

Valentines Raffle!
Ladies! Kris is here to satisfy your every desire! Umm, yeah, that sounds good. Details on contest inside...



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Today: same as yesterday
Monday: same as tomorrow
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The Daily Tar Hell

www.carolinasucks.com

Screwing the students and the University community since when your mama wasn't fat.

Sunday, January 28, 2001

Ramses dead

UNC mascot Ramses dies of testicular elephantiasis

By HUGH G. RECKSHUN
Assistant Lifestyles Editor

At 3:24 a.m. Wednesday, while students and administrators slept peacefully through the bitter early morning, the UNC community was dealt a devastating blow when it lost its beloved mascot, Ramses, to testicular elephantiasis.

He was 17. Caretakers stayed with the ram and his sack his final night. Three night prior, Ramses' testicles had swollen so great that he was unable to stand.

It was then that Ramses' caretakers knew that the end was near.

At around 20 minutes after the 3:00 hour, Ramses inhaled deeply, wheezing and coughing, and bleated his final bleat.

Amidst a wave of sobbing and wailing on the parts of the caretakers, Ramses and his balls were carried from his pen to the Johnson Funeral home.

Funeral services are scheduled for early next week.

"Well, it's finally over," a weeping Mary Balsac, Ramses' primary caretaker, said. "He fought and fought and fought. He would succumb to his testicles years ago, but he just kept fighting them and beating them at every turn. I've never seen any animal with his condition beat his testicles for such a long period of time."

"I've never seen any animal with his condition beat his testicles for such a long period of time."

MARY BALSAC

Wiping a falling tear, she added, "He did good. He did real good."

Balsac assumed the position of head caretaker of Ramses three years ago when his gonads first began swelling. As a biology major at UNC, Balsac spent a great deal of time around enlarged balls, both in the lab and on the job at her internship at the N.C. State Vet School.

But the loss of Ramses hurt her in ways never before in the

handling of an animal's testicles.

"He was something else," Balsac said. "He had this cute little way of bleating real silent-like when he wanted to be scratched behind the ears and the 'money bag.' Being with him these last few years, it really made me feel more alive."

This morning, a crowd huddled outside the Johnson Funeral home to hold a vigil in his honor.

Some gathered and sat in circles outside the front door, holding flowers and telling stories of the good times they remember of Ramses and his testicles.

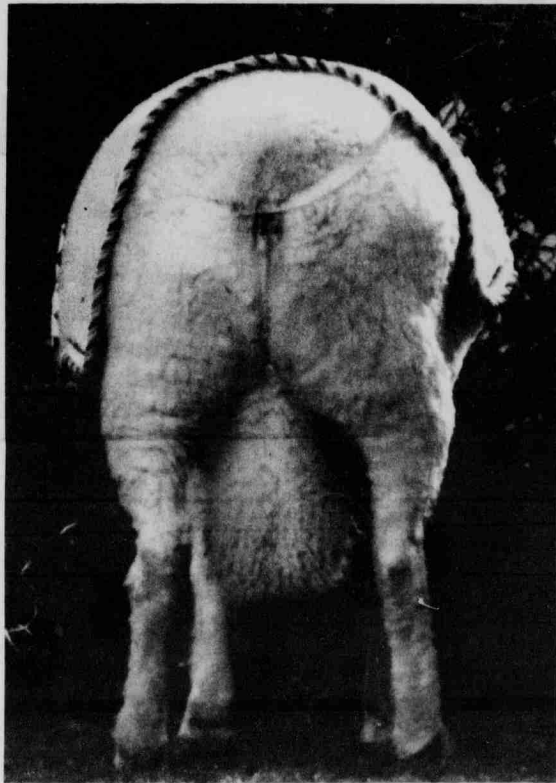
Others sang songs, such as "Crystal Ball," by Styx, the 50's pop song "Great Balls of Fire," and selections from AC/DC's seminal album "Ballbreaker."

Some hoped upon hope to catch a glimpse of Ramses, to place a visual image with the gripping reality that UNC students and alumni will have to face in the upcoming days.

"I have to see him, to come to terms with him," Geoffrey Dreyfus, a junior is psychology, said. "Ramses embodies all that we should aspire to be: Stic, Gentle, Vegetarian. That, and with a really huge sack."

Before he is finally laid to rest, Ramses is to be escorted to Carboro where he will be shorn of his wool from his scrotum.

The fleece is expected to be spun and woven into the first patch of a large quilt that will be sewn together in honor of those over the years who have fallen victim to their love rocks.



The infamous sack that sacked Ramses. This photo was taken during football season three months prior to his passing.

DTH: MASON COLEMAN

Ramses: 1984-2001

A campus community shaken.

May his legacy live on in our hearts, our minds and our souls. His memory will be forever linked to the testicles that brought to the forefront of our collective consciousness the tragic nature of testicular elephantiasis.

Doherty really a droid

By IGOTS D. SCOOP
Sports Editor

After the North Carolina Tarheels' defeated Wake Forest 70-69, tears could be seen streaming from head coach Matt Doherty's eyes. Athletics Director Dick Baddour announced on Thursday that those weren't tears, but an oil leak in Doherty's brain.

"It is true, coach Doherty is a robot," Baddour admitted. Which begs the question, where is the real Matt Doherty?

"The real Doherty disappeared sometime over the summer, and we contacted the engineering department at N.C. State to build us a robotic replica," Baddour added. The engineering department was unavailable for comment.

"It doesn't surprise me, not one bit," junior forward Kris Lang said.

Suspicion began to arise as Doherty was seen pacing the sidelines in games against Winthrop and Kentucky, when it was obvious he couldn't process what to do

next. "I asked coach what to do [against Winthrop], but he couldn't answer me. It sounded like he was saying some kinda gibberish," sophomore guard Joseph Forte said.

The problem turned out to be loose wiring in his 66 MHz processor, which was easily repaired by a local TV shop. "I had never seen anything like it," TV shop owner Mahktar Ndaye said. "I thought it was a joke at first, and then they turned him on."

"Despite using a robot, we are very pleased with the results," Baddour added. "We are the University of North Carolina [at Chapel Hill], and we will do whatever it takes to win. I mean win."

"I don't really know what they're talking about, all I can really say is that I am such a good coach and am the right person for this job," Doherty said.

In fact, UNC-CH is so pleased with the results that there are plans to cybernetically enhance the entire team. Senior center Brendan Haywood has had electric shocks placed in his arms, which are set up to emit shocks when he isn't playing

hard enough. "Anytime you see Haywood shake his arms after a basket, it's because the electric shocks have finally stopped and his muscles are convulsing," forward Jason Capel said. "When he had that goose egg against Georgia Tech, it was because the shocks had been used so much the batteries had died, but we didn't have any extras," Forte added.

"There are plans to enhance the play of all of the players. My assistants help some, but I'm just so good that we can't help but win."

The team is also swirling with rumors about Doherty's robotic abilities, most notably his manufactured hair. "Man, that thing just doesn't move," sophomore forward Julius Peppers said.

Even Michael Jordan has opinions about the new head coach. "I don't know if he's a robot, but there is kind of a programmed way he goes about things."

No word on how long Doherty's battery will last, but until it dies he will still be "an intense coach that is the right man for the job," he said.

that I think we're doing well," Capel adds.

Bigman Haywood feels that "They keep giving me the ball, and this year I'm more likely to give it back to them because I'm not so sure I can make it inside of three feet anymore."

Doherty, whose eyes turned a slight shade of red when asked this question, said "My intensity and talent as a coach has gotten this team where it is. My assistants help some, but I'm just so good that we can't help but win."

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Police still examining fecal matter found at Smith Center for clues

By BIGOL PYLE
Sports Editor

In a never-ending attempt to bring a group of vandals to justice, UNC officials continue to examine the fecal matter left at center court in the Smith Center over the Thanksgiving break for clues.

"We've turned the evidence over in our hands a thousand times," lab examiner Phullo Tshyt said. "Beyond it's texture and physical makeup, it hasn't served any purpose in this case other than to give us an excuse to hold a handful of poo."

But the endless hours spent turning the pungent poo over in their hands has not been fruitless. While not exactly the most specific of evidence, officials have learned a few things about the dastardly dumpers.

"They're into Grape Nuts, as best we can figure," Tshyt said. "At least one of them is. Or, at least he had a bowl of Grape Nuts the day before."

But this evidence is far from damning. An excessively high fiber count is nothing unusual for a university such as UNC, where fads of all types, including health, are adhered to strictly.

"Even though they sunk to the level of defecating on the middle of basketball court, stealing banners and retired jerseys," Tshyt said. "They apparently take a rather high-brow approach to their personal health. Their consciences may not allow them to sleep well at night, but they certainly aren't troubled by late night indigestion."

So where does this leave public safety officials? Not far from where they started: square number one. Or number two, as the case may be.

"These vandals are a very clever bunch," Tshyt said. "They not only figured out a way to break into the Smith Center undetected and a way to climb the rafter's to reach the jerseys, but timed their break-in at the exact moment when, approximately a day-and-a-half following a Grape Nuts binge, they knew they would have to go."

"Really badly, too, judging from the amount of evidence they left behind."

Tshyt remains undeterred, however, in his quest to bring these crafty crappers to justice.

"If I have to handle this poo for another two years to bring these vandals down, I'll do it."

"Or, at least until the poo becomes so dry and crusty I wouldn't touch it. 'Cause that's just nasty."

If you want to shock and provoke, be sincere about it.

Calvin and Hobbs

**Go
Pack!**

***Go to Hell
Carolina!***

www.technicianonline.com

Shut 'em down!



marko2001

The Daily Tar Heel

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Bored Editorials

Official Carolina Class Guide

It is customary here at Chapel Hill, that students exhibit the proper class when watching our basketball team thrash the opposition.

Allegro: Or as the minions call it, "fast tempo" when the game is running at a quickened pace, the game is brisk and the players are often cutting down court.

Penalty Problems: Often players will be acquiring penalties. When numerous penalties are acquired play begins to slow down and many of the players begin rotating out more often.

Far Ahead: Sometimes we will find ourselves ahead by 15 or more points. When we know that we have won, we might as well begin celebrating early.

Far Behind: On rare occasion we will find that we are far behind, by 15 or more points. When the team is in the red, so should its fans: Cabernet Sauvignon

Close Game: When our team cannot decide whether or not they want to blast ahead or fall behind, it is only reasonable that we as fans honor their hard battle.

Pre-Meal Galle: As we ARE members of the Carolina family, we must nourish our bodies with only the finest of world cuisines.

Hors d'oeuvres: Classic French Gougere cheese "puffs" accompanied by scallop, artugula and lemongrass poststickers.

Salad: Organic field greens with spiced walnuts, Gorgonzola and citrus vinaigrette

Entrée: Pounded and grilled chicken breasts stuffed with Prosciutto, smoked Mozzarella and fire roasted red pepper sauce accompanied by sun-dried toma-

to & Parmesan rice cakes, and oven braised leeks with tomato orange vinaigrette.

Desserts: Tulle "Cannolis" with Mascarpone cream, chocolate Grand Marnier cakes, or pear brown butter tart with Chantilly cream.

Penalty Shots: During certain points in the game, play is stopped so that players can take penalty shots. I have yet to understand by what method the referees decide who takes these shots or when these must be taken.

Slamming Dunk: Often times some of the larger players will partake in a "slamming dunk." We feel the food accompanying such a feat should take on the qualities of such a moment.

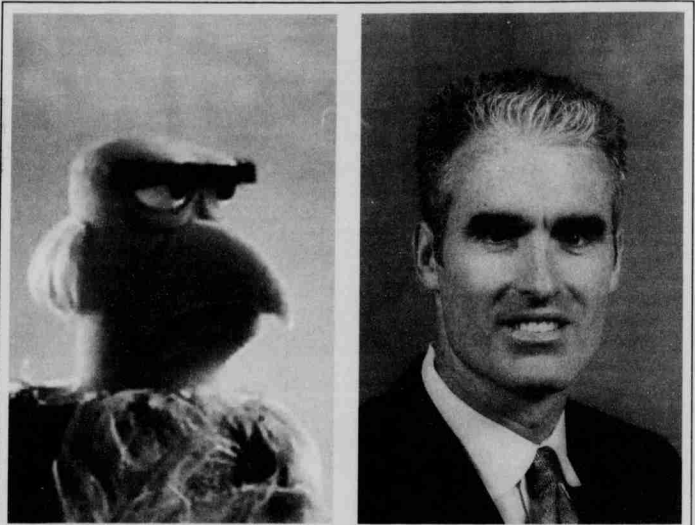
Recesses: Occasionally coaches or players will call recesses so that they can strategize their next plan of action and review protocol.

I hope you follow through with my suggestions. If you do not then you have no one to blame but yourself for having no class.

Thurston does not advocate the drinking of wine by those under the age of twenty-one years of age. He does, however, encourage you to still eat the food. Let us have no class.

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!



Sam Eagle and Matt Doherty - Separated at birth?

Students find voice, excuse to feel underprivileged

Since the dawn of time, students have grappled with the epic dichotomy of longing to fit in and longing to stand out.

But finally we have a real student organization. Students Allied for a Progressive Society (SAPS) and the Youth for the Ethical Sophistry of Multicultural and Environmental Neo-democracy (YESMEN) merged to form Students United by the Cause of KneE-jerk Reactionism (SUCKER).

SUCKER will take all of the awareness Carolina students sought as SAPS and YESMEN and channel it towards a much more pro-active paradigm.

The group's inaugural event will be a rally/vigil/mixer-a-thon designed to introduce the student body to some frank dialogue.



JUSTIN ARTHURFAAD RESIDENT ACTIVIST

ex-Berkeley barista who expatriates to Cancun for a week or so every March, is part of America's new wave of radical student activists and idle philosophy majors sweeping the Chapel Hill campus.

Ban Dwagón, an undeclared senior, explained, "Being part of this SUCK-

ER organization isn't about the usual say-nothing, do-nothing what-the-f--- bull***, you know what I'm sayin'?"

"I think this speaks a powerful message to people out there," said sophomore class SLACKER representative Ivana B. Speshul.

"If there's only one generation to be gained here," explained a reflective Dialogue, "it's that you please call me Ken Kesey from now on. OK, how about just once? Or just Jack Kerouac instead? Please. Just once."

After a hard day of protesting, Justin likes to drive home in his SUV, while talking on his cellphone, swearing and speeding so he can get home in time to get in eight hours of television. E-mail him at puppet@nike.edu.

READER'S FORUM

Dear EDITOR:

I am writing in response to the January 22 letter published in the Daily Tar Heel from that home-wrecking strumpet Ms. UNC ("Students and Faculty Should Learn About Breast Health, Cancer").

In case you haven't gathered, I am Mrs. UNC. I have been married to Mr. UNC for 208 years, since the very beginning.

I saw him through the bad times-the Civil War, the Torbush era-and the easy ones-F.P. Graham's presidency, Dean's glorious days, countless protests of condom sweatshops.

And now I hear this hussy throwing around the name that has been given to me.

He's never been completely faithful, there have always been Ms. USC's, Ms. Florida's, even that hideous tryst with Ms. ITT Institute of Technology.

But he's a good man. He's always come back to me. It hurts me to think that my name-our name-has been thrown to some perky little undergrad. I am ashamed.

I am dismayed that the Daily Tar Heel would validate this woman's claim to my name by printing her letter attributed to "Ms. UNC."

I am dismayed that the kids-Pembroke, Elizabeth C.S., little Appal-had to learn of their father's infidelity by reading it in this smutty rag. I burn like a wildfire your rage.

As for that little tramp; you may be younger, you may be more attractive, and you have your perfect little charity work (breast cancer...I know what your kind does with breasts, and it has nothing to do with this "self-testing"), but I promise you that when you're trying to shop your "charitable" wares to grad-school students and you want Mr. UNC-yes, Mr. UNC to unc-to help you along, I'll tell you where he'll be. Back home. Where he belongs. With me and the 15 kids.

Hussy. Mrs. UNC Old East

To the Editor:

I am concerned about all the hubbub around campus over this whole basketball seating thing. Why can't we go back to the way that things were? I mean, I came to a game earlier this year-I don't remember, the teams name, but their outfits were this tacky orange color.

So last season. Anyway, so I went to this game and I asked the usher to direct me to my seat. Can you imagine that he led me to a place where there was no seat and expected me to stand?

He said it was an attempt to move the students closer to the game. Who needs that? I mean really-it was a little too much. There are

probably yucky basketball germs down on the court. And I heard that someone did No. 2 right there on the court once-truly unsanitary. I just want to sit down and have my wine and cheese. Is that too much to ask?

And all that noise. For Heavens'sakes, The horns, the whistles, the cheerleaders. I can't even tell my girlfriend about what happened on "TRL" earlier in the day. Let's think about what really matters here, people.

Also, I'm a bit upset about these rumors about changing the rules in the Smith Center. I don't know what the CAA thinks they're doing. I mean, if we didn't have the pre-approved chants, all my sorority sisters and I would be...like

totally confused. It's just wrong, all wrong.

And while I was at the daddy's country club, I ran into William (hey cutes-look at me, I'm in the paper) and he said that they might allow signs larger than an 8 1/2-by-11. Am I the only person who watches "ER" at this university? Papercuts can be lethal.

We really need to rethink this whole issue about the Smith Center. Alumni are old-they have bad eyesight. Let them sit near the court so they can see better. Our basketball team isn't all that cute anyway.

Jena Talia Senior Human Anatomy