

# opium comments

## Stopaskan thanks ANUS for a real good time

Trollop! the ANUS President called me. Why I've 'alf a mind to tell 'im we'll never again in his stinkin' life cover that 'ol ANUS meeting of theirs.

We've been good to 'im. We sent Smelly Shith to cover thoses bloody boring meetin's of theirs. Poor girl, she's got to sit there for hours, listening to Rocky (shut your) Trapp, a ANUS senator, go on and on about wether or not a bill should come out of committee or not. They spent an entire night babblin' on about that and poor Smelly had 40

lines ta fill.

Why Ken Bambino even 'ad the nerve to call me unchase. Now I'd expect that from Senator Joseph of Nigro who kept arguin' that cuz the **Daily Stopaskan** gets student fees they should be able ta pass a bloody resolution sayin' we should be 'encouraged ta cover more campus events.

I got up ta talk, not too well, but I got up nevertheless and told 'im their resolution was like urinatin' in a strong north wind.

But I must admit that their

suggestion ta cover more East Campus events wasn't too bad. So we sent a reporter out ta cover some more East Campus events. The reporter talked ta a few steers and got a great story, but when 'e got around ta talkin' ta some cow-boys 'e couldn't get more than ta words out of 'im.

Actually it's a good thin' that ANUS didn't pass their resolution, cuz we would 'ave taken Smelly Shith off the ANUS beat and put 'er on full time coverage of East Campus.



Photo by Mork Willingly

Editor in Chief Carnal Anguish says farewell to the *Daily Stopaskan* staffers with tears in her eyes and smiles on their faces.

## mail wail

Dear Editor:

Support organized religion! Another sheep in the flock is worth 900 in the bush.

Jim "Dad" Jones

COWPIE

Dearest Editor:

Your coverage of East Campus stinks!

CAMPIL

Bessie  
East Campus  
Animal lab

## In loco parenti

Hey you:

We would allow you to have alcohol on campus, but you are too damn immature to control yourselves. Only adults are allowed to pee on bushes, light bonfires, expand the stadium and tell you you have to sleep with those of your own sex.

Ha, Ha, Ha  
HOP Bored of Rodents

## i'rosh high on HOP

Dear Editor,

It's that time of year to reflect on our blessings and as a Harvard of the Plains (HOP) freshman I have many blessings that I'd like to share with everyone.

First of all, I want to thank the administration for treating me as an individual. It's great to feel that you're part of the

system. I only wish more people would refer to me by my social security number.

This semester I would have forgotten my name if it wasn't for my mother calling me by name on the phone. Isn't that neat! Another thing that made me feel like I was a part of the system was filling out forms. After filling out 6,666 forms, I know that everyone on the HOP campus knows who I am.

In relation to filling out forms, a very touching situation occurred to me on the way to the restroom the other day. As I reached for the knob to open the door, a lady in a white dress jumped out from behind the door and asked me to fill out a form for the HOP administration before I used the restroom.

How thoughtful, the administration wants to make sure that I don't suffer from irregularity.

Physical exercise was also provided for HOP students this year. Standing in line at least twice a day is not an easy task. Great concentration is required while breathing and edging along at one inch per hour. Not to mention the extensive exercise received while standing in line for food, registration, drop and add, the use of the restroom, to get into the Onion doors, to catch a bus, to talk to an adviser, to use the phone, and to get into a classroom. I think the President's Council on Physical Fitness is missing a lot of good candidates because they don't take time to look at the non-athletic students. Thanks HOP for keeping me physically fit.

Being a freshman, I found that I luckily belonged to the homey atmosphere of the dorm. I and 10,000 other students were made to feel right at home. The cooks prepared food fit for a king. I never knew anyone could make pumpkin pie with a black top. That's not the only delicious dish those galloping gourmets were able to come up with. Their speciality without a doubt was fried chicken which was available every Sunday. Truly a change of pace. A further benefit of living in the dorm for me was being temporarily housed in the dorm lounge for the semester. The studying I got done was unreal. Can you believe it, I'm actually carrying a 1.5 GPA. Boy, will my parents be proud!

I'm also very thankful for the social life I have been able to experience while at HOP. Imagine a gathering of 1,000 students in the middle of 16th Street. That was the best block party I've ever been to. We burned wood, cars, couches, pianos, and unfortunately, one person got a bit charred. It was such a good party that the police took some of the people away to make a party of their own at the police station. That wasn't the only good party I went to during the semester.

Babs Richdaddy

## Greek Graffiti

Dear GDI Editor:

We are sick and tired of the way you handle stories concerning Greeks. It's obvious that you don't like or understand us.

We built the bonfire on 16th Street, we help rip down the goal posts and we did say those things in the pledge stories and those "dirty" sex stories you wrote about. But you don't print things like that.

You won't have us to kick around any more. Next time editor-in-chief is chosen, we'll get a "real" editor in and we'll print only good news. The world doesn't want to hear negative news.

Think of how great the papers were back in the 50s when the lead story was about party raids.

Love and kisses,  
J. Wayne Andreesen  
Wretched Jonestown

## The Daily Stopaskan

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