



bart  
becker  
gnostic  
turpitude

Well, how's your throat been feeling lately? A little harsh, perhaps? Do you sometimes have to talk when your throat's tight and your chest feels like it's bursting?

Be alerted. Those are just a few signs that you may be one of the 51 per cent of college kids who have smoked pot. The latest Gallup Poll on the subject divulges those figures for the year 1971. And that's a 1,000 per cent increase since 1967 when the number of campus tokers was a token five per cent.

So watch out, cause it's against the law, you know. The Lincoln police seem to be cracking down on what criminals they can catch with the goods. And if you're clean, the guy reading this over your shoulder is probably thinking about getting home so he can light up the vegetable menace.

And narcotics agents or informers look just like you and me. So, to swipe a line from the Informer: "Just because you're not paranoid doesn't mean somebody's not following you."

And if it only took four years for a 1,000 per cent increase among us educated folk, think about the inroads the leafy killer can make among our four-legged friends. I mean the

family dog.

Be on the alert for signals that those cute canine capers aren't all naturally stimulated.

If Rover (does anybody really have a dog that will answer to that anymore?) begins to oversleep, starts to shun that old meat-flavored cereal for a pizza and ice cream, wears sunglasses inside the house, even at night—he's on it.

And when he begins to allow his general appearance and demeanor to drag, when he laughs at your ideas for making a million by working you into the ground, and when he spends hours with the headphones on not moving a muscle—he's hooked.

So you may be next. And if you're not, be forewarned that your position in America's statistics can be filled by anybody out for a little artificial stimulation.

\*\*\*

A theological quiz: What has no logical beginning, no explainable end, seems to be nearly omnipresent and, for all we know, all-knowing?

Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to stir up any furor among religiosos, but everybody needs something to believe in and some of my basic beliefs have been altered in three years at this institution.

When I first set foot on this campus I was just a kid from a country town with hope in my heart and a tear in my eye. And look what it did to me!

So after some scanty thought on the subject, I've decided that man does need a God to believe in. And the only thing in my experience that fills the bill, as the bill has been presented to me, doesn't have any solutions to the world's problems and I'm not sure it created me.

In fact, I'm reasonably certain I was created, catechism recitation to the contrary, by two consenting adults, whether by accident or design, engaging in sexual intercourse.

So you see, Lint is God.

\*\*\*

Take a lesson in student department from *Invitation To A Beheading*, a novel by Vladimir Nabokov.

The rules for inmates, which the protagonist, Cincinnatus, reads, although he already knows them by heart are:

- 1) Leaving the prison building is positively forbidden.
- 2) A prisoner's meekness is a prison's pride.
- 3) You are firmly requested to maintain quiet between 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. daily.
- 4) You are not allowed to entertain females.
- 5) Singing, dancing and joking with the guards is permitted only by mutual consent, and on certain days.
- 6) It is desirable that the inmate does not have at all, or if he does, should immediately suppress nocturnal dreams whose contents might be incompatible with the condition and status of the prisoner, such as: resplendent landscapes, outings with friends, family dinners, as well as sexual intercourse with persons who in real life and in waking state would not suffer said individual to come near, which individual will therefore be considered by the law to be guilty of rape.
- 7) Inasmuch as he enjoys the hospitality of the prison, the prisoner should in his turn not shirk participation in cleaning and other work of prison personnel in such measure as participation is offered him.
- 8) The management shall in no case be responsible for the loss of property or of the inmate himself."

HAPPY VALENTINES DAY

Give Your Special Angel  
a "Love Bundle"  
For Valentines Day



From

Danielson Florist 432-7602  
OPEN 8:30-5:30 daily  
127 S. "13" ST.  
FELIZ SAN VATETIN'

H  
E  
U  
R  
E  
U  
S  
E  
S  
T.  
V  
A  
L  
E  
N  
T  
I  
N  
H  
E  
U  
R  
E  
U  
S  
E  
S  
T.  
V  
A  
L  
E  
N  
T  
I  
N

H  
A  
P  
P  
Y  
V  
A  
L  
E  
N  
T  
I  
N  
E  
S  
D  
A  
Y  
H  
A  
P  
P  
Y  
V  
A  
L  
E  
N  
T  
I  
N  
E  
S  
D  
A  
Y

SAVE More at DIVIDEND  
VALUABLE COUPON

80¢

80¢

ON YOUR NEXT PURCHASE OF  
8 GALLONS OR MORE

80¢

OFF

80¢

Limit 1 - Per Customer

Expires February 17, 1972

DIVIDEND BONDED  
GAS  
16th and P Streets  
48th and Vine

