

*Celebrating*

*You*



*Pine Needles*

*1992*

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at Greensboro

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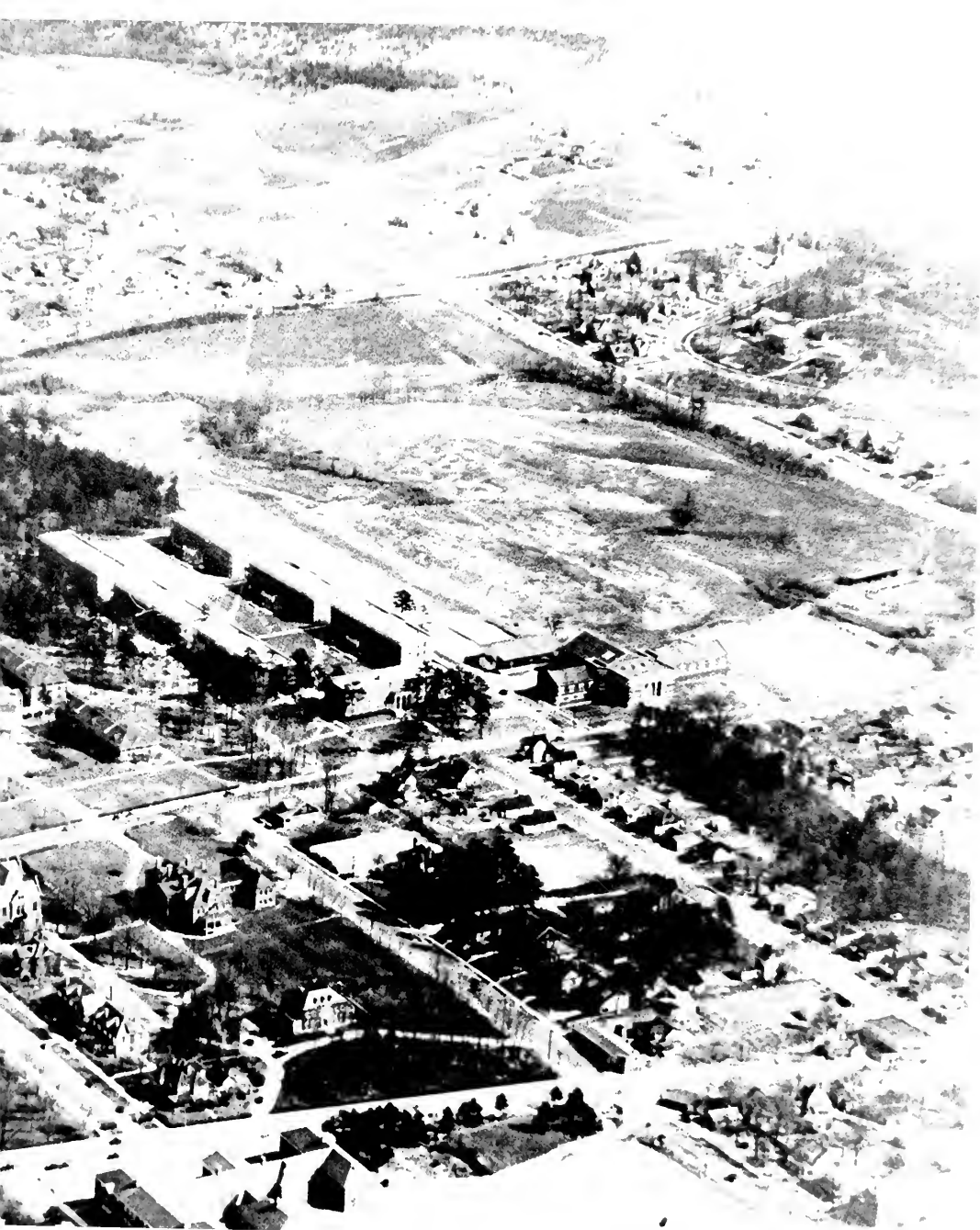


# *Pine Needles*

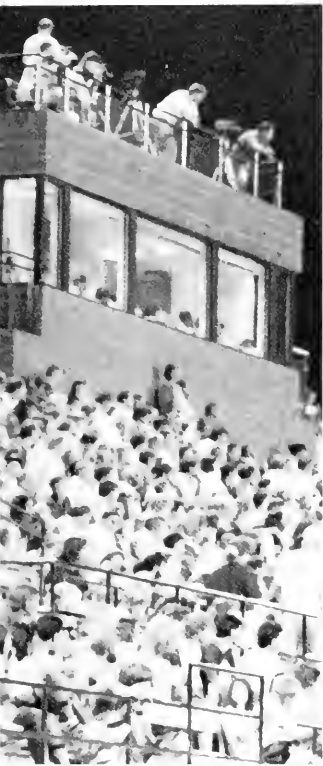
## *91-92*

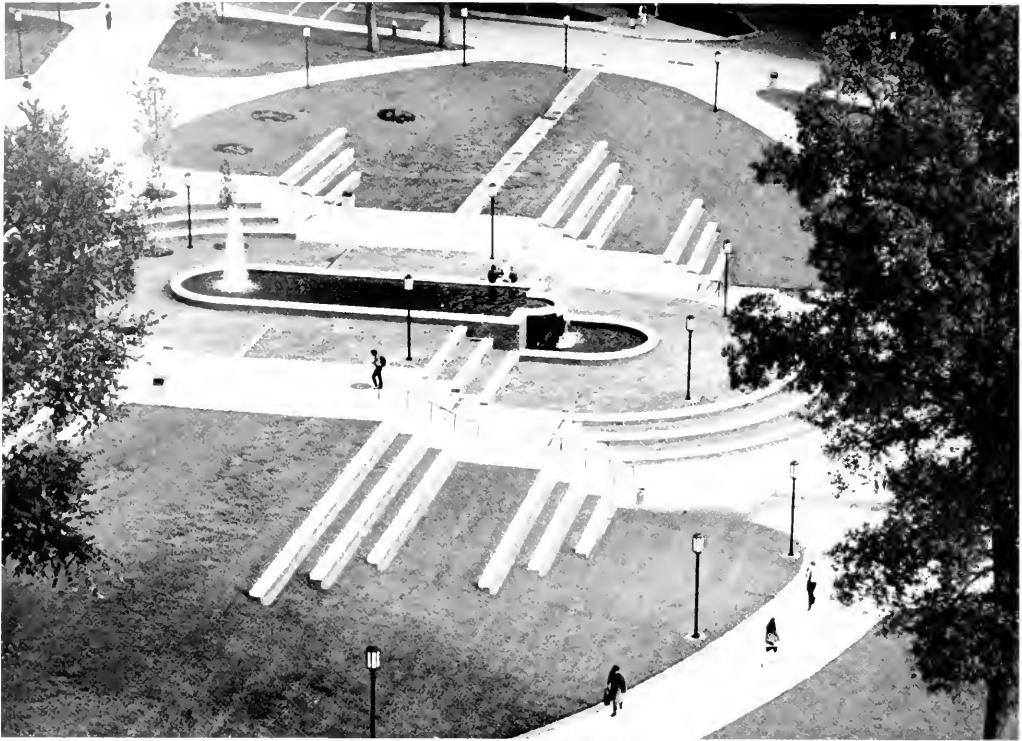














As an education major, I spend ten hours a week in a middle school. It's fun because I love the kids, but sometimes playing teacher feels weird. The kids call me Ms. Horn, and they think I'm an adult.

Sometimes I too think I'm an adult. It's a scary thought. I wonder what is expected of me as a twenty year old.

I guess you could say I'm childlike. I daydream all the time, and I still have a child's imagination. The monsters that lurked in my closet and under my bed when I was five never went away. Bert and Earnie are still my heroes. And I love it. I never want to lose the child inside of me.

But what if I do? What if my childlike vision fades with time? What if I forget the pleasure of spinning around till I'm dizzy? What if I start hating rain because it's inconvenient and forget it's also beautiful?

# So



It seems like so many adults leave the magic of childhood behind them. All these people do is wake up, go to work, come home, holler at the kids, and go to sleep. Is that what is expected of adults?

If it is, I guess I'll never be an adult. I'll just go to college for the rest of my life and hope no one ever institutionalizes me! I guess I just need to find a balance between adulthood's responsibilities and childhood's dreams. But finding a balance seems to be the trick to everything. I'm not sure of exactly why the thought of graduating and going out into the real world intimidates me. I just know I don't want to lose my closet monsters.

Rebecca Horn









Food? Check. Radio? Check. Posters? Check. Toothbrush? Check.

Okay, all set. Let's leave all the securities of home to enter the new and exciting world of campus life... only to find that you have no shoes, shampoo, sheets, or clothes. Suddenly while piling truckloads of unneeded things into a tiny room, the realization of just what is happening hits. What was once purely exciting and new quickly becomes overwhelming and unpredictable.

Soon you realize just how large your room at home was as you stack, stuff, and cram things into the remote corners of a room only a fraction of the size you are used to. It isn't long though until this room, which is either too hot or too cold, begins to take on personality.

Once you are all stuffed in and are beginning to get used to that funny smell, the slumber party and bonding with your new roommate begins and will not stop until the end of the semester. Amid all the partying you begin to meet new people, master the art of taking showers in a small space, and actually begin to look forward to eating college food.

But there are also difficulties. You begin inadvertently advertizing that you are a freshman by wearing your Step Ahead T-shirt and carrying your keys on a yellow ID holder. You are very visible as you walk into classes late and try to open doors backwards. Then you take the twenty thousand pages due tomorrow back to your tiny room to read. Ha ha ha... NOISE!

It doesn't take long to topple from the prominent rank of a high school senior to the humble rank of a freshman. Everything is new.

But once you adjust to your new life, you start to feel pretty good. With a new identity and a separate phone number and address, you begin to feel independent, your roommate has become your best friend, and that small room has become your home.

What? Could it be that in one process you have actually grown up? Well, in that case, only one problem remains..... just where are my clothes anyway?

Anita Grapy



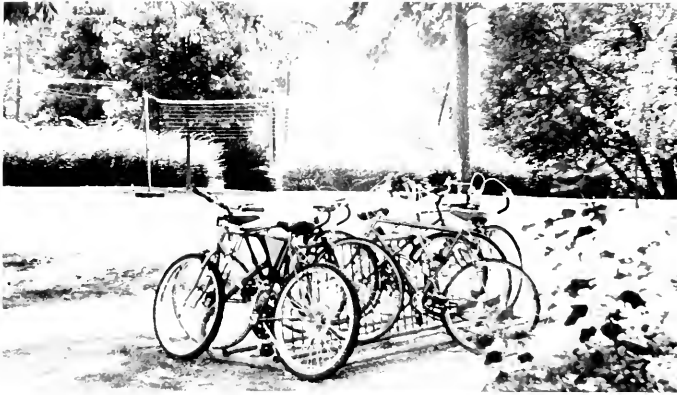




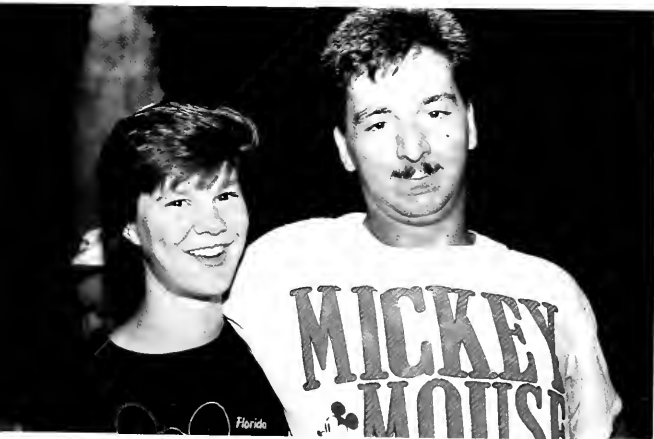














America has seen many trends come and go. Fortunately, most trends have gone and stayed there. But a few, like miniskirts, have recently resurfaced. Let's hear it for miniskirts, guys. Patriotism, too, has fallen in and out of fashion.

Your grandparents could tell you that during World War II people flocked to the call of duty. The story of Rosie the Riveter, and even some wartime Buggs Bunny cartoons, show how patriotism hit a high during World War II.

What a difference from Vietnam, huh? Protestors came out of the woodwork, burning draft cards, and fleeing to Canada. There were rallies and riots on nearly every college campus.

Because of the recent US victory against Iraq, patriotism is once again fashionable. In the past year, there has been a surge in faith and pride

in our armed forces and in ourselves.

America's patriotism fluctuates as often as fashion's dos and don'ts. Let's hope this isn't a regular pattern. If it is, we'll soon see another dip in our patriotism. Who knows where the anarchy and chaos which could result may lead?











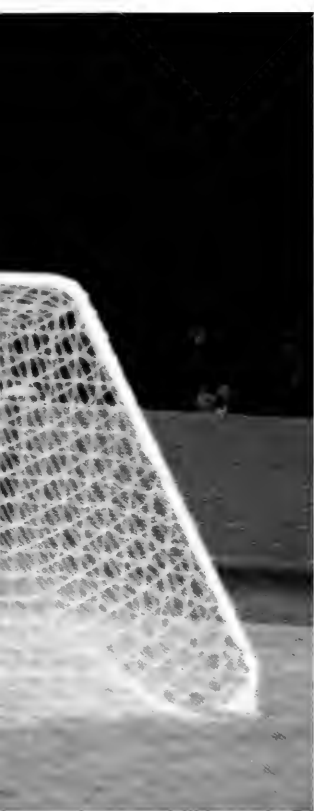


















“Ready for summer?”

When May gets here, with students trying to absorb a semester’s worth of material in one all night cram session, the answer to this question will be obvious. While summer break is a welcome sight for everyone, plans for the three month break from UNCG vary.

Summer jobs always busy a good deal of students. Some students wait or bus tables in restaurants like Lucky 32 and Bennigan’s while others work as counselors in summer camps. The money earned is put toward apartment rent, telephone bills, or a Spring Break trip to Florida.

Other students try to get ahead by enrolling in summer classes, either at UNCG or another school. Whether signed up for one session or both, students use the shortened semester to finish requirements, to retake a class, or just to take a class

that interests them.

Some students take the summer break as just that - a break from academics and jobs. Whether they are lounging by the pool or just staying at home, these students enjoy their vacations to the fullest.

Amy Torchinsky













Angela D. McDaries



Melissa Ann Moore



Sonya O'shea Moore



Tersa Lynn Nash



Michael Peason







Julie Ann Alspaugh



Ashley Jennifer  
Brooks



Kent Broyhill



Catherine Lane  
Bullard

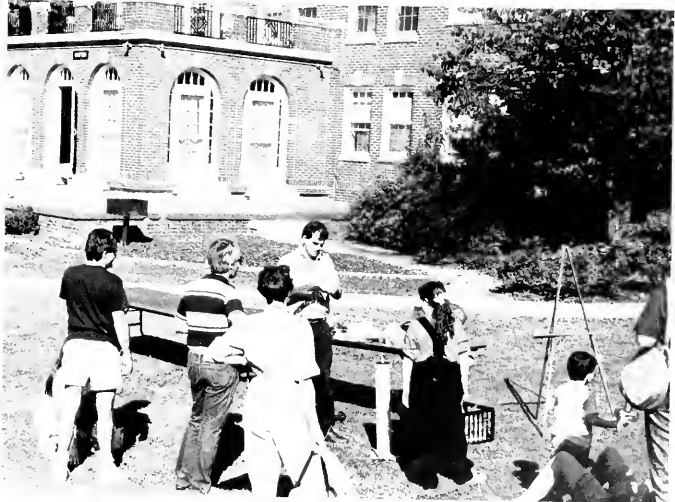


Lori Elizabeth  
Covington



Ne Keisha L. Dowdy







Shannon Eford



Mark Steven  
Feldman



Jessica Finch



Antonia M. Fishel



Angela E. Fouts





Amy Elizabeth Grant

Mir Garry

Travis G. Gietz

Melissa Jill Greenberg

Anita Gail Gregory





Michelle Leigh Griffin



Troy Layne  
Holzschuh



Sarah Hoover



Margaret D. Howell







Jenny L. James



Virginia Ann Jordan



Lynn Kickery



Catherine E. Lacau



Amber E. Larson



Christopher G. Leslie



Dorthy Ann Lewis



Angela L. Lloyd



Stacey Pine



Beverly Pittillo



Kristen L. Pulley



Kristi L. Rich





Dorm life. It's loud, it's annoying, and even with it's good points it can drive you crazy. As you enter your comfy, lived in room you look around to see the filthy mess your roommate has left for you. You bypass the soda with mold growing on top and the trash that hasn't been taken out for weeks and find a cozy spot to sit among the rubble and dirty laundry. Upon finding that spot you begin the mounds of homework assigned to you, and find yourself in the predicament that I am in right now...

At his late hour there are a variety of noises bombarding you. People are singing to blaring radios. A hair dryer barely drowns out the noise of my neighbors' ringing phone. Ah, they made a new answering machine message. Someone down the hall screams, and if one more door slams I'm going to lose it. At this moment, I can hear all that plus three conversations, the intercom system, and sirens at a distance. If you'll excuse me, I think I'll leave my cozy spot and go to the library.

AH. Silence. This has nothing to do with dorm life, but it is soothing to the ears. As most people discover upon moving into a dorm room, there is a lot to learn to deal with. Aside from all of the noise, it can be loads of fun. Especially when you are part of the noise. The problem comes when amid all of the fun and fellowship, time must be found to study.

Though dorm life has it's drawbacks, there is also a lot of growing up and sharing involved. Within days of your arrival, you can't help but make friends with these people with whom you are sharing a bathroom, a hallway, and a lot of time. Lasting friendships tend to grow with the mold of unrefrigerated food in each room, and there is a lot to learn from these people of all backgrounds with whom you are sharing a hall.

Having said all of that, I shall now go back to my room and try to sleep. Perhaps I will once again be lulled into slumber by that never ending, mysterious banging in the room directly above me combined with the screaming directly below.



Anita Gregory



Jennifer L. Pridgen



Gray A. Sappenfield



Brian Scott Seaver



Dewayne M. Southern



Christie Louise White



Chrystal D. Webb

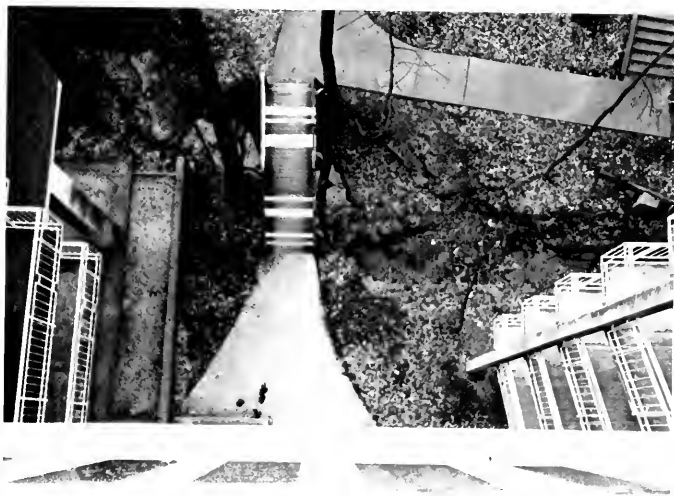


Charles M. Turner III













# Organizations





Heather Jean Palombi



Denise Quitina  
Patterson



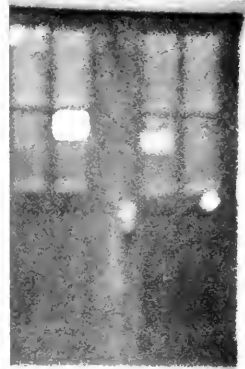
Katrina L. Poteat



Regina Y. Perry



Melinda Lois Pierce





Lori L. Potts



April C. Quincoses



Jennifer Robbins



Randy Clay Rogers

When approached with the opportunity of writing the *Coraddi* page for *Pine Needles*, at first I thought I would say something informative about the magazine - its history, submissions guidelines, or something to that effect - but this year I've been given many chances to say that type of thing, and would just be repeating things. So I thought I'd use this page to do something that doesn't normally get done when your job is publishing other people's work - talk about ourselves. And since a yearbook's main objective is capturing a place and time, maybe I can say some things about the people in this staff photograph that will give insight as to where and who we are, or were, so to speak.

At the time of this writing, Jennifer, the person smiling in the top left of the photo, is probably somewhere on campus. She's the only one of us who lives in a dorm, and has smuggled food out of The Caf for us several times, for which I especially, am grateful. She's the youngest one of the group, a sophomore, has a great amount of talent, a love for poetry, and is as bright as anybody. This year she read her work for the first time in front of people, at a reading at Guilford College, which was a brave thing. The guy standing next to her, Chris, is studying sculpture, and has managed handling the magazine, school, and his band, Bicycle Face. They are due to release an album (CD) soon, so there is no telling what his future holds. He drives a green VW minivan, always carries a pocket knife, and took me to my first art museum, years ago on a summer night, when anything seemed possible. We left for Washington on the spur of the moment, and the next afternoon he introduced me to Rauschenberg, among others, for which I'm eternally grateful. The guy with the beard and glasses, is Ian. He's working on his doctorate, and has a novel in the works, which I've read most of, and think it's tremendous. He's also the only person I know who has ever made any money from writing that I can have a conversation with for any length of time. This fall, he had a story printed in *Amazing Stories*. I was thoroughly impressed, and why not? I took Fred Chappell's Science Fiction class, and if I remember correctly, *Amazing Stories* is the oldest existing Science Fiction publication in the world, so there. Most importantly, he's a good guy. He also has a pet iguana named Oz. Standing to the right of Ian, is David. He has as fierce a love for poetry, and for creative expression of all kinds, as anyone I've ever met, or will meet. I hope to God he's teaching our kids one day. That's what he wants to do. If there's any justice, he will be. Right now, he's waiting tables, and attending classes; going back and forth between trying to keep a smile on his face, and trying to keep a smile on his face, when sometimes there may be an overwhelming urge to scream at his classmates, his professor, or the couple eating the spinach salad. Of course, I'm just guessing. Kneeling on the far right, is Kevin. Unlike a lot of students, he has a good job. He works for a design firm, making billboards. He also plays in a band, 800, which is fairly new and popular. I don't know much else about Kevin, except that he knows the art world, used to live in a really nice house on Walker Ave, and there's an infamous story of him covertly including an unrequested Dada type piece in a major gallery show. Second to the right is Meredith. Meredith is much like David, an enormous amount of energy, a vocal and astute critic, and a quick mind. All her days seem to be long and productive. She almost left us in December, to go to school in California. We were all glad she changed her mind. She's been the aesthetic backbone of the magazine. I think it is safe to say that Meredith is doing what most college students are doing, she's searching for her calling. People with many talents sometimes have a hard time choosing only one. Next, is William. Before school began this fall, it was mentioned to William that the top desk drawer had been locked and unopened longer than anyone could remember. They had tried to get it open last year, and the year before, to no avail. The day after William was informed of the matter, the desk drawer was open. It contained papers from 1984. I don't think I could illustrate it any better, he does what he sets out to do. He's been *Coraddi*'s sane loud voice when one's been needed, when being soft spoken doesn't work, and he does a good job. He's also loves writing, photography, and is a good cook. At least that's what his dating service application says. Amy is kneeling on the bottom left. When the fall issue came out, we were all at my house, celebrating, sitting on my roof, with our obligatory bottle of bourbon. Amy didn't fall off or anything, no one did, I just wanted to mention we were all on my roof. She also plays in a local band, Chew Toy, plus she works in a bookstore,

edits a small literary quarterly, and reads her poetry often at various venues. Coraddi was lucky to have her help. There's one person not in this picture who should be. That's because at the time it was taken, he had already left for New Jersey. His name is Andrew. He graduated this December, with a degree in Painting. Look at a Fall '91 issue of Coraddi, and you can easily see Andrew's contribution. While he lived in town, he worked as a cook at a family restaurant, used Bryl Cream in his hair, painted all day often, played the drums sometimes, and stole a box of grits from my kitchen, for which I never forgave him. He's probably in his Dad's basement right now doing woodwork. He's missed. Last is me, standing in the middle. I love all these people in this photograph, and hope to know them a long time. I feel lucky to have known these people at all.



Coraddi

## Gamma Sigma Sigma



# Alpha Kappa Alpha

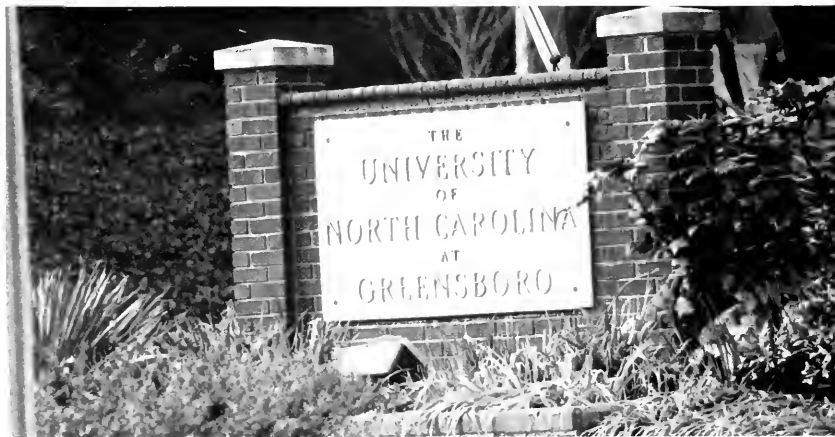


Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Inc. focuses on sisterhood, service, and scholarship. They do national service projects like Cleveland Job Corps, voter registration, and Project Literacy. They also participate in a wide variety of local service projects like Project Destiny and Trick or Treat for UNICEF.

## 1991-1992 Officers

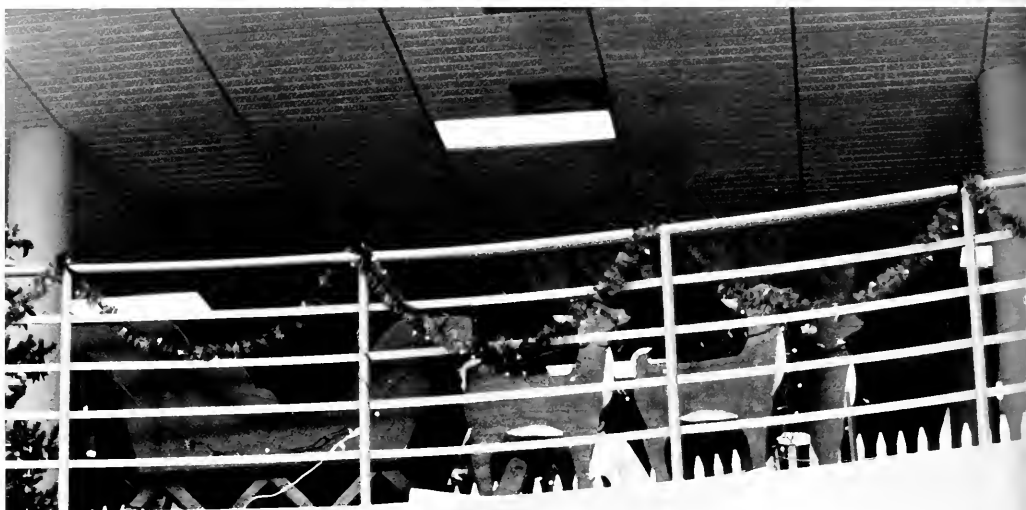
President	Monica Pieroe
Vice President	Theresa Guerrero
Secretaries	Rhesia Phillip Jania Fowler
Treasurer	Beatrice Mwanda

Members not present for the picture are Beatrice Mwanda, Theresa Guerrero, Jania Fowler, Wivine Mahungu.









Heather Dawn  
Rumley



Jennifer Lynn Russell





Susan Elizabeth  
Seaver



Stephanie L. Spruill



April Nicole Smith

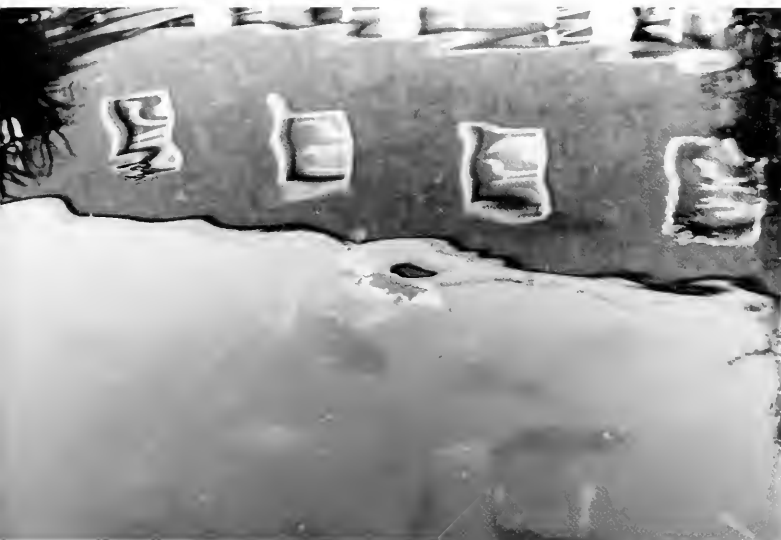


Jennifer Lynn  
Stadnicki

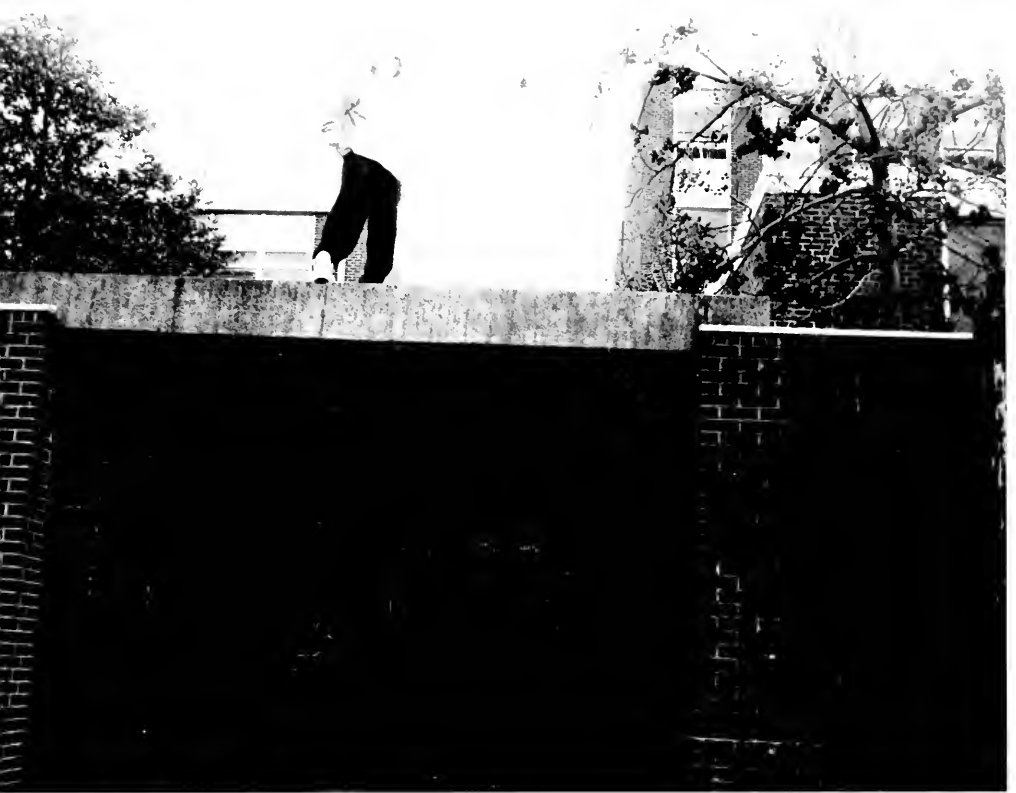


Kristy Michelle Smith









## Alpha Phi Alpha







Phi Beta Sigma



Christine E. Stoney



Tabitha S. Strong





Tracy R. Sturdivant



Traci Susan Vann



Caroline R. Tanner

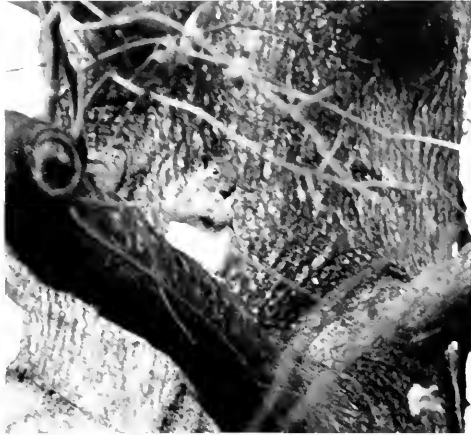


Michelle Virtue



Jennifer Lynn Tinker





Matt Malloy. Musician, singer, songwriter, artist, poet, writer, film maker. Is that everything? Everything that can fit on this page without looking tacky, like a bus schedule or a grocery list, though much is missing. A senior earning his degree in Communications (concentrating on Media Production), Matt Malloy is by far one of UNCG's greatest artists.

Sunday morning. Matt stands impatiently as the morning DJ pokes his head out of the WUAG control room, responding to the incessant knocking. At 9am every Sunday, Matt Malloy and fellow artist Dave McDonnell kick off another edition of "Livingroom," their eclectic Sunday morning radio therapy session, featuring three and a half hours of... of... well, anything you can think of, actually. Poetry, jazz, live performance or even short stories read in low, raspy, hungover tones. The aim is to get artful expression onto the airwaves.

Rubber insects. That's what you'll need to encourage your kids to collect if you want them to follow in Matt's footsteps. That's what he collected as a child, a hobby of his. "like that rubber snake over there," he says, pointing to an asp lurking beneath (ironically) a music stand.

Music. One of Matt's many passions. His love of music began at the age of seven when his parents purchased a piano and encouraged his natural musical talent. Lessons? Sure, for about a year, "more like six weeks" he'd interject, then he quit, instead pursuing his musical interests alone.

Stagefright? Hardly. Matt Malloy is a showman. If one was fortunate enough to see the birth of his "Doctor Doornail" character early in 1990, it would be clear that he is quite comfortable before an audience. Time and time again, he climbs back on stage for another performance, be it singing or ripping off a fifteen minute monologue from memory. "A lot of people say 'hey, I really liked your improv' and what they don't know is that I write out and memorize everything I do." Is he ever nervous? "The better prepared I am, the more comfortable I feel." He says.

Matt Malloy cites Rich Buchanan, fellow UNCG student and father of "The Lima Bean Hour" as his most aggressive promoter.

"Rich encouraged me to do stuff. He encouraged me to pursue my interest, to write and perform. I eventually went down to the St. Mary's House. That was the first place I ever performed. It was really nice, a very receptive crowd.

"Funny thing is, all of the people that got up before me were playing easy listening stuff. The first people to get up there was this girl and her father, they sang this duet, and then three guys got up there and played Pachelbel's Canon. And then I got up there and sang five songs about sex. So I thought 'Aw God' and got up there and started playing. It went well. I played 'Wild Thing'. They liked it."

Write too. The boy can write. He says he "always wrote" when he was a little kid. On the shelves of the Bethlehem Public Library sits a bound story written by a then little Matty Malloy.

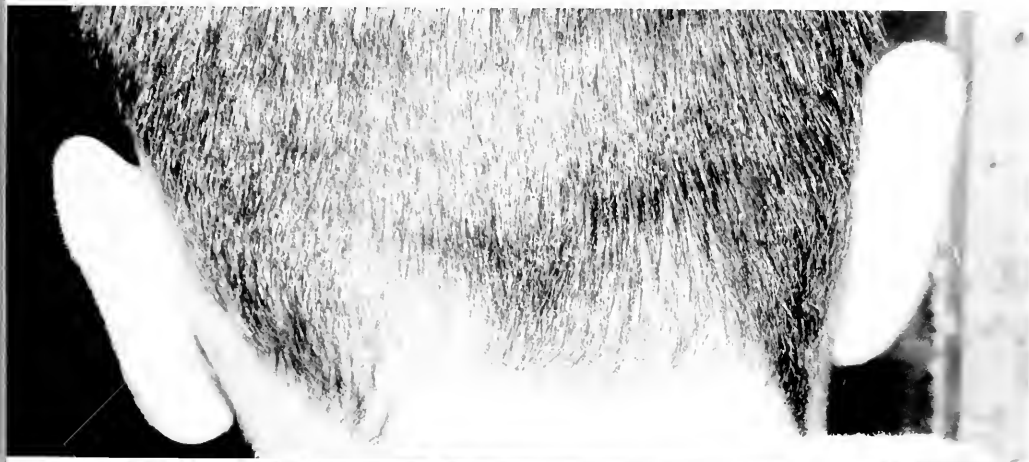
"The story was about a dragon that lived in a cave and got really lonely and decided to look for some friends. So he went to the local town and the first person he ran into was a little kid named Charles who named the dragon Bruce. He taught the dragon some tricks (to jump when he clapped his hands) and they were playing hide and seek in the woods and some kidnappers are like 'come with us Charles' and he said 'ok just let me clap my hands' and the dragon jumped out and scared them away. He was the hero of the town from then on."

Film too. Produced early in the fall of 1991 for his Cinematography course, Matt's first 16mm film, entitled "John" featured Harrison Cannon as a mildly neurotic bum with what turns into an obsession for reading. It was met with riotous applause at it's premiere before a large group of UNCG students, faculty and parents. His interest in film began in high school, his early attempts were not as successful. His early video screenplays "turned out really bad" as he says.

Though his continued interest in photography, music and writing encouraged him to pursue an education in communications. Working in film "allows me to do all three" as he says. "And acting, I wanted to be an actor too. Actually, I just wanted to be famous."

Diverse, insightful, and inspiring, Matt Malloy will prove to be one of this schools greatest alumni.

William Gau





Latonja Yvette Watford



Robyn Withrow



Latasha Denene Wilson



Wendy Lee Wicker



Jennifer Wilkins







Matthew Zenowood



Traci Wood



Anthony Delomar  
Woods



Tamica Dene Young

Successful parties are more than big parties. You need fireworks, an orchestra, and Leontine Price to sing the National Anthem if you really mean to celebrate. To celebrate someone is even trickier; for that you need the party *and* a statue to unveil *and* appreciative students to recite in sonorous tones. In this centennial year, I celebrate the students.

### I. The Statue (Fireworks)

A statue to UNCG students should face Mr. McIver's across the lawn in front of the library. Mr. McIver's likeness was a fine celebration of him a dignified visionary, eyes fixed on the future, determined as bronze. He is heavy like the earth.

That sort of statue will not do for you, of course. A statue to students should be portable maybe on rollers. It needs to be light on its feet. Students have the kind of kinetic energy that comes with youth and change. I know, because I was an older student here for many years, full of energy, because I was so happy to be here. A statue to students must be made of some malleable, buoyant material that moves.

And laughs. Mr. McIver has no sense of humor. He's only funny when you students hang something on him, and that's because his dignity is compromised in some risible way. Not that I don't want your heads turned toward the Future and Great Things. Not that I don't want some decorum for you someday. For now, keep entertaining me with sardonic asides, leavens of malice, irrepressible good spirits. Dignity later.

### II. Appreciative words (Orchestra)

Leaving the noise of the party for a few minutes, I would like to say a few sonorous words over you. Famous celebrations of

people immortalize them and the speaker. Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour. Or Lincoln. Or Shakespeare.

As for me, like all teachers I have some powerful anecdotes to relate regarding your virtues many, many testaments to courage, intellectual hunger, kindness. But they would take too long to recite, and, as we have established, you like to be on the move. Furthermore, UNCG students here have a marked sense of modesty. Schmaltzy accounts of your goodness would make you embarrassed, if not sick.

Sometimes we faculty members wish you'd put yourselves forward a bit more, it's true.



# **NO TRESPASSING**

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**JERRY D. WILLIAMSON**  
Director of Public Safety and Police

On the whole, however, a certain kind of modesty is a great asset in the young and a rare one on many campuses.

Where does this come from, this old-fashioned humility? Does it come from having to pay a good deal of your way through school? Does it come from a regional sense of hierarchy that the young are supposed to be polite to their elders, to their teachers? I believe the answer is that you were raised right. A proper sense of humility in a student is a necessity if she or he is to be taught, to be changed. You have plenty of time to become as unblushing as Mr. McIver. For now, I celebrate your modesty.

### III. In Summary (lights down)

I meant to celebrate you, but I have failed. The statue I've designed is ludicrous a creaking, lurching monster like the early Godzilla. A statue to youth, energy, and change is a contradiction in terms, I suppose.

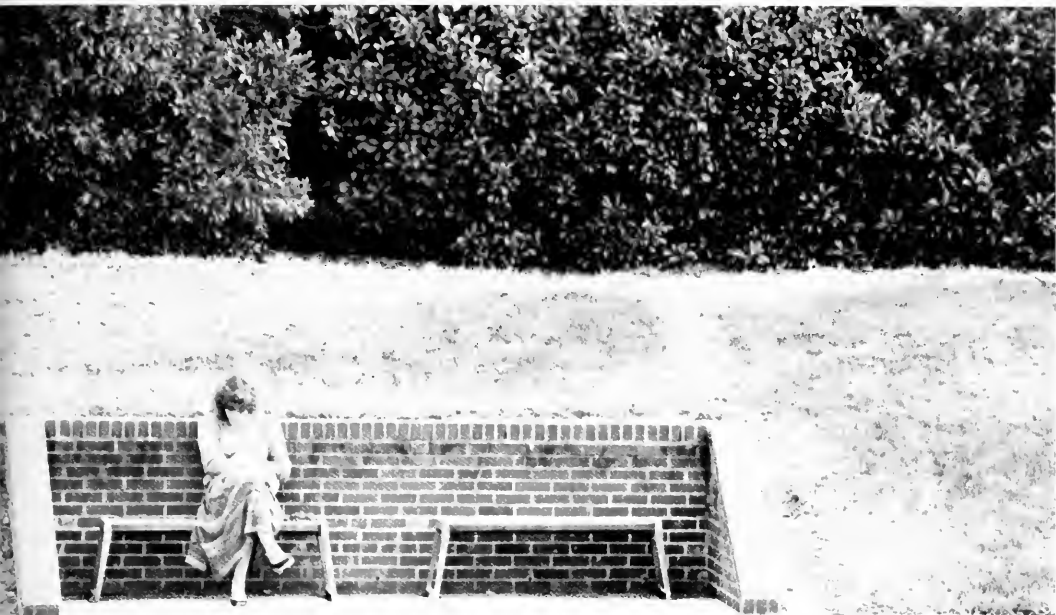
The appreciation words are too vague. I can tell you that I and many of my colleagues love the students here. I hope that's the same as celebrating them, because I can't think of another thing to do except to set off one more Roman candle and offer some advice:

keep moving; have fun; look ungrimly to the future; stay hungry.

Laurie White

January 15, 1992





The best parts of my stay in Germany were traveling and witnessing the changes that took place these past two years. The best places I visited were near Austria. The border there was full of tourist towns, and the scenery was beautiful.

Europe changed a lot while I was there. The Berlin Wall came down and East and West Germany united. Gorbachev once visited the city I was stationed in, but unfortunately I was unable to see him.

To anyone who is considering taking a vacation in Europe, I suggest that they be sure to visit Southern Germany, go through the black Forest, and tour Austria. Austria has some



of the best ski slopes in the world. There's just no other place like it!

Richard Serge







Robbie Alyson Rhodes



Sandra Lee Rhyne







Kelly L. Rich



Mary E. Robertson



Sherry Lynn Riedel



Cathy Sue Rosenberg



Darci Renee Riesenhuber





UNCG Cheerleaders



Evan D. Smith, the Editor of the 1991-1992 *Coraddi*, is one of UNCG's greatest literary assets. A senior studying English, Evan is a major local figure in poetry who has written a great deal of Greensboro's best contemporary free verse.

On any given day however, you'll find him devoting the majority of his time to promoting local talent. In the area of performance, Evan has collaborated with The Miracle House of Greensboro to feature local artist in a performance forum known as "Poets Eat." Conducted every other Thursday this year, the Poet's Eat has featured virtually all forms of artistic expression from poetry and short stories to singing and dramatic monologues. The Poet's Eat provides anyone with the interest and the courage the chance in front of a crowd to do what they feel is their best.

He has also turned and eye towards publication. Citing small press publishing as being his greatest interest, he has pursued it with zest. Evan published a small volume of his own poetry in a chapbook entitled *If I Had A Chariot, I'd Deliver Pizza*. Received with much praise, this publication continues to sell briskly in Chapel Hill as well as Greensboro bookstores. No small feat, publishing your own book of poetry. In addition to the 17 poems, the publication also contains 12 illustrations by local artist Jim Austin.

Beginning this year, Evan has expanded his horizons by joining with Erick Gordon to produce a local "small press" literary journal called *Underhouse Press*. It's first issue featured poetry by such local talent as Carol Jean Dearing, Amy Wilkinson, David Andrew, and artwork by UNCG graduate student Colin Peters. It is Evan's goal to expose society to those artists which he finds most talented.

Is it too personal to tell you the name of his dog? Or his views on commercial television? Or that he wishes to meet the girl who owns the Massachusetts plated Volvo wagon with Greenpeace/Save the Whales/Gantt for Senate stickers all over the back? He's a hard character to pin down (like his poetry) and words arranged thus do not suffice. Though most are acquainted with him, one never really gets a true sense of the person he is. "I like him a lot, he seems very noble," said one classmate, when asked her opinion of him. Interesting.

This is not a feeble attempt to reveal some hidden psyche. These are anonymous observations which any UNCG student could have made had they found themselves in the same literary circles in which Evan Smith continues to circulate.

What lies ahead for Evan Smith? Literary greatness? A life of mediocrity on Silver Avenue? Many have often wondered—and worried—much the same. Although only time will tell, this yearbook will be testimony to a local great.

"This is history," Evan would say, waving the very yearbook you're holding under your nose. In the 1990's, Evan Smith belonged to Greensboro, making the history here, and he belonged to UNCG.

William Gau

(From 3 Things About the Devil)  
*The Ghost Above Your Shoulder*

Hits young men in the head  
In their prime  
in the head  
with an invisible steel pipe  
he licks their feet from under them  
on stairwells  
on ladders

He jerks their steering wheel

and drops dung ugly ghosted dogs in their headlights  
bright on narrow shaked roads  
where nobody lives

He's there in the emergency room  
with a mask  
he waits in the lobby reading racing forms  
he wanders down the hall to the nursery glass  
sticks his tongue  
at the babies

He is guilty of loss of balance  
he is guilty of oil slicks and hydroplane  
he cares nothing for rock stars  
mercenaries  
ad reps  
or any of his other servants  
he is only goose-necked  
rubber-eyed to wear heavy cologne to funeral parlors  
he likes to smile tears  
shake hands  
and soak it all in

in solemn whispers he says  
"Doesn't he look nice and restful. Oh it was a terrible thing."

*-Evan Smith*





Melissa Carrion



Craig Hayes Childers



Cortina A. Connor



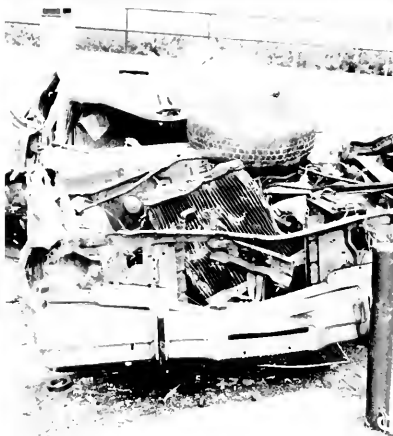
Tonya S. Conrad



Natalie Caroline  
Cooke



Tina M. Davis





## Campus Activities Board







Delta Sigma Pi



Alisha Dale Routh



Jennifer Novelle  
Royal





Jeremy Marc Sa-  
lemson



Melissa A. Sharpe



Daniel Sampson



Robin E. Shaw



Laura Schiltz

In the basement of the Walter Clinton Jackson Library there exists an abandoned auditorium. It is airy, spacious, yet completely dilapidated. Over its locked, darkened doors a sign reads "Pandall Jarrell Lecture Hall." In the 1950's, great literary forums were conducted in this hall, drawing hundreds of writers, poets and critics from all over the country. Yet now, it stands empty, neglected and dishonored.

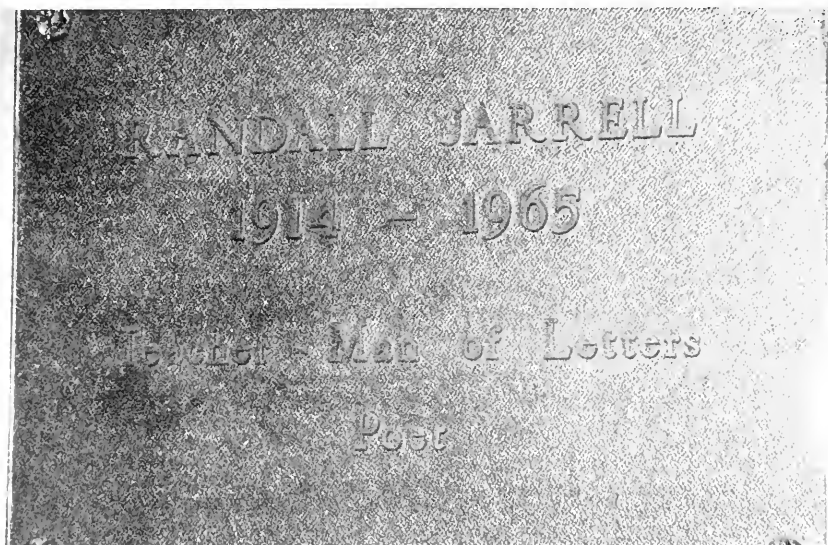
The Randall Jarrell Lecture Hall was dedicated on April 9th, 1970, in memory of Randall Jarrell, distinguished American poet, critic, and UNCG professor. A native of Nashville, Tennessee, Jarrell spent his boyhood years in Hollywood, California. He would return later to Nashville to earn two degrees from Vanderbilt University. Afterwards, he served his country in the Army Air Corps during World War II, an experience which inspired him to write one of his best remembered poems "Death of a Ball Turret Gunner." In 1947 he began his teaching career at UNCG as a professor of poetry and did so until his tragic death in 1965. In all, he left nine books of poetry, a critically acclaimed novel, three collections of essays, four children's books and scores of articles for textbooks and journals. In addition to several awards and honors, he received the National Book Award in 1961 for his book *The Woman at the Washington Zoo*. He also served as a consultant of poetry to the Library of Congress.

On the occasion of the hall's dedication in 1970, Chancellor James Ferguson said:

"We are today honoring a man, Randall Jarrell, who brought to this institution some of it's most exciting moments. . . we want to celebrate his association with this school and express appreciation for his impact on it and on the lives of the people who worked with him here as students or as colleagues."

A fitting dedication too, for it was in the Jackson Library that Randall Jarrell found peace. Of libraries he wrote "I rarely feel happier than when I'm in a library. . . rarely feel more soothed and calm and secure. . . sitting back there in the soft gloom of the stacks, a book among books." More often than not, when he wasn't teaching a class or at home, he could be found at the Library. At the dedication of the lecture hall, his wife, Mary Jarrell said "[Jackson Library] was his club. His pub, if you will."

It was in the UNCG Library that Jarrell composed his poem "A Girl in a Library" and it was to the Jackson Library that Jarrell donated a large portion of his private papers, including original





working notes, first drafts of poems and dozens of manuscripts.

Although the pathetic condition of the lecture hall is well-known, there is little that has been done. The biggest stumbling block is the state budget. Contrary to popular beliefs, the school has little to do with the renovations of its own buildings. Instead, every year the Office of Facilities Planning prepares a package of restoration proposals of *state buildings* which it then sends to the state legislature. It is there that various renovation projects on campus are approved. It is on the state level that the money is provided for such a project, although the university has done little to speed up the process of restoration. It might not have the funds, but it can prioritize its request such that funds are provided by the state.

It is tragic to read the opening remarks given by Mary Jarrell at the dedication, for they serve as a grim juxtaposition today. She said "Randall Jarrell Hall is a new name that gives the old room a second start on life. But I want to stop abstracting and say what this dedication means to me, and how much it matters. It means . . . that the words 'Jarrell Hall' in print, or spoken, or overheard will keep Randall's name in the ordinary, daily life of this campus he thought of as home. I am grateful for that."

Gratitude would be in order, if it had actually happened. Though not surprising, Randall Jarrell is as forgotten among the students of UNCG as the man whose statue stands in front of the library. The memory of Jarrell, although honored by the University for a short time, has somehow managed to slip away. And as every year passes, the cost of renovation increases, and the odds of the lecture hall being returned to its former condition become less likely.

Today, when one enters the Jackson Library, it seems peculiar that on a free standing marquee, black letters proclaim "Jarrell Lecture Hall." An arrow points towards the steps which descend into the depths of the library. A corridor leads one to a neglected, decrepit shadow of a monument, an abandoned lecture hall dedicated to a forever monumental man.

William Gau



Brenda Ann Shepard



Stacy Rae Shepherd



Toni Elizabeth Shuping



Patrick L. Shouse



Michael C. Sherrill





R. Denise Sikes



Julie L. Sims



Alyssa K. Slater



Kristen Marie Slater



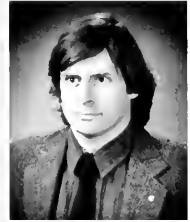
Kelli Cooksmith



Zanda A. Smith







Stephan W. Soliday



Janie R. Stanley



Regula W. Spotti



Ronald Marcus  
Stanley



Jill Leann Staggs



Regan M. Delaney



Elissa Margaret Ewalt



Michelle Lee Fox



Tresa Lynn Frallic



Christopher Goldstein





Leslie Joy Goodman



Mariaealine Greene



Kimberly Lynne  
Griggs



George Brian Haire



Susan Hall



## University Catholic Center





Presby House



Alesa C. Stewart



Kathleen M. Stinehelfer



Laleny Ayn Strickland

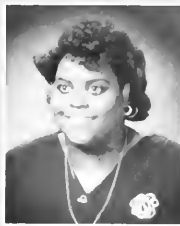


Cindy Denise Strickland



Christopher A. Stone





Trinicia V. Strickland



Mollie Frances Stubbs



Lisa Renee Tally



Andrea Lee Tate









Sarah Verlie Hills



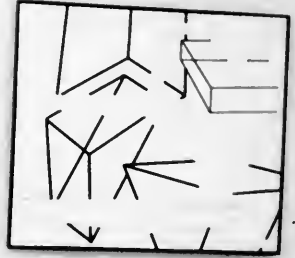
Elmia L. Hodge



Michelle Renee  
Holmes



Bryan M. Jenkins





Kimberly Dawn Jones



Marivee L. Kearns



Laura C. Linton



Amanda S. Little



Suzanne M. McEwen



Jennifer M. Mudge



April Denise Newkirk



Lucy Lucindy Nixon



Andrea P. Taylor



Audrey Thomas



Marcia G. Thomas



Sharlena C. Thomas



Tracey Arlene Thompson



Tosha Thorne





Valerie E. Thrower



Sherry E. Tucker



Debbie Carol Tucker



Monica Rae Turner



Lisa A. Tucker

## ENGLISH

DEPT. OFFICE  
EVANS J HEAD  
ARNDT M  
BAKER D  
BREWER J  
BUCHERT J  
BULGIN R  
CHAPPELL F  
CLARK J  
CUSHMAN



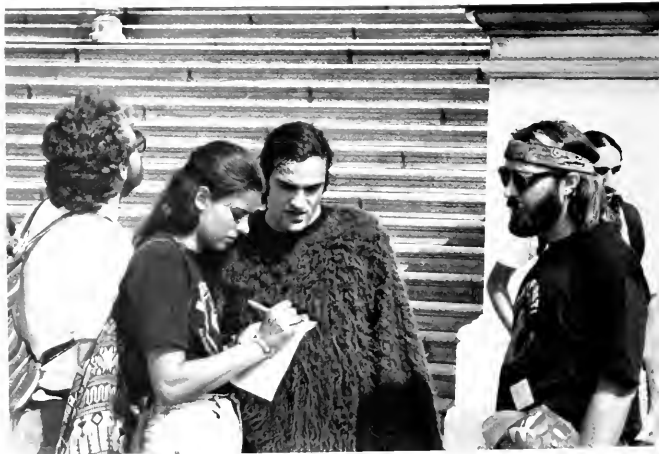
SUMMER 91

FALL 91

SPRING 92

WILLIAM D GAU







# *Sports*



7  
The event was the Division I. September 17, 1991. The event was the Division I.

Just a few short years we at non-scholarship Division III level. Now we were going to write one of the biggest collegiate athletic chapters in the history of the NCAA. UNCG was set to become the first team in history to move from Division III to Division I. Simply Amazing!

A sellout crowd of 3,540 packed the brand new \$3.6 million, lighted UNCG Soccer Stadium, while hundreds of others watched from the campus golf course after being turned away at the gate.

Even more fascinating was the fact that just last year there was a mere hill last year where the stadium now stands, with a field house and a visitor side grandstand to be added in the future.

The Spartans went all out for the stadium dedication as well. Pre-game ceremonies included speeches by Chancellor Moran and Athletic Director Nelson Bobb.

Then came the pre-game highlight as members of the Southern Skies Sky Diving Team delivered the game ball at midfield. The Spartans then proceeded to dismantle the Campbell Camels, 3-1, thanks to a three goal hat trick by Senior Mike Gailey, and fireworks punctuated each Spartan score.

Reaction to the new stadium was ecstatic. Few fans could keep their comments to themselves, as everyone marveled at the facility, believed to be the best pure collegiate soccer stadium in the country, and even rivaling that of some professional teams. Many of the students commented that they finally felt collegiate because they had a major athletic event.

Coach Michael Parker expressed his gratitude at the over-

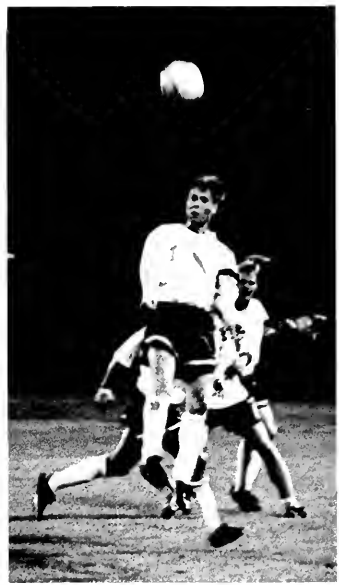


whelming support, while Bobb commented that his greatest thrill was that students were on our campus on Saturday night, and they were having fun!

Even the Camel players were fascinated. Said Rami Kauppi, who scored the Camels lone goal, It s a beautiful place. I wish we had something this nice.

Indeed, it is a beautiful place. A place that will provide the necessary common denominator to finally unify a very diverse campus. Bobb was overwhelmed at the fact that his problem was drawing too many fans, instead of not enough.

And for those who wonder how much of an effect it had on the game. Well, according to Gailey, With 3500 people watching, you can t mess up!



FRONT ROW (L-R) Chris Wode, Darren McDonough, Darren Powell, Gary DeLeon, Gene Lindley, Mark Mullins, Mike Gailey, Hilmar Bjornsson, Shawn Mahoney, David Cichy REAR ROW (L-P) Michael Parker (head coach), Brian Taylor, Mark Smallwood, Philip Wilson, Kevin Reifschneider, Mike Sweeney, Anthony DiFoggio, Chris Albert, Scott Brittsan, Charles Maxwell, Larry Feniger, Steve Hamilton, Pat Barratt (assistant coach)



Jennifer M. Berry



Amy Lynn Blackwell



Tina L. Blanks



Natalie Ginger Brady



Catherine G. Burress







Katherine Marie Allen



Annett Rose Alonso



Ivy Jean Anderson



Yolanda A. Anderson



Tiffany Lawing  
Anselment



Melissa Louise Artz







Cheryl George



Angela Leigh Gibson



Andrea Graves



Sandy Laine Grunke



Tracey Lynn Haigler







La 'Trice Firms

Wanda Renee Fraizer

Gina R. Freeman

William Gau

Richard Lewis  
Gehron





Angela Rae Miller



Jonetta Mills



Renee Phillips Minner



Alicia S. Moore





Yolanda Murphy



Teresa Lea Neese



Joy Lynne Nelson



E. Kong C. Ntuen



Susan Lin Ornt



Robert W. Posluszny



Denise L. Moore



Gwendolyn D.  
Morrison







Carol M. Wright



Sam Turner Jr.



Kenneth Andrew  
Vogt



Kelly Renee Under-  
wood



Margaret E. Tyndall





James J. Volpe



Jennifer Denise  
Waldrop



Karyetta L. Walker



Ashley Dawn Wallace



Kathleen Mahony



Justin R. Ervin



Rodney Mitchell  
Fields









Laura Michelle Cox



David William Coyle



Penelope A.  
Crawford



Amy Carol  
Creekmore





Nancy Lynn Doss



Angela Lynn Dickens



Jodie Lynette Deal



Ericka Renee DeVinney



Rachel Ann Davis



Kristen Candice Culler



Carla Teresa Courts



Susan Lynn Crouse



Tracy Carol Johnson



Nicole Lynn Judkins



Valerie Kellett



Douglas Eddie  
Kilgore



Laura Leigh Kirkman



Front row (kneeling) left to right:  
Melanie Trexler, Leisa Norman (assis-  
sant coach), Tanya Edmunds, Staci  
Schram, Tiffany Wilson, Erin Klutz.  
Back row (standing): Tere Dail (head  
coach), Jill Holloran, Lauren Yarish,  
Missi Olson, Jenny Yarbrough,  
Christie Ayscue, Julie Parish (student  
assistant), Tami Perkins (assistant  
coach)







Tiffany T. Alston



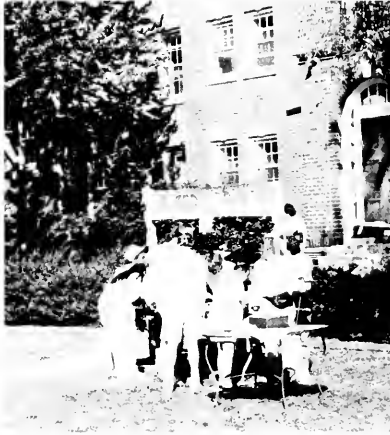
Dana L. Ashworth



Meredith G. Bandell



Helen Berg

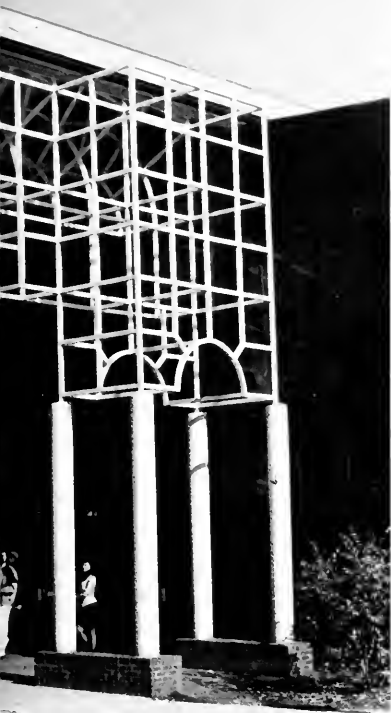


Brenda Ann Black



Joy Chandra Bordeaux







Rebecca Holloway



Kimberly Wolzer



Samuel K. Howard



Jacob Speight Hughes



Amy Elizabeth  
Johnson







Ralph B. Hall Jr.



Anthony Quinn  
Harris



Joanie D. Harshaw



Cinamon Hinshaw



Helena Suzanne  
Holder





Jody Lynn Reavis



Tricia Ann Rentz



Kimberly Beth Russo



Sharen M. Shackelford

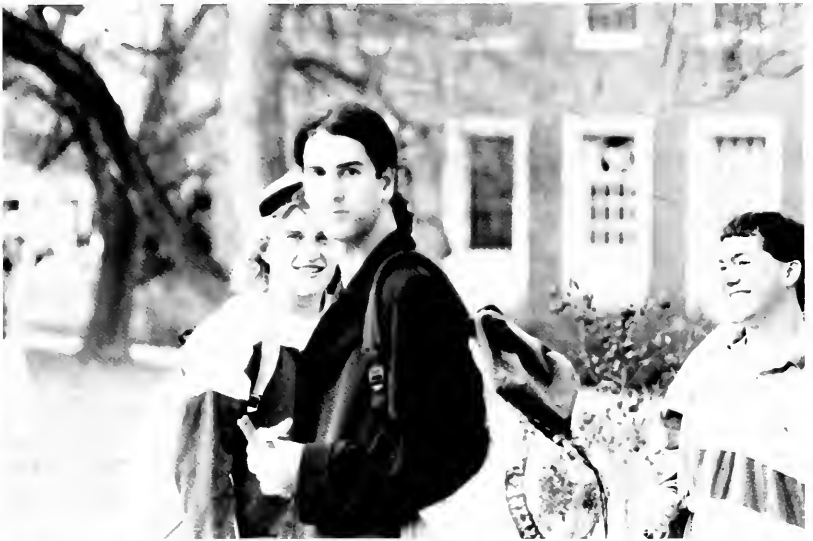




Pamela K. Shepherd



Kimberly D. Shifflett



David R. Smith



Teresa Lynn Steele



Melissa Anne Tate



R. Darnelle Thompson



Devona Toinette  
Whitsett



Amanda Gail Williams



Amy Pritchett



Leanna Jane Procter



Trina Alaine Propst



Linda Kaye Quattlebaum



Stephanie Lynn Reavis



Matthew Wade Reece



Amy Renae Reed

Sherrie Lynn Reynolds





Sherry A. England



Deborah Elaine  
Eatman



Robyn E. Edwards



Jeanie Carol Efird



Michael Burke Drennan







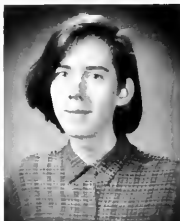
Brent R. English



Trisha Karri Farlow



William M. Farrar III



Susan Marie Feagin



Kimberly R. Fearington



Malcolm Rea Ferrell









Anissa Nicole Fields



Jessica Fields



Kimberly Elaine Floyd



Irene Marie Foley



Julaine Leigh Fritsh





Christy E. Garcia

Heather Lynn Garner

Benjamin Phillip  
Gates

William S. Gaudio

Amy Sue Gentry





Natasha Tatinan  
Cherry



Jennifer Dawn Coker



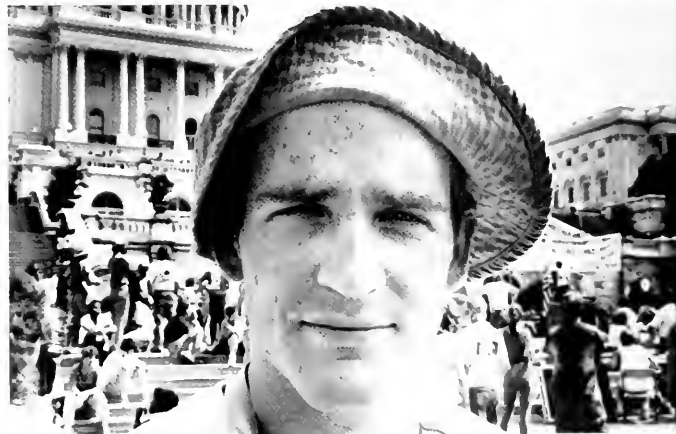
Laura E. Creasy



Kelly W. Dail



Bonnie L. DeCoste







Melissa Anne Briscoe



Monique E. Brooks



Ingrid L. Brown



Richellen Anita Byrd



Allyson Camp



Danetta Yvette Casey





Spartan Sweet Sho





Margaret Long



Gevon Andrea  
Lockhart



Cheryl Ann Lindsay



Rachel Wofford



Jef Williams







Sarah Douglass

Lisa Donohue

Marasin Dominguez

Dawn Renee McNeill

Jennifer DiGregorio





Jennifer Lane Dailey



Elizabeth F. Gladding



Joanne Drew  
Goodwyn

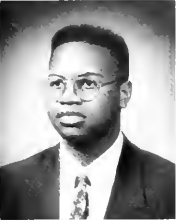


Wendy Howard  
Grady





Linda G. Graham



Rodney A. Griffis



Ben D. Griffith Jr.



Lisa Alderman  
Grimm



Phaedra J. Grove



James Wesley Grubb



Patty L. Guard



Theresa J. Guerrero



Carl N. Haigler III



Lisa Michelle Hail



Kristi Lynette Hall



Lori D. Hampton





Robert A. Hanes



Heidi H. Hantho



Walter Brian Hardaway

Karla Ann Hardy





Heather Danell  
Hartley



Linda Diane Hartness



Melissa D. Hege



Allison L. Hemrick



Erin M. Hennessey







Maggie Elizabeth  
Herndon



Vickie Hylton Hill



Phillip Douglass  
Hilldale



Tamera Leigh Hinkle



Teka Renee Hogan



Tracy Lee Holder









Jill Marie Holloran



Jane Lynch Holt



Gina Aljoy Horne



Ingrid Nichole Horton



Cynthia Lynn House





Nicole Marie Howard

Anica Kaye Howell

Alton R. Hughes II

Connie J. Humphrey

T. Humphrey





Jody Alycia Thompson



Gretchen G. Robinson



Melissa Lyn Ambrose



Anastasia Kalamboki



D'Jarisrochell Anderson







Amy Lee Mullins



Beth Needham



Georgia Susan Peelman



Natalie E. Pemberton



Barbara Jean Powell



Elizabeth E. Price







Ashley James McKenzie



William Todd McCollum



George H. Lockhart



Mary K. Lingerfelt



Robin Michele Lester







Susan McKenzie

Gilbert P. Higley III

Regina Catrisa Howay

Amy Elizabeth Jarman

Donald Ray Jenkins





Susan Marie Black



Peter C. Blackwell



Sharon J. Blake



Sherry L. Belvins





Robert Drew Bowman



Lisa Dawn Bowlin



Cynthia Page Bowen

# The Carolinian



Jennifer Ann Booth



Julie Lynette Boone



Susan Denise Boger



Mary Aletha Blue



Monica Blodgett



Annalisa Jovita Irving



Cynthia Faye Jarvis



Ashley J. Jenkins



Wendy Louise Jessup



Mark Stephen Jewell







Christy M. Johnson



Sonja Johnson



Tami J. Johnson



Cheryl F. Johnson



Vanessa Louise  
Kallam



Wendy Michelle  
Kellam









# *Academics*





Bridget Ennis Armstrong



Ilaria Bardi



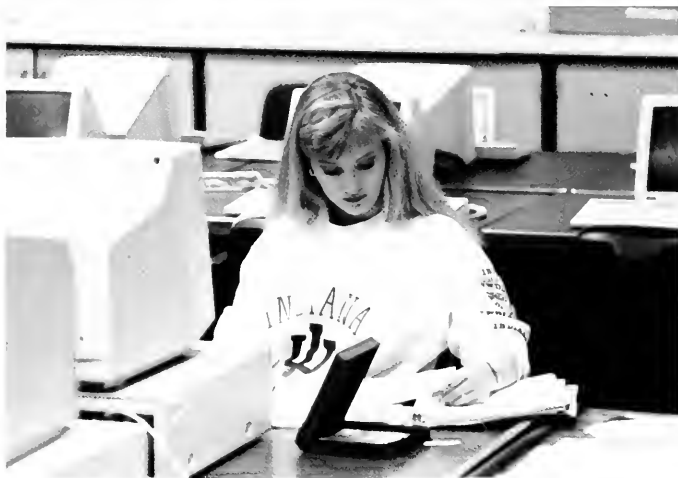
Erika Lovell Brandon



Lori Jo Brewer



Susan Brown



### Memories of a Senior

It's been a long time since that razor touched my face, giving me my first memorable experience. I remember spending an hour examining the few miserable hairs on my chin, laying out my shaving equipment to start the dream journey of every teen boy.

Coming to college was my second memorable experience. Throughout my four years, I had the greatest time of my life. As I look back, I remember my friends, who shared the good times as well as the bad times with me. I remember dreading the walk to the cafeteria, to start an hour of grumbling about the food, but to walk away thankful. I remember kneeling on the floor with four other people late at night counting the pennies to bring the total to match the cost of a small pizza. I remember walking with my friends to Tate Street to buy a Mountain Dew or get a deal at Subway. I remember the first time my friends took me out to Bennigan's for a surprise birthday party. I embarrassed myself by standing on a chair while a couple of people sang "Happy Birthday" to me. Thanks Y'all.

But most of all, I remember my friends at the dorm - my Cobra-ninja roommate, the always-smiling receptionist, and the maid responsible for our hall. To them I say Thanks and take care.

I also remember school, and school work. I remember cramming till four in the morning for my eight o'clock class. I remember my teachers and their bitchy attitudes about assignments. I never knew till then that teachers had double personalities. And I have never heard so many hateful things said about anybody as much as that said about teachers after tests.

I could go on, but I should stop. The point I'm trying to make is that I enjoyed it. I would not trade those four years of my life for anything, not even a pack of chocolate chip cookies. For two packs I might be willing to make deal. Just kidding.

Mohammad Abdul-Rahim





Jeanette F. Riddick



Jennifer Lynn Rivallese



Tim Charles Seats



Sterling Lee Shoaf



Tamara Gayle Shue



Angela Leigh Sikes



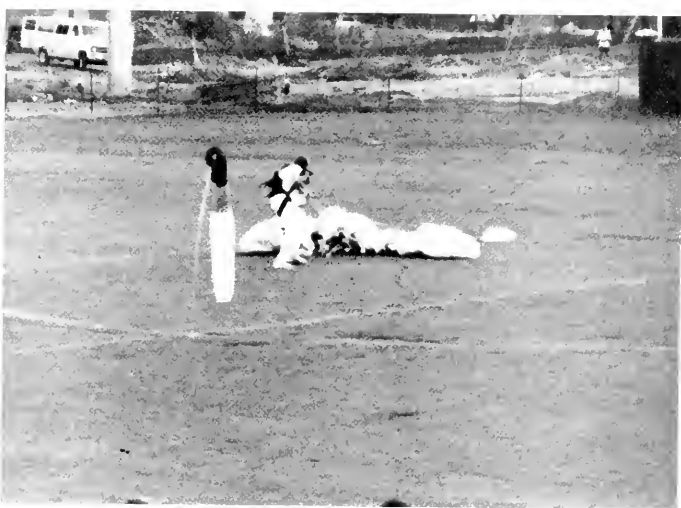
I remember my tenth grade year of high school. I went to University Mall with my friend Rachel and mused about how wonderful it would be to go to Carolina. Back then that was my dream.

I changed my mind and came here instead. I chose UNCG because it was smaller and had a more personal atmosphere. Besides, my best friend was a student here.

As it turned out, three more of my good friends also came to UNCG. Through many card games, dinners in the caf, and quiet nights of heart to heart talking, we became closer. We also met many new people who changed our lives and made college not just a time for academic growth, but also a time for emotional growth.

It is hard to believe I will soon be graduating and leaving my friends, some of whom I've known for over eight years. Although I will feel a certain amount of loss, I know the friends I've made will never be more than a phone call away and that the contribution they have made to my life will be as important to my future happiness and welfare as my degree. Here at UNCG I have gained more than I ever expected to gain by going to college.

S. Robinson Spivey





Lisa Dawn Allen



Daughn Alaine Allie



Sonja M. Allison



Mark Franklin Allred



Steven W. Andercyk





Miriam Thomas Jolly

Bobby A. Jones

Greta Albertson

Tiffany Dawn Alexander

Kevin Scott Allen





Katherine E. Boyce



Cory Boyte



Kendra N. Bradshaw



Lora Martin Bradsher



### Celebration of Science

$E=mc^2$ . Hydrogen, helium, lithium, beryllium... Mitochondria. DNA. RNA.

For most people, these words are drilled into the head with a large bore bit. Yet there are people who chose to make these concepts the focus of their lives. When I mention to people that I'm a Physics major, I get the usual responses - "Wow! You must be smart!" or "That must be really hard." Actually, once you learn the language, it's quite easy, as long as you take time to study.

In exchange for the study time you put into science, you get practical knowledge. I've applied what I've learned to fixing my car. A chemist might learn to make better salad dressing. A biologist could, well, I don't know, biologize. The thing is, we love our work as much as a musician loves his instrument, as much as a dancer loves the dance, as much as prelaw students love screwing people.

Science can be, and should be, as easy, fun, and informative as anything else you can study. And it's







Robin L. Buchanan



Christine I. Bruno



Marlisa Nichelle  
Brown



Kara Brown



John Vernon Brown  
Jr.



Lamonica Brodie



Stephanie J. Brake



Michael Brannon



not just for the guys who make love to computers or sleep with expensive calculators under their pillows. I'm celebrating science because science is for everyone.

Randal

Foster





Elizabeth Kent



Charles E. Kiel



Aimee Sue Kimrey



Devonna Lynnette  
Kimrey



Laura Marie King





Scarlett Ann Kipka

Amelia Rose Kotlas

C. Channing Larue

Bradley Reid Laux

Melanie Kaye Lawrence





Marilyn E. Webster



James Thomas Weiner



Deborah L. Wetzel



W. Denise Wheeler





Heather A. Wheless



Lori A. Whitaker



Johnathan F. White

Julie Maria White





Melissa Anne Ledford



Douglas Dylan Lee



Karin Alexis Lee



Sheri Marley Lee



UNCC





Anita M. Lasane



Johnny Lee Lewis Jr.



Carolyn Lin



Lisa Ann Lizak



Samantha Lynn  
Lowman



Andrea Michlele  
Luton



Kathryn E. Lynch



Sharon Atkins Machie



Stacy Vanessa Mangrum



Timothy V. Mangum



Gene Randall Maples

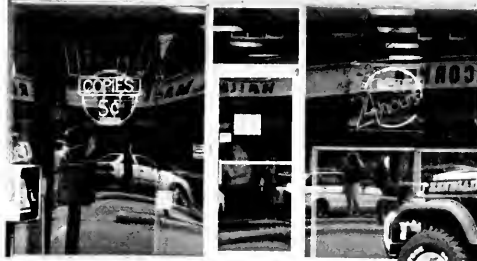


Kent Wayne Marlowe





kinko's copies



Trish Marr



Laura Allison Martin



Bettie Jane Maurney

Kelly Ann Maxwell





Sandy Cobb



Linda Collins



Jennifer A. Davis



Christina Dukas



Katherine E. Eisenhower







Corrella Ann Sims



John C. Skiscim



Andrea Dawn Smith



Jesse Wayne Starr



Cynthia Mae Stegall



Mary Beth Suman





David Arnold



Kristi Elaine Ash



Amy Denise Austin



Patrick Baggetta



James A. Bailey Jr.

Tick... tick... tick...

Let's see. Three tests, one quiz, a paper, and a summary on Hamlet. No problem.

If I start now and read until bed time and then wake up and read until class, I should be fine for my first test. Then I can schedule my paper in after that, and then the summary, because it's less important...

Oh no! I'm wasting time planning. Can't plan. Have to study. Oops! When am I going to eat? Next week. I can eat next week. I'll have time to eat the following week too, and then in two weeks I can shop for some more pencils.

Oops. I'm planning again. I have to study.

Thank goodness weeks like this are few and far between, otherwise I'd go nuts! It seems that everything piles up at once and I can't concentrate on anything I'm supposed to be learning because I'm too busy trying to find time to get everything done.

Oh the glories of being a college student! But I guess that's what makes us well-rounded, adult-like people, huh?

Tick... tick... tick...



Anita Gregory





Susan K. Angell

Loren Anthony  
Angelo

Phillip A. Apple

Arlene Marie Appolo

Ronelle Armstrong





Allison L. Bullard



Michael P. Burnette



William B. Burns



Susan Greer Burton







Mary Catherine  
Chauvin



Deborah D. Chadwick



Lenora B. Cathey



Dianne Carter



Kellie Catherine  
Capps



Melanie Lynn Capes



Julie Ann Caldwell



Ledon Wall Byrd



Sonja Yvonne Wilder



Diane Lynn Williams



Donald Ray Williams



Meeshaw Shawnee Williams





Robert Anderson  
Williams



Jacqueline M. Wilson

Being in college means stress. And every major brings with it its own individual tragedies and transgressions. Being in Theatre creates a new set of problems to add to the usual array of homework, papers, projects, and lectures. I don't feel I'm any worse off than anyone else, even my Sheik friend Sam, a business major with two classes that meet only three days a week.

Despite late night rehearsals, design projects, show runs, and nights of studying scripts on top of all the other school work, I feel more in control of my ideas and actions than ever. I see lots of students running around waiting for God to bless them with a major, or even a clue. I'm glad to have some kind of direction, even if it keeps me up until four in the morning.

Jodi Young



Janice Glynn Wright

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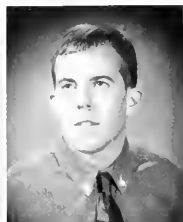
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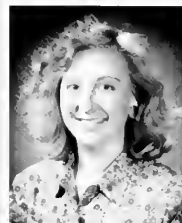
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Historians are part garbage-picker, part gossip columnist, and part detective, a la Sherlock Holmes. We sift through the leavings of societies, picking out what interests us. That's our privilege. I'm exercising that privilege by giving you a look back at our university in the academic year 1919/1920. I have chosen that year because it is a bridge in the social evolution of women in the United States from the era before women could vote, to the era of suffrage, from pre-World War I to post-war America, and from the Victorian era to the modern age. So come with me to a time before there were male students, when *in loco parentis* was a fact of life, and when students were trying to juggle academic work with activities and stay sane in the process. (Some things haven't changed.)

In 1919 the North Carolina College for Women was twenty-seven years old. Its motto was, and still is, Service. The school colors were gold and white, and the flower was the daisy. If you had entered as a freshman in the fall of that year a member of the Red and White class of 1923 you would most likely have fit the following profile: the daughter of either a North Carolina farmer or business man; the member of a family with at least three children; a member of the Baptist, Methodist, or Presbyterian Church; age eighteen; and partly scared out of your wits and partly elated at the thought of coming to college.

To ease the transition, you would have received a packet in the mail that summer. It would have contained a student handbook, with the order to know the handbook printed on its first page. You would have taken that order seriously, because you would have had to pass a written test on its contents once you got to school. There would also have been a personal letter of welcome from a member of the junior class the Blue and Whites, assigned to you as your big sister. It was her duty to help you adjust to college life and to make you feel as much at home as any new girl could feel under the circumstances.

The college saw itself as an extension of the family, a philosophy common to most private schools of the time. Its goal was, paraphrasing President Julius Foust, to graduate students who were ideal specimens of true womanhood (1930/31 Student Handbook, p. 3), but who would also be excellently prepared for any walk of life to which they would be called. To encourage the development of true womanhood, *Carolinian* editors urged students to emulate the model of rival Randolph-Macon Woman's College and act first as ladies, and secondly as scholars. Parents and students expected strict discipline and a family-like atmosphere, both in terms of warmth and caring and in terms of a highly-structured life-style: life by the bell, as the *Carolinian* editors called it. And you would have sensed that atmosphere on page six of the handbook, in the welcome to the The New Girls Red and White from the juniors. It begins with a rhetorical question in a tone that seems a little saccharine to us today: Did you know that when you leave home to come to North Carolina College you are going to meet another party of your family here your Junior sisters? They go on to request that the new girls let them love you almost as much as your mas and pas do, promising to make the college years the four happiest years of your life. You would, no doubt, have found their welcome very reassuring.

Although the handbook was written by students for students, its tone was very parental. You would have few doubts about what to expect and what was expected of you, as there were over twenty pages of rules and regulations covering every aspect of campus life, from fire drills to table napkins. A sampling of these includes the following gems:

- mandatory daily quiet hours and study hours in the dorms.
- mandatory signing in and out of the dorm to and from any destination, including meals and classes.
- written permission from parents in order to receive male callers in the dorm parlor.
- no getting up before 6:15 a.m. (excluding trips to the bathroom, of course.)
- required attendance at the weekly chapel services.
  - Sunday was a day of quiet, with mandatory meditation period from 1:30 to 5:00 p.m.
  - No freshman could go home, except for medical or family emergency, for the first six

weeks.

-mandatory daily walking period (not on Saturday), unless excused by the college president or the resident physician, Dr. Anna Gove (for whom our health center is named).

-Dr. Gove required all students to have a raincoat, an umbrella or rain hat, and work shoes.

-Students could not wear slacks on campus at any time. Gym suits had to be covered with a raincoat if worn anywhere except in gym class or for competitive sports.

When you actually arrived at NCCW in the fall you would have been met at the train by the Y girl, a representative of the campus YWCA, the most popular and powerful student group on campus. She would have carried some of your bags, for which you would have tipped her twenty-five cents, and she would have escorted you straight to college no stopping downtown to browse. You would have gone directly to your dormitory and checked in with your housemother. So would have been your life as a freshman.

While the campus was a secure, ivory tower world in some respects, students took the motto, Service, seriously, and this helped focus their attention beyond NCCW. In 1919 they could not yet vote, but they knew that suffrage was the key to any hopes for political power for women. Students and faculty petitioned the state General Assembly to ratify the Nineteenth Amendment. They lost that battle, but they won the war when Congress passed it into law on August 26, 1920. (North Carolina ratified it as an afterthought in 1971!

A second issue was even more prominent in the women's minds. The nation had just emerged victorious from the war to end all wars, and students had made major contributions to the effort. They had rolled hundreds of bandages for a red cross drive; they had signed up for patriotic summer work; and they had taken up for the slack when male workers at the college signed up for the armed forces. The women formed three organizations to take their place the Carpenterettes, the Farmerettes, and the Campus Squad. The Carpenterettes, particularly, were heroines that year, because they had built the YWCA Hut, completed in 1918. It was a two-room, post and beam log cabin which stood on the edge of Peabody Park at the end of College Avenue until sometime in the 1950's. The Hut was the equivalent of the Elliot Center to an entire generation of students and was furnished in 1919 with sofas, soft chairs, cushions on the floors, braided rugs, lamps, and a Victrola. A radio was added in the 1920's, and by 1930 the women could take their dates to the Hut on weekends for dancing and relaxing. It also had a fireplace and a complete kitchen, and it was open to all students, alumnae, and guests. For their efforts, the Carpenterettes were immortalized in a ballad published in the 1919 handbook.

#### The Ballad of the Carpenterettes

1. Was in September, blithe and gay,  
There came some schoolgirls strong  
To the region of their college  
To help their Y along.
2. They cut down trees and sawed them up  
And stacked the wood away;  
And on the land that they had cleared  
They worked from day to day.
3. They used the hammer and the nail;  
They used the saw and plane;  
And soon they had a dandy HUT  
That kept out snow and rain.
4. They furnished it with games and books,  
With cushions round about;  
And built fires in chimneys huge  
To keep the cold winds out.

And time had they there  
Will remembered be,  
If you doubt my word at all  
Just come along and see.

And these comforts and these pleasures,  
And good times by the score,  
Will last for many, many years  
We hope for ever more.

The Farmerettes, in khaki middy suits and giant straw hats, planted and harvested the vegetable garden and the forty-plus acres of wheat and corn grown to ensure that NCCW was nearly self-sufficient in its food supply during the war. The Campus Squad, in their white middy suits, mowed the lawns and tended the grounds. After the men returned in the summer of 1920, these groups gave up their uniforms and faded into the collective memory of the college.

One of the most important events in the life of this institution took place in 1919. With the war over and paper available again, the students could finally realize their dream of publishing a weekly newspaper, and the *Carolinian* was born on May 19, 1919. The editors were bursting with hope and pride in that first issue. They saw their paper as the shining jewel in the now triple crown of campus publications the *Coraddi*, the yearbook, and the *Carolinian*. But they should speak for themselves. With a weekly newspaper to create public sentiment and to reflect campus life, a magazine to represent our literary ability throughout the state, and an annual to record our progress as a college, we'll show who's who!

Commencement weekend was then, as it is now, the biggest event of the academic year. Only the graduating seniors and the sophomores chosen to make the daisy chains could remain on campus after exams ended. Several days before the event the daisy chain gang was trucked out to the nearby fields, where they spent the morning gathering flowers. (They and the Carpenterettes were the only exceptions to the no slacks rule, as both groups wore coveralls out of practical necessity.) Over the course of the next two days they entwined the daisies and greenery around two stout hemp ropes, each approximately 100 feet long. They had to keep the flowers (and consequently, themselves) constantly wet to preserve their freshness. At the commencement the proud seniors, in their caps and gowns, marched solemnly through the aisle created by two rows of sophomores, resplendent in their white organdy dresses and holding the daisy chains. The sophomores, too, were proud proud of their handiwork and of their graduating big sisters. Following the ceremony, they laid the chains on the grass in front of Foust Building to form the numerals 20, for the graduating class. We can still see remnants of this tradition in the present day UNCG Commencement ceremony the female marshals still wear white; every marshal wears a daisy in the lapel; and they still form an aisle through which administrators, faculty, and seniors march. The field of daisies is gone, and the sister class concept is gone, but the honor shown the graduates lives on.

Most of the members of the classes who gave us the Carpenterettes, the YWCA Hut, and the *Carolinian* are no longer with us. But their voices can still be heard in the wonderful publications they left. Through these they will speak to anyone who will listen. Someday, when you have a spare moment, stop by the University Archives in the library, and then let them speak to you. You'll find the gap of seventy-three years to be very small, indeed.

Gayle F. Jirk

# 1892-1992





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