

The Daily Tar Hell

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Serving the Future Junior Leaguers
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Nike Purchases Carolina

Alumnus Michael Jordan to be named Chancellor of UNC

What exactly will the future hold for the now corporate-owned university?

By CLARK KENT
DTH Best Writer

In an attempt to alleviate financial burdens caused by recent tuition increases, the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill has sold school ownership rights to the Nike Corporation.

UNC's Board of Trustees held a closed meeting last week to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of such a move. It was decided that rather than burden students with a \$1,500 rise in tuition to compensate for lagging teacher salaries, the slack could be made by selling the land from the state of North Carolina to the autonomous corporation of Nike.

During the last week of January, Nike offered to purchase a large parcel of the university for an undisclosed amount of money in exchange under one major condition: to install Nike spokesman and Carolina alumnus Michael Jordan as chancellor. While the board met, negotiations were already underway with Jordan to accept offers of becoming Chancellor. Jordan was rumored to be very enthusiastic about the prospect of becoming head honcho.

Wednesday morning anticipations turned to excitement as Acting

Chancellor William O. McCoy made an announcement congratulating Chancellor-elect Jordan as the new leader of the 200 year-old institution.

"I am pleased to present next headman of University of North Carolina, Number 23, His Air Chancellorness, Michael Jordan!"

Acting Chancellor McCoy exclaimed in front of a large gathering of students, teachers, staff, media and Nike stockholders. "I am certain that as the new mellenia dawns, this already great man will take hold of this fine university and guide it to success, as he has in other fields in the past."

Jordan was met with a thunderous applause as he approached the lectern. "When I walked the green grasses of this campus, I often dreamed of returning and giving back what so many gave me while I was here. As your new Chancellor, I promise that each and every one of you can reach for the stars and aspire to just do it," he said.

The crowd erupted again as chants of "Be like Mike" spread throughout the congregation. As the band began to play the fight song, exuberated students hoisted the chancellor-elect on their shoulders and began a triumphant march down Franklin Street towards Jordan's restaurant "23". The establishment is said to now accept meal plans.

Reactions from Chapel Hill have been pretty positive, but there is some underlying concern coming from UNC's teaching faculty. Gill



Acting Chancellor William O. McCoy congratulates Chancellor-Elect Michael Jordan during a press conference held by Nike stockholders and administration.

Starbucks, a professor in English studies, worries about Nike's mode of operettas. "I've heard that Nike pays Indonesian children less than 40 cents an hour to construct shoes that they peddle in the United States for over \$125 a pair."

Dr. Nancy McDonalds, a communications professor with 30 years experience agreed.

"Look at the profit margin! They claim that this corporate money that

is coming in is to support teacher salaries, but I'm just waiting for them increase to 14 hour days with no health benefits at a quarter of my salary last year."

Nike officials deny such two-faced tactics, but do state that there are major plans underway for a massive pressing of "Jordan/Carolina: Reunited at last!" t-shirts, sweatshirts and hats. Hints from within the company suggest that they would be

well pleased if the student body would aid in the construction of such merchandise as an extra curricular activity. When asked if the students would be able to see some of the profits made by the marketing move, Nike stockholders replied, "No."

But these negative outbursts are far and few in between. The overall consensus of the student population of the University of North Carolina can come from undeclared junior

Brian Bojangles.

"Man, I am on top of the world!" the blue and white painted Jordan fanatic screamed. "Not only do we now have a chancellor who is a role-model in family, community, and business, but we also have a chancellor who can take off from the free-throw line and dunk on any other schools dean and bring the whole house down! Woowooooooo!"

Phill Ford to open "0.24" on Franklin Street

Assistant basketball coach's bar caters to "the daredevil in you!"

By BUZZ LUSH
Assistant Lifestyles Editor

So, you've just eaten an excessively expensive steak at "23" on Franklin Street. You need something to wash it down, like a nice cold drink.

No, make that 10 drinks. But you're all by yourself. You don't have a designated driver, and after drinks you won't have enough for a cab. What are you going to do?

Until now, there weren't many options. Bars these days don't often serve alcohol to those without a driver, so it's either bite the bullet and drive home sober or pass out behind the alley.

Thankfully, those days are over. UNC-Chapel Hill assistant basketball coach Phill Ford has come to the rescue and opened his own bar on Franklin Street directly adjacent to MJ's "23," which he has named "0.24."

Forget the hangups about designated drivers. Forget the worries about how you'll get home. Drink to your liver's content and then hit the road, because, according to Ford, the only "true" drinkers are the ones who can get themselves back home after a hard night's binge.

Just ask Phill. "I always like a good challenge," Ford said. "I played basketball to compete, to challenge my opponent to

beat me on the court. I look at drinking and driving the same way. I'm always trying to push myself further, to expand my skill in the drinking arena. There's also a sense of accomplishment. I tell you, when I drive the 13 miles back to my place without running a single redlight or hitting a parked car, that's a damn good feeling."

The "0.24" atmosphere swirls of Carolina and Ford paraphenalia, from pictures and posters of Carolina basketball from the 70s, signed photos of Hank Williams and shots of Ford's municipal court appearances. The subdued lighting allows the solo drinker to hammer back his "alchy" in the shortest amount of time possible free from distractions. And by the entrance is a full DUI checkstation, complete with electronic breathalyzer and a white stripe painted on the floor to practice the walking sobriety test.

"We wanted to set up '0.24' to be as conducive as possible to the 'drinker on the run,'" Ford said. "Our waitstaff and bartenders are geared to make as many rounds as possible within a given time, and they do their best to give encouragement to our clientele prior to their trip home."

Encouragement? "Yeah," Ford continued. "Like, 'You're not THAT drunk,' or 'I've seen you drive home when you're SWICED as drunk as this!' Sometimes you need a little pep talk to get you out the door. That's what we're here for."

Ford masterminded the idea for "0.24" following his Sept. 28, 1999 arrest in which his BAC equaled the



NCSC/AGROMECK FILE PHOTO

legal limit of 0.08. He and his business partner Jeff McCluskey debated on the name for months before settling on "0.24," after passing up several other names.

"Jeff is a close friend of the family," Ford said. "He and my wife are close, and I felt that he deserved input into the naming of the bar. But I didn't like his suggestion of 'I Just Went and Did Your Wife.' It just didn't have a good ring to it."

Does "0.24" have a future on Franklin St.? Only time will tell. Certainly there will be the family and friends of Ford who will frequent the bar regularly, along with the fraternity guys and their female leeches. But the fate of "0.24" will ultimately depend on the number of "0.24"-related accidents. A high drunk driving death toll could spell the early demise of the bar, but for the time being Ford is optimistic.

"Drinks will be drinks," Ford said. "Some will make it home; some won't. But as long as people have a desire to get trashed and hit the road, we'll be willing to serve them a drink." "Hiccup."

WXYC all set to break into experimentation

Starting next week, 89.3 will begin airing music for the "air, body and soul!"

By SMELLY BUTON
Closet Celine Dion Freak

In what seems to happen every six months in this radio market, another FM station is changing its format.

However, this change over is not for more listeners, it's a social and corporate protest.

Chapel Hill's student run radio station, WXYC-FM, is pushing the envelope of radio and expanding UNC's reputation for protesting anything at the drop of a hat. From now on, WXYC will only play looping minimalist abstract ambient tones as a music bed for a deep, bass heavy, machine like noise to protest the current state of music and its corporate nature.

Station Manager Mr. "!" (he recently dropped his given name in order to "shed the corporate label given to me") states that this new format will be the battling cry for people to bring down the system.

How have listeners responded? Not very well. In a recent ratings report to be published later in the week, WXYC's listen base has dropped from a couple of thousand to zero. Mr. "!" is not deterred. "The music is symbolic, and listeners will soon appreciate what we have created. Our sound

pits a battle between nature's organic orchestra, with the sound of rivers and animals making love versus the atrocities of the polluting cars and factories and the tortured sounds of cobras in trash bags."

Mr. "!" goes on to say, "Listeners will wake up from the entranced state of catchy tunes. They will break the chains of the corporate brainwashing to make us happy and making us 'shake our booty!' They will realize that by singing along with 'Back dat ass up' we are slowly being turned into corporate buying machines. Our music will wake them from their slumber!"

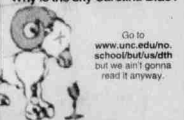
So far, the only waking up happening around campus is during fire alarms. Recently, Chapel Hill's Facilities Operations has started to use WXYC's radio signal for their fire alarms. Mr. Ovis, head of Operations, says, "We LOVE the new format! It's the most annoying noise we have ever heard, it's great!"

Mr. Ovis states, "we've put the radio signal in all of our fire alarm units, that noise clears out a building in no time." In fact, false alarms have come to a halt throughout campus and there has not been an arson attempt in the Morrison Dormitory in months.

Mr. Ovis claims, "Nobody wants to hear it, they think it's a fate worse than getting a ride home from the liquor store with Phill Ford behind the wheel!" Scary indeed.



Carolina, Shut Up!
A weekly DTH office drill
Why is the sky Carolina Blue?



Go to
www.unc.edu/no.schoolbutus/dth
but we ain't gonna read it anyway.

Wednesday

Suspicious Activity
Reports indicate that the actual recent campus riots at NCSU were induced by UNC counter-revolutionaries posing as State students

Achtung!
The Daily Tar Hell is a fictitious paper impersonating those living on the Hill. Nothing is true, Nothing is true, Nothing is true. No Apologies.

Tomorrow's Weather
Powder Blue Skies;
Horrible, eh?
Weekend: Snow? Maybe?

They don't understand me and I don't understand them. It's hopeless.

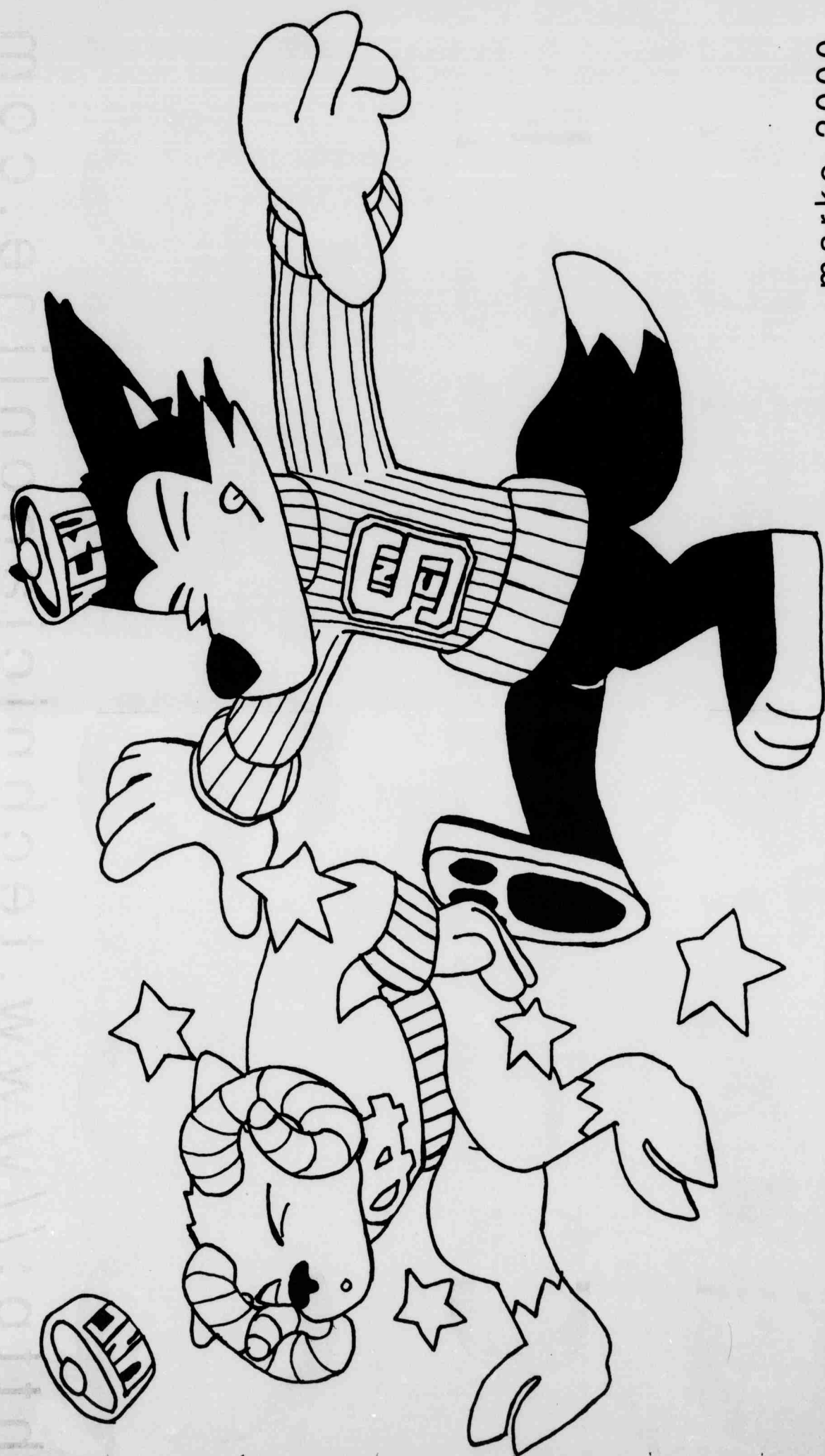
-- Calvin

Go to Hell

Carolina!

Go State!

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The Daily Tar Hell

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UMBRUSMURKER

Bored Editorials

It is with the deepest regrets that we apologize for not having a bored editorial today. The unexpected absence of the DTH's writing coaches left us at a loss, quite frankly.

We considered many topics: the plight of children working under sweatshop conditions in roadside lemonade stands. The need for two-ply toilet paper on campus. The perkiness of sophomore Amanda Hugankiss's breasts. There were many, many others considered, we promise.

Obviously, it's our duty as forward-thinking university students to fight for those lemonade kids. We were all sure of that.

And who wants to have to deal with chafing and fitful bum-wiping endeavors? That's just gotta stop.

And finally, man, that Amanda's got a great pair of boobies.

But we just couldn't make up our minds. We tried calling our coaches at home for advice, but they weren't answering. We're really, really sorry. We promise.

UNC plans to continue selling itself

If you thought that Nike was the only corporation to market Chapel Hell, think again.

BILLY N. STAGATER
SPECIAL NEWS FOR OPINION

The UNC athletic director formerly known as Dick Badour announced at a Tuesday press conference that the university, in order to compensate for rising player salaries on the basketball team, will begin offering space on the basketball jerseys to corporate sponsors.

Drawing the most money, shockingly, will be the very names of the players themselves.

"We have got to remain competitive in the market for basketball talent," Badour told a room full of laughing reporters yesterday. "Obviously, the quality of our program has declined, this year is an all to perfect example, and in order to get back to a level of national prominence we will have to pay the salaries that our players are demanding."

"Hell," Badour later admitted, "I even sold my name."

Badour, formerly known as Dick, is now to be referred to in all manners of public record as UNC Athletic Director Insight.com Badour. The new internet giant paid \$420,024 for the rights to Insight.com Badour's name.

As for the starting five, UNC will now feature Galaxo-Welcome Haywood, Austin Snack Cracker Lang, General Motors Capel, Backstreet Boy's FOURTE and E-trade.com Cota.

Perhaps the most interesting of the lot is the Backstreet Boy's, who learned of the opportunity only minutes after deciding to call their upcoming album "Four."

"Now, every time he hits one of those things from the other side of that line the announcers will automatically promote our new album, which someone else has so kindly worked so hard on for us," said Backstreet Boy #243C with a lisp so heavy that he drew the attention of linguists from a three state radio who have yet to explain the phenomenon.

The singing group, who has yet to actually write one of their own songs, paid an extra \$300,000 to change the spelling of the UNC freshman phenom's name from Forte to FOURTE.

It has been reported, though official records have not been released, that due to

the sheer number of times Galaxo-Welcome Haywood's name is said during games, the pharmaceutical giant paid upwards of \$4 million for the rights to his name.

With Galaxo-Welcome Haywood, the spokesman said, the company will be guaranteed to have their name called for at least five fouls per game.

"We are glad to have the opportunity to help pay off some great talent and help a struggling basketball team afford better players," said Galaxo-Welcome spokesman Big Dave. "We had sought this opportunity before in regards to purchasing Austin Cracker Lang's name, but our company, being in the medicine business, didn't want to be connected with that type of dental mishap."

The most significant change in uniform design will come as UNC's contract with current uniform designer and UNC graduate Some Fruitcake expires. McDonalds, long a supporter of college hoops, has bought the rights to the seat of the players shorts, and beginning next season the players rumps will don the famed Golden Arches of the fast food chain.

"We as a company felt we needed to speak to the female students. Polls have shown that health conscience females between the ages of 18-24 find our food horrifying," said the big footed, red haired spokesman sent by the company. He was unable to answer further questioning when "the Fry Guy," a reported associate, chased him out of the press conference screaming something about golden, juicy, deep fried horse meat.

Also, replacing the UNC initials over the player's jersey will be the corporate logo for Democohydran, Inc., a skin cleaning company that uses a sheep as it's symbol.

"Baaaaaaahaaaaaa," that's what ram's and sheep both say, so it shouldn't be much of a stretch for the students here," said the company's CEO, who, before stamping and dragging his feet, also announced that the company will go public next fall. "Baaaaaaaa."

Insight.com Badour also announced prices for as-yet unsold places to stick a corporate logo. Simple 4-by-4 stickers will cost \$700, the names of bench players will sell for \$300 a piece and the name of Coach Bill Guthrie, who has had no offers yet, is on the market for \$10.

"Anyone with some spare change could, and should pick up on that one," Insight.com Badour said.

It has been mentioned that a representative from Jack Daniels has offered to purchase the name of UNC assistant Phil Ford, who has consistently endorsed the company for years.



UNC and the End of the World

I have very few peeves. I consider myself a fairly calm person, easy to amuse and please, and a great fan of North Carolina State. However, UNC and its fans have disrupted my happiness, and I find myself convinced the world is coming to an end. The growing number of UNC fans attending NCSU, the Tarheels more strongly voicing Duke as their archrivals, and the persistence of State to imitate everything UNC all resemble some hellish plot to drive me insane. I am sure these events can be found in Revelations as part of the signs of the Apocalypse. It is as if we were living in some type of Twilight Zone episode, in which all the world's truths were turned upside down. I'm waiting for Al Gore to break out with a stirring version of Marvin Gay's "Sexual Healing" at his next debate; it would only fit this reality.

The first apocalyptic sign I have noticed is the growing trend of State mimicking UNC. You would think that we, as a tech school, could be more inventive and ingenious than to copy the crappy ideas of some liberal arts school. However, the students continue to be cheated; having their seats stolen, games moved to outlandish places, tuition increased, and finding it harder to get into NCSU. All of these tactics were first practiced by UNC. What is next... a new lane for only the alumni to travel to and from games? Also, how much profit does a non-profit organization need to make? Most of Carolina's alumni believe they are wealthy, having champagne and seven course meals at their tailgate parties. I say, let them. Let them spend all of their money on a team of criminals and thugs. Let them waste money on an expanse of road no one can use. Let them buy their kids' grades. Just as long as we steer clear of that route. We should continue to strive for integrity. Besides, do we need to purchase fan support when NCSU possesses some of the most devoted fans in the United

Dan "Danimal" Ballenger
EXTERMINATOR AT LARGE

States? There is an old motto: "Once a State fan always a State fan." This will not hold true much longer if the present trends do not change. If our Carolina mimicking continues much longer, our beloved N.C. State will resemble either a ghost town or a snobby prep school, not the homegrown down-to-earth college within which its roots lie.

The second sign of Armageddon I have observed is the most confusing. As long as I have lived I understood that State and Carolina were archrivals. In recent years all UNC fans have begun acting surprised that NCSU fans hate them. Carolina has created an apparently satanic rivalry with Duke, which has most people stunned. Our hatred for UNC remains, but the Tar Heels cannot simply drop our rivalry without a major announcement. It goes against all reason. My solution to this problem is to drop UNC as our rivals or force them to notice us. Maybe we can rekindle our ancient contention with Wake Forest, or we could pick up a local school like North Carolina Central. We could also toy with the Heels a little, make them mad, and maybe steal their mascot. I am sure many of us State fans would pay good money to see that hideous ram strapped to the top of a Nissan Stanza, flying down the freeway. I sure would. It would definitely make those pretentious UNC fans pay some attention to us. The only truth is, when the State basketball team wins the championships this year, UNC will be begging on their

hands and knees to have us as their rivals. In second thought, what respectable Wolf Packer really cares about UNC's opinion? The final apocalyptic symbol I have noticed is the unjustifiable and disrespectful number of UNC fans attending the great school of N.C. State. I have only one question for these ignoramuses: Are you completely oblivious to the fact that you attend State, or are your intentions to irritate and annoy me, eventually driving me to madness? Here is an equation for you doofuses: UNC fan = antichrist to NCSU student. If you must be a Carolina fan, keep it hidden, like most people who vote independent. The sickening color of baby blue is to a State student what sunlight is to a vampire. Actually, it is more like red to a bull. State fans become enraged and violent when they catch sight of the disgusting color. I suggest that State students who are in the closest Carolina fans remain in the closet.

It is clear a trend is occurring as more Tar Hell fans attend State, Duke becomes a stronger rival to UNC, and State follows the disheartening tracks of Carolina. If uncontrolled, these events will make Hell look only slightly worse. The apocalyptic developments occurring have not swayed my school pride, but the day of Revelation is coming. I could easily call for mass riots in which dozens of UNC fans would be burned at the stake, along with the occasional public safety officer. However, this country remains free (usually in a not-so-visible way) and people can do whatever they wish. It is my suggestion that tradition be upheld: as the horrific "Carolina blue" disappears from our beautiful campus, and students, once again, walk to class chanting proudly, "GO TO HELL CAROLINA!!!!"

Dan Ballenger is actually a cartoonist at a school that actually has a decent comics page. Please send comments to deballen@unity.ncsu.edu

My Sincerest Apologies

MIKE O'CAIN
guest columnist

Ex-pack member Mike O'Cain attempts to make amends

Dear Wolfpack fans,

I would like to offer my sincere apologies to all Wolfpack athletic supporters including students, alumni and faculty. If you didn't know by now I am the new Offensive Coordinator for the Tar Hell football programme and soon to be the next head coach. It has been my dream from day one to be the football coach at

Carolina. I can remember the days when I quarterbacked for the Clemson Tigers, walking into Kenan Stadium surrounded by all that Carolina blue. It is just another testament that God is truly a Carolina fan because the sky is Carolina blue.

I knew that I was never good enough to coach at Chapel Hill so the next best thing was NC State. Come on, it is just right up the road and it only takes thirty minutes to get there.

The reason I am sorry is because I let you down, not because I intentionally threw the game versus Carolina but I

wasn't truthful up front. It all came after a night of drinking with my friend Phil Ford. I needed a way to become head coach at UNC but I still had a couple of years left on my contract with State. Then it hit me, Carolina was having a terrible year and we were doing great in my eyes, and the guys were really feeling confident. I figured Carl Torbush was definitely losing his job after the season, he did lose to Furman. The only saving grace for Torbush was to beat State.

It was clear that we were going to drive Carolina into a drunken

stupor. So I had to throw the game. Carl would remain as head coach and I would lose my job. Hell, Bill Guthrie could have beaten the Heels with the team we had.

Carl and I are great friends, we vacation together at the Carolina Inn every year. I knew that he wasn't that bright and would not catch on to my plan. I convinced him, if I threw the game he would take me on as offensive coordinator and remain there together and create a football dynasty.

Carl is not bright and didn't realize that even if he had the backing of the team that we will

suck this year. I wont openly call bad plays but I have a two year contract and every body thinks I am the greatest thing since student tickets on the lower level. Carl will lose his job after our terrible year and I will be named head coach. That is how to make the Carolina Dream come true. And a little advice- if you try really hard, even though you go to State you may someday be like me.

This letter is fictitious. Phil Ford and Mike O'Cain are not that good of friends.

HEY KIDS!

The inside of this spoof is perfect for coloring! Color it, mount it on posterboard and take it to the game! Go Pack!

