

Editorial

'Finding diamonds in the latrine'

Halfass. That's our name — and our game. The iditorial bored was just sitting around trying to smell our own feet this morning while reading our daily dose of crybaby liberal poop in the reader mail, when we came across a real gem. It was sort of like finding a diamond ring while cleaning a camp latrine with your tongue.

The gem was a poem. For us, it was smile amidst a sea of hostile faces. It says what we've been trying to say for hours, though we could not find the words. Without further ado, we'd like to pass the poem — like a galstone — onto you, our beloved and beleaguered readers.

**A fascist in choking sea
Called for help and presently
Received in full intensity advice:
"Someone must die if you would be,
Fraternity breeds equality,
Eat the poor and you'll be free."
"That's nice," he said,
And sunk his teeth
Into a cadaver named Fred.**

Alvin Chipmunk

The letter went on: (I.e. same old cannibalistic, fascist poop that has always worked.) When Alvin said "Eat the poor," he was joking, but he really had a good idea. A good poor person, properly smoked, is like a good barbecued rib. The meat's tasty, especially right around the knee and ankle joints, although you have to work to get it. And the fibula and pelvis bones make great plant hangers.

We'd like to thank "Alvin" for his insights, and we encourage other readers to vent their hostilities and ungodly yearnings toward us.

Of fecal harnesses and sorority girls

Sorority girls driving to class? Fat people getting fatter? ANUS election scandals breaking wide open? Wooly animals sporting fecal harnesses and students openly purchasing contraceptives?

This campus is going to hell in a handbasket. And we're mad. We can handle the contraceptives and the sorority girls driving to class, but obesity and scandals really get our goats. Too often the two go hand-in-hand. What's happening here at dear old NUL is no exception.

As dark as things may seem, there is yet hope. We at the Daily Halfasskin have some good solutions. First, place fat people at the top of the "Eat the poor" list. That's just likely to scare the ones we don't eat into losing weight.

And take the fecal harnesses off the sheep and put them where they belong — on the ANUS senate. They'll soon forget about scandals.



Sesquipedalian crisis

Philosophical finding ferments false phlegm

Like an exhalation of recent atmosphere, this annum's debacle over the New Right's involvement in the current trend of neo-conservative sorority females to motor to lectures has necessitated a re-evaluation of the classicist sem-

hyperbolic article about the phenomenon in today's Daily Halfasskan.

The question we must put forth on ourselves to discover the underlying theorems lurking with outspread grappels within the dark and dusty urinals of logic is: What to do about it?

First and foremost, we must reread Beringfrute for bits of wisdom on this scintillating and gastronomical dilemma.

Here's one now: "(A sorority female, upon driving her automobile from point A, a sorority domicile located a scant half-mile from point B, the university lecture edifice, became agitated when she realized the Freudian-Lockian implications of the odyssey she was undertaking, veered off the traditional road, per se, and into an unsuspecting herd of off-campus bicyclists, mashing them under the rubber/fiberglass orbs known in colloquial circles

as tires; hence proving the secondary removal of the inherent evil present in sorority females driving to class; that is to say that besides the obvious physical debilitation involved, and not to mention the wasted natural resources including petroleum and aforesaid orbs, the pressure of existentialist crises that necessarily will occur when the realization of what is happening does happen, this is a bad thing." Thus spake the master.

The New Right is, of course, deeply involved in the crises, and who can blame it? With the blatantly biased liberal press at large there can be no depending on its secular humanist accounts and no telling what one can zealously say or defend in one's column. Hence, per se, I can only conclude that this, dear readers, is the ephemeral and exactly propitious place to end this essay.

Prim Bogers

inal work of Geoff Beringfrute's "Socio-neuropathical Impulses in Sorority Females and Lee Iaccoca: A Study." Beringfrute's work indeed turned out to be something of what I would label as truly philosophical in the seminal sense.

Evidence of this highly disturbing trend can be found in Mole Soretos's truly

Campus Quotes

What do you think of sorority girls who drive to class?



Biff Fishskin
junior
Television arts and sciences
"I couldn't just sum up my feelings about it in one sentence. The implications are cosmic, though."



Manny Retardino
freshman
pre-debate/Harris Laboratories
"I've thought about debating the issue for years, but just haven't had the time, what with my facial surgery and all. To be honest with you, I drive to class sometimes too."



Gerry Atricks
sophomore
under-water basket weaving
"I don't see why some of them can't just walk but then again I can sleep without closing my eyes and often do. Who am I to judge?"

Daily Halfasskin

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