

# Football players to get more stuff... again

By Lou Grunt  
Staff Ballbuster

Cornhumper football players will no longer have to park their expensive sports cars outside like the peon, non-athlete students at the University of No-Learning, thanks to a decision by The Bobfather.

The big guy, sitting behind his eight-foot oak wood desk sipping a diet Slice, said a new garage will be built near The Stadium, where Slavery Hall now stands. In addition, the Bobfather said, a lake will be added "so our glorious team will have something pretty to look at when they get out of their cars."

"Our players work hard, dammit!" The Bobfather screamed, drooling and pounding spastically on his desk. "We only choke... er, lose a couple games every season. Our players deserve the finer things in life, like a lake and a heated garage so their toes won't get cold. They don't like to look at those disgusting buildings on campus that are used for nothing but learning."

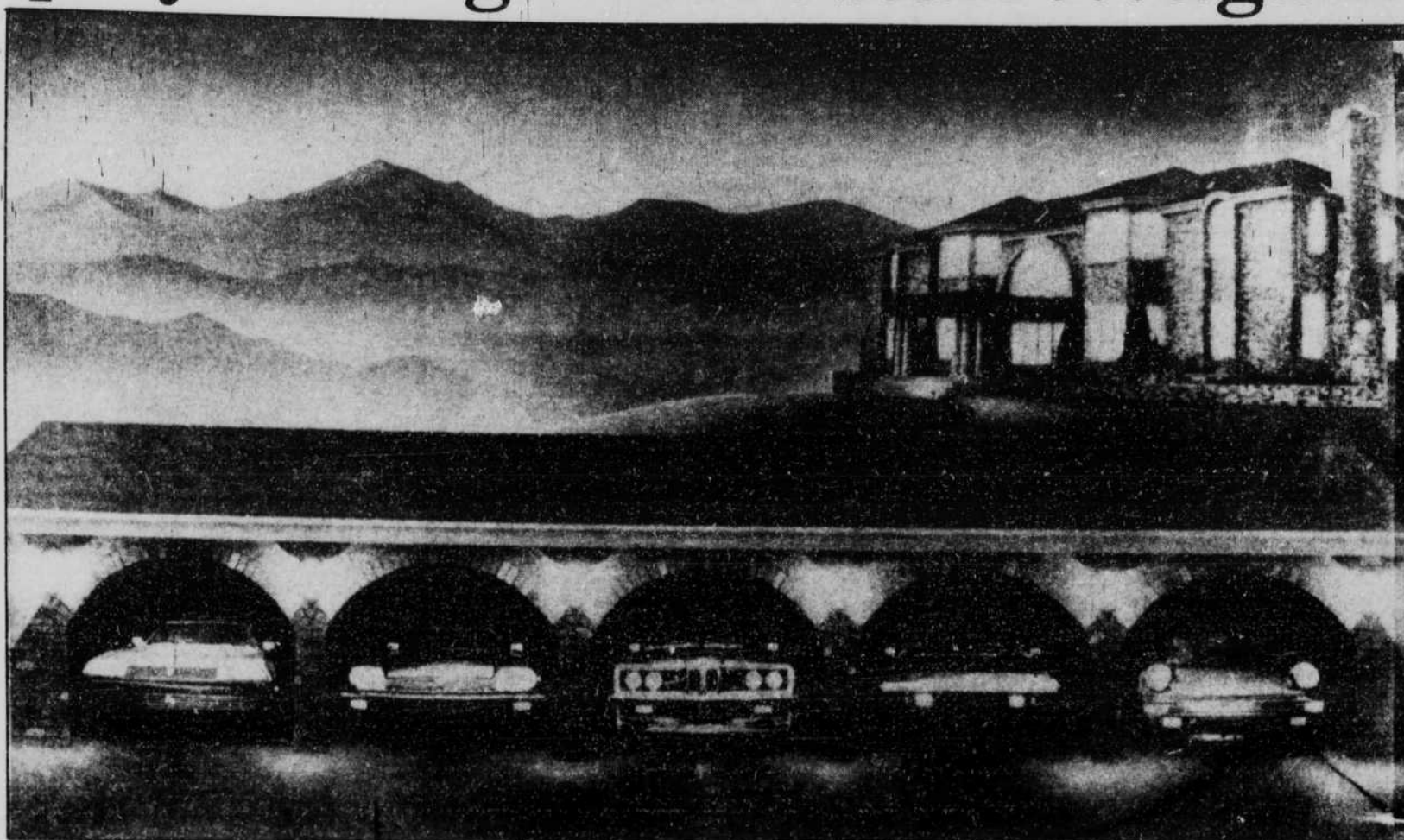
"What the hell good are those? They're not big enough to practice in."

The Bobfather said players already receive money, cars, gold chains, clothing and various other gifts from alums and coaches, but that they don't have anywhere to park their cars when they finally arrive on campus every day at 3 p.m.

"But don't print that," he said, removing his finger from his nose.

Big Thom, the Humpers' head coach (for the last time: No, he doesn't coach head) said he is proud to see the people of Nebraska have finally come to their senses and realize that football is the most important thing in the world.

"What else are folks supposed to do in this fart-sniffing state?" he asked rhetorically, shuffling back



Courtesy of the Bobfather

An artist's rendition of the proposed Cornhumper football team parking garage.

and forth in his wingtip shoes. "I mean, all this state has is football, corn, cows, cow shit and the Daily Half-asskin. Football is the only one in that group that doesn't make my nose itch."

Booker Badass, a freshman credit card financing major who plays wingback for the Humpers, says the garage is what he has been dreaming of since he came to Lincoln.

"It's what I've been dreaming of

since I came to Lincoln," he said, pulling a spoon from his nose. "This mo-fo state sucks the big, gooey one, man. I can't wait to get outta here with my money, cars and self-respect. But hey, don't print that shit, man."

Badass refused to comment on how much the garage would cost, or where the money would come from. Rumors circulating throughout the campus indicated that student fees

would be raised \$300 next semester. "Shii-i-i-t, man, I can't comment on that," he said. "Anyway, it's time for me to go get my shots over at the weightroom."

The big fat guy at the sports misinformation office said the garage would be paid for by bowl game money, and that any increase in student fees next semester would be purely coincidental.

But a source inside the training

table cafeteria said the big fat guy was a "lying sack of monkey nuts."

"That's not true!" screamed the big fat guy. "I don't even own a monkey. Whoever said that is totally wrong, and we categorically deny any involvement in selling the players crack at halftime during games."

What? "Uhhhhh... never mind," said the big fat guy, drooling on his plaid tie.

## The game of baseball is an up-and-coming sport, I tell ya'

By Jack Mehoff  
Staff Quasi-Hippie

Bob Dylan was right on base when he said "The times they are a changin'."

Saturday afternoon, at the request of the squirts editor, I attended the wackiest event I've ever seen. Baseball, they call it. You might have thought that baseball was a game invented by Charles Schultz for use in his Peanuts comic strip (I sure did). Neither team's pitcher did flips like Charlie Brown and neither team had a dog for a middlefielder, but it was

still kind of funny.

The game started out with a rendition of Jimi Hendrix's "The National Anthem." This version had words and lacked the power to summon up gods like Jimi's Woodstock version did. After that nine men ran on the ball diamond wearing matching tops and funny socks. I say bring back tie-dyes, bell-bottoms and big furry boots. Right on!

The strangest of all the players is the catcher. His entire body is covered in protective gear, and on his face he wears a thick mask. I believe this is because he is either hideously

ugly or he has some type of communicable disease. For these reasons, I refused to interview him when the game was over.

When the catcher enters the field, he squats down in a position similar to what a dog does when it is reproducing, or like someone taking a dump at a nuclear test sight protest. This action has a strange effect on the females in the crowd. The shy girls tend to turn red and giggle, while some of the more boisterous females would howl like wolves.



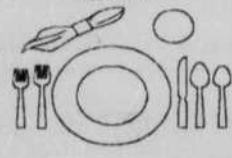



Where the catcher's private parts go, there is a large bulge. This is because the catcher is wearing a protective cup, although the way some of the girls howled I believe that they think he's hung like a bear.

Speaking of bears, one of the teams was called the Cubs. I just thought I'd throw that in. Anyway, the thrower stood on a small hill lobbing small round objects, which caused me to have a flashback from my days in 'Nam.

Several of the spectators around me commented that this fella was throwing speedballs. The mention of the word speedball made me nervous, what with all the pigs in the audience. Then I loosened up and realized that if we were all going to be tripping, or "throwing," as my new squirts buddies call it, I'd better mellow out. Despite the presence of speed and the fact that I saw a young kid in a Metallica shirt offering coke for a dollar (What a bargain!), I had to stay straight the entire game. This is my job, you know.

At one point, a player ran real fast and everyone said he stole second base. I stood up and offered to call the police and report the theft, and everyone laughed and wanted to buy me a beer. I still don't know what's so funny about stealing, but I gladly accepted the free brews. Righteous! Some of my sports friends had

**BASEBALL TERMINOLOGY**

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Marty Winklebein/Daily Half-asskin

mentioned a babe by the name of Ruth. She wasn't there, but there were plenty of other cute crease in the grandstand.

After seven innings -- which by the way is misleading, because the game takes place outside -- the crowd was inspired to rise and sing a ballad titled "Take me out to the ball game." Obviously, the nose candy had kicked in, for these fans were already at the ball game.

One thing baseball has going for it is this large object in middlefield they call the scoreboard. I'm going to suggest that it be used at rock concerts, because it blew away Pink Floyd's light show.

All in all, I think baseball is a pretty good game and I predict it will catch on in popularity as soon as they change those ridiculous outfits. You may even see it on television someday.

Next week I have to cover a football game. I'm looking forward to this because everyone says there are a lot of hits. Sound's bitchin' to me, dude!

### Jock gets stuck

The Handman, Cornhumper outside linebacker and team asshole, was rushed to the hospital after Sunday's scrimmage when his jock strap stuck to his lips.

"It was the darndest thing I ever saw," said Big Thom, the head (snicker, snicker) coach.

The strap stuck to the Handman's mouth as he tried to slip it on over the head, shoulders and down his abdomen to its rightful place on his overweight, overrated body.

Teammates giggled mirthfully as the loudmouth was placed in an ambulance. He is listed in fair condition at Our Lady of 84th Street Hospital.

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**SKINNY GUY:** HEY, YOU'RE A STARTER FOR THE CORNHUMPERS AREN'T YOU? ERNEST HEMINGWAY PLAYED FOOTBALL. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A FAREWELL TO ARMS?  
**YOU:** SHUT UP OR I'LL SQUASH YOU LIKE A BUG.

**SKINNY GUY:** HEY, YOU'RE A STARTER FOR THE CORNHUMPERS AREN'T YOU? WHAT'S YOUR OPINION ON THE IDEA THAT FOOTBALL IS ANALOGOUS TO MAN'S STRUGGLE TOWARDS A CLASSLESS SOCIETY?  
**YOU:** SHUT UP OR I'LL SCRAMBLE YOUR FACE LIKE AN EGG.

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