

Nebraska is a whiney state, especially when the university is in the picture. No matter what happens, no matter how many people are affected in a positive way, someone will always step in with tears rolling down his or her cheeks and snot being continuously and noisily sucked up his or her nose.

Introducing the First Annual Daily Half-asskin Whiner's Hall of Fame. The following folk have been named to the prestigious list because of their incessant, non-stop bitching and moaning about things that, well, aren't worth the energy to bitch about.

Ladies and gentlemen . . .

Because of his 2,389 letters to the DH this semester alone, **BLANDREW WHINER** has been chosen "1989 KING OF THE WHINERS." Way to go, jerk!

THE WHINER HALL OF FAME

WHIMPER

SNIFF

GRUNT



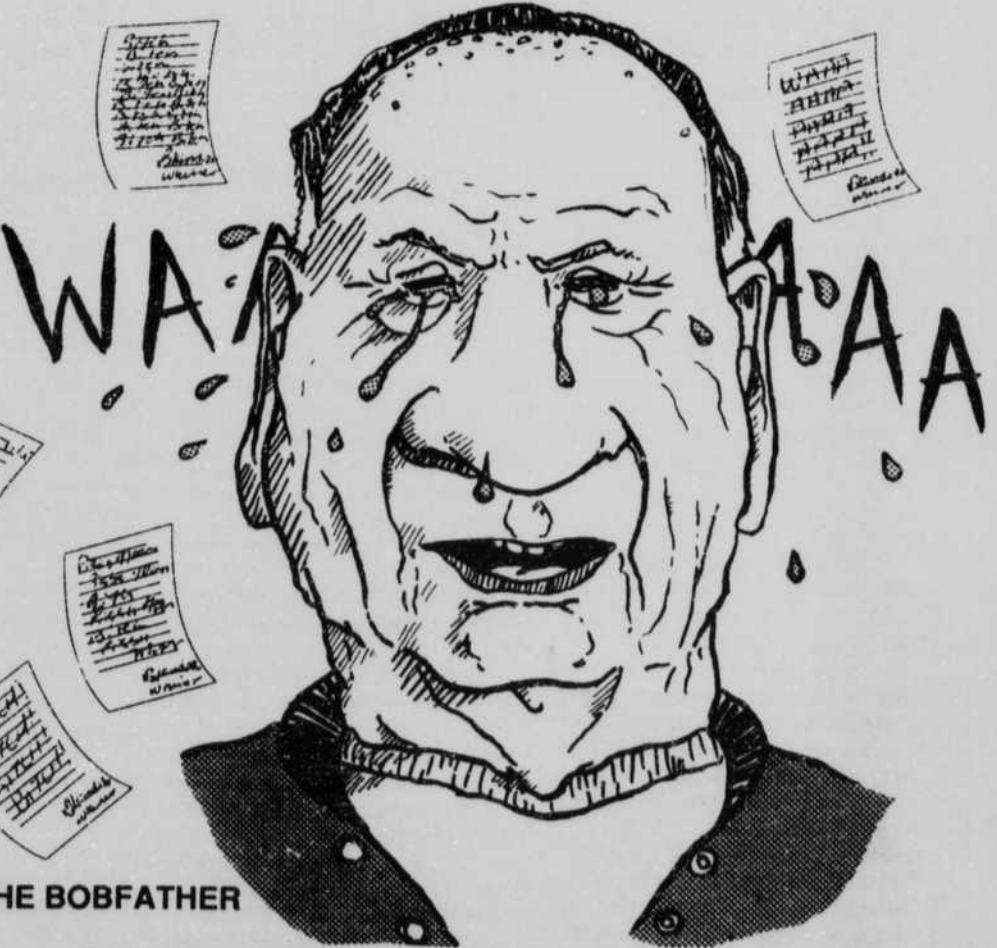
**LINCOLN MAYOR
BILL HARDASS**
Downtown redevelopment?
Ha ha haaaa ha haaaa!!!!!!



BIG THOM
A clear-cut choice for Whiners honors, gal-durnitt. An outspoken coach on players' rights, the big guy has fervently supported college athletes getting paid for their talent and pursuit of excellence in sports -- which they chose to pursue once in college.
Has long opposed the fact that college football players can't "see a movie or buy a Coke like other college students," because regulations prohibit them from holding jobs while on athletic scholarship. Oh, woe is them.
Of course, if even one player would sell just half of his gold jewelry collection, some of his designer clothes, or -- gasp! -- one of his cars, that would allow all the team members to go out and view their favorite Disney movies whenever they wanted. They might even be able to throw in some Milk Duds.



GOV.-LORD NO MORR
What can be said that hasn't been said already? Whining is the name of the game. So is butt kissing. 'Nuff said.



THE BOBFATHER
"Ooooh, dammit!! The people of this state just don't understand me. How can we continue to have a competitive athletic department if everyone doesn't send us their paychecks . . . er, donations?! After all, when we build the Indoor Practice Barn for the football team, it helped us prepare for those nasty Southern teams that can practice in nice weather while we're here shoveling snow.
"Now that we have it, I'd just like to see those Southern teams beat us in a bowl . . . er, uhhh . . . never mind."