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UNC, the world, needs McHonky School of Sports Journalism

When UNC Journalism School Dean Richard Coal needs help, he knows who to call. That's why I wasn't surprised when he phoned you...

"Mickey, you're an important guy," Coal said. "The most important guy," I reminded. "Yeah, whatever. The new J-School hall is taking too long to build. We're going to be crammed into Howl Hall for another damn year! Maybe more!"

"Look, I wouldn't be calling you as a personal thing. I've been just out of the Carolina way." They abolished that trait two weeks ago, he said. "Look, this is all

off the record. I want you to make a call for another type of journalism school to be installed at colleges across the nation.

"Make it sound urgent. A class action thing. Then slip in something about a new J-School building. We'll call it McHonky Hall, if it works."

"Do I have to demand that those scum-sucking bastards at N.C. State get a J-School?" I asked. "Do you know what would happen if their paper, Technician, were able to draw on that kind of resource?"

"No. What?" "If they could make deadlines, they'd pound the NCO's butt into the ground!" "Aaaaaahhh! Don't do that!" "Okay. Deal."

So here it is. A nation-wide call for all four-year universities to create a Department of Sports Journalism. Now, I will gladly donate all my certifications, papers, predictions and puffery to these colleges should they need it, and they will.

There is but one way to approach sports journalism, and that is the McHonky Way. Here are the three simple rules to go by when following the McHonky Way.

Rule one: Always jump on the winning team's bandwagon, unless it's North Carolina State or some other age/mch school created by the Morrill Act.

Rule two: Pretend you are a nationally-syndicated sportswriter, even when you're not. If this means watching the French Open on TV and writing a column like you're really there, so be it.

Rule three: Sleep in your clothes.

I would say the first School of Journalism that desperately needs this department is UNC. And they need a new building for it. A big one. Bigger than they actually need. About big enough to hold it and a J-School. (There, Dean Coal. I want the plaque engraved tomorrow).

The reasons are simple: North Carolina's sports staff on the Daily Tar Hell simply does not glorify its program enough. Full color for a national title, yeah that's great. The registration on the photo beat my paper's pants off. But they didn't make a big issue out of the fact that I predicted the score correctly. As members of the sports media, it is their obligation to somehow glorify the Tar Heels once a week.

Just look at this week's coverage of the UNC/State game in Raleigh. These guys don't even have the pride in their school to spoof State's newspaper! Year in and year out, the DTH has passed up numerous opportunities to send up Technician, while the Techsters have 1) Broken into and propped nude shots at center court of the Dean Dome, 2) Made nude shots of Todd Burnette on a Chapel Hill Public Safety

Car. 3) Taken out classifieds in the nude at the DTH and 4) Repeatedly sneaked into Kenan Stadium for their evil aims.

Good lord! What's next? What will these sacrilegious fiends defile next? The Old Well? A nude sit-in at South Building? What icon is not under their vandalism?

I know for a fact those punks wouldn't touch my sacred column header.

MASTurbation FROM PAGE 1

Several Turner supporters cited the UNC speech as the key to Turner's success. "Yeah, when he started talking with all that rambling and you know stuff, the teachers brought out the nap mats early and everybody got an early break before recess," said Dawn E. Lassiter, a second-year sixth grader.

Turner concurred. "I know, I had this next speech all, uh, y'know, prepared and everything before that, uh, UNC, no, uh, UNC, yeah, North Carolina commit - I mean commitment," Turner rambled. "But I went out drinkin' the morning before the ceremony and, uh, - y'know, a gin-and-tonic red-eye - well, I just had to wing it."

"Judging by the favorable response I got I figured I did a pretty good job, so I figured if it worked for all them sophisticated college kids it'd work for these young uns," Turner added. "Hell, those grads acted like these 11 year-old armys."

The "young uns" responded in a manner similar to UNC's 1995 graduates - tomahawk-chopping Turner as he stepped from the lectern.

Nolan was gracious in defeat, challenging Turner to use his authority as sixth grade class representative to clean up gridlock in the student council.

"This isn't UNC, where he can just make that kind of powerful speech and walk away from it," Nolan said. "He's gotta back it up. You may be able to get away with that lecturing in Chapel Hill, but not here in Atlanta."

SCREW JAPA FROM PAGE 1

For the blondes, it could be a drop in the bucket.

The attention surrounding the siege means fame and fortune to the PMS sisters who have been the subject of several CNN features. Sometimes there is a media crush around the somerly lodge, other times it is quiet.

"It's pretty much least or lame around here," said Dix Ditz, PMS president. "A lot of the girls are complaining about not getting on the TV, but that's just fickle fortune."

Some sisters are giving the news crazes gentle hints about their glaring omission from broadcasts.

"I may be just a glutton for punishment, but I want to get all the gory details," one sister said to a camera crew and reporter, in an attempt to follow them around and get on television. She was grief-stricken when the grim reaper showed up in the form of a guerrilla mob of SEAC activists who slaughtered the crew.

Ironically, that kind of violence has been going with the peachy-looking surroundings of Chapel Hill hand in glove. Neither side have hammered out an agreement, as they are not a happy couple. There have been several attempts.

"They tried to get us to surrender ourselves to their fascist rule," said Hester Hysterical, a self-proclaimed general in the disorganized army of students, "they thought we'd buy it hook, line, and sinker."

Security officials thought they could use John Johnson, one of the front-line troops, as a conduit to Hysterical, as the two are head over heels in love. Hysterical did not let her relationship affect her beliefs.

"Hey, he's got a heart of gold, but he's also one of the heavily armed troops trying to shoot my ass. We'll have to iron out (problems) later," Hysterical said.

An intensive investigation found Lady Luck's favor twelve hours after the riot, after students retreated to a makeshift headquarters and lashed out in a last-ditch stand.

"We left no stone unturned looking for that place. Our investigation grew by leaps and bounds and today, we finally saw the light at the end of the tunnel after our lightning speed strike. Soon they'll limp in to port and we'll have the HQ lock, stock and barrel," said Upright Uprighteous, chief gurner mate of Chapel Hill P.D., beaming with pride about the long arm of coincidence (the law).

Uprighteous and his cohorts have been using some high-tech measures to secure the town. Sidewinder missiles and Warthog Tank-Killers from Pope & F.B. have been spotted.

"Dude, I am, like, getting out of my studio loft," said a man in the street. "These marvels of science are ruining my matrimonial bliss (kno)."

The man, who did not want to be identified, said he and his wife soulmate in Chapel Hill because he survives on a meager pension after being permanently disabled, and needs cheap housing.

The A-10s have also been making life hell for Intimate Bookshop owner William Williamson. Yesterday, the planes pumped

HERON PUSHER FROM PAGE 1

when you try to drive and drink it at the same time.

And although the lunch and dinner meals vary only slightly, there will be table service from 4 to 8 p.m. The Duke of Doubt announced a contest to gear up use of this oft-forgotten Burger King peck.

"Every 300th customer will be served by that damn Fred Savage look-alike that gives our two-burgers-two-fries pitch," The Duke said. "He will be led out in chains with a meal and flogged severely by one of the American Gladiators throughout the winner's dining experience. Larry Gonka will provide commentary."

Reaction from the university community has been mixed. Several multi-cultural groups demanded that campus dining Burger King feature the International Chicken Sandwich series as a full-time menu item rather than as a limited-time specialty. And representatives of those counter-culture idiots seen wandering

around Schoolkids also entered a plea for unlimited distribution of the restaurant's famous carback crows.

School of Nursing officials gave a mild protest citing nutrient deficiencies in Burger King foods. But considering the fact most students blow their chagne on Snapple and Sun Chaps at the Student Union for lunch, instead of going to U-dining, the complaint was ignored.

But the campus will not be the only area where Burger King's influence will be felt. After a successful test-market in Kenan Stadium's press box, vending at both football games and in the Dean Dome for basketball contests will be handled by Burger King Assistant Sports Information Director Dave Louse, gave the strongest support for the move.

"This Whaler sandwich, mmm-minim," he droned. "I love it. I think it makes my voice better. Less nasal. The reporters can tolerate it more when I call play-by-play after eating six of these."

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depleted-uranium bullets into the new store in Eastgate Shopping Mall. Two employees made a miraculous escape, the others died.

Army spokesmen said the book store was housing liberal militants, and had to wait for Mother Nature to clear up the weather before a strike could be called.

"We had to move into high gear to knock out the threat," said Commander Oddy, ace pilot. "There's never a dull moment when you're facing against the elements. We'd better clean this up before old man winter arrives, because lying in an ice storm sucks."

On the other an-strike note, the Sidewinder missiles have been sending a grim picture of death and destruction. Several students have paid the supreme penalty, leaving mothers grieving.

"Look at my baby (oh boo hoo); his face is all shot off, it looks like ravelli!" weeped one mother, clutching her son's corpse. "He was the picture of health yesterday, a fine boy, just a pillar of the church, society. Why can't they pinpoint the cause of this senseless violence?"

A police dragnet is attempting to do that, as members of the United People Crushing Horikes Under Charles Keating (UPCHUCK) have been suspected of smuggling inflammatory literature into Chapel Hill to encourage violence.

A day before the violence, an economics professor was found lying in a pool of blood at the Faculty Club, a post-mortem. An UPCHUCK pamphlet was found at the murder scene, and the ensuing investigation and accusations may have been the powder keg that set off the next day's violent strike in the pre-dawn darkness.

Attorneys from Dewey, Serewum and Howe, a prestigious law firm, have been retained by UPCHUCK and other figures prominently associated with the violence. Shy Ster, head of the legal team, proclaimed the total innocence of all his clients.

"All these boys and girls want to do is attend a university with a proud heritage in a peaceful setting. They all have proud parents who sent them here in the pursuit of excellence."

Ster expressed further outrage that Kaidex-Lang, a defendant named, had her wedding to Pat Smith interrupted because of a grand jury indictment. The radiant bride appeared reduced at court in her wedding dress, screaming for refunding her up.

Her uh, bride or uh, groom, uh, hutch, whatever, rushed to the scene, fearing that he she'd had been stood up. Scantly clad to arouse Lang into marriage night there, Smith cursed the judge, saying he had not a scintilla of evidence against Lang and her cohorts. After the indictment, all involved succumbed to shelder and made some hoaxes, which they sold to raise funds, and they sold like hotcakes.

Several students from North Carolina State are spearheading a campaign to have UNC obliterated and rebuilt as Orange County Community College. After a spirited debate in the general assembly, the state government agreed to review a bill that would wipe Chapel Hill spotlessly clean of any UNC influence and turn it into a sprawling facility for studying potato mold.

Negative reaction to the proposal has been

spreading like wildfire, from the steaming jungles of, well, shit. I was just looking for a way to get that cliché in.

The proposal sticks out like a sore thumb from the usual docket of bills, like further destruction on N.C. 51, US 15-501, and the I-40 Raleigh beltline. Some say it is stranger than fiction.

"If this goes through, there'll be a storm of protest," said Joe Johnson, a state senator, after he biched at a cop for giving him a speeding ticket.

And storms of protest there have been lately, after another airstrike caused many student activists to pay the supreme sacrifice. In a surprise move, Chancellor Paul Hardon had agreed to pay war reparations to those bombed out of dormitories before his association five minutes ago. Mann called his speech an attempt to sweep the incident under the rug, and he deserved to die like the scum-sucking WASP pig he was.

In the merry of living in sweet harmony (ehms and yowr, whoo-hoo-hoo), we beg the students in the name of sweetness and light to come to their senses, realize that this is a tempest in a teapot, and rebid the tender mercies this university has to give," Hardon said. Then terror-stricken students watched as he was gunned down in front of Micky Mouse, who had returned to further praise Mack Brown and the UNC football team for abusing UNC so had in the Figskin Classic, a social worker was called in to replace the referee.

"This is just the tip of the iceberg," a gunman shouted before several slugs ripped into Mouse. Mouse lay bleeding at the front of the Old South building, his foams entrails snaking down the steps, while his wife, Minnie, was comforted by that big dog-faced guy who was the ghost of Christmas past in the Strogue McDiack holiday special. You know, the guy who smokes the agar.

The trail of death-and-destruction meant for many disaffected residents of Chapel Hill that CRLEX, UPCHUCK, and their ilk had shown their true colors.

"They can't just vanish into thin air," said Fred Frederick, an undercover agent for UNC public safety. Frederick said from deep cover that he had contacted Dick Crum, an expert criminologist, a veritable walking encyclopedia specializing in terrorist group behavior. Crum should provide law enforcement with a wealth of information to use in its whirlwind campaign to stop the rioting.

"He may be brainy-looking, but he's pretty tough," Frederick added. "I wouldn't touch him with a 10-foot pole. And last but not least, he's the most learned man in this town after what he did to our football team."

(UNC Journalism School Dean Richard Coal and Professor Jim Shoemaker contributed to editing this article).

Apologies to pages 108-110 of The World, the AP's guide to good news-writing.

THE MATCHUP THE BREAKDOWN TAR HEELS THE NOD WOLFPACK OFFENSE Quarterback Jason Stanicek Mike Thomas Geoff Bender Terry Harvey Running Back Curtis Johnson Leon Johnson Eddie Goines Ray Griffin Robert Hinton Wide Receivers Corey Holliday Bucky Brooks Line & Linebackers Secondary Coaching & Intangibles MACK BROWN Head Coaches MIKE O'CAIN Intangibles SIDs and Press Box Food THE PREDICTION "I'm gonna crucify bim. Real bad." Mr. T. (about upcoming fight with Rocky) -Rocky III, 1983