

'Lean to the left ...'

The Opponents: Who they are and why we despise them

By DAVE GLENN
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As the 1989 football season wears on and your patience is wearing thin, and it's still too early for you to start bragging about your school's basketball team, try to remember one thing:

If you can't laugh at yourself, who can you laugh at?

Even though it looks as if this year's Tar Heels may not be the laughing-stock they were last year, that won't stop opposing team's fans — not to mention the traditional Tar Heel-bashers across the nation — from taking advantage of a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to ridicule the present state of a traditionally successful program. Try to keep a stiff upper lip.

When they say something derogatory, just remember The Plan. The Plan is relatively simple. When that obnoxious fan is demeaning our team, put on your best mischievous grin, glare into the eyes of the perpetrator and nod your head as if you were Stallone saying, "You're the disease, and I'm the cure." They hate that.

But, getting back to our original premise: If you can't laugh at yourself, who can you laugh at?

Why, the other team, of course. Since it's the beginning of the season and we're all a little rusty at it, I switched into my "Sick and Demented" mode for about three days and came up with a starter kit of sorts for the Tar Heels' six home games:

Virginia Military Institute, Sept. 9 — First of all, this team is in what they call a Division I-AA league. The double A is actually an abbreviation for All Applicants Accepted. It's like McDonald's, only it's a football team. They'll take anyone and everyone they can get their hands on, throw a few pads and helmets on them, and tell them to show up on Saturdays at the stadium.

Forget high school All-Americans. This team is made up of a bunch of war-hero wannabes who like the idea of some R&R on the weekends. It doesn't matter, though, because they play teams like Western Carolina and East Tennessee State — just so they can skip geography class. They even have the unmitigated gall to schedule games against a couple of high school sweethearts (William and Mary) and some kind of one-man traveling circus (James Madison). Heck, if the Tar Heels played teams with only one or two players, they'd do a whole lot better than VMI did (2-9) last year.

Navy, Sept. 30 — Fans can really get into the act at this one. It seems that the Midshipmen often have a problem with offside penalties at the line of scrimmage. They're so used to standing at attention when somebody yells "Ten Hut" (That's what it sounds like, anyway) that they stand straight up and salute as the opposing team's line drives them halfway back to their aircraft carrier. They've lost a lot of games that way.

They also have a real leadership problem on this team. Everybody's a captain. You know: too many chiefs, not enough Indians. Of course, they do play hard — and you know why — if the Tar Heels are ahead late in the game, start screaming in a sing-song, second-grade tone "You're going to the brig, you're going to the brig." It really unnerves them.

Wake Forest, Oct. 7 — Don't be fooled by Wake's 7-4 and 6-4-1 records the past two years. They're terrible. They don't know the difference between the end zone and the ozone.

Their very name is a contradiction in terms. Wake Forest, the religion-oriented home of southern Baptist students, and Demon Deacons, which I guess is a combination of Father Murphy and Jason from

Friday the 13th.

This team can't even decide whether they're from Winston or Salem. Talk about indecisive.

They're lonely. They're confused. They have no direction. So when they come to Kenan Stadium, start yelling "Let's go Deacs." That'll really screw 'em up.

Clemson, Nov. 4 — Interestingly, the Tigers' success in football may be tied to their lack of success elsewhere. Example: In years when head coach Danny Ford's wife was not pregnant, Clemson won 80 percent of its games. When she was pregnant, the Tigers won only 50 percent of their games. So, when you say it's a must for the Tigers to "get off to a good start," you're not kidding. "We want a Ford" is a possibility.

Also, with possible probation pending, think up a few ingenious cheers regarding Clemson's, well, less-than-intense attitude toward academics. Of course, you might want to stick to one-syllable words for these guys. **South Carolina, Nov. 11** — Former South Carolina coach Joe Morrison died of a heart attack in February. There is no truth to the rumor that he is still alive, traveling the Orient with Elvis, and sending back satellite messages to new coach Sparky Woods.

Don't worry about cheers for this one because there is absolutely no way that a guy named Sparky can beat a guy named Mack. Everybody knows that guys named Sparky should either be managing baseball or working as a mechanic in a garage somewhere in California.

Duke, Nov. 18 — Talk about tacky. The Dookies sent out football cards of their players and they didn't even include any bubble gum.

Included, however, is their new quarterback, Billy Ray, whose name is going to make you think the sound on your television cut off. Never trust



Congratulations Ms. Maryland, it's a bouncing baby turtle!

people with two first names.

Speaking of names, in an informal poll of Duke undergrads, only 6.9 percent of respondents could name Duke's head football coach Steve ... uh, Steve ... you know, the guy who won the Heisman Trophy about 80 years ago.

Anyway, one thing the Dookie footballers don't remember — probably because they never learned — is "The Art of Defense," something they might have to take at UNC this year.

Of course, with the amount of time Dook "students" spend in Chapel Hill bars, that shouldn't be a problem.

So forget about records for now, and take out any frustrations you might have on the intruders who show up in Kenan Stadium on Saturday afternoons. By entering your home, they've lost all rights to a fair trial.

Anyway, making their lives a living hell is much more productive than beating your dog.

Try it. You'll like it.

