

'Go bananas! Go, go bananas ...', A fan's guide to the indigenous wildlife of Kenan Stadium



This is Ramses, the blue-horned ram. O.K., we'll admit it. We don't know why he's our mascot either

Carolina Football: Spectators are half the fun

By JUSTIN MCGUIRE and TOM PARKS
Special to Omnibus

It's that time of the year again. You know, the leaves changing colors and dropping to the ground. Back-to-school sales. Sweaters. And of course, football.

In these parts, football means going to Kenan Stadium on Saturdays to drink, chill with the local wildlife and sometimes even watch the game.

Checking people out is almost as popular among the "sports fans" as watching the field. With this in mind, we present the first-ever field guide to all varieties of the North American, powder blue-bellied sapsucker, the Carolina football fan.

After picking up your over-priced hot dog and generic blue cup, saunter into the stadium and get ready for a fine afternoon of fan-watching. The Yuppier-dressers are the easiest to find. They wear coats, ties and dresses. (That is to say, some wear coats and ties, and some wear dresses.) They are also known for their strange post-game rituals which involve several migrations between Frat Court and Spanky's.

The Carolina Fever fans are the easiest to hear because they cheer from the moment the team runs through the balloon tunnel until the last "Go to hell, State!" after the

alma mater. They are also famous for getting seats that are usually reserved for somebody higher in the Kenan hierarchy, namely the Rich Alumni (see Rams' Club).

A Carolina Fever fan who gets a paragraph all to himself is the Mikeman, because he brought such taste and subtlety back to Carolina

These people appear everywhere on game days with their full brood in tow. They are known for pointing at every campus dormitory and repeating boring stories that begin with, "When I used to live there..." The alumni often appear intoxicated, but are not so uncouth as to bring flasks into the stadium. They simply stand by their station wagons and drink domestic beer out of cans with their friends. The rich alumni, alias Rams Club members, are a whole different species, however. They have good seats in the Kenan Field House and generally don't let it hang out in the parking lot.

The Professional Football Fans wouldn't leave before the end of the game if there was a fire; they're here to watch some football. Most come with Sony Watchmen to check the Notre Dame and Nebraska scores on slow downs.

Football is rough sport, but in Kenan the violence is not limited to the playing field. The Korean War caused fewer injuries than the Card Section, where fans try to imitate Ninja warriors by hurling cards at innocent Band members. What was going on when they thought this up? "Really guys, giving sharp cards to thousands of drunken, rowdy football fans is a great idea!"

One bird you won't see at a Caro-

Stupid David Letterman Takeoff

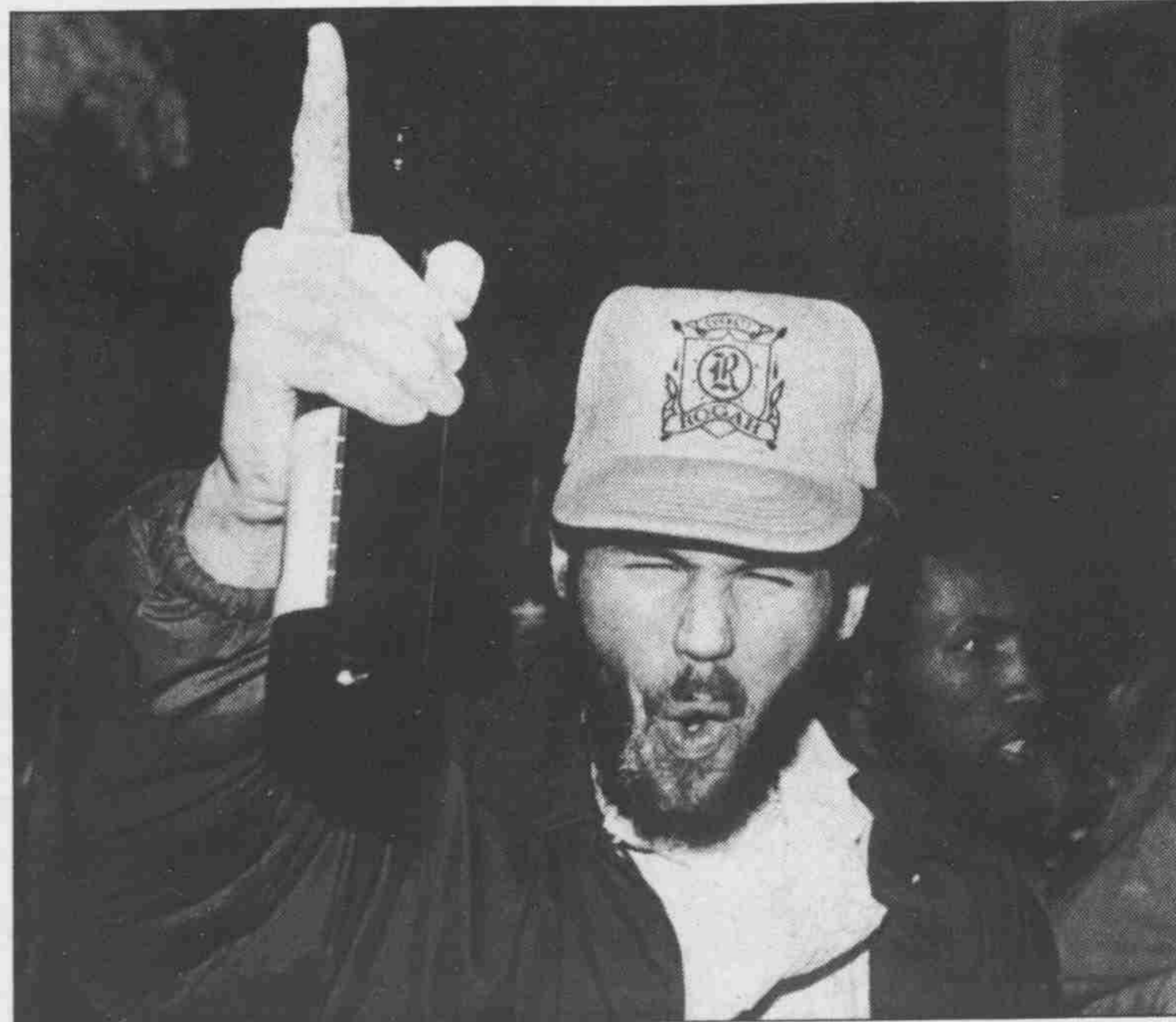
Top five suggestions from the UNC Athletic Department to stir interest in Carolina Football and increase sports revenue:

5. A halftime slam-dunk contest
4. Defense armed with lacrosse sticks
3. All woman team coached by Anson Dorrance (We're number ONE!!)
2. Better seats for alumni
1. More games with Georgia Tech

football cheers. Plus, ANYBODY with the nickname "Noogie" has to get special treatment (We hear his other two choices for nicknames were "cootie face" and "wedgie.")

Another frequently-spotted variety of Kenan wildlife is the Alumni.

Here's the guy who sits behind you and rings the cowbell throughout the entire game

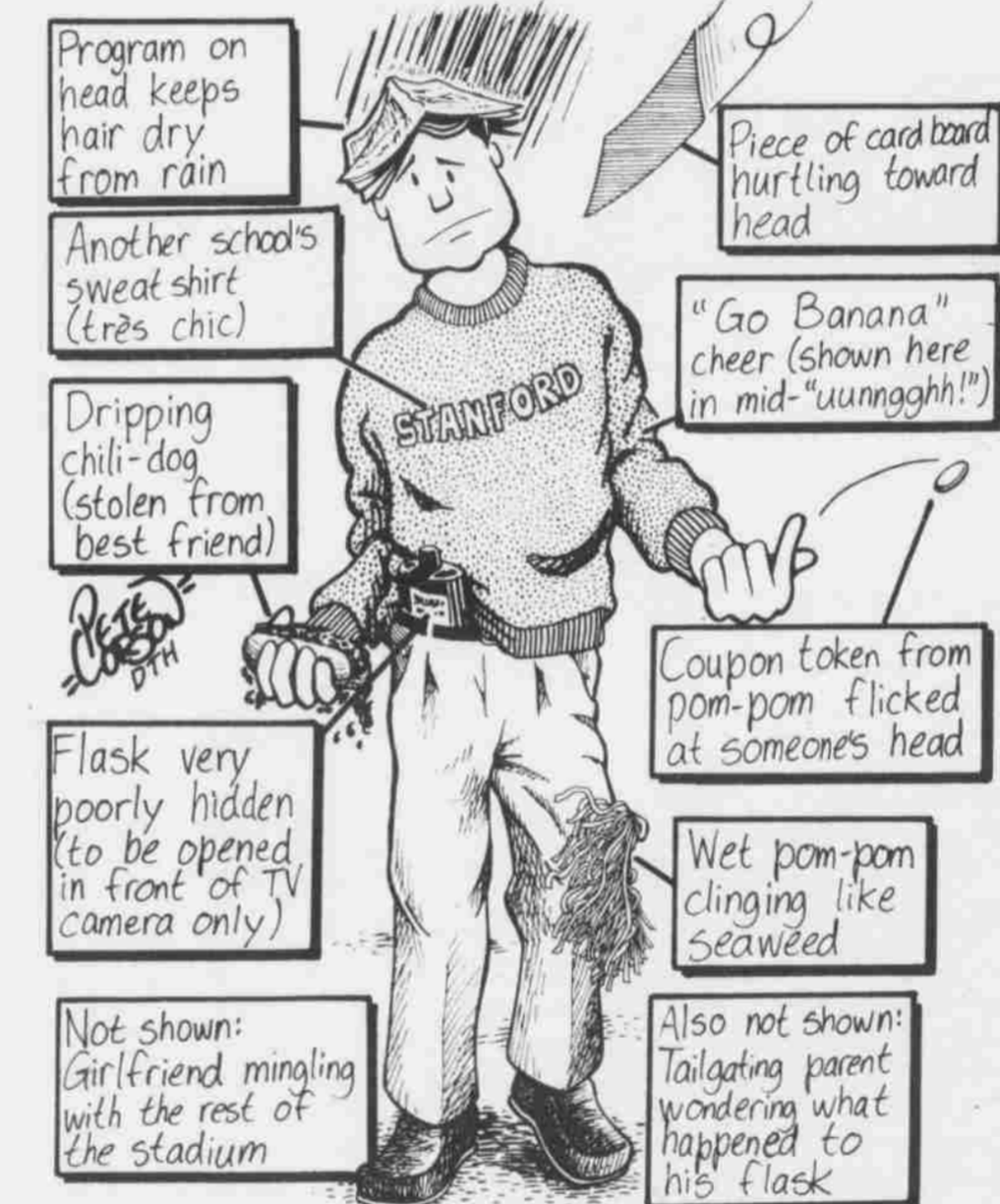


lina football game this season is our famous Ex-coach. And what a wacky guy he is, too. Boy, did we pull one over on Kent State or what?

On a serious note, we hope the whole UNC family, from the lowliest freshman to the most Grand and Exalted Rams Club member, learned something from the Dick Crum de-

bacle. Namely, you should never fire any ACC coach who comes within four points of beating the Clemson football team, no matter how many games in a row he drops.

Remember folks, those who don't learn from history are destined to repeat it. Viva Mack Brown!



TYPICAL CAROLINA FAN

Top ten cheers you love to hate (or vice versa)

10. Chew tobacco, chew tobacco, chew tobacco, spit.

Our team's great! Your team's not (or "snot" as the case may be)! If you're not going to say it, ditch the cheer, OK?

9. We forced the opposition to relinquish their possession of the ball... And we got the ball. And we got the ball. And we got the ball. And we...

Just think. Our cheerleaders practice this one.

8. Two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar. All for the Tar Heels, stand up and holler!

No kiddin'. We were subjected to this fine piece of infantile rhy-

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ing until last year when the cheerleaders discovered that we hated it as much as they did.

7. Kaopectate, Kaopectate, stop that man!

This is not the thing you want to hear after three Cokes and six chili-dogs.

6. "That Sodomy cheer" Used at one game last year and almost got our beloved Mikeman fired. 'Nuff said.

5. Go that way! Go that way! Go

that way! Go that way! Go that way! Let's face it. If our team needs to hear this cheer, we can pack it in and go home.

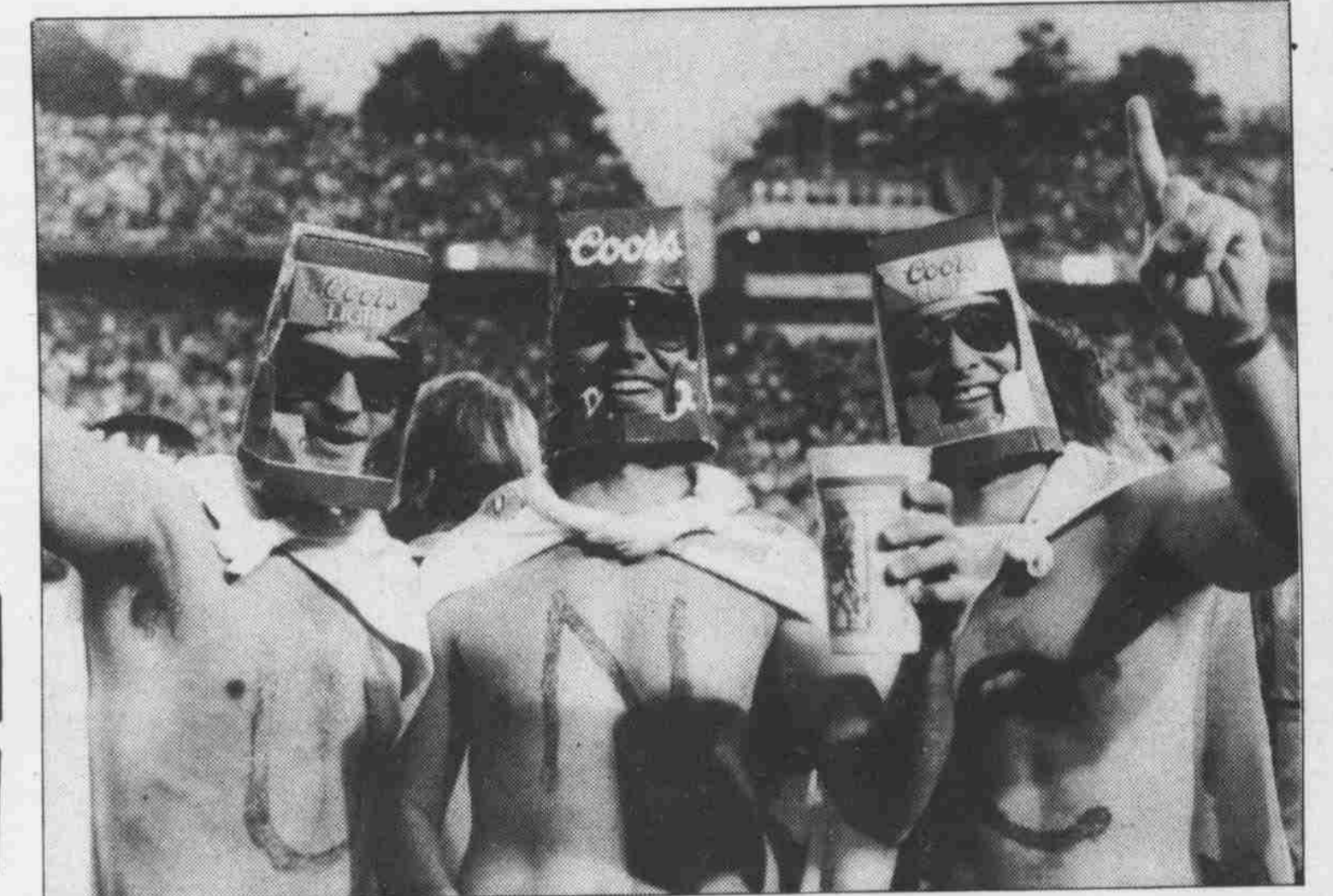
4. Dismember them. Dismember them. Tear off their arms and legs! Freddie's personal favorite.

3. That's all right. That's OK. You're going to work for us someday!

The last desperate attempt to salvage what's left of our Tar Heel dignity while losing miserably for the fifth time.

2. Go to Hell, State!

This is a great cheer. Short, sweet and to the point, but do we have to yell this at every single game



The 1989 Carolina Fever poster children thank you for your support
Taking spirit to the open road

By JOHN BLAND
Staff Writer

Football weekends provide college students with a perfect reason for getting away from it all. Pile six or seven guys in a VW with six or seven cases of Old Style and a Big Grab bag of Fritos and you've got an adventure-in-waiting. Or an accident-in-waiting.

But before you get on the interstate, you need to find somewhere to go. Pick a weekend when the football team is playing away, preferably in a college town, and point your car in that direction.

Unfortunately, the Atlantic Coast Conference is not a great conference for college towns. College Park is too ugly and too near Washington, Charlottesville's too obnoxious, Atlanta's too big, Winston-Salem's too boring, and Raleigh and Durham are too close. And when heading into

no matter who we are playing at the time?

And the number one love/hate cheer:

Go bananas. Go, go bananas. Go bananas. Go, go bananas. You lean to your left. You lean to your right. You peel your banana and uh! take a bite!

Didn't most of us learn this one in Elementary School? The cheerleaders must have been hard up for new cheers that day. But it's almost worth having to sit through it just to watch 10 thousand students go uh!

Clemson, don't blink! If you do, you'll wind up in Georgia.

There are a couple of rules you need to follow before you can have a successful road trip weekend:

1. Don't empty your bank account. The whole point of taking a road trip is to see just how far you can get on \$3.58 and four Barrel of Fun tokens.

4. Lose track of time. Remember, you've got from Friday night to Monday morning during which you can get as lewd, crude and obnoxious as you want. Forget about that midterm, skip a couple acts of "Richard II;" in general, forget you even go to school. You'll feel refreshed come Monday.

5. Lie. About everything and to everyone, especially to members of the opposite sex and the law enforcement community.

6. Leave the driving to someone else. Just make sure it's someone you trust. Otherwise you might end up on a milk carton.

Most of all, remember this: You are college students. You can do anything you want.

acquainted with floors. Spending a weekend cooped up in a Motel 6 is not the way to go. The most fun a road trip can be is when you go someplace where you know absolutely no one. And if worse comes to worse, dorm lounges always have really comfortable couches, and free showers.

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