

# The Daily Tar Heel

Kelly Ryan EDITOR

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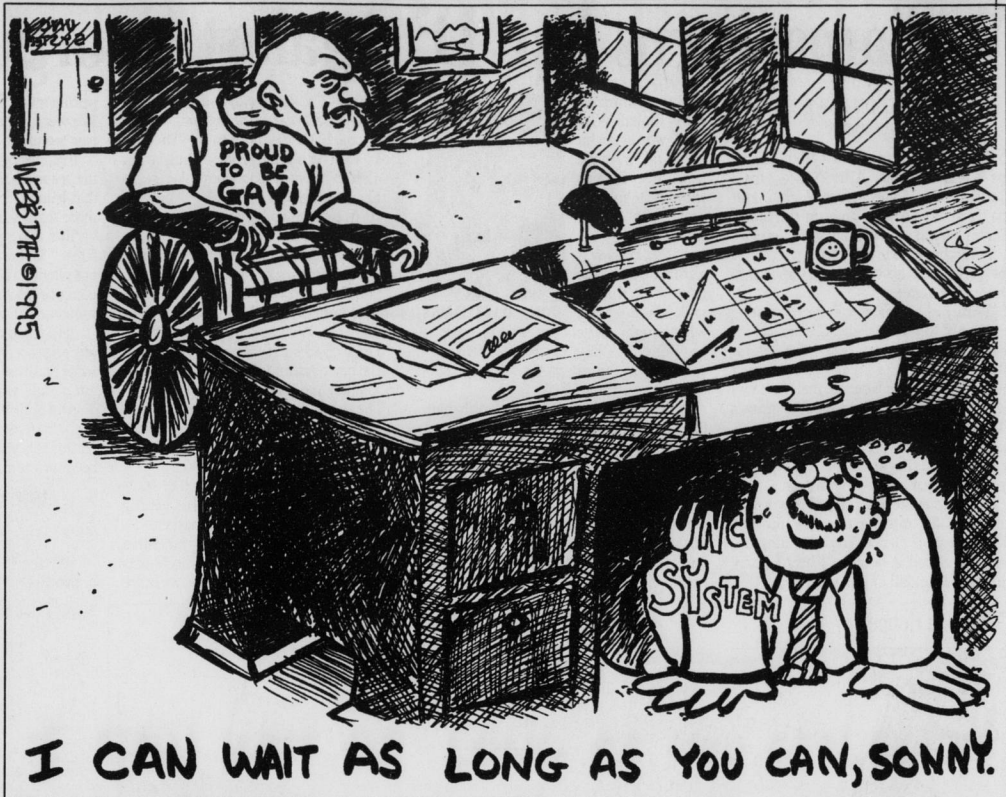
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## No Room for Mercenaries

And UNC's No. 1 draft pick is ...  
Once again the issue of paying college athletes has come to the forefront of discussion in the National Collegiate Athletic Association. Paying student athletes would violate the spirit of college athletics, which should emphasize education and team spirit not financial gain. Most student athletes aren't in it for the money, and those who are shouldn't be.  
If there's enough money floating around college athletics to even consider paying salaries to student athletes, the NCAA should spend it on more scholarships and aid for hard-working athletes, especially those in nonrevenue sports.  
Last week, retired NCAA President Walter Byers announced that he was in favor of paying college athletes. In the past, Byers thought paying athletes was a horrible idea, but recently he had a philosophical turnaround.  
Byers' statement came in the wake of the NCAA's new \$1.75 billion contract with CBS and rekindled the age-old debate about pay for play.  
Advocates of paying college athletes usually reiterate the fact that student athletes are required to attend class and maintain good grades in addition to practicing long hours. As a result, many athletes cannot get jobs because of conflicting practice schedules.  
Those in favor of paying students are also quick to point out that athletes who play revenue sports make a pretty penny for universities and the NCAA.  
The main problem with paying student ath-

letes is that college athletics is part of a college education.  
Paying athletes anything more than a scholarship would alter the educational purpose of playing college sports. College sports would become a business completely unrelated to higher learning.  
Paying student athletes would also make college sports a form of big business. There's already too much emphasis on money in college athletics, with bowl earnings and shoe contracts making as many headlines as team wins.  
Due to an emphasis on money, students would no longer play because they loved the game. College sports should emphasize team work and dedication to a craft, not money.  
If the NCAA has enough money to offer athletes a salary, it should use that money to offer more and larger scholarships to those athletes who need them. Many athletes who suffer, trying to balance a job with long practice schedules could benefit from a scholarship that would pay their tuition and fees.  
Currently at UNC, only 298 of all the nonrevenue athletes receive scholarships.  
The NCAA should also let athletes receive the full amount of federal assistance they are entitled to beyond their athletic scholarships.  
We all know how hard student athletes work, and they should be rewarded for their dedication.  
But any compensation more than a free education would destroy the entire concept of college sports, and student athletes, as we know it.



## I'm Not Patronizing: I'm Alumnus, Hear Me Whine

Just as the grimy, bloated swallows return to Capistrano each spring to blanket the villagers in droppings, the Carolina alumni always come home to roost. And, ladies, I'm one of them.  
I'm not a full-fledged cultlike Ram's Club alumnus. I mean, I haven't yet latched onto that black-socks-and-sandals look, and I haven't demanded that the last three yards of virgin soil on campus be paved over and made into a parking lot for me and my all-important brethren.  
But I'm gradually sinking into that pathetic stage of existence.

Don't worry — I haven't done anything horribly alumnicious like become a Republican. But, truth be told, these days I rarely drink myself blind, and I couldn't tell you the last time I target-vomited. Hell, I'm even starting to floss regularly.  
Pretty soon I'll find myself sporting a snazzy polyblend powder blue sweater as I sit with the wife and kids in the non-eyestrain seats of the Dean Dome, snacking on a delightful slab of Brie and a precocious glass of Sauvignon Blanc, continually asking those pesky college brats in front of us to sit down because, gosh darn it, we're trying to watch the game. Yeesh. If you ever hear me debating the merits of the various brands of fiber laxative, go ahead and kill me. That would be an airtight case for justifiable euthanasia if I ever heard one.  
Where the hell was I?  
Oh yeah. Alumni. I know you freshmen out there are sick of being patronized by everyone else here at Carolina, especially those venerable sophomores who spout their guru-like morsels of wisdom in between their keg stands because, by God, they've been in the trenches and they've got this college thing all figured out. Now an ex-student can be condescending. I am alumnus, hear me whine.  
And what would be a better topic for my geezerific ranting than all these newfangled changes in Chapel Hill.  
Now, granted, there are some things you fully expect to change, such as that forever-multiplying bar beneath Tammany Hall, which goes through new management teams and inexplicable seafaring themes the way the Italians go through prime ministers. Some things, however, should remain as immutable as Dean Smith's haircut.  
Case in point: Fast Fare.  
Yes, I speak of that glorious oasis smack dab in the middle of the war-torn ghetto buffer zone

between Chapel Hill and Carrboro, where any brave soul could jaunt in order to catch some Hostess Sno-Balls, a bottle of Cherry Mad Dog 20/20, and — if you were lucky — a stray bullet.  
Alas, but this noble vendor of malt beverages and unfiltered menthols has finally gone the way of its dearly departed kin, Top of the Hill and Fowler's Big Bertha. I guess the gods of haute couture thought that Fast Fare's passing would be more than made up for with the addition of a couple of scenter coffeehouses with hiply misspelled monikers like "Caffe Trio."  
Fucking fantastic.  
Did Chapel Hill really need another vendor of double-decaf lattes? Were there hordes of beret-bedecked artists littering the streets, puffing on clove cigarettes and jabbering about Ibsen?  
Speaking for my fellow grad school geeks, we're much too busy catching up on reruns of "Star Trek: The Next Generation" to plunk down five bucks for a designer mug of Ultra Mocha Java Deluxe. I mean, when Juan Valdez is shoveling the coffee beans down your neck like he's fueling a Union Pacific locomotive, you really don't have time to stop and embrace the aroma.  
Jesus, I'm going off on tangents like Reagan at a press conference. Sorry.  
Let me retrace the trail of bread crumbs back to my original rant.  
Ahem. Now, is Caffe Trio supposed to make up for our losing Hector's? Sure, I've heard all about the impending birth of "Hector's II: The Gyro Strikes Back," but it'll probably harken back to the original's glory days with the factual authenticity of the Disneyland Hall of Presidents.  
Give me back the arson site that used to hulk there. At least that had the lingering odor of a good, honest grease fire.  
Speaking of travesties of succession, am I to understand that the old home of the glorious Cat's Cradle has been turned into a yuppified hot wings shack?  
They demolished a venue that pumped out enough rockdrom to turn a healthy male sterile and replaced it with a trendy little bistro painted



KEVIN KRUSE  
GUEST COLUMNIST

## BAROMETER

The Week's Opinion in Review

### Free Newspapers

The Raleigh News & Observer is giving out free newspapers in the Pit. But they're leaving out the section with the comics. Oh well, we'll just have to make do with their editorial page for laughs.

### New Report Cards

What student wants to get a report card in the mail without his entire past academic history confronting him? If anyone had gotten report cards in 1994, we wouldn't be so unhappy.

### Newt

As history buffs, we were a little surprised that the Newt cared who the historian for the U.S. House of Representatives was. But we weren't surprised by his heavy-handed response when he found out that she believed in telling both sides of history.

### Durham Cops

In one of the most inventive solutions yet proposed for a practical problem, the editorial board suggests improving public safety by making all Pizza Hut and Domino's Pizza drivers switch jobs with local police officers. The intended results: fewer accidents and fewer prank pizza orders.

### Bowling

No, not those silly football games that get in the way of the New Year's Day hangover. The Union bowling lanes — they've been registered as protected parkland by the Federal Government, so they won't be repaired until the next millennium.

### Classes

Who needs 'em? Well, whoever does can't get any, and whoever has some doesn't want them. Go figure.

### The Pit

It's the place to be this week. Hell, even the preachers are back, telling us smokers and fornicators how best to welcome in the New Year. At least there's a place to hang out for all of us who don't yet have a schedule.

### Hillary Clinton's Image

Dear Ann:  
Would you please come down to the White House to show Bill and me how to prop up our flagging popularity? — Wondering in Washington  
Dear Wondering:  
If therapy can't solve your problems, I suggest you and your husband move to a new house. Perhaps things will be easier then.  
—Ann

## Attention, Faculty and Staff

This is your final public notice.  
The Daily Tar Heel is starting a new editorial feature that will give faculty and staff members a chance to voice some of their opinions on campus and town issues.  
We would like any faculty and staff members who have a strong opinion or unique insight to share their viewpoint in the regular feature, which will appear every other Wednesday on this page, in an attempt to diversify our source of opinion and dialogue.

Members of the University who can shed new light on an old issue or bring up an issue that has so far been ignored will be especially welcome.  
Faculty and staff members whose interest is piqued by the idea of contributing a one-time column to this feature should start to think and act now.  
Anyone who is interested in writing a guest column for this feature should contact Editorial Page Editor Thanassis Cambanis or Editor Kelly Ryan at 962-0245.

## ERIC BROWNING IS THE HOUSEKEEPINATOR

H2: REINSTATEMENT DAY



★★★★ - YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT WHAT BROWNING CAN GET AWAY WITH AND STILL KEEP HIS JOB!  
— Bill Yard  
News and Disturber

## Time Capsules Will Only Tell the Official History

I was sweating this morning in the SRC when I saw the plaque on the wall marking the location of the time capsule. This isn't the only time capsule buried around here, I seem to recall; there's another one somewhere on the academic quad, and I can only guess at the number that may have been put in the deep freeze before I first set foot on this campus five years ago.

time capsule worth its salt should contain a copy of the DTH.  
But which copy? Include a Thursday edition, and future generations may actually believe that Carolina students are bunch of armchair philosophers with an amateur interest in cooking. Include a Jeanne Fugate column, and you might get closer to the truth — but you can see the problem.  
Based on a typical editorial cartoon, a scholar of tomorrow might write an entire thesis based on the apparent humor vacuum in mid-'90s America.  
Time capsule projects are generally plagued by our natural but somewhat deceitful desire to put our best feet forward.  
I'm willing to bet that whatever else is in the wall of the SRC, there isn't a transcript of a student government meeting, a snapshot of an inflatable sheep, an 8 x 10 glossy showing a typical Lenoir lunch, a list of the housekeepers' pay scale or even a picture of our capable student dentists at work. But this may mean future generations won't buy the time capsule version of the 1990s. Do we ever really believe it when Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman's lipstick stays on all night while she delivers a breech baby? It strikes me that we should try for a faintly truthful version of events, on the off chance that one of the lucky people to open the surprise package may spend 10 minutes mulling over something more than the staggering similarity between PR materials then and now.  
Maybe the best way to communicate with future generations is to share with them our despair (and maybe I'm just four weeks from my Doctoral exams).  
A friend of mine was morosely cheered by the

diary of Hugh Taylor Brown, a Carolina undergraduate of the 1860s, when she was forced to edit his writings in Bibliography and Methodology.

Hugh waxed despondent over his job prospects, his father's unwillingness to send money and his impressive lack of success with women. On particularly thankless days, he draws a pointy hand in the margins.

Toward the end of the semester, he remarks with increasing frequency, "I have drawn the dread Hand again."  
Hugh's employment problems were solved two years later when he died in the Civil War. But his spirit lives on in the hearts and minds of today's Carolina students.

When I'm not wallowing in the timelessness of academia's miseries, I like to believe that by making classic staples like rice pilaf, I am continuing traditions that will live on into the future. I also believe in the tooth fairy, the new Congress' willingness to work together and that story in the Weekly World News about the world's first head transplant.

### Rice Pilaf With Mushrooms

Heat 2 Tbsp of oil in a saucepan with a lid. Chop 1/4 cup onion and 1/2 cup mushrooms into 1/4-inch dice; sauté until soft. Add one cup rice and continue sautéing for about 1 minute. Then add 2 cups chicken broth and heat until boiling. (You can also add chicken bouillon to the water as it heats.) Cover the pan, turn heat to low and cook until all water is absorbed, about 20 minutes.

Marya DeVoto is a fifth-year graduate student in English who is not representative of the norm.

### Editor's Note

The Daily Tar Heel is looking for a few good editorial cartoonists. Any interested artists and satirists should contact Cartoon Editor Mike Webb at 962-0245.