

SUN'S RAYS MAKE DAVIDSON CAMPUS BREAKOUT WITH GREEN PIMPLES

SEE PAGE 6

GAGA'S EGG ENTRANCE: IS THIS A YOLK?

SEE PAGE 6

SGA POLITICAL MACHINES UNCOVERED, SOLICITING UNWITTING INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS FOR VOTES

SEE PAGE 6

MEDITATION AND MUNCHIES MEETING WREAKS OF UNKNOWN PLANT-LIKE AROMA

SEE PAGE 6

YouTube
OF THE WEEK

SEARCH:
"CALIFORNIA ON SEXTING"

THE YOWL

Your Davidson Honor Section

Editors:

Brett Chikowski
Amanda Ottaway

Writers:

Lauren Odomirok
Scott Schreiber
Dicky Stephens

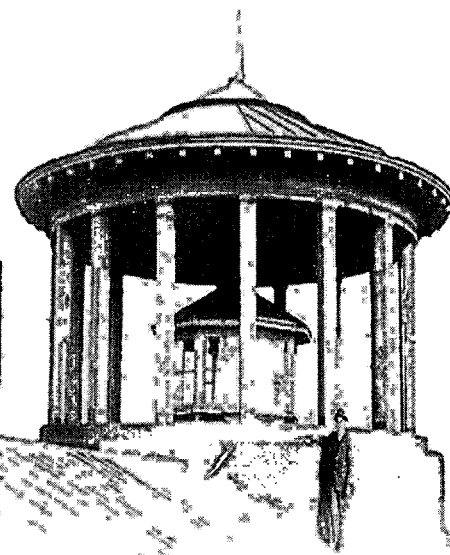
Charles Barkley

Note: The Yowl is a satirical supplement to The Davidsonian. Hence, nothing in it should be taken as truth. Word.

THE YOWL

U B I O R T A U B E R T A S

DAVIDSON'S NEWS FOLLOWER



Don't Ever Go to Ming's. Ever.

February 16, 2011

THE DAVIDSONIAN

Yanash Still Feeling Like a Stranger On Davidson Campus



He wanders from place to place around campus: troubled, friendless, and confused. His deep brown eyes hold the capacity for great emotion, yet he never sheds a tear. Instead, he attends his math class begrudgingly and swings by MECCA meetings on the days when his Zoloft prescription actually works. And each week that damn e-mail slides into his inbox, taunting him, willing him to remember the group that will not accept him into its fold.

"I just don't understand what they have against me! I'd never tell anybody about the super-secret handshake they do in Chambers' bathrooms to ward off strangers with candy," he laments.

His hall mates can't fathom why on certain dreary days, he refuses to get out of bed. It's a wonder if he

makes it to Commons for chicken parm dinners, and the last time his DO buddies caught a glimpse of him was on Odyssey.

"A girl whispered to me outside of Sloan one time to meet in the piano hallway at 9 p.m. But when I got there, I guess they were all already locked into one of the practice rooms, which are all soundproof, so I couldn't even tell which one was the right one. Then, two weeks later, this dude goes flying past me on a bicycle saying, 'U-Haul! 11pm! Don't be late!' By the time I reached the storage units out on Ridge Road, they must have already left!" he explains.

This very troubled boy is Yanash, and it is time he too felt like a member of the Davidson community.

"Cool" Students Stop Drinking as Union Board Institutes New Policy

In a wild turn of events, binge drinking has been completely dissolved from Davidson's campus. Ever since the dawn of the overconcerned-parent-who-threatens-to-sue-everyone, our great academic institution has spent billions examining ways to protect itself from the potential drinking-episode-turned-lawsuit. In the end, all it took was a simple shift in policy from one of the longest-standing organizations on campus, the Union Board. Just last month, the Union Board began to require heavy binge drinking for any and all events it sponsored, leaving the Patterson Court community stunned.

"I mean, it just didn't make sense - it still doesn't!" Beta Rho Omega president George Francis Edwards IV said, before adding, "It's just tradition that only frats like BRO can encourage mass binge drinking to

the point of frequent blackouts and countless regrettable D-flo makeouts. Now, we've got nothing new to offer."

Edwards' sums up the sentiment of the Court well, but they do not pinpoint the immense changes that have already taken place in just the last month. That was left to Pheela Thigh Higha member Wineford Jones III. "You see, now that the Union Board is sponsoring binge drinking, it's just not cool anymore for frat stars like myself to participate in such activities. Everyone on the Court knows that whatever the Union Board sponsors, well, you just do the opposite. Like watching movies - I used to do that all the time until the Union Board started showing all these awesome recently-released movies. It's really horrible what this school is allowing to happen."

You Should Be Too Afraid to Ask

The 900 Room - The "Questions You Have About Sex But Were Always Too Afraid To Ask" pizza party in the 900 room Monday, sponsored by the health advisors, was, according to chairperson George Dingle, a "shocking display of young-adult vulgarity." The Health Council has already publicly vowed to never again hold such an event.

"I thought we were going to be answering questions about homosexuality, maybe some transgender issues thrown in there," Dingle said. "You know, all the standard uncomfortable birds-and-bees business. But these kids know more about sex now at age twenty than I ever have, and I find that disgusting, immoral and unclean."

When asked whether or not he "judged" the students by their "...a shocking display of young-adult vulgarity."

questions, Dingle replied:

"Absolutely. I remember each face and name. Every time I see this particular girl with curly red hair and green eyes and lots of acne, for example, I am always going to wonder why she thought it would be fun to eat a hot dog out of her boyfriend's butt. Or why this completely attractive, muscular football player secretly longs to be a female stripper. Like, really? What the &\$\$! goes on in these kids' heads? I give up. I'm going to have to resign. I cannot advise these students' health when there are such obscenities taking place on my campus."

In the wake of the crisis, all students have been advised to, for God's sake, keep their sex lives to themselves.

"This whole idea was a huge mistake," Dingle admitted. "Kids today are positively vulgar. This is a disgrace to Davidson and a disgrace to universities everywhere."

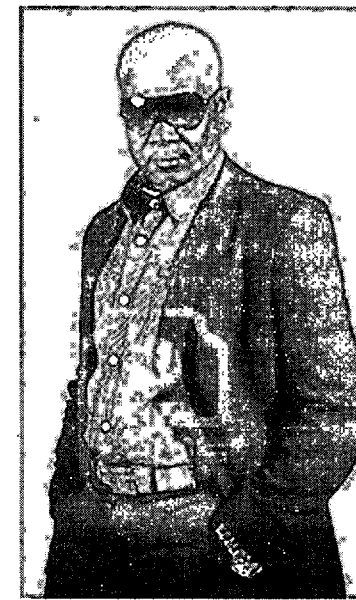
Where Are They Now? The Yowl Tracks Down BOLO

MONACO - The Mediterranean: Few bicycle owners can forget the extent to which their lives and security were threatened last year by the criminal masterminding of a thief unlike any Davidson had previously encountered. Ever. Now, however, the only thing scary about Braddington Ovarius Loquacious Opulus, or BOLO for short, is the square footage of his Mediterranean villa and staggering knowledge of cabernets. A name that used to strike fear into the hearts of drunk girls and prompt them to share their beds with strangers for 'protection' can now be heard echoing around the marble halls of Europe's elite.

He spoke briefly and clumsily to this reporter. "I remember fondly, per se, my days as a bicycle thief - De Sica's film of the same name was exquisite, pray tell - and I can only thank the negligence of Davidson students in locking up their bikes for my astronomical increase in wealth, forsooth."

When BOLO isn't misusing douchey vocabulary or alluding to crap you've never heard of, he enjoys tending his truffle grove and leaning on local law enforcement to get his kids out of DUI's. As hard as Davidson campus police

have tried to extradite him back to the U.S. in order to slap him with a \$30 fine and a stern talking to, BOLO has half of the principal-ity of Monaco's law enforcement on his payroll and has no intention



BOLO now sports Gucci sun glasses and has hired Seal's personal shopper

of leaving his life of satin sheets, cocaine rampages and weird sex with women. BOLO eased his douchebaggery to leave me with a few, frank words of advice.

"Lock up y'damn bikes, This ain't the Chapelle Show, y'all are so dumb - for real."