

Drinking songs and drinking have become a tradition

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morose verses about staying in the corner tavern until closing time and then heading out into the savage elements to contemplate and romanticize your drunken stupor.

It took me a while to get Bill to listen to this because he insisted any song I liked this much must have been played by a bunch of skinny fops with silly haircuts twiddling knobs on a synthesizer or beating on guitar strings with roadkill. But the resemblance of the first bars of this song to "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" put his narrow mind at ease.

3. "Like a Rolling Stone" by Bob Dylan.

This is a great drunk song because of its length. It's kind of "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall" for writer types. Dylan's lyrics are so vehement that he often became the third party in a drunken conversation. When Dylan

nailed his victim with "How does it feel?," Bill and I were ready to go out and kill the feeble no-count Bob who was so pissed at. Where's my handgun?

4. "Up on Cripple Creek" by The Band.

"Up on Cripple Creek she sends me/If I spring a leak she mends me/I don't have to speak, she defends me/a drunkard's dream, if I ever did see one."

"Nuff said.

5. "Rain Dogs" LP by Tom Waits. Almost any album by Waits is drunkard-friendly.

Waits' "If you tell me it's last call, I'll jus' have to go outside and suck on some kerosene-soaked rags" delivery is aural Wild Turkey. He bites and growls hep beat poetry as the band thumps out some lounge jazz or sounds like a carnival from 3 miles away.

It's always 3 a.m. in Waitsworld. 6. "I Must Have Been Drunk (When

I Said I'd Stop Drinkin')" by George Jones.

Country music is reserved for that fragile time between purchasing whatever virtually undrinkable combination of intoxicants will spur the

Charles Lieurance



night's liquor Luperical and the consumption of the first two or three drinks. It's good to feel like a big, strong cowboy when you begin and then end up a sensitive philosopher. The bigger the cowboy at first, the better you feel about philosophizing later. It's a known fact.

This is a fine big cowboy song.

7. "Baby Please Don't Go" by John Lee Hooker.

Almost any old blues will do. Just make sure you scratch 'em up real nice, though, before you need them.

This is one of those songs that sounds best through old eight-track speakers that you've managed to jury-rig onto your stereo receiver.

Hooker just stamps his feet and wrings the life out of his lone electric guitar, mumbling about his baby. You can't hear the ends of any sentence, or any word for that matter, and that's as it should be.

8. The "Old Yeller" soundtrack.

I could never get Bill to sit through all of this with me, but even he liked it when I played the part where the rabid mongrel gets shot. He'd always go to the bathroom during it, but I knew he was listening. He'd come out with his eyelids all swollen and his cheeks all red. Just the sound of Fess Parker's voice is comforting while

your peripheral vision disappears. 9. "Take It Easy" or "Take It to the Limit" by the Eagles.

Bill would have stuck these a lot higher up on the list, but hey, tell it to the Paraguayans.

10. "Family Tradition" by Hank Williams Jr. or "Lost Highway" by his daddy.

The first is a tall tale; the second is gospel.

Depends on your mood, I guess. Bill liked "Family Tradition," but then Bill would have put "Margaritaville" first on the list.

This is perfect stuff for drinking and driving. Of course, Bill and I never drank and then drove and certainly no one in their right mind would, but we thought about it. When we thought about it, we thought of these songs. Sometimes we'd line up the chairs in his apartment and pretend we were driving. Usually we had an accident.

Evils of drink, dangers of Carrie's ax

By Micki Haller
Senior Editor

Carrie Nation was a bleeding-heart liberal.

Today we know what alcohol can do to the body. It inexorably rots the liver and mercilessly kills hundreds of brain cells, just for a short-lived buzz. Like the Holocaust, alcohol murders vital, living and necessary parts; the saddest thing is that it's self-inflicted.

A drug for hypocrites, alcohol is used by people too weak to face reality or stand the censure of their peers. Drinkers make up the soft, flabby beer belly of America; and that gut is

John Bruce/Daily Nebraskan

preponderant.

But society sits in a stupor, maybe pickled to the gills from thousands of years of alcohol consumption.

Carrie Nation had a good idea, but she did not carry it far enough. She broke into bars with a hatchet and smashed every bottle she could until they dragged her out, kicking and screaming.

The alcohol lobby, strong even then, strangled Carrie Nation. But with what we know today, there shouldn't be a problem destroying the exploiters of alcoholism. Every decent person will stand up to these capitalists.

The first thing to do is to kill all advertising. Without subliminal persuaders, the Booze Boys will lose a lot of their power. Radio spots, television, magazines, newspapers or any means of dissemination of their unholy doctrine should be strictly forbidden.

With the love letter to consumers

shredded, the enticement of alcohol becomes less seductive. This prepares the way for the second step.

Stop the production of all alcohol, homemade or otherwise. Stiff fines, such as dismemberment, would be recommended.

Possession of any alcohol should be punishable by death. After all, alcohol is a slow, painful death; this is kind.

A special federal police force should be set up for alcohol enforcement. The members should be accorded the status of national heroes, because that's what they would be.

A world without alcohol may not be an instant utopia. But a non-alcoholic world would allow problems to be dealt with in a sane and sober manner. These steps are impossible right now, but every good citizen can do their part. Nancy Reagan's three little words can work wonders: "Just Say No."

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