the top of the Jefferson Pilot building can be seen, but not read. A student leans out of a third floor window. The rest of the building seems uncharacteristically quiet.

Perhaps the eeriest scene of all at this hour is found in the basement of "Reyn ld" (as the front of the building suggests). Through open, ratty, beige curtains a tangle of furniture can be seen. Discarded couches with broken legs, a brass lamp with no shade, a fifties-style bench, a wood-tone table and a piano are all tossed into one corner. The other corner

is full of University issue bedframes, stacked in two piles, each 15 high. On the patio that Reynolds and Grogan share, 12 Papa John's pizza boxes are stacked on the trash can, remnants of last Monday night's fire in Reynolds.

The pizzas were purchased to appease displaced Reynolds residents who spent the better part of their evening in Grogan's basement. The bill is for \$100, before tip, of course.

Looping back to North Drive at 2 a.m., the scene has changed little. A few more students are making their way into residence halls, returning from their midnight rendez-vous. The sound of the 2 a.m. train on Oakland echoes throughout the Quad as the walking tour ends.

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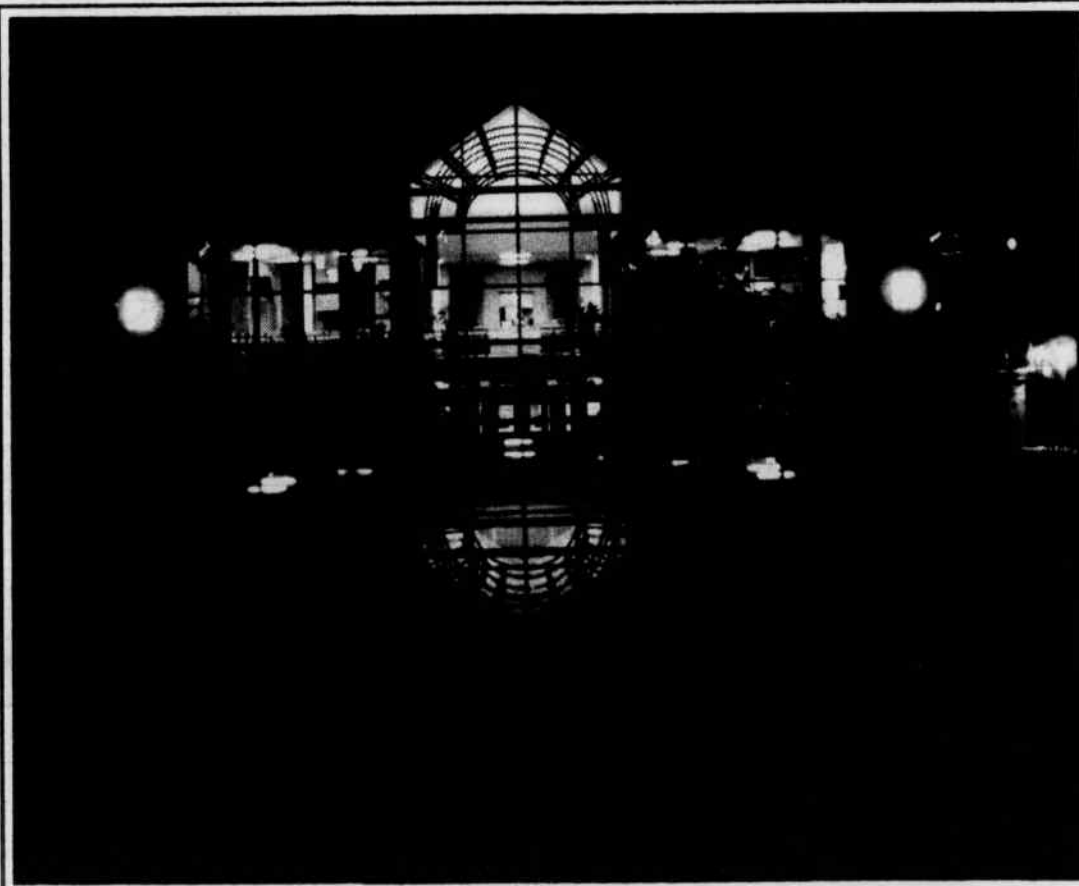
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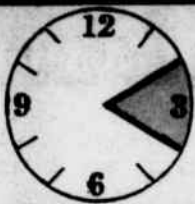
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The fountain at the Plaza stands still and empty at midnight. The Plaza is a draw for students in the daytime hours, but stands as a testament to the eerie silence of campus at night.

JOSEPH CESTARO/The Carolinian

2:4 a.m., Dec. 2



UPDATE

CAMPUS WALKING TOUR—At 3:45 a.m., a lone male stands outside of a female-only residence hall.

When asked why he is there, smoking a Camel at such an hour, he replies that he is violating the University's visitation policy by spending the night in his girlfriend's room.

UNCG's visitation policy for most residence halls states that guests must leave the building at midnight. No overnight guests are allowed.

For obvious reasons, he asked not to be named and for his whereabouts not to be specified.

The student said that his girlfriend allowed him to stay over often, but refused to let him smoke in the room. They had devised a plan through which he leaves her room shortly before they go to bed and enjoys his cigarette outside. He also said that he uses the bathroom outdoors as well, something he considered a more dangerous feat than breaking visitation.

"The cops will stop you if they see you peeing outside," he said.

He said that it was safer for him to urinate outside than in the residence hall, because the Residence Assistant was especially watchful at night. After the cigarette break, the student uses the call box and his girlfriend comes down and lets him into the building.

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Tate Street: Even more weird at 2 a.m.

By **ROBERT DOCKER**
Contributing Writer

2 a.m.—The only thing that's notable about what's going on on Tate Street is that there's absolutely nothing going on. The traffic is so light that a girl quite happily proceeded the wrong way down Walker Avenue unimpeded.

Oooh, that night life.

The last of the drinkers leaves New York Pizza after a long night of buying rounds of Killians. The lights go out at New York Pizza, leaving only Handy Pantry and Kinko's open.

The late shift woman in the Handy Pantry was apparently much too busy in an empty store to answer questions (even though I asked very politely). I tell you, one too many armed robberies in a 24-hour convenience store can make a person paranoid. I suspected she was rearranging the M&M's in alphabetical order to avoid talking to me, so I left. I was no more than 10 feet from the building when she amicably locked the door.

In Kinko's, there's good conversation to be had at any time of the night. As I arrived at 2:10

a.m., Michael Driver and Jay Skaggs, proprietors of Crunchy Music Stuff, were laying out the Christmas issue of their monthly newsletter by hand—seven pages with two cartoons. Go by Crunchy on Spring Garden and sign-up for the mailing list if you want a copy.

"Woooo, we're really blowing some money tonight!" says Michael.

Jason reports that his hand is recovering nicely from surgery to repair the nerves after a stab wound put him out of commission as drummer in the local band, Rebar. With the help of

an "orthopedic drumstick" made with a bicycle handle grip, he is again playing, and Rebar are giggling again. Rebar is playing The Turtle on December 17.

A late night at Kinko's can bring out the strangeness in everyone.

Michael explained, "Of course we're not usually like this, but it is 2:15 in the morning."

As I fled Tate Street at the early hour of 2:45 a.m., I ran into Jeremy Overman riding back from dancing at Club Zero.

"I love Tate Street," he said, then told a Jesus joke not suitable for print.

Spades fever hits Spencer Hall

By **KRISTIN LIDBOM**
Contributing Writer

While some on campus sleep soundly in their ever-so-soft Residence Life-issued beds others have found different ways to occupy their all-so-abundant time. At 2 in the morning, when many Greensboro residents' brains have long since shut down, the college students' have just started up for a night of the popular game of SPADES.

Though often scarce during the day, this strange breed of amusement springs out from the cracks in the walls (and there are many here in the residence halls) and from under the tiles in the floors to create the game known to almost everyone in the

Residence Halls.

It is 2:14 a.m. and all is well and quiet in North Spencer on this cold December night—or is it? Liz Brown, Amy Stewart, Chris Burkhill, and Matt Carden all sit around the coffee table in the lobby. Various spectators lean forward over the players' shoulders with tension on their faces as they wait for the next card. Relief sweeps over Amy's face as her queen of spades takes the trick. Her next lead? The jack of spades. Cut off by the king. No spades left for Liz as she trashes the four of hearts. The next throw, the deuce of spades, clears the table.

The round ends and tricks are tabulated. No bags for the guys; the girls managed to set them,

but picked up two bags in the process.

Two rounds later the score sits at 283-101 in favor of the girls. Chris decides to go low, hoping to pull in those 100 points. Will he make it? Yes, he does. Matt even gets his five with an extra. Liz and Amy got their seven.

Once again Chris chooses the low route. Can his partner cover? Once again, Matt comes through, only this time he is smaller with the bid, going board and taking exactly his four. The girls pick up two more bags for a total of five. Five more, and they go down 100. Score now stands at 425-392, still in favor of the girls.

Tension mounts as the score is read. Can the gals go out with

making a bid of eight? They go conservative with a bid of six; guys bid six. Bag goes to the guys.

Liz and Amy try a strategic move and bid board, thinking that their cards are low enough to throw off. Little did they know that they would pick up four more bags! Good work, guys, but it is still not enough to win. Girls take the game this time, 529-503. Better luck next time.

As all are tired from a hard day of classes and need to rest up for a weekend of more spades, dancing, and other fun, the teams are replaced by others who immediately begin the next game at 3:40 a.m. (I called it quits after the fourth game ended at 5:34 a.m.)

Mary Foust: late-night conversation gets freaky

By **ROBERT DOCKER**
Contributing Writer

3 a.m.—In Mary Foust's Ashby Parlor, Beavis and Butt-head (B&B) rule the airwaves and cater to the need for idiocracy of the of the residents of UNCG's only official residential college. Freshman resident Nora Ellison said that this year's Mary Foust residents are, "definitely different, but I wouldn't say 'freaks' is the word to describe them as a group. Actually, the Manic Panic hair dye hasn't been running as rampant this year as it has in past years."

Alternative Nation with Kennedy comes on at 3 a.m., so two of the faithful fans of B&B split for the night. Around 3

a.m., the conversation gets strange.

"Kennedy thinks she's so cool," one Foustier remarked as

otherwise people will think that they suck."

Conversation then turned to musicians.

"Martha Quinn was a cool V.J., but now she's like forty and doing acne commercials."

freshman Brooke Wilson

another attempted to balance a Hamer five-string bass on his nose.

"Martha Quinn was a cool V.J., but now she's like forty and doing acne commercials," said freshman Brooke Wilson. "No VJ can be cool anymore because they have to be so extremely cool

"Henry Rollins tries so hard to be punk, but he's such a wuss," said one resident. Ian McKaye of Fugazi did, however, get the important distinction of being labelled 'cool.'

"There's a really strange painting in the basement... kind of a face, kind of a bird, kind of a

mushroom... you don't know how many hours I've spent looking at it," Brooke said.

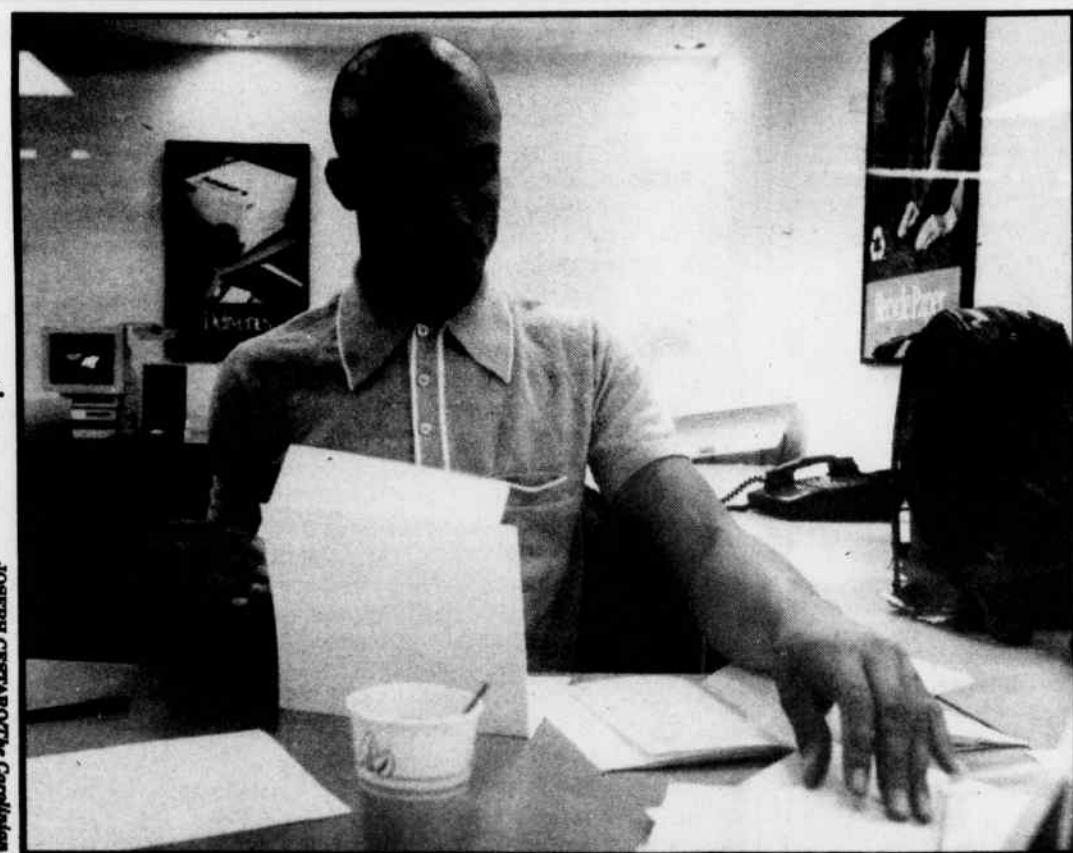
Joe Mohar, another freshman states that "Fran and Betty (Dr. Fran Ardt, Director of Residential College and Betty Carpenter, Assistant Director of Residential College) are very nice, but kooky."

When asked for words of wisdom, Rob stated, "I need a shower."

When asked for words for posterity, Joe replied that "Posterity's pointless." Brooke asked to be remembered for saying that "The mold in my refrigerator really stinks, and MTV says, 'use a condom'."

Mary Foust is a very silly place at 3:27 in the morning.

Paris Davis works on his magazine, which covers the North Carolina Rave Scene, at Kinko's on Tate St. Davis, 25, is the Editor and sole writer for the publication.



JOSEPH CASTABOTTE/The Carolinian

4-6 a.m., Dec. 2



UPDATE

SPADES FEVER—4:30 a.m., and the North Spencer spades rounds still continue. Though partners have changed a few times, the third game is nearing a close.

Jim's Journal

Yesterday Ruth told me that it's a good idea to brush cats.



That's why she got me a brush for Mr. Peterson.



I brushed her and she flipped over and exposed her belly.



When I was done she followed me around.



by Jim

Happy Holidays



from Jim

A review of Greensboro's finest 24-hour diners

Open 24-hours!

GATE CITY EATERIES

Breakfast Anytime!

A House with eggs and attitude

By HEATHER S. MILLS
Executive Editor

A trip to Waffle House at any time of day is a challenge, but in the wee small hours of the morning, one can barely stand the sight of the yellow paper hats the employees must wear. Somehow, though, hunger conquers all. Even at 5 a.m.

With a limited budget (\$7.60 on hand, to be exact), a filling meal may be had at Waffle House.

I chose the large bowl of Bert's Chili (\$1.95) and my dining partner ordered a Cheese Omelet (\$2.70), which came with grits and toast. He opted out of the grits, and we split a large Coke, seeing that it came with free refills.

My chili came in a bowl large enough to feed two

people. In addition, the odor of onions from the bowl was nearly overpowering. There was just enough chili powder added, but the question remained: how do they grind beef into that tiny shape and smooth texture? I decided early on that I didn't need to know.

The Cheese Omelet was delivered quickly, a fluffy egg and cheese marriage that he described as "just right."

The toast was perfect, and came buttered, with a small container of Kraft grape jelly on the side.

Service at Waffle House is never what one would call good. Our waitress on this particular trip was a woman who bantered easily with other, older customers. At our table, she was cordial. She seemed a bit leary of college kids, which is not dissimilar from many other 24-hour



restaurants. Also distinct to the all-nighter breed of diners was the clientele: a graying man with a sewn-on name patch declaring him "Rusty" sipped a cup of coffee and read *The Rhino Times* while, in the booth next to him,

"Butch" and "Kitty," in their matching black-satin jackets (with name patches sewn into the breasts) enjoyed a t-bone and waffle, respectively. Ahh, Waffle House ambience.

Jan's House offers food, scenery

By COURTNEY SCHMIDT
Asst. News Editor

4:40 a.m.—Jan's House on West Market Street proved to be a rest stop for many of the regulars and a converter of many soon to be regulars.

The decor of Jan's House is an interesting cross between Mel's Diner on Alice and a Wal-Mart cafeteria. With large blue and red lights strung along the tops of the ceiling and pictures above the grill displaying everything from steak dinners to the breakfast combination, Jan's House distracts the eye while the food works on your stomach.

My colleague and I only ordered a cheeseburger deluxe (15 cents extra for the deluxe), however the heavily buttered sides of the bun and the fried burger in between proved to be a meal for the strong of stomach.

Although I did not have the money or the space in my arteries to order everything on the menu, I did some personal observations of other peoples' plates.

Breakfast foods seemed to be the most popular items at this time of morning. Biscuits sopped-up large portions of grits, and jelly ran off mountains of toasts and eggs in large portions.

The waitresses ran a two-woman show. One waitress stirred the waffle mix while the other poured rounds of coffee into eagerly waiting coffee cups.

The conversation of the regular crowd ranged between NASCAR, current events and whether or not one of the men should shave his beard. The customers also had no qualms about pouring their own coffee or getting something else they needed, and the waitresses didn't seem to mind either.



JOSEPH CESTARO/The Carolinian

Denny's: good food 364 days a year

By SALLY THOMAS
News Editor

4:18 a.m.—It is hard to imagine why a hearse would be parked outside the Denny's at 3900 South Holden Road at such an ugly hour, but then again, Denny's more of an experience than a restaurant. With that frame of mind, the hearse seems to blend perfectly with the scenery.

Sharon, whose nametag identifies her as a Certified Trainer, is bustling around the mostly empty restaurant, serving as hostess, waitress, and manager all at once.

She says the restaurant is usually very busy on Friday and Saturday nights around this time, but it is hard to imagine.

Part of Denny's allure is that it is always open.

"The only day they close is Christmas Eve," says Sharon.

We are seated in a comfortable pink booth with an artificial geranium overhead.

There are two groups of customers clearly visible.

At a two-seater, a couple is deep in discussion over hot chocolate and French Fries.

The other party consists of three men in their early twenties who have just gotten off of work at Little Caesar's pizza. One of the men is struggling to stay awake, and as his friends nudge him, his head is slowly sliding down the wall next to his booth.

When Sharon comes over to ask if we have made up our minds about what to order we remember the reason we left our nice, warm homes in the middle of the night: to find good, cheap food.

What you'll pay to satisfy your 4 a.m. cravings at Denny's ...

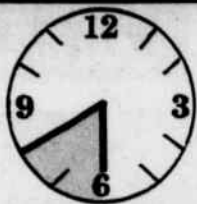
Moons Over My Hammy	\$ 4.80
French toast with bacon or sausage	\$ 3.86
Ham and cheddar omelette	\$ 4.99
Pancakes with bacon or sausage	\$ 3.61
Grilled cheese on sourdough bread	\$ 2.99
Hot fudge cake sundae	\$ 2.66
Ice cream shake	\$ 2.26
One slice of fruit pie	\$ 1.90
Assorted muffins	\$ 1.06
Grits	\$.96
Coffee or hot chocolate	\$.92

Denny's accepts Visa, Mastercard, American Express, Discover, and Diner's Club

Rating: 3 (scale 1-4)

Recommend: Moons Over My Hammy, a good breakfast sandwich, plus your friends will get to hear you order it—only IHOP's "Rooty Tooty Fresh 'n Fruity sounds worse.

6-8 a.m., Dec. 2



UPDATE

SPADES FEVER—The weary have now gone home for a brief nap before classes begin later this morning. The time is now 6 a.m., and a total of four games were completed. Stay tuned to North Spencer's lobby for the next round of the All-Night-Spades-Frenzy.

GATE CITY EATERIES—As I walk into Dunkin' Donuts I am greeted by an employee named Doris, a sweet grandmother-type.

Doris tells me that, "Kids come in to draw and talk all night long. They draw some of the strangest things. They're good, but strange," Doris says.

I go down to the end of the counter to sit and notice two guys about 20 years old, probably in college, having a very in-depth conversation, although I cannot hear exactly what it is about.

Fifteen minutes later, two older men come through the door and I can tell by the way that they talk to Doris that they must be regulars.

Regulars make up the vast majority of the early birds that enter Dunkin' Donuts. Doris and her co-worker Bobbi know them well enough to pick out what kind of donuts the customers will want before they even get through the door.

Towards the end of my stay at Dunkin' Donuts I asked Doris and Bobbi how many donuts they make and how many cups of coffee they serve each day. Both of them responded, "Too many to count."

Dunkin' Donuts is a very busy place, not so much at 4 to 6 a.m., but it is for most of the day.

One of the best things I found out at this place was that they care about their customers and those without. Each night, they replace the donuts on the racks with fresh ones. The old ones are then taken to the Greensboro Urban Ministries for the homeless.—Jason Clark, Senior Features Writer



Taking out UNCG's trash

By SALLY THOMAS
News Editor

6:45 a.m.—The sunrise is peaking through in vivid pinks and purples when from behind Reynolds Hall there comes a high-pitched "Beep, beep, beep." The sounds of the early morning trash collection ring out.

The team of three men who make the rounds of the residence halls and classroom buildings spend their morning scooping out crumpled-up paper, pizza boxes, and scraps of food from the bottom of each building's trash chute.

As most residents are aware of due to the raucous heard across campus in the early morning hours, the men begin trash collection at 6:45 a.m.

The route begins at Mary Foust Hall and ends at the Student Health Center.

At 9:30 a.m., the men take a half-hour break before moving on to the classroom building trash collection at about 10 a.m.

According to the workers,

Monday is the heaviest day for trash pick-up.

Trash collectors said the high-rises usually produce about 5-6 laundry carts of trash, while other halls produce about 2-3 carts.

By 7 a.m., Recycling Coordinator John Bonitz is busy driving the newest addition to the family of UNCG trash-collection vehicles around the parking lot of the Student Apartments.

The navy blue truck stands out from the other trucks because it looks clean (an odd thing for a trash truck), and it has a gold stripe around its middle.

Bonitz' vehicle is the front-loading truck which picks up dumpsters and flips their contents into the containing bin it carries in back.

So, while students may be annoyed at the beeping and commotion produced by the trash collectors, it might be helpful if they could imagine what waking up to the prospect of spending your morning collecting trash must be like.



GEOFFREY GARTNER/The Carolinian

Workers collect trash in the early morning. Trash collection begins at 6 a.m., and continues until 10 a.m.

The people behind breakfast

By SHERRILL HAYES
Contributing Writer

In the South there are several things that are exalted above all else: Momma, country music, and breakfast. I took it upon myself, therefore, to take the breakfast shift at The Caf. I wanted to meet the fine people who prepare my favorite meal of the day.

I will not go into the details of how or why I was standing in the huge kitchen in the back of the Caf a little before 6 a.m. on Fri-

day, December 2. Just suffice it to say I was there.

The first person I met at the Caf was Johnnie Maye Davis, who is responsible for preparing the bacon and sausage that is waiting for the students in the morning. Davis fries up about 12 pans of each every morning, finishing around 6:30 a.m.

Making my way towards the back of the kitchen, I met Marie James. James, in my opinion, one of the hardest jobs on the morning crew; she is the morning cook.

That's right folks: anything you eat in the Caf in the morning that's not cold cereal, pork, or pastry, James is responsible for preparing it.

I asked James a question that has been on my mind and on the minds of many others I'm sure; "Why are the grits runny on some mornings and lumpy on other mornings?"

James told me that sometimes she just puts too much water in the grits and it takes a while for the grits to "set up."

So take it from the lady who

makes them: if you want runny grits, go to breakfast early, but if you're like me and want some consistency, wait a while for the grits.

My rounds with the staff complete, it was time to test the results of all this preparation. It was right tasty.

The next time you're in the Caf, stop and say "Howdy" to all the outstanding people who work there.

The Caf breakfast staff: they do more before 6:30 a.m. than most college students do all day.

The early bird gets the exercise bicycle

By MEGAN HERRMAN
Contributing Writer

7 a.m.—"I'm gonna sweat like hell," says Jerry Frushon on his way to the HHP Building. Jerry is attempting to lose six pounds by 3 p.m. this afternoon.

In addition to practicing with the team, Jerry runs daily, either in the morning or at night. He won't be going out tonight because the team leaves at 8 a.m. tomorrow. Although it isn't very much fun all week, Jerry says, "The motivation is that you get to win on Saturday."

Entering the Student Rec Center, it is obvious that there

has been activity there for a while. Behind the desk is Karen Miller, a senior Dance Education major, and Roberta Porter, a freshman. They arrived to work at 5:45 a.m. and there was a line at the door of people waiting to exercise.

"I am a morning person, but I've discovered that in the future, I would not choose to work at this time," says Miller.

Behind the desk, Miller and Porter study and read magazines, do laundry (towels, pennies, and t-shirts), drink coffee and chat.

According to Porter, "We are pretty much aware of each

other's social lives."

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from 6:30 - 7:45 a.m., senior Kim Combs leaves her house early to come to UNCG and exercise. Combs, a commuter student, uses the stairmaster, weights, and track.

"I do it to keep in shape; it's more convenient to come early because it leaves me time to study," Combs says.

Side by side on the stationary bikes are Marcus Bell and Monique McAlister. McAlister gets up almost every day at 6:30 a.m. to do some sort of cardiovascular activity.

"I've got to lose weight for

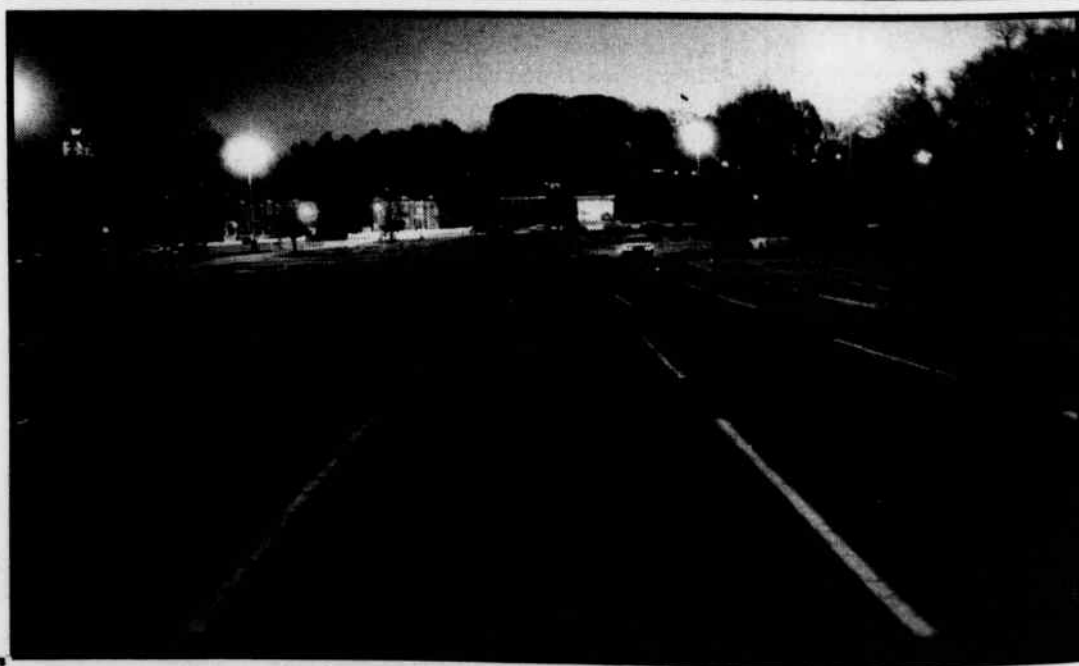
wrestling," says Bell. He was a wrestler in high school and has continued with it for fun.

On November 29, Bell weighed 164 pounds; he is attempting to lose five more pounds by weigh-in time in order to prove his coach wrong.

"Coach said I couldn't make 145 pounds," says Bell.

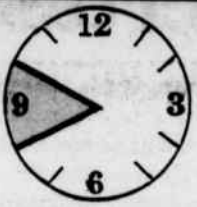
Around 7:45 a.m. the sun comes up and students are on their way to 8 a.m. classes. In spite of the possible insanity involved in exercising at such an early hour, the students and staff were unusually chipper, bright-eyed, and bushy-tailed, ready to encounter their day.

Look at all of
the parking ...
now if only
classes started
at 7 a.m.



JOSEPH CESTARO/The Carolinian

8-10 a.m., Dec. 2



UPDATE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I would like to say thank you to everyone at UNCG who has expressed their friendship and love for John to my family. Your condolences, stories and hugs have helped us more than you will ever know.

Of course, as John's older sister, I always felt that I got the inside scoop on what was going on John's life. Every couple of weeks, he would just show up at work and hang around until I offered to feed him—he never turned me down! John would just sit there eating and tell me about the party the night before, the road trip he was planning, the fraternity he was always trying to get into to, all the girls who "just wanted to be friends," and of course, his photography. We would laugh about the things he had done. I would tell him to be careful, and I would promise not to tell Mom and Dad anything.

Now, after talking to many of you, I realize that there was more going on in John's life than I ever thought was possible. I always knew how special John was, but I never knew how many other people he had touched living day to day. John was always telling my parents, "One day I'm going to make you really proud of me." Well, now we have seen just how many people considered John more than an acquaintance, a co-worker, a pledge, or a coach. Everyone he came in contact with considered him a good friend, and nothing could make us prouder. Thank you for all of your love and support.

Angie Jarman
Kernersville

SEE LETTERS, PAGE 6

Editorial Policy

Commentaries and letters may be submitted or mailed to the Opinions Editor in room 201, Elliott Center. They must be turned in by Friday by 3 p.m. prior to Tuesday's publication.

All submissions must be typed and have the author's name, signature, current address, and phone number. Submissions may be delayed or shortened due to space limitations. All submissions for publication became the possession of The Carolinian. This publication is devoted to upholding the fair representation of all ideas and opinions relevant to and influencing the life and issues of the UNCG community.

HAPPY

NEW

YEAR

Wrapping up the semester with Interim Chancellor Stewart

The life of a Chancellor is not as glamorous as it seems from the outside

By SALLY THOMAS
News Editor

9:01 a.m.—Interim Chancellor Debra Stewart is busy trying to sort out her schedule for the day. Although there is a printed listing of times and places of meetings, Interim Chancellor Stewart is at a loss because Mary Jellicourse, Assistant to the Chancellor, is out of the office for the day.

There is a silver tray on the

corner of her desk, with creamer and sugar in little glass bowls. Stewart is drinking her morning coffee from a brightly-colored cup.

Once the day's plans have been confirmed, Stewart turns to the writing and paper shuffling which is to be part of her "work" day.

Stewart is working on two speeches for a conference she will attend next week in Seattle, Washington.

In addition, Stewart has to finalize plans for the December Convocation and that night's opening of the Women's Studies Conference.

Another part of Stewart's day will be spent on mental organization and planning.

Stewart explained that, "If you're going to be a good leader you have to have time for reflection."

Stewart also said that she finds it rewarding "to be part of

an activity in which people come together to work effectively."

At 9:13 a.m., sophomore Steven Huntley showed up at the Chancellor's office in the Mossman Building for an interview assigned through his journalism class.

When asked about what Stewart has learned during her service to UNCG, she replied, "The job of a Chancellor is not so much to do as to help other people do."

Quilt radiates remembrance

By MELISSA FRICK
Features Editor

9 a.m.—The air was filled with piercing permanence, radiating from the viewers, the nostalgia, and the NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt.

Over 1,870 of 27,247 panels of memories are on display at the Greensboro Coliseum. Each one seems a testament to the lives behind the statistics.

Tissues strategically placed throughout the viewing area look as if they have been taken advantage of.

Every imaginable material can be seen in the quilt, a constant reminder of the realistic tragedy of AIDS.

There are afghans, Barbie dolls, burlap pieces, buttons, car keys, carpet, condoms, dresses, first-place ribbons, flags, furs, gloves, love letters, masks, poems, paintings, photographs, flowers, stuffed animals, vinyl, and wedding rings.

Quotes on various panels reveal the personality of each person lost to AIDS. Kurt H. Willumsen's panel is filled with stuffed toy dogs and hats. On it is printed "There is no end to my existence." Another has nothing but the statement, "I didn't ask for any of this." Each

AIDS Memorial Quilt turns simple cloth into memories

has a message of hope. "There is much more to life than the physical eye can see," reassures one.

The panels created out of sorrow bring hope: hope that those who view it will be moved to act.

Bob Barrett, Treasurer of the Quilt Display Host Committee

Kurt H. Willumsen's panel is filled with stuffed toy dogs and hats. On it is printed "There is no end to my existence."

states that the quilt "is a way for a lot of people to put a final close to things."

The NAMES Project Mission states that the quilt is a way to illustrate the enormity of the AIDS epidemic by showing the humanity behind the statistics.

To achieve this, the organization has established the following goals: to increase public awareness of the AIDS epidemic and HIV prevention, to offer a creative form of expression for all whose lives have been affected by HIV and AIDS and to preserve the memory of those who have died as a result of AIDS, and to encourage support and the raising of funds for people living with HIV and AIDS, and their loved ones.

The quilt was an overall emotionally grasping experience. Barrett stated that when working on the quilt they often had to "laugh to avoid crying."



JOSEPH CESTARO/The Carolinian

Bob Barrett kneels near the panel of the NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt that he made for his friend.

The quilt was started in 1987 by Cleve Jones "to take all of our individual experiences and stitch them together to make

something that had strength and beauty."

Bruce Michaels: up with the chickens

By HEATHER S. MILLS
Executive Editor

Bruce Michaels' day is comparable to that of a physician—a popular one at that. He arrives at his office at 7:45 a.m., 15 minutes before the University's day officially begins.

He spends his first hour returning phone calls, opening mail and pushing paper. All of this is done at his desk, in an office that holds a rubber plant threatening to take over the space at any moment. In a glass ashtray that has probably never seen the lit end of a butt, two unidentifiable painted lumps sit, adding a little whimsy to an office burdened with manuals and guidebooks.

As UNCG's director of Student Activities, Michaels oversees a crew of organizational co-

ordinators in addition to being in charge of the Elliott University Center's daily operations. Michael's activities directly or indirectly affect all students in one way or another. He is arguably the most important man, in reference to students, on campus.

On Friday, Dec. 2, at 9:30 a.m., Michaels held his Management Meeting, which was attended by various members of the Student Activities staff in addition to Director of Operations Terry Weaver. The meetings allow staff members to keep abreast of happenings and share developments within their own jurisdictions.

Michaels began the meeting by presenting materials pertinent to the activities of the staff. He also circulated the November

issue of the UNCG parent's newsletter.

"We have been charged this year with trying to get together a parent's association, and one of the first things we did was to put together a newsletter," Michaels said.

Aimed at undergraduate parents, this month's installment attempts to keep parents in touch with their college-age children by providing information on varied topics to them.

Another topic at the meeting was the Annual Luminary Display, scheduled for Dec. 8. Michaels announced that 3,000 luminaires would be assembled and placed on College Avenue and in the Plaza on Reading Day.

When newcomer Todd Taylor, a Student Activity Coordinator, expressed disbelief at the num-

ber of candles, white bags and amount of sand that were required, Michaels assured him that all would be used.

"3,000 isn't enough in terms of the Plaza and College Avenue. ... And when you see it, it's spectacular," Michaels said.

If the Friday morning meeting is any indicator, Michaels is leading his fresh crop of coordinators into new territory. Sherri McBride, advisor to Campus Activities Board, Women's Leadership Coalition and International Student's Association, among others, brought to the forum the idea of resurrecting a former Student Activities newsletter.

Formerly titled "Campus Clips," the newsletter was the Student Activities Office's link to the students.

10 a.m.-noon, Dec. 2



UPDATE

LETTERS, from page 5

Nice little article on Brandon Mathis, Student Government Vice-President, but aside from the vague references to Student Government what has he or Errin McComb done this year?

McComb has cut a few ribbons and Mathis has carried a few meetings where no one in Student Government has shown up. It looks like business as usual.

I wonder if there ever going to be any activism in Student Government. Aside from passing wheel chairs day (sic), what has Student Government done this year? Nothing.

I think the leadership should do a better job focusing on getting quorum and passing a student rights act than talking rhetoric about communication between students and the administration. I believe there is communication only when student leaders do something to provide dialogue.

The last dialogue was on the parking problem. What happened with that. Nothing except a bunch of smoke and mirrors.

I challenge the student leadership to do something this year to justify their stipends.

J. Miles Layton
UNCG Alumnus



Financial Aid: 7 days till the crunch

By **CHERIE REYNOLDS**
Staff Writer

I cross scenic Spring Garden Street from Mossman to Yum Yum's, dodging speeding cars, lumbering trucks, and wobbling bicyclists. I'm going to 723 Kenilworth, an address that calls to mind for many students visions of lost files, long lines, longer busy signals, and the phrase "hurry up and wait." Yes, it's the Financial Aid Office.

I walk through the door, holding it open for two other students to follow, maneuver around stray file cabinets waiting for a new home, then join the line of three people already ahead of me to speak to the receptionist.

Two people are sitting in the lobby around the blinking Christmas tree waiting to talk to a counselor.

\$29,000,000 a year is distributed to 4,000-5,000 UNCG students out of the over 10,000 that apply, and it is all handled through this office. The 15 office staffer members do their best to handle the load.

I tell the receptionist in the front office why I am there, and she suggests that I speak to Associate Director Eric Locklear. The receptionist directs all of the



JOSEPH CESTARO/The Carolinian

incoming traffic, while the switchboard operator, sequestered in another room, answers call after call. In the summer months, the operator has an assistant and according to Locklear, they "literally do not move from the phone."

As I join the group around the Christmas tree, more students arrive; most leave, finished with

their business, and peace and quiet abound—at least for now.

I meet with Eric Locklear and he explains that the file cabinets are out in the middle of the floor because they are implementing a new system of record keeping.

It is a four-phase plan, beginning with automating all of the files. Soon, he suggests, horror stories of students' files lost over

and over again will be history due to a new bar code system which will be installed and will identify the name of the last person who had a particular file.

Eventually, every aspect of records management in the Financial Aid Office will be automated, with the final phase of the plan to be announced later.

"The final phase," said Locklear, "will take this office all the way to the year 2010."

I ask a few more questions, thank Locklear for his time, and stop by the switchboard operator's office on my way out. She tells me it's hard to say exactly how many calls come in each day, but while I waited in the lobby, I heard her answer at least four calls in less than 10 minutes. They tell me the number of calls received depends on the time of year.

With spring tuition due in seven days, the Financial Aid Office is busy taking calls this week.

As I walk back to the waiting area, I notice that the peace and quiet of before is diminishing fast.

I step back into the sunshine, holding the door for yet another student, confident that my loans are in good hands.

Provost works to help students

By **JASON CLARK**
Senior Features Writer

Dr. Donald DeRosa, UNCG Provost, has an immense job.

But first of all, just what is a Provost? He is the chief academic officer for UNCG, responsible for our academic welfare.

DeRosa has 14 people that report to him, and according to Jean Hall, his Executive Secretary, "He hardly has time for himself ... I try to schedule time for him to eat and work out, but, it does not always work that way."

"Working with students really energizes me," said DeRosa.

Friday started with a 45 minute long meeting with a few school officials about parking. Most days, DeRosa has several meetings throughout the day.

Afterwards, he had to return several phone calls. This time allowed me to speak with Hall further about her job as well. You could say that she is the one

that makes the office hum.

DeRosa said, "She (Hall) can read my mind. Before I can even ask for something, she has it in my hands."

After DeRosa's phone calls, we headed to a meeting in Raleigh about a committee that is dealing with joint economic and educational endeavors between Israel and North Carolina.

DeRosa's committee is specifically involved with a new program for fifth grade students tutoring second grade students in reading.

The program will be conducted in Guilford County schools. UNCG will serve as the base of operations and the School of Education will be heavily involved.

"This could become a national program, not just a state one, with UNCG as the center," explained DeRosa. "This will benefit students at UNCG both in the short term and long."

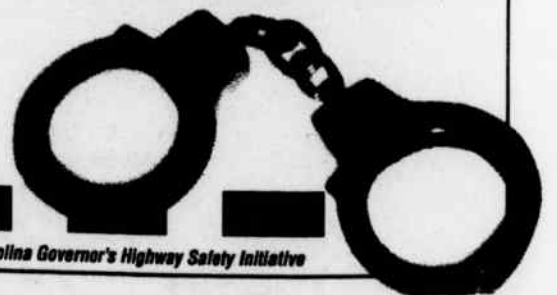
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12-2 p.m., Dec. 2

Two hours of photos



JEAN FARLEY/The Carolinian



PAUL BATT/The Carolinian



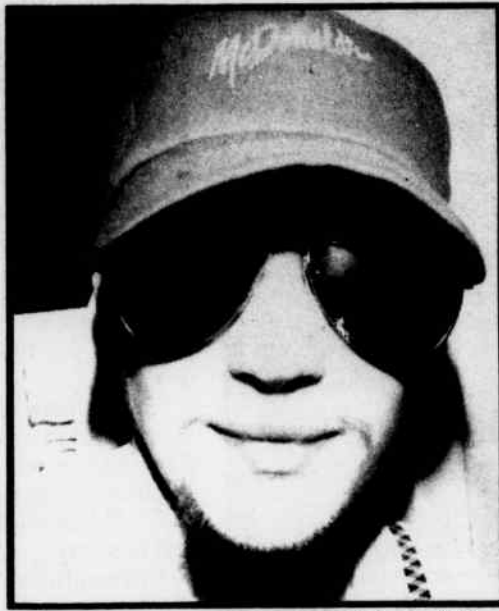
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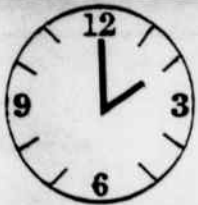


ANDREW PAYNE/The Carolinian



PAUL BATT/The Carolinian

2 p.m., Dec. 2



UPDATE

A DAY WITH INTERIM CHANCELLOR DEBRA STEWART—1:48 p.m.—Interim Chancellor Stewart takes a call from a colleague. They discuss an upcoming conference which will be held in Seattle, Washington. Interim Chancellor Stewart is President of the group which will be meeting the Council of Graduate Schools. At issue: rearranging the group's dues collecting policy. The phone call ends at 2:15 p.m.

2:20 p.m.—Interim Chancellor Stewart meets with Donna Moran, Assistant to the Chancellor. They discuss the opening of the Womens Studies Conference, "Women, Religion, and Spirituality."

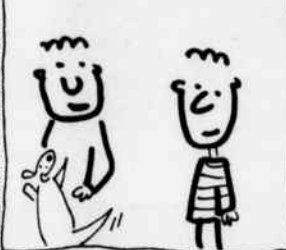
2:40 p.m.—Interim Chancellor Stewart meets Director of Student Activities Bruce Michaels in the Elliott University Center. They attend the International Students Association's Coffee Hour.

Jim's Journal

Tony's brother came back from his trip today.



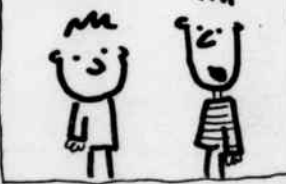
So Tony gave him his dog back.



(Tony was taking care of the dog while his brother was away.)



"Having a dog is a hassle," he said. "What I really want is my own children."



by Jim

A look at UNCG parking

By JEFF WHITLOW
Managing Editor

I arrived at the UNCG parking office at 2 p.m. to meet Adrian Shelton for my tour of campus through a parking officer's perspective. I first saw our method of transportation for the afternoon, a 1991 Cushman three wheeler, also known as a robocopper.

We first cruised through the parking deck where he showed me where people who give very substantial amounts of money to the athletic department get to park during athletic events. While in the deck, a call came through reporting a malfunctioning parking meter in front of Jamison hall. After leaving the deck we proceeded to the parking lot for the Mossman building, where a visitor to the University car was illegally parked. The owner of the car came running out begging Adrian not to give her a ticket, he let her off

with a warning. He later told me that the parking patrol tries to extend every possible courtesy to visitors.

After that we proceeded on to the Bryan building. the officer showed me the reserved "A" class spaces. Owners of these spaces pay \$325 for a guaranteed space, and anyone who

lot because of a shortage of commuter spaces that was created by allowing freshman and sophomores to park on campus. Shelton said "It is not that we don't want sophomores and freshman to park on campus, but it does create a problem (with commuter parking)."

During the tour Shelton ex-

From the commuter lot we went to the parking lots near the McNutt building and Graham building. Shelton said that the lot behind Graham is the most popular parking lot on campus. From there we went to the McIver parking lot.

Shelton pointed out that McIver lot has been troubled with vandalism of cars parked there, especially in the lower part of the lot near Market Street.

We also went through the middle of the quad and up to the student apartments.

The biggest point that Shelton pointed out was that the officers of the parking patrol are understanding of the parking situation and that they just do not go out to see how many tickets they can give out in a day. The violation they ticket the most is no displayed permit and expired meters, so if you can avoid those two problems maybe you can avoid the parking patrol.

How to avoid problems with parking ...

- Do not park in spaces marked "reserved" followed by a number.
- Always feed the meters, even if you will only be away from your car for a couple of minutes.
- If you are not sure if you are parked illegally, call the Parking Office and ask. They will be happy to help clear up any confusion

parks in those spaces is subject to immediate towing regardless of the time, reason, or excuse.

We then crossed Kenilworth Street to the gravel lot between Kenilworth and Jefferson Street and to the commuter lot across to the Student Recreation Center. Adrian explained that the lot used to be an "A" only lot, but was changed to an "A" and "C"

plained that the UNCG parking patrol has jurisdiction over the parking lots and that Greensboro Police patrols all of the streets except those roads that only run through campus like North Drive and Gray Drive. The decision to cut out some of the parking on McIver Street and Stirling Street was made by the city not by the University.

Guiding prospective students

By EVE BOLES
Contributing Writer

2 p.m.—UNCG's University Ambassadors lead a tour of campus daily at this time, giving prospective students their first glance at college life.

When entering Mossman I see a few curious-eyed prospective students eagerly awaiting their tour. The first part of the process is to fill out a basic questionnaire. Then everyone gathers around and our guide, sophomore Justin Ruth, is introduced. Soon after, we begin our tour.

Our tour is very basic, but in-

teresting none the less.

I find out two of the mothers are alumnae who are able to add various pertinent information. While in the Elliott Center our tour guide, who was very good, momentarily forgot that the school bookstore was on the lower level when mentioning the organizations housed in our student center. An alumna mom jumped in and added the information. I also learned from the other Alumna mom that the Faculty Center used to be the Soda Shop.

The tour continues. Over to

Eberhart, and through the Caf, to the Quad we go. After walking through the HHP, one of the Ambassadors left our group and Chuck Forbes joined. Chuck, Justin explains, is also a member of University Ambassadors who is in charge of Membership Development. Since Justin is busy giving the tour, Chuck is able to give me a lot of information on the University Ambassadors program which recently re-organized. The program is sponsored by the Alumni, the Office of Development, and Admissions. There are 24 members

who give tours of campus every-day.

This year the program expanded off campus to include receptions hosted by the university to encourage high school students to attend UNCG. The program, called "Right Now," has been to Raleigh, Wilmington, Asheville, Charlotte, and other locations throughout the state.

Our tour ended with a look at residence hall life. Tour participants viewed a room in Reynolds, which was followed by many questions of "Are they all like this?"

Postal workers deliver the goods



John Bridge sorts and distributes letters in the UNCG post office.

by CHERIE REYNOLDS
Contributing Writer

Led by supervisor Wayne Moser, the men and women of UNCG's post office in the Atrium go to work sorting the day's mail at 7:30 a.m., Monday through Friday.

After about 90 minutes of sorting, they then distribute the correspondence to more than 10,000 of the 13,486 mailboxes available.

The window opens at 8:30 a.m., and the two window clerks handle the student traffic selling stamps and money orders, as well as distributing packages and processing mail.

Meanwhile, the workers in the back, humming to the music that can always be heard

coming from somewhere beyond the boxes, handle mass mailings.

Due to recent budget cuts, the postal workers also have a new job—cleaning.

Workers pick up the fliers and coupons that somehow wind up scattered about on the floor, put out fires set in the trash cans, and clean up the mess caused by ice cream cones in the uppermost boxes left to drip onto the magazines, bills, and letters from Mom in the slots below.

After the window closes at 4 p.m., the work behind the scenes continues, finishing reports to send to the federal post office.

Finally, at 4:30 p.m., the dedicated workers at the UNCG post office seal the envelope on another day.

Ochs setting example for all students

By KRISTIN LIDBOM
Contributing Writer

Known to students through any of her numerous activities here on campus, India Ochs has made an indelible mark on UNCG.

A second year junior, India is currently serving as Delegation Chairperson of the North Carolina Student Legislature (NCSL) and Current Concerns Chair of Student Government, as well as Public Relations Chair of Phi Sigma Pi National Honor Fraternity.

India has also formed a Dis-

abled Student Awareness Foundation that attempts to enlighten others about disabilities.

Last year, she received the coveted award of Best Speaker in the House of Representatives for NCSL.

What is so tremendously remarkable about her accomplishments is that she has overcome a neurological speech disorder that she has had since birth.

Questions started filling my mind from the minute I met India in the Atrium. What if she wanted to order something from Pizza Hut or Chick-Fil-A? How

would she do that? Sure, I know sign language, but do those behind the counter?

So I asked.

Many fingerspelled words later, I was able to piece together that what most of us take for granted, the gift of vocal expression, was an extremely difficult thing to live without.

Rather than stepping up to the register and telling the worker what she wants, she would have to either point and hope that the server would guess the right item, write what I wanted down on paper, or sim-

ply take potluck.

As India told me all of her accomplishments, I sat amazed at what all she had done.

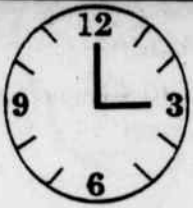
India has never seemed to think that her disability would hinder her so far that she could not do what she wanted to.

Finally, my curiosity could be contained no longer. I asked the dreaded question.

"India, what is the biggest problem that you face on campus?"

With humor, she replied, "Communication!"

3 p.m., Dec. 2



UPDATE

CONVOCATION DRESS REHEARSAL—In preparation for the Dec. 4 Convocation ceremonies, a dress rehearsal is held at 3:30 p.m. in Aycock Auditorium.

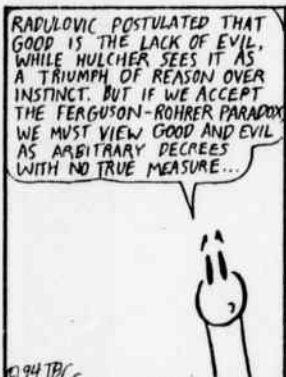
December graduates do not "walk." Rather, they and their families attend a service designed to honor them and their accomplishments.

"It's not graduation. A lot of people are getting upset when they realize it's just an honoring of these people," Terry Weaver, Assistant Director of Elliott University Center Operations, said at a Management Meeting held earlier in the day.

Due to the large number of attendees at convocation, some parents must watch the ceremony on closed circuit television in satellite locations such as Hart Recital Hall.

The rehearsal ended at 5 p.m.

COURTNEY & OMAR



by T.B. Clodfelter

Spartans, Kosciak: a daily routine

By STEVEN HUNTLEY
Sports Editor

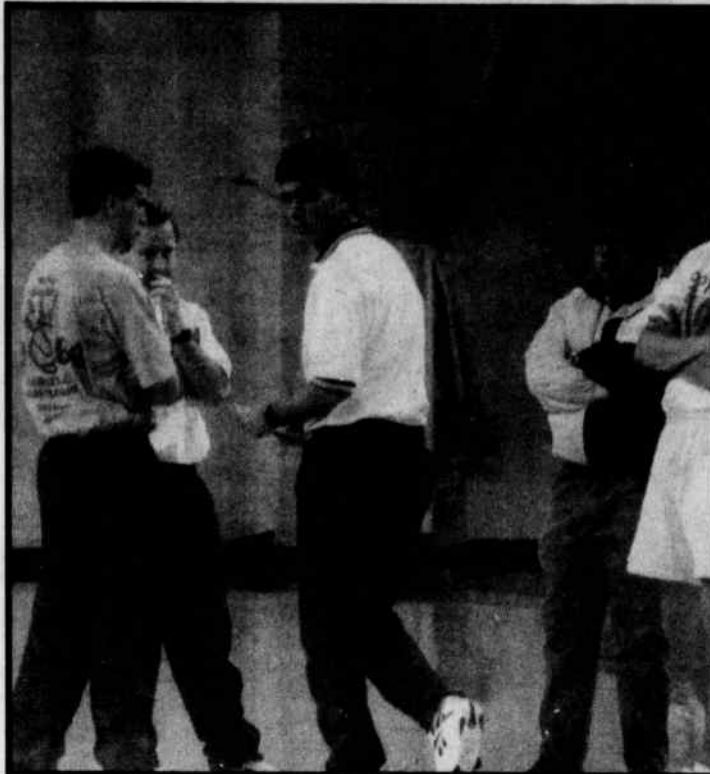
At 3:30 every afternoon the UNCG men's basketball team begins the daily ritual more commonly known as practice.

The Spartans started the day with a session of film viewing. Afterward they took the court for some stretching exercises. The Spartans go through this every day except for Thursday, because the NCAA requires that they take at least one day off from practice out of every seven days.

The Spartans walked through their drills and plays for the remaining 90 minutes, practicing for Saturday's game against the Campbell Camels. The Spartans practiced spot shooting as well as their free throws, two keys to the team's success. They also worked on defense, a dimension that UNCG works very hard on every day in practice.

During the practice I was able to talk with senior Darryl Kosciak, the head manager on the Spartan team. Darryl is responsible for several different aspects of the practice as well as for two other managers. Kosciak is also responsible for the taping of all road games. He sets up the court every day at around 3 p.m. for the Spartan practices.

Kosciak says the thing that he



EMILIE SULLIVAN/The Carolinian

Coach Mike Dement leads his team through their daily practice. The team practices six days out of the week.

likes best about being the manager of the Spartans is when he gets a chance to do some coaching. Although he doesn't get too much of a chance, Kosciak enjoys the few opportunities that arise.

"Being a manager means that you help to prevent 'forest fires,'" Kosciak said, "I make sure that everyone is where they should be when they should be. I try to keep disasters from happening."

Kosciak is one of two Spartans remaining from his freshman year. He and Greg Williams are the only two student members that were at the university when he was a freshman. Kosciak remembers one trip from his freshman that really stands out in his mind.

"We were playing Cal State Sacramento and we had won only four or five games all season," Kosciak said, "I was zapped by the camera during the game and after we won, our caravan got separated on a California freeway."

After Coach Dement was able to track Kosciak and his runaway van down, Darryl was terrified. He said that because he was only a freshman, he was unsure of how Dement would react. Darryl spent the entire trip back to the hotel considering his fate.

"I was scared to death, I thought he was going to kill me," Kosciak said, "when we got back to the hotel hours later, Dement put his arm around me and told me that I should pay attention next time. That when I started to learn about coach Dement."

Darryl feels that he took one positive thing away from this experience, you can get away with anything as long as the Spartans win.



MICHAEL JOHNSON/The Carolinian

Betty Frank mans the Anna Gove Health Center's lab. The Health Center offers simple in-lab work to students, but some tests must be sent out.

Rebecca Lucas, a sophomore, and Helen Smith enjoy their afternoon in a leisurely, pajamas-and-cereal fashion.



PIERRE NELSON/The Carolinian



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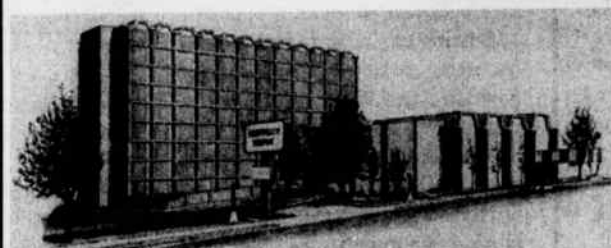


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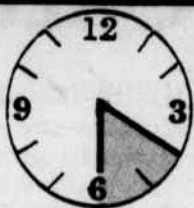
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4-6 p.m., Dec. 2



UPDATE

A DAY WITH INTERIM CHANCELLOR DEBRA STEWART—6 p.m.—Interim Chancellor Stewart finally has the chance to look at her E-mail.

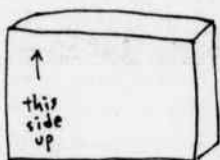
She usually turns her E-mail on first thing in the morning, but the system was down when she got into the office in the morning.

It usually takes her about 15 minutes to read and return messages to colleagues.

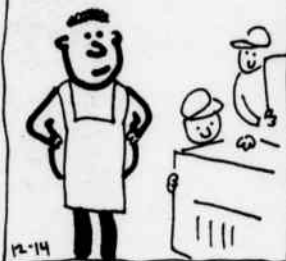
E.A.F.—4 p.m.—The Environmental Awareness Foundation, a student organization that promotes involvement in environmental issues, meets to make signs for an upcoming fur protest at the Greensboro Coliseum on West Lee Street.

Jim's Journal

We got a fancy new color copier at the copy store today.



Hal helped the delivery people set it up.



Julie added color copies to our price sign.



"It's the dawning of a new era," Hal said.



by Jim

Chicken salad and a smile

By KRISTIN LIDBOM
Contributing Writer

At the corner of Walker and Tate lies a historical landmark to every UNCG student. Since its opening in 1950, The Corner has served as many chicken salad sandwiches as McDonald's has served Big Macs.

Through the past 44 years, it has only changed hands once, from Hugh Snavely to his son, Grant.

In 1966, The Corner expanded its business to include the store beside it, the previous post office, and included cards and small gifts, allowing easy access for students without cars.

The store is presently owned by Grant Snavely, who keeps it running with a staff of three full-time and two part-time workers. These five fill in and complete any task that needs to be done.

"Grant and I do it all," commented Kenerley, who has been at The Corner for three years now.

As I entered the store around 4:40 p.m., I was able to speak to three of the employees, who, though preparing for the next day's business, seemed more than willing to fill me in on the history of the wonderful "treasure of Tate Street." Barbara Keyes, Suzanne Kenerley, and the owner himself all humored me as I asked them to delve into

their memory banks and come up with a few answers to my questions.

Through their delightful conversations, I learned that small business runs in the Snavely family. Grant's grandfather owned and operated a bookstore in Old Salem for 40 years before the property where The Corner stands became available. His son, Hugh, established The Corner there, and then his son took over to keep things running smoothly.

Above the store are 16 apartments, with about eight of them occupied by students.

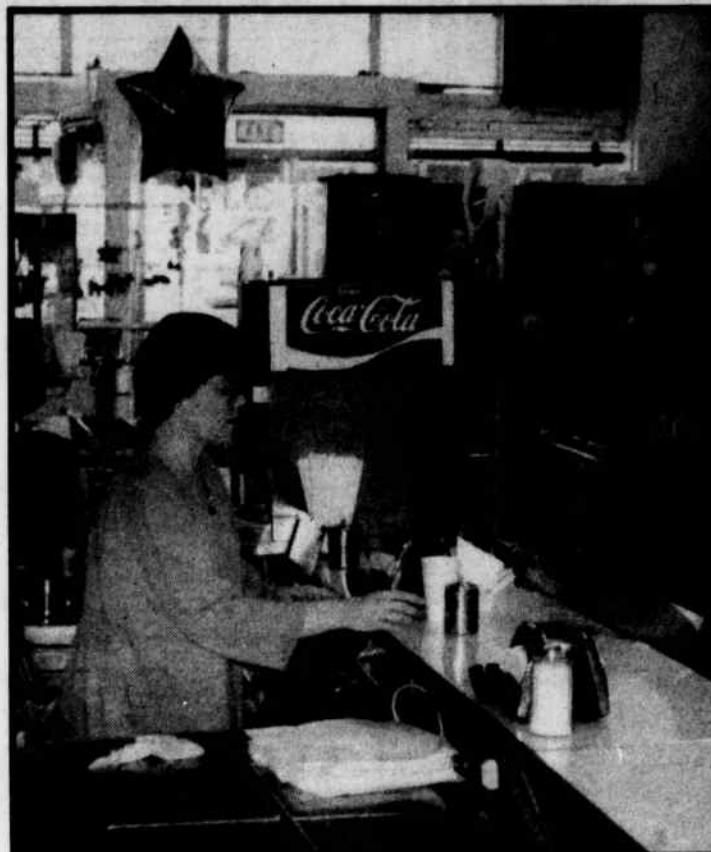
A shock came to me when I asked my next question. Helen Stanley, now retired, worked many hours in her 15 years at The Corner. When she left in May of 1993, many were sad to see her go.

When asked what was the most unusual order taken, Kenerley replied, "How's peanut butter and bacon? ...Actually, it's pretty good. I tried it myself."

How about best item on the menu? "[We sell the most] chicken salad sandwiches."

For a great hometown sandwich made by sandwich chefs, accompanied with a fabulous cup of freshly squeezed lemonade, no one can beat The Corner. They'll even serve it with a smile.

They boast the "cheapest



EMILIE SULLIVAN/The Carolinian

Diners await their lunch fare at The Corner Store, one of the few remaining UNCG traditions.

roses in town" at 94 cents each, and also carry carnations and other floral delights. Guys, it's a great place to get those flowers that your sweetheart's been only dreaming about!

Stop by The Corner soon. They are open from 9 a.m. to

5:30 p.m. on Mondays through Fridays, and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturdays. (Closed on Sundays.)

Oh, yeah, and tell 'em what a great job they're doing. At least part of the UNCG tradition continues.



MICHAEL SCOTT/The Carolinian

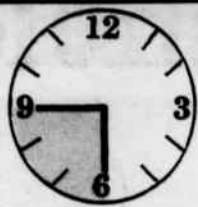
Sophomore Daniel Linton chats on the phone at his Univeristy-issue desk.



MICHAEL JOHNSON/The Carolinian

Freshman Brad Allen steals a few moments of sleep as Christina Grinnell reads this month's edition of *Rolling Stone*.

6-9 p.m., Dec. 2



UPDATE

A day with Interim Chancellor Stewart

6:54 p.m.—Interim Chancellor Debra Stewart is spotted on the third floor of the Elliott University Center. She asks for directions to the ladies room. After thanking me, she explains that she has to change in to a t-shirt for the opening of the Women's Studies Conference.

7:23 p.m.—After delivering a brief address to the participants of the Women's Studies Conference, "Women, Religion and Spirituality," Interim Chancellor Debra Stewart ducks out the door, headed to meet another obligation.

THE OTHER STRIP



by T.B. Clodfelter

New focus for Christmas Carol

By MELISSA FRICK
Features Editor

At 7:58 p.m. the crowd rustles in anticipation. The child in the row behind me keeps asking his mother what the time is. The mother, in slight annoyance, replies that it's just a few seconds later than the previous time he asked.

It seems as if the play will never begin. I keep waiting for the lights to dim, for the actors to appear, anything. The expectation is unbelievable.

Finally, on the left side of the stage four actors play festive, holiday songs on handbells. It's the first time in this holiday season I've heard the standard holiday hymn "Jingle Bells."

This is the beginning of the Christmas classic, "A Christmas Carol."

In this version, a company of

traveling actors are about to enact Charles Dickens' story. As the on-stage trunk of supplies opens, actors and clowns spill out and fumble about the stage. The malevolent stage manager

abandoned the show, but of course, always the show must go on. The prop person eagerly volunteers for the part of Tim. The actors decide that the miserly, stingy stage manager would cre-

The stage props, though sketchy, were effective in getting the idea across while allowing the very talented actors to improvise.

and prop person check the show's props, which are shabby and third rate, but interesting improvisations are made. For fog, a swinging mop is used. For the chains of Marley, bodies lock together into a chain. The troupe acts within a magical world of make-believe.

The acting troupe soon discover that the actors playing Scrooge and Tiny Tim have

ate the perfect Scrooge and force him into the part.

The troupe proceeds to make their way through the tale, creating fog, snow, fire, and ghosts through mime, imagination, and wonderful visual effects.

The rag tag players quickly become the characters in the story, and we are pulled into the life of Ebenezer Scrooge, as well as that of the scrooge stage

manager.

As usual, the UNCG Theater managed to do an excellent job. The stage props, though sketchy, were effective in getting the idea across while allowing the very talented actors to improvise. The lighting was effective in producing the varying moods of fear, happiness, and enlightenment. The direction and choreography of "A Christmas Carol" also deserves applause.

The role of Stage Manager and Scrooge is played by T. Mark Collins; the prop person and Tiny Tim by Wendele Skee; the Director and Marley by Jason Patrick Wilson; and the leading man and Bob Cratchit by David Talley. "A Christmas Carol" is directed by Marty Johnson and was originally produced by Center Theater Group of Los Angeles.

Women's Studies Conference kicks off with spiritual symbols

By SALLY THOMAS
News Editor

7:13 p.m.—In a festively decorated Cone Ballroom with dim lighting, an excited crowd, consisting mostly of women, gathered to begin a conference titled "Women, Religion, and Spirituality" on Friday, December 2.

One speaker explained that this is UNCG's fourth such conference in three years. Participants came from as far away as South Carolina.

On this first night of the conference, there were many examples of women celebrating their spirituality and religion. Around the Elliott University Center, women gathered by

themselves or in small groups to meditate and pray. Outside the Student Activities Office on the third floor of Elliott Center, five women dressed in colorful cotton

ments about the quality of UNCG's Women's Studies Program.

"We are well known at UNCG for our Women's Studies Pro-

"We are well known at UNCG for our Women's Studies Program, and I'm particularly glad that we're becoming increasingly well known for this conference."

Interim Chancellor Debra Stewart

clothing ate a range of ethnic-smelling food from Tupperware containers.

Interim Chancellor Debra Stewart welcomed the conference participants with com-

gram, and I'm particularly glad that we're becoming increasingly well known for this conference," Stewart said.

Dee Irwin, the Conference Committee Chair, read from *The*

Secret Garden before introducing the keynote speaker, Gloria Karpinski. Karpinski, who graduated from The Women's College in 1958, has authored several books, including *Where Two Worlds Touch*.

As Karpinski was approaching the podium, a group of five women dressed in fluid, brightly-colored robes assembled. They carried peacock feathers, flowers, sea shells, and a drum as part of the opening night program. Not exactly the sort of thing one sees everyday around here. According to the opening speakers, though, that was the idea—to leave the participants with unforgettable images and experiences.

Service offers insight to outsiders

by KRISTIN LIDBOM
Contributing Writer

In the new Mabel Smith Associated Campus Ministries Center, visitors are apt to be highly surprised at what they may find. Such was the case as I crept up the stairwell to observe the Chanukah Service that Hillel was holding at 6:30 p.m. in the large meeting room upstairs.

I figured that I would feel a bit out of place and awkward, so I determined that I would remain on the outskirts of the room, serving the role of a silent wallflower.

Immediately as I entered the room, I was welcomed heartily by Irma Moss, the Greensboro Hillel Coordinator, as well as a group of excited friends who were ready to make me feel as Jewish as they could. For a Southern Baptist from the Bible Belt, that took a lot of work.

First came the introductions, along with a gift of appreciation to Irma for one year of dedicated service to Hillel.

This was followed by the worship service, with the lighting of the menorah, the chanting of the prayers, and the singing of the songs.

I cannot say that I have seen a menorah lit in quite the same manner as this one was, but it

gave light in more ways than one to the celebration.

Though I cannot read Hebrew, nor had I memorized the prayers, I enjoyed listening to the participants as they faced the east and raised their voices in prayer. Occasionally I was able to follow along and join in with the Anglicised text.

Then came the food. They gave a new meaning to the phrase "the breaking of bread." I must also admit that I had never had potato latkes (potato pancakes) before, especially not with sour cream or applesauce, but I would definitely eat them again if given the chance. (Hey, my mother would be proud!)

By then, I had totally forgotten that I had entered the service an outsider. The whole group had made me feel welcome, wanted, and appreciated.

The hour approached 8 p.m., and we brought the festivities to a close. Recounting the evening, I decided that this would truly be a night never to forget.

I sadly picked up my dreydel and gelt and left my new friends. They had truly shown me that all people are just that—people. No matter their religion or background, when we join together with open minds, we can have a fun and memorable time together.



GEOFFREY GARTNER/The Carolinian

Bruce Nordin cooks potato latkes (potato pancakes) in the ACM kitchen for the Hillel service.

9-11 p.m., Dec. 2

**DANCE RECITAL—8**

p.m.—The Department of Dance, a section of the School of Health And Human Performance, presented the second performance of their last concert this semester. This Student Dance Concert contained pieces choreographed by both the undergraduate and graduate students, hence the name Student Dance Concert.

There were nine different pieces and each had its own certain style and individuality. The ideas behind the pieces ranged from a dedication to Bill Buckner, who lost the 1986 championship for the Boston Red Sox, to the beautiful portrayal of women's strength in the modern world with lyrics by Kate Bush. After speaking with one of the performers, Daryl Owens, I found that each piece began with a totally different idea than what was presented.

I also discovered that the students and choreographers began their works at the beginning of this semester and at this point the pieces are still "works in progress."

The pieces were very demanding and consumed many painstaking hours of sweat and determination. Daryl enjoyed telling me that there were no performers that escaped this concert with out some sort of injury. I can understand this seeing as the pieces contained moves which required throwing of body parts in very abnormal directions. The last piece was actually called Physical Graffiti.

Most of these pieces began with many performers but because they were so physically demanding and required so much time choreographers had to deal with drop outs. This caused stress for both the dancers and directors, but the final product states Rai Ann Ivey, "was extraordinary."—Shelly Russell, Contributing Writer

9:30 P.M. GROGAN HALL—A report of a female student passing out in her room prompts a fire truck, an unmarked police car, a campus police car, and an ambulance to respond.

The student was reportedly suffering from abdominal pains and weakness. Guilford County EMS took her out on a stretcher, but once at the ambulance the student refused treatment and was released. —From staff reports

201 ELLIOTT CENTER—10:45 p.m.—The Carolinian staff realizes that 24 hours have past since the completion of the issue dated Dec. 2. At this time the day before, the staff left the Elliott Center and began final preparations for "24 Hours in the Life of UNCG."

Late night at Rec Center

By STEVEN HUNTLEY
Sports Editor

10 p.m.—While most of the students on campus are experimenting with various forms of liquid brain killers, the sounds of the radio blaring and the employees cleaning the equipment are all that is to be heard in the Rec Center.

There are only six people utilizing the machines in the weightroom. Seniors Jeff Spickard and Billy Thanos sit behind the counter. Spickard counts the equipment kept under the desk and Thanos reads from a novel at the front desk. According to Spickard it is an unusually slow night in the recreation center.

"It slacks off in here around nine," Spickard said. "But we usually have a few more regulars than there are in here tonight."

In the exercise room, students David Swain and Jennifer Trudeau are finishing with their workout. Swain said that the

two are in the Rec on Friday evening because he is trying to get back into shape.

"Friday evening is the only time that we can get in here," Swain said. "We work 40 hours every week and that makes it hard for us to find the time."

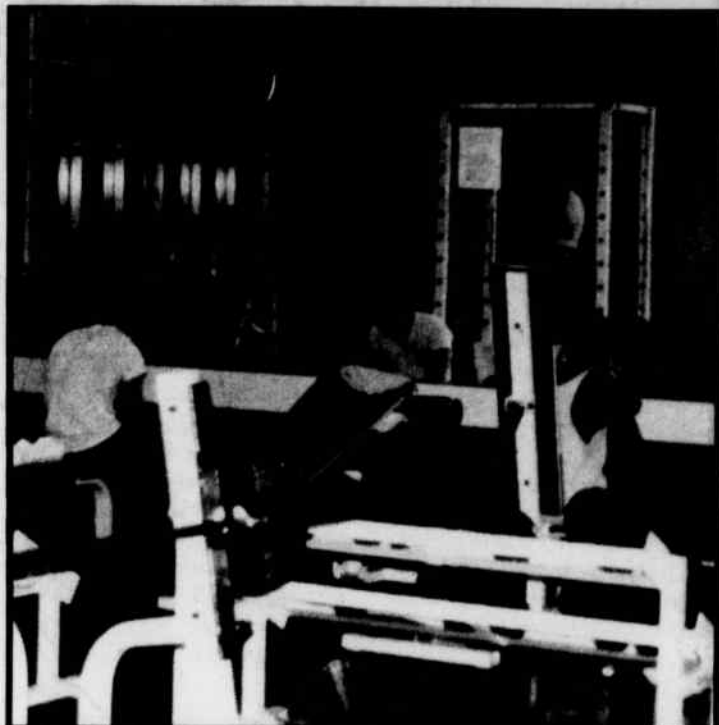
According to Spickard the Rec is unusually quiet for a Friday evening. He says that there are usually more regulars that come in on Friday evening.

"We usually get the body-builder types this time of night," Spickard said. "They bring their girlfriends in to watch them lift."

Sometimes the Rec gets a few weirdos on Friday night, according to Spickard.

"Once a few fraternity guys came in here wearing some pretty strange things on their heads," Spickard said.

The Student Rec Center offers freeweights and weight machines as well as racquetball, basketball and volleyball. They also offer aerobics as well as other exercise classes and an indoor track.



EMILIE SULLIVAN/The Carolinian

Students work out in the Recreation Center. Students are admitted free to the center, which offers free weights, a track and much more.

Girls' night out

By COURTNEY SCHMIDT
Asst. News Editor

It happens every week. Same time, same place. No matter how hard you pray for it or curse it, Friday night at UNCG always manages to come and go. What do students find to do in Greensboro on the first official party night of the weekend?

I decided to ask the ladies of UNCG (sorry for the gender bias guys) in Cone, Hawkins and Weil/Winfeld what their plans for the big night were.

I found Rovahnda Tate in front of a hall mirror in Winfield Residence Hall tucking and retucking in her shirt debating how much of the shirt should hang over her jeans. "I'm going to get something to eat, then [I'm going] to a party," Tate says. According to Tate on most Friday nights she just hangs out with her friends.

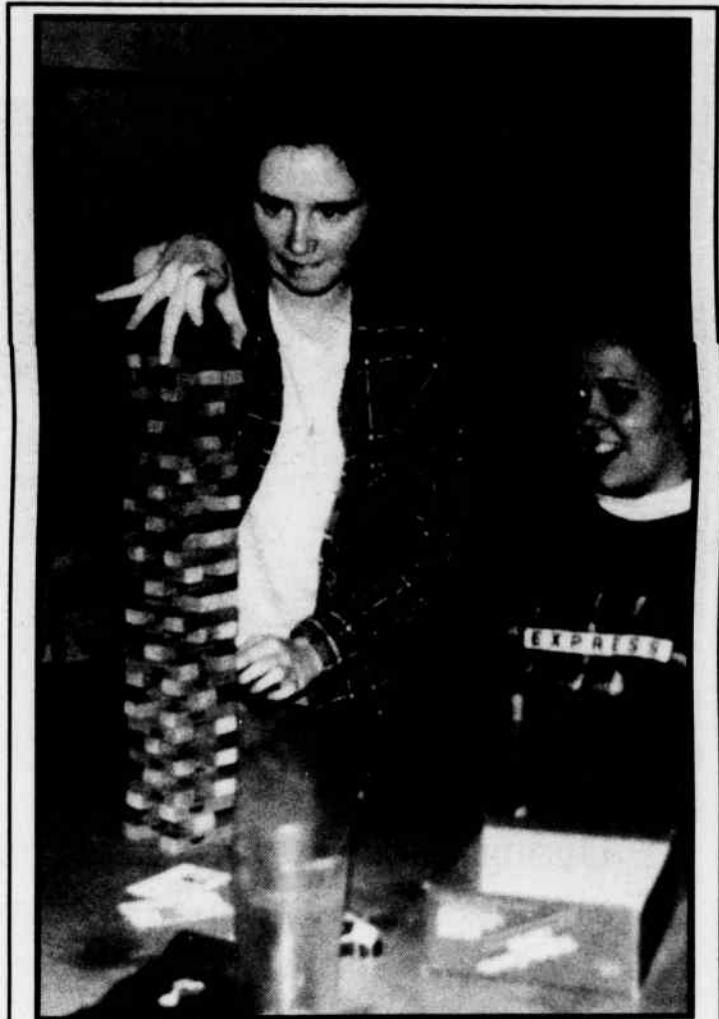
Jennifer McLean was just locking her door to leave Winfield at 11:20 Friday night. "I usually work on Friday nights," McLean said. McLean also added that she was going to Wake Forest later on and that is where she usually ventured to if the night life at UNCG didn't interest her.

Sarah Payne, Jennifer Collier and Debbie Smith were all clus-

tered around the television ready to perform their usual Friday night routine of movie night. Jennifer Collier said, "Friday is the perfect sack-out night." She added that this was the perfect time of year for movie nights due to the cold weather and lack of activities. The group also commented that they were more prone to go out on Saturday nights. Payne added, "You need one night before [Saturday night]."

I found freshman Monica Uyeno and Sandra Santiago in their room in Hawkins. Uyeno had a book in her hand and cited studying for the reason she couldn't go out. Santiago had the covers over her head and looked as if she was preparing to drift off to sleep. Uyeno said that money and study time usually dictate if she can go out on Friday night. "It all depends on the money, sometimes I just stay here and sometimes I go out. Basically we take it on the spur of the moment," Uyeno added.

In Cone, plans varied from movie nights to going to Kilroy's. I did manage to catch phrases such as, "What is the number to Papa John's?", "I have no more money left on my declining balance!", "Can I borrow your ..." and "I have nothing to wear."



EMILIE SULLIVAN/The Carolinian

Lisa Verinder, a freshman, takes her turn at the Jenga challenge as Amy Tubman, sophomore, watches on.

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Sales experience and computer knowledge preferred, exceptional communication skills required. Positions require approximately 20 hours a week in the office and the ability to go out and sell.

"We're moving out. We know we can't stay."



Kidding aside, we, in the Office of Housing and Residence Life, wanted to let you know how we are addressing the rodent problems in Grogan and Jamison.

During Christmas break, our pest control contractor will place rodent bait stations in all residents' rooms (pending resident permission to enter). These bait stations will be left in place, but removed prior to the residents' return in January.

Our contractor has further assured us that the level of the regular preventive rodent control program will be raised and careful evaluations of all the residence halls will be taken and their individual needs served.

Finally, we have asked the contractor to provide us with an audit of all of our buildings for building penetration points and suggestions as how to best seal them to prevent further pest migration into the buildings.

Please be assured that we, in the Office of Housing and Residence Life will continue to monitor the situation and respond appropriately.

Best of luck with exams and have a safe and happy break!

11 p.m.-12 a.m., Dec. 2

Campus Safety Report

POSSESSION WITH INTENT TO SELL AND DELIVER, SALE AND DELIVERY OF MARIJUANA

11-23-94, 3 p.m. Three male commuting students have been charged under the University drug policy as a result of their arrest by Guilford County narcotics officers.

Sheriff's deputies arrested the three at their off-campus housing and confiscated a large amount of marijuana packaged for resale, two sets of scales, numerous drug packaging items and paraphernalia, and a large sum of money.

DWI, SPEEDING TO ELUDE POLICE, DRIVING WHILE LICENSE REVOKED

11-24-94, 2:18 a.m. Nathan Lamann Johnson, a non-student from Greensboro, was arrested after a short vehicular chase when he attempted to get away from an officer who stopped him for going the wrong way on Oakland Avenue.

The suspect abandoned the vehicle in the 800 block of Walker Avenue, but was later caught on foot. He refused a breathalyzer test and was jailed under a \$500 bond. Johnson had two prior DWI convictions and a long record of other violations.

FIRE

11-28-94, 8:31 p.m. A fire in the trash chute at Reynolds Hall caused the hall to be evacuated until the fire department could ventilate the building to remove the smoke.

The trash chute sprinkler system controlled the flames until firemen could completely extinguish it, but smoke got into several floors. Damage was minimal and there were no injuries. The exact cause of the fire is unknown at this time.

POSSESSION OF LSD, CARRYING A CONCEALED WEAPON, DELAY AND OBSTRUCTION OF AN OFFICER, FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE

11-29-94, 12:51 a.m. Jarod Wayne Boyd, a non-student from Rock Hill, S.C., was arrested after an officer chased him from Tate Street to Edgar Lane. Two officers on patrol observed a black BMW with the lights out stop near a pickup truck parked on the street. A passenger in the vehicle got out and approached the truck from the passenger side and entered it.

Due to numerous vehicle break-ins in the area the officers checked it out by approaching and asking the male whose truck it was. The subject broke and ran and was chased on foot.

The BMW fled the scene and was not located.

Boyd later admitted to using Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (LSD) and smoking marijuana. Three hits of LSD and a weapon was confiscated from the truck.

A records check revealed he was wanted in South Carolina on warrants for burglary, grand larceny, and breaking and entering automobiles.

From staff reports

WUAG: music for the masses

By NICK KLETT
Contributing Writer

11 p.m.—David Cole puts out his cigarette outside the station and walks in the back door to WUAG, UNCG's radio station.

The radio call letters play over the air as he takes his seat, switching over to the music left by the previous DJ, Liza Grant. He eases back in the chair, digging for new tunes to play and checking the new rotation.

When asked about his show, he says, "I play lots of 'indie' rock (independent bands) and things like that." He then turns and digs for more music. "I like to throw in a lot of surprises for the listener. I don't really have a format. One moment I could play something local and cool, the

next I could be playing some Cha-Cha. It just depends on my mood."

He then grins and takes to the air, greeting his listeners and informing them that the radio station has been invaded by the local media. He jokes around with the listeners on how I've been harassing him.

He continues to dig through the music, trying to find something for the "double shot"; this is in-between phone calls, changing over the music, talking to the listeners and joking around with them, and talking with me. "As you can see, I am often too busy to concentrate on the music. I'm too busy doing everything else."

He begins to play a CD when it is soon discovered that someone had mislabeled one of the

songs, forcing Cole to stop the music and hop on the air before the obnoxiousness continues. "Sorry about that folks. It seems someone has mislabeled this disc ... Hey, Nick, stall!" We then proceed to talk to the listeners, plugging *The Carolinian's* "24 Hours In The Life of UNCG" issue and the fun and merriment you can have working for and listening to WUAG.

"I like to throw in strange things and do fun stuff to get the listeners attention," Cole says.

When asked what was he up to, he only replied, "You'll see."

The previous song fades out and he begins to play a harder alternative band, Buzzoven. Cole just grins. Just as the music gets it's hardest, Cole switches over to some Indian

country western song, chocked full of strange synthesized "boings" and other weird sound effects. He continues this switching creating the weirdest song ever known to man.

Screaming and oom-pah-ish weirdness. The phone lights up with callers thinking this is the funniest thing they have ever heard.

The homemade mix is faded out, where he switches over to his more "... gentle and sensitive side," by playing the band Eric's Trap.

A big grin covers his face and the phone rings with more praises and requests.

The call letters broadcast over the air, signaling the top of the hour as Dave digs for more music.

Never a dull moment when on duty with UNCG Police

By JEFF WHITLOW
Managing Editor

10 p.m.—I arrived at the UNCG police station to meet the officer I was to ride with for the evening. While waiting for the officer to arrive at the station I meet the police dispatcher, Steve Johnson. The night had been very hectic for the police.

I found out that the police run the Student Escort Service on Friday nights and on Saturdays. There had been so many calls for the Escort Service that one of the four officers on duty had to be pulled off patrol and put in a van.

At 10:05 p.m. Officer Ron Wolford, who has been with UNCG police for over two years, arrived to show me what an average night with UNCG police is like. We left the station on the corner of Tate Street and Spring Garden Street and proceeded down the alley that runs parallel to Tate Street. Behind Crocodile's restaurant there were two males drinking, which is a violation of the open container law. Officer Wolford made the two men dispose of their alcohol.

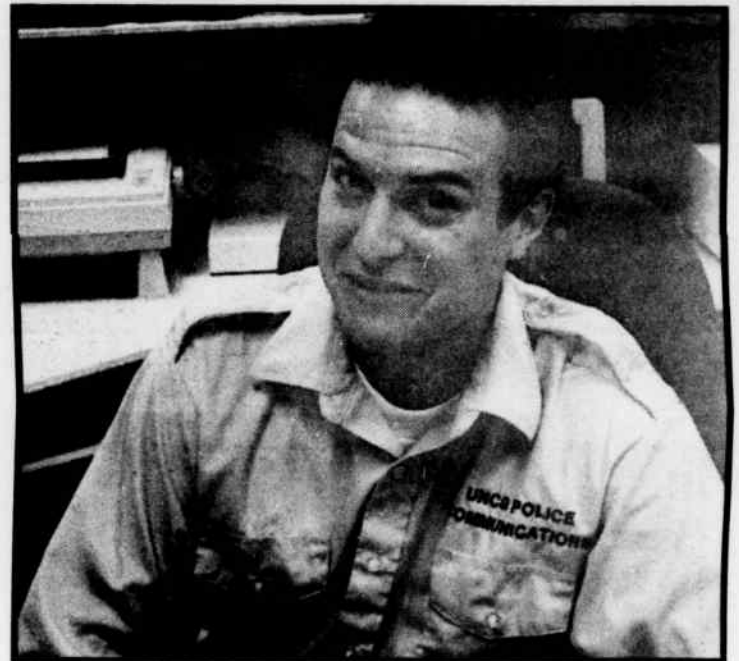
What really amazed me was the good rapport the officer had with the men. According to Wolford the two men were probably homeless. One of the men was obviously intoxicated, but neither of the men gave Wolford any problems. On our way to respond to an escort call, Wolford

explained that the UNCG police's jurisdiction is bordered by Friendly, Mendenhall, Lee and Mayflower Streets. The UNCG Police handle all cases on campus except homicides and rapes. They also patrol area roads for drunk drivers, and have been successful in drunk driving arrests. This type of patrol is especially dangerous because vehicle stops pose the greatest risk to the officer's safety.

The UNCG Police is divided into four squads of four officers. One squad is assigned to a 12 hour shift in a rotating schedule. On this Friday night Squad C was on patrol. Officer Wolford seemed proud of the fact that Squad C has the highest arrest rate, and that they were responsible for getting 10 guns off campus since August.

Our next stop was Moore-Strong residence hall, where officers responded to a noise complaint. The residents of the room were rude to a Residence Life security officer who first responded to the call, so the police were called to make sure the residents complied with the request of the security officer. Once the two officers arrived the residents seemed more than happy to cut down their stereo.

Then a call about a student being rude to a parking officer came in. Apparently, a student's car was illegally parked and a parking officer traced the car's



GEOFFREY GARTNER/The Carolinian

Brett Walker, a nighttime telecommunicator at the UNCG Police Department, mans the phones.

ownership to a student living on-campus. The officer called the student to ask him to move his car as opposed to having it towed. The student then made a lewd comment to the parking officer. The officer called the police. Officer Wolford called the student to warn him, the student claimed he thought the call came from other students who were playing a prank on him.

Officer Wolford said that he

loved his job and that he would not trade it for anything, but he showed frustration with the new escort policy. He said that the police run the escort on the weekends and it takes them away from patrolling.

The police also patrol Oakland Avenue heavily because of the high numbers of car theft on the street, Wolford said "They (car thieves) have hit us hard, but we have caught most of them."



Senior Jesse Hastings lines up his shot at Tate Street Billiards. The location, which also houses Spoon's, is a popular student hangout.

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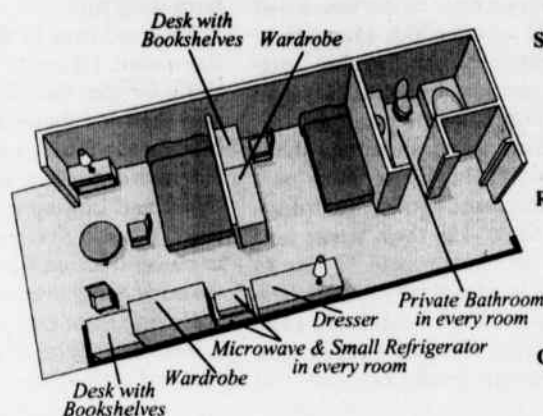
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