

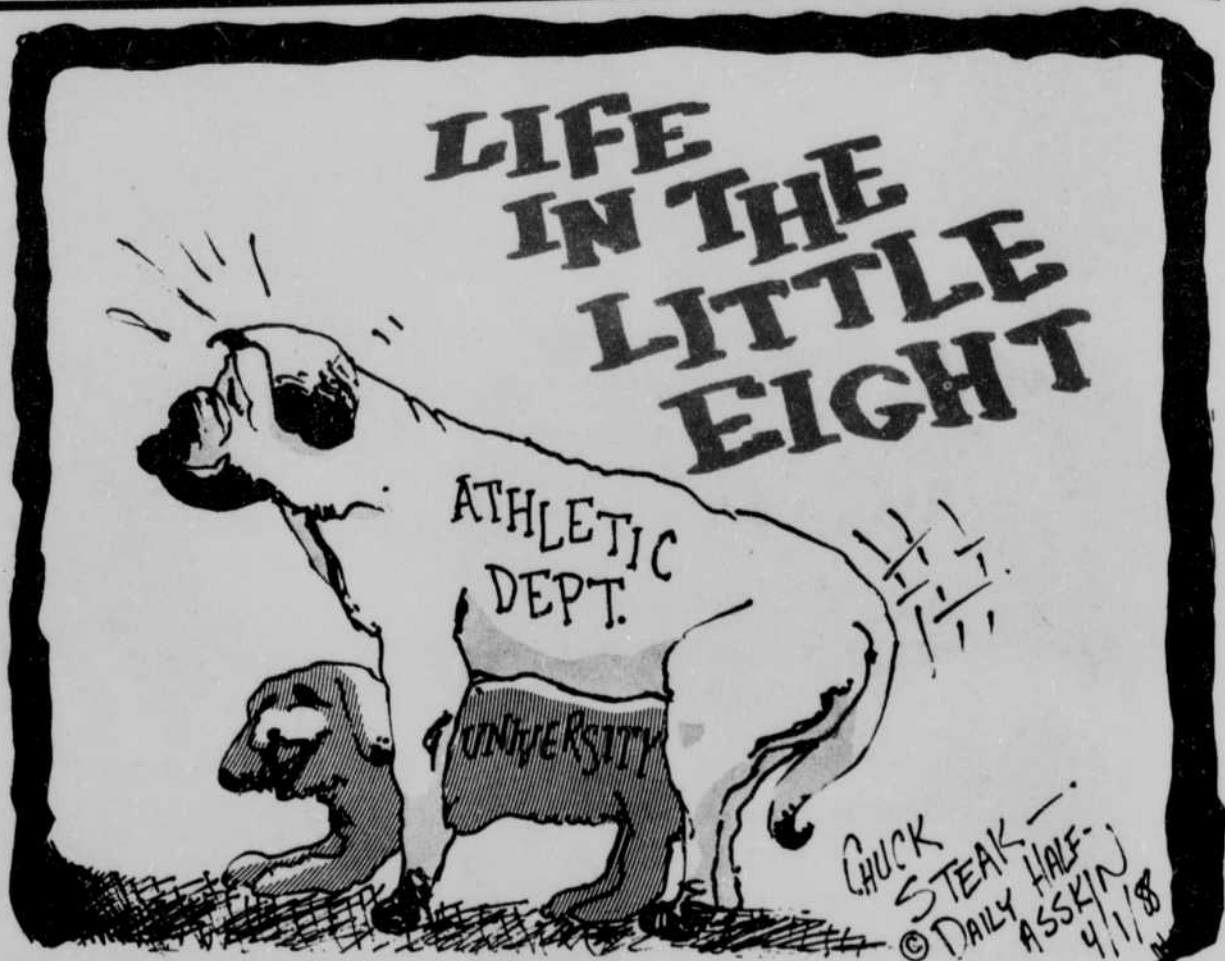
Daily Half-asskin

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Hugs vs. drugs

Sayings needed for T-shirts, bagels

Hugs are better than drugs. It sounds like something a bunch of dopey mothers got together and recited in front of a Nancy Reagan poster. I think Bill Allen wrote "Just Say No." Bill bragged of his accomplishment often, mostly to young girls, but the message is the same. Drugs are selfish and there is no love in selfishness. The people around you are put second to a bag and eventually it catches up to you. Next you find yourself without someone to talk to when the problems you benumb become too large to fight. It's not that drugs can't be fun in moderation. I doubt it is any worse than drinking a twelve of Old Milwaukee and eating a couple pounds of nachos. Alcohol is no less a drug than a joint or a couple white crossed pills. And to tell you the truth, I've never seen the butts from a joint strewn in the streets like cigarette butts and beer cans. Otherwise, it would cost a lot less to get public streets cleaned. The truth is, however, hugs are much better than drugs. A hug from the right person can lift you higher than hallucinogens, minus the empty feeling you get after carrying a cold Wendy's potato around for twelve hours. Of course, too tight of hug could wind up with a life time commitment to a wife and one or two toddlers whining for milk and spitting up cottage cheese. Or maybe you fall in love with someone that dumps on you like a big dog. Then again you feel hollow, and there isn't much you can do about it. There are other advantages to hugs. Divorce is down below 50 percent. Not that marriage has alot to do with a hug, but those things have a way of leading to bigger things. A hug leads to a kiss, and that leads to a night in the back of a '73 Ford Galaxie with the back doors bolted shut. And that leads to a wife and whiny kids unless you have loads of cash to afford to live after the legal battle settles. Child support, visitation rights, compromising your values for a few minutes of peace and quiet only to have it ruined by a complex guilt trip from your mom. If you keep the family and things get rough you might find yourself stealing to feed the kids and learning to forget your dreams. Your life seems worthless and you wish you would have listened to all the warnings about marriage before you got involved. Life may even become so hard to handle that you may actually try to take your life. Then where will you be? There is another catchy phrase coined by J. Geils. "Love Stinks." What we should do is come up with catchy phrases that don't have a bunch of loopholes that involve torturing the masses. Things like, "Pass the cream cheese, please." Now there's something we can stick on a tee-shirt or a poster. Or maybe just a bagel.



Everybody please stop bitching!

Life is a great big bowel, and we're all just passing through

I've heard enough. Too damn much, actually. Everyone at this damn...er, fine university is always ripping on the Daily Half-asskin. I'm often asked, "Why don't you guys at the DH just cover positive aspects of this school, so as to promote campus unity?" Well, here's my reply: Why don't you blow it out your ass, so as to promote happiness in my everyday life. Let's face it, Nebraska is a state of bitches. I know — I'm one of them, sort of. But don't get me wrong. I don't really bitch. I merely point out the stupidity and general ignorance of others so they might do something about it. You know... constructive criticism. Like last year, when I wrote a column in the DH about how badly the football team needed that multi-million dollar roof over its head to keep the poor, unhappy players — who, I might add, really have it tough here NUL — warm and comfortable. After all, Big Tom and the Bobfather said NUL needed it and, dadgummit, they got it. But people are still bitching about it. "There's more important things in life, like the farm crisis and the economic posture of the university," say some bleeding-heart complainers. Hey, who the hell cares? What's important are the football players —

just ask them. National championships mean a lot more to people than jobs and being able to eat. As well they should. Now that the team has its shrine...er, practice complex, it can win the "big one." Those teams from the South won't be treating on the Cornhumpers anymore. Why, let's just see a team from Florida come in and beat Nebraska... Whoooooops! Never mind. But this criticism is nothing new. I've worked at the DH for three years now and I hear this crap all the time. Usually, though, its from NUL coaches who have nothing better to sniffle about. God knows they get everything else they want.

nist, heathen hicks think. You can all rot in hell, I always say. Ha ha haaaaaaa!!! Besides, most of what we write, especially on the editorial page, is nonsensical balderdash anyway. IT'S A JOKE, DAMMIT! Can't you people take a little rib-poking now and then? Who crapped on you cornflakes this morning? And if you can't take it, just go to hell and take a dump on the way. Go ahead and use this rag for toilet paper, or use it as a hat at some out-of-hand drunken Greek function. We don't care. We know more than all of you moronic flammers! Ha ha haaaaaaa!!! Yes sir, this place really sucks. People just can't take a joke. Everything is so serious. It really puts a rash on a certain part of my anatomy to see this kind of thing happen in my very own state. Just who in the hell do you people think you are, anyway? Uh-oh. I guess I'm getting carried away. Jeez, what got into me? Sorry, folks. I just changed coffee brands and I haven't been getting much sleep lately. I didn't really mean the things I said. Can you ever forgive me? If not, go piss up a rope. Obscene is a junior news-editorial and criminal behavior expert who's just plain pissed off right now. But it's not his fault, it's the fault of society for not properly dealing with such problems — and the fact that Obscene's paycheck got cut by \$400 this month.



A high school football coach (not mine) once told me, "You get paid whether you win or lose." Sure. Just ask Big Tom. He lost two games this year, just like last year, and he got a big, fat, hairy \$10,000 raise. Bitchin'! It's the same with us. We get paid whether people like what we write or not and none of us really give a fat frog's ass what you ignorant, commu-

Leddurs

At-lete pissed cuz he has no \$

I um an at-lete who are upset about people writing in saying that we shouldn't git our Pill Grunts. We wurk hard every day of the week. A typical day in my life includes getting up at noon, listening to L.L. Cool Jay for a few hours, eating and talking on the phone. Then I go two practice and work even harder. Then I go git my shots. Oops, coach told me not to talk about that. We athletes be needing this Pill Grunt money. Our Lincoln moms and dads just don't shell out the bucks like they used too. Why I've had too give up my "habit" and even sell a few of my gold chains to pay for my personalized license plates on my Jaguar.

Life is gettin' tuff with deflations and all. I even went so far as cutting down two a six-pack or too a day. That sucks. So you stoodents can scream about faculty raises and Curtis all you want. We at-letes know what be really important at this campiss — money and sports, and most importantlee, us. Those words are synonymous. (The sekreteree spellud that last word four me.)

Skeeter Jefferson senior undergraduate studees/ basketweaving and chairmun 1988 Raisin' Hell Tour

At-lete wants two be paid, to

I um another futball player who haz no money. I wants two beee paid for my efforts here at the NUL. I um being exploited by the NUL cuz it be making big money off me crackin' skull every weak. Whoo cares if I beecum a professional. I already have an agent. Oops, coach told me not too say that, either. Anyway, if the folks in the UNICamera pass LB\$\$\$\$, then I'll be

able to afford all the luxuries of life — even a Ferrari. Just think, I could trade in my Cadillac and 300ZX and get a more practical car. I want too thank the UNICamera and Sun. Bernie Chumpers for introducing this bill. It will definitely help me foot my bill.

Biff Jones down linmun Cornhumper gridder

