

NORTH

FAST PACED AND INTENSE, LIVING IN THE COLD IS NOT FOR EVERYONE

By ERIN KOREY
PERSPECTIVES EDITOR

On my way home for Thanksgiving, when passing through Maryland into Pennsylvania, I eagerly look for my favorite spot that lies on Route 81. No, it's not a restaurant or a scenic view. It's the Mason-Dixon line. The line where I know I have left the South and returned to the North.

When you cross the line, it feels like an instant change has occurred. The speed picks up and instead of me passing every pick-up truck on the highway, I am forced to check my rear-view mirror every few seconds to make sure some jerk isn't tailing me.

I open the window and breathe the brisk air, knowing once again I have returned to the land of fast drivers and abhorrent amounts of snow. This is home for me. Four hundred miles and two feet of snow later, I pull into my newly-shoveled driveway and watch the snow plow rush past my house, spraying the snow back into my driveway.

Why do I love this rude behavior? Because it's what distinguishes the North from the South. Everyone is quick and efficient. If you blink, you'll be left in the passing lane.

This lifestyle isn't for everyone. Many of my southern friends are insulted when they say "hi" to someone and they don't say "hi" back. In the North, it's just the norm. Nothing to be offended about.

Living in the North is a different speed on the speedometer of life. Fast paced and always moving forward. Cities like Boston and New York contain some of the most intense, driven people in the country. If you want to survive, you must run with the pack.

Southerners seem to have an extra two hours in their day where they are able to take their pleasant time driving, eating, and most obviously talking. It seems that they have time to ponder their thoughts before and

while they are making sentences.

If I had that extra two hours in my day, I would follow their lead and drive slowly in the left lane and enunciate every word that came out of my mouth. But alas, my day consists of 24 hours and I have not the time nor the patience to take life as it comes to me.

Someone once said to me in attacking the North, "Name something that is just typically Northern, like dumplings and NASCAR are to the South."

Puzzling. I could think of New England clam chowder, Philly steak and cheese and Buffalo wings.

But although they originate from the North, they are widely offered in restaurants all over the United States, unlike dumplings and grits.

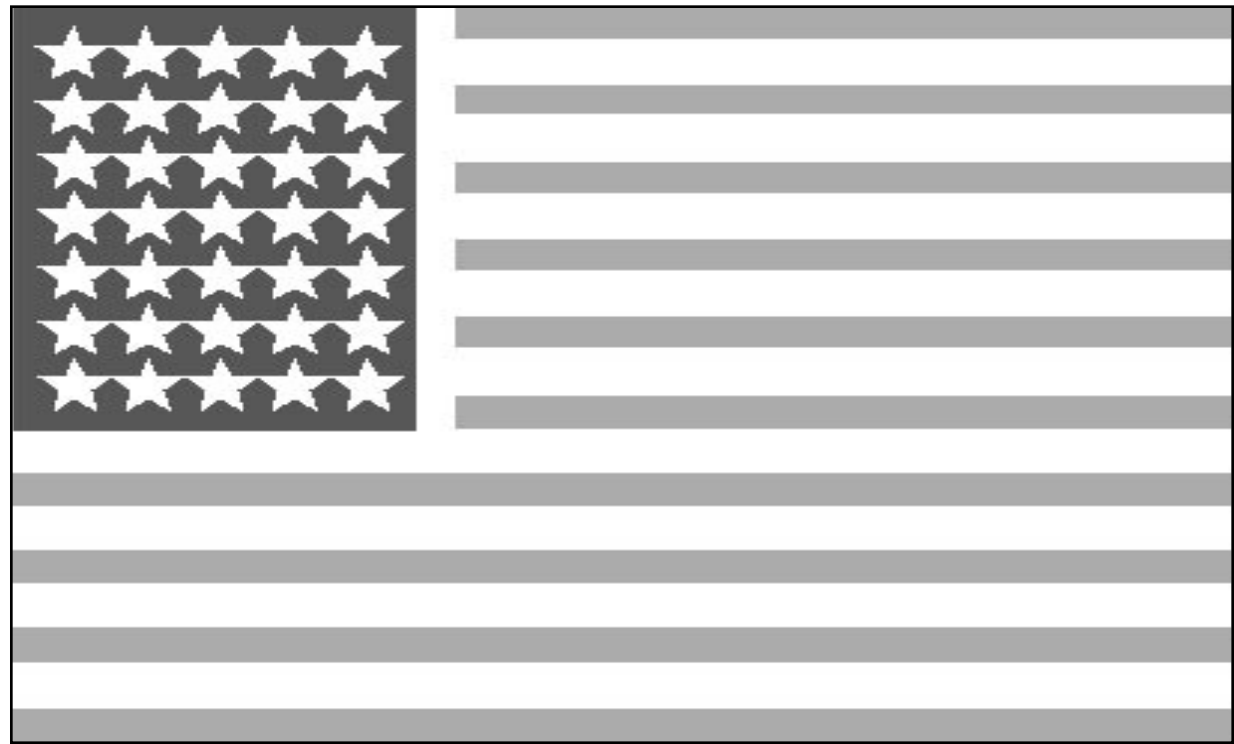
A little experiment in grocery shopping proves my point. Walking down the cereals aisle of Harris Teeter, my roommate saw about a dozen different kinds of instant grits.

Interesting concept, but no one from the North wants to eat grits from a box let alone grits from a restaurant. I've never seen nor want to see instant grits in my local grocery. It's a phenomenon that I'm hoping will not reach above the Mason-Dixon.

But I'm glad I can't think of one predominantly Northern aspect. Because I don't want any. The North is not a loaf of states baked together. It's many states with their own identities and ways of living.

The widespread differences in food among the North are representative of the atmosphere of the North. No two Northern states are the same. They all have different foods as well as different inhabitants. Line up five Northerners and I bet I can pick out the New Yorker, the New Englander and the Pennsylvanian, solely on the basis of their accent. Anyone who's seen *The Godfather*, can recognize a New Yorker when they hear one.

But line up five Southerners and I wouldn't know where to start guessing who was from where. Maybe it's my ignorance, or maybe it's just the South is lumped into one big blob.



Asked to talk like a Northerner and you may be at a loss for words (literally). Asked to talk like a southerner and the first word that pops into most people's head is, "Ya'll."

The South prides itself on its unity. The North prides itself on its differences.

The South unifies themselves around pick-up trucks, the confederate flag and Jesse Helms. At first I couldn't think of one reason why anyone would re-elect such a close-minded, conservative bigot. Then I watched the news during elections and saw who was voting for this man.

Have you ever heard of the Christian fundamentalists? Their ideas and values set us back 300 years. Of the two, I can't decide who is more racist: the Ku Klux

Klan or the fundamentalists.

I think it would be really interesting to put the two together in a debate and see who's ideas are more racist. If ignorance were water, you could fill a whole ocean with theirs. Wouldn't it be nice if closed minds came with closed mouths?

Of course I am making a huge generalization about the South. I know that not everyone agrees with these principles, but I have a problem with anyone who believes Jesse Helms should be making decisions for our country.

Recently, more and more Northerners are migrating to the South, making it harder and harder to stereotype a culture being bombarded by Yankees. Maybe that's what the South needs. A little Northern hospitality.

Mason

Dixon

South

"Just some good ole' boys never meaning no harm, beats all you never saw..."

By SCOTT PAYNE
PERSPECTIVES EDITOR

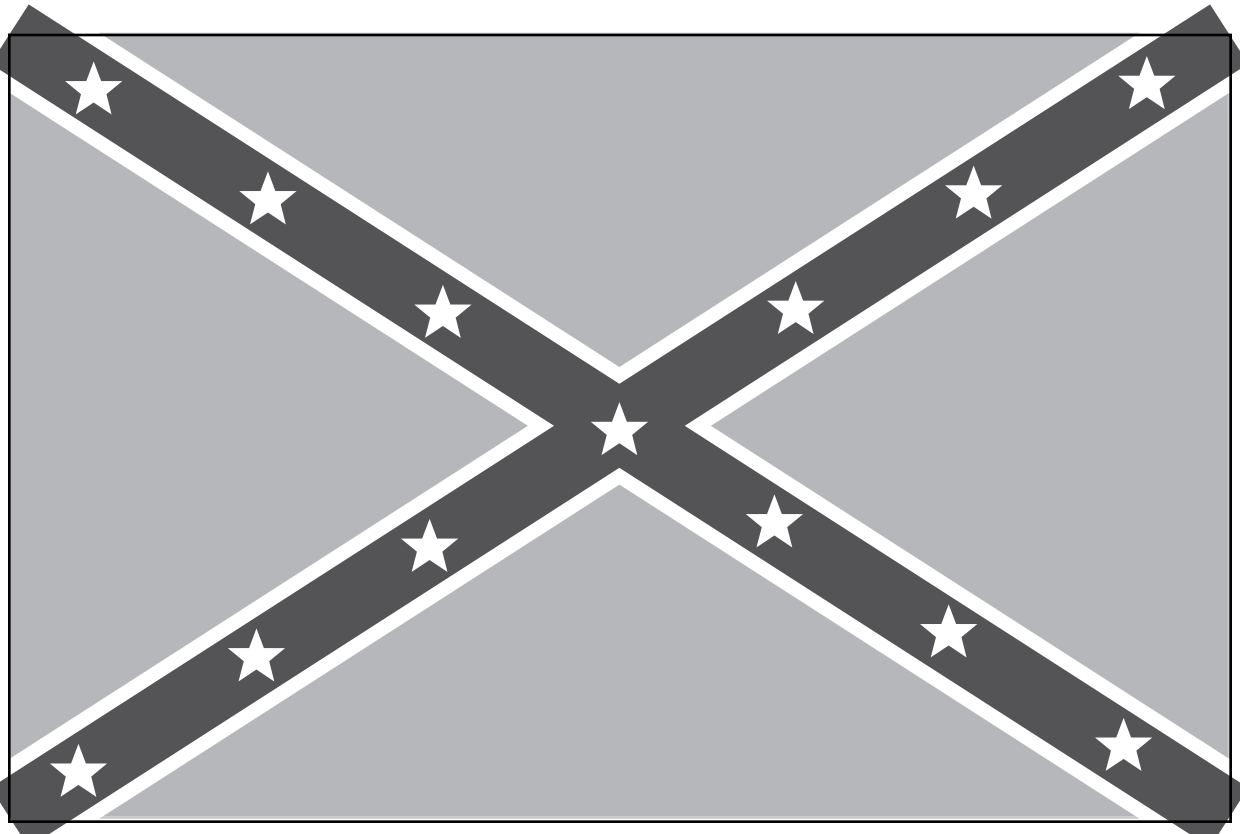
With the end of the War between the States in 1865, the Confederate States of America became extinct, but the South and all its glorious heritage remained intact. This university is, of course, deep in the heart of Dixie, and it is amazing that many students here possess such misconceptions about the region of the country they have chosen to spend four (or five, maybe six) of the most important years of their scholastic lives. Or for that matter, their entire lives.

The degree to which the carpetbagging students at this university have stereotypically grouped all Southern students into one lump is very disheartening and leaves much room for question. Do these students who were accepted into one of the country's top universities actually think that they go to school with a bunch of

Do these students who were accepted into one of the country's top universities actually think that they go to school with a bunch of hicks who live in trailer parks, drink moonshine, and drive dilapidated pick up trucks down Tobacco Road?

hicks who live in trailer parks, drink moonshine, and drive dilapidated pick-up trucks down Tobacco Road? I really hope not.

OK, now it's time once and for all to set the record straight about the South. The South is one of the most ideal places to leave in the entire world. I live in a world where people greet individuals they don't even know with a polite "Hey" without a second thought, leave doors unlocked, have warm temperatures for most of the year and who are generally glad to be alive. When I think of the North I conjure up images of snow covered streets, smog, crazed cabbies darting through crowded streets, and angry people walking around staring at the ground, and cursing about how much life



stinks. This may be very stereotypical, but if the shoe fits...

Why would anyone want to live in a part of the country where the temperature reaches negative numbers on a daily basis in the winter and everywhere you look is snow and ice, clogging streets and incapacitating entire cities? The South experiences mild temperatures all year round with the temperatures seldom dropping below freezing much past February. And with regard to snow, the South gets snow just about as often as the New York Jets win a football game (and that, my friends is an eternity).

Last year's ice storm and the ensuing mayhem, for those who were here to experience no-heat no-water no-nothing for what seemed like three weeks, is the most winter weather this area has seen in a very long time.

In addition to the wonderful climate the South boasts there is the sport called by many as the fastest growing sport in the country, and of course I speak of NASCAR. This sport is often misunderstood by many Northerners, who think that NASCAR is a bunch of drunk rednecks tearing around in a tobacco field in daddy's old Chevy Caprice. In fact, NASCAR is a sport with many finer points that involve great knowledge and strategy on the part of the team members.

A stock car used to race the NASCAR circuit is not bought down at the local used car dealer, they are built from the ground up (including everything from the exhaust manifolds to the gas cap). On race day, the drivers do not merely jump in the car and drive in circles, but engage in strategies in calculating fuel efficiency, aerodynamic performance of the car, etc.

My colleague felt obliged to mention the distinguished Senator from North Carolina, Jesse Helms (R). Sen. Helms is old, and everybody says how much they hate him, but on election day, when it matters most, Helms always triumphs.

This is not the time or the place for an ethical or moral debate about Helms, but Northern students at this university and people all over the country need to know that death is the only thing that will remove Helms from his office in Washington. Many despise Helms for his ultra-conservative ways, but as long as tobacco is the life-blood of this state, no man or woman stands a chance against Helms in an election.

For anyone still confused about the South, here are excerpts of a quiz written by Elizabeth Rogers entitled *Southern 101*:

- Which of the following states is not Southern?
 - Louisiana
 - Alabama
 - Virginia
 - Florida
- Which school is known as the University of the South?
 - Ole Miss
 - Sewanee
 - The Citadel
 - Duke University
- True or False: If a southerner calls you a Yankee, he is being condescending?
- Which is an acceptable verb tense in the South?
 - would could
 - might could
 - can could
 - would can

This is just a mere glimpse into the wide array of characteristics that is the South and all that term encompasses.

I apologize to anyone from the North here at this university who is unhappy away from home, but Delta is ready when you are.

It's great that you have come to North Carolina to go to school, but do not attempt to tell me how you used to do it back home in Boston. You are in the South now, and that just ain't whistlin' Dixie. See y'all later awright.