



Smiley Wimpery/DH  
Spam Granule announces his next magical trick during a performance Wednesday at the Sands in Las Vegas. Granule said he enjoys both his new career and his new look.

## Chancellor doing tricks for bucks in Las Vegas

By Buford Pusser  
Staff Reporter

LAS VEGAS — "Abracadabra!" Spam Granule exclaimed. A rabbit jumped out of his sleeve. The show had begun.

The crowd at the Golden Nugget in downtown Las Vegas, rose to its feet. Granule relished the moment.

"Ever since I was a young man at Stoned Brook, N.Y., I have dreamed of this moment," he told the awed assemblage. "Big-time magic in Vegas!"

Granule's voyage to stardom began years ago after hanging out in magic stores in Des Moines, Iowa.

"It is a place of magic. Magic surges through Des Moines," he said. "Hocus Pocus!"

Soon after becoming chancellor at the University of No-Learning, Granule realized that his talent for slight-of-hand gained him respect in the university community.

"The NU Bored of Rejects appreciates good, cheap tricks," he said. "And I learned from them as well, such as how to make people like Drab None disappear."

Granule soon quit his post at NUL and took his act on the road with the help of his buddy James Greasy, former NUL vice chancellor for stupid affairs.

The trip wasn't without its difficulties, Granule said.

"Not everyone is as willing to hire my wife as NUL was."

But after stints at Atlantic City, Reno and Jackson Hole, Wyo., Granule was discovered by a talent scout for Glitter Gulch, a reputable Las Vegas hotel.

The Gulch is where Granule said his craft

“ Yes, Vegas is the town for me.

—Spam Granule  
NUL Chancellor

really came together.

"The crazy thing was, one afternoon I found Doug Henning curled up in the gutter outside," he said. "For a pint of Jack he told me the secrets of his mysterious powers."

Granule and Greasy left the Gulch and began making the Vegas circuit to the delight of hordes of old people. The duo's days are much less grueling than they used to be, and between the slot machines and blackjack tables, the former college gurus have made a tidy sum. Granule said he sometimes missed the life of academia, but the lights of Las Vegas were compensation enough.

"Ah, the Sands, the Flamingo, Caesar's Palace... Yes, Vegas is the town for me," he said, clutching an old microscope.

Greasy agreed.

"Why should I work long hours and put up with whining ANUS members when I could be lounging around at Glitter Gulch?" he asked. "Spam said he needed me out here. And since Henning taught him the finer points of sawing someone in half, it hasn't been all that bad."

The crowd at the Golden Nugget roared again as Granule pulled handkerchiefs out of Greasy's ear.

"Abracadabra!" Granule said.

## Korney pres tired of feeling like a flunky

KORNEY — University of Nebraska at Korney student reject Anty Crock is sick of how flUNK students are treated in the Nebraska system.

"I think some people kind of look at us as the no-good, draft-dodgin', smack-talkin', tube-sock-wearin', cousin-lovin', tree-huggin', Broken Bow-kissin', Antelope-worshippin', prairie-dog-killin', beef jerky-eatin', cow-tippin', mailbox-smashin', beer-belly-rubbin', livestock-raisin', moonshine-stealin', leg-shavin', prune-juice-drinkin', pig-squealin', sheep-shearin', cheek-squeezin' bastard step-children of the University," Crock cried. "But we're not.

"Honest, we're not."

And, Crock cried, if the Legislature wants to cut any more of Korney's budget or cattle-feed, he might have to hop a Greyhound and ride into the Legislature to tell senators what he thinks of it.

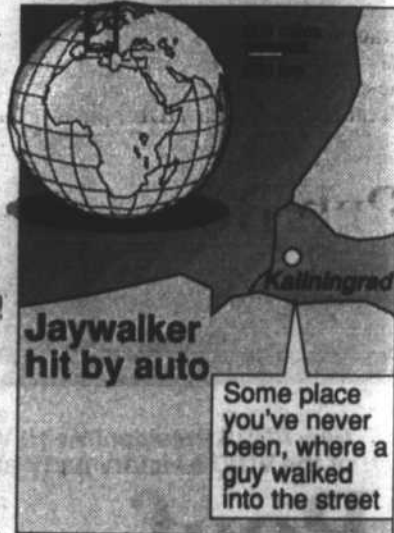
"I'll tell them that if they cut off our legs, we won't have anything left to country dance with," Crock cried.

And before he does that, Crock cried that he's going to wait for a rainy day so he can stand out in the rain in front of the legislature in a t-shirt.

"And then I'll scream 'COW-ARDS!' at them with all my might," he said.

“ I think some people kind of look at us as the no-good, draft-dodgin', smack-talkin', tube-sock-wearin', cousin-lovin', tree-huggin', Broken Bow-kissin', Antelope-worshippin', prairie-dog-killin', beef jerky-eatin', cow-tippin', mailbox-smashin', beer-belly-rubbin', livestock-raisin', moonshine-stealin', leg-shavin', prune-juice-drinkin', pig-squealin', sheep-shearin', cheek-squeezin' bastard step-children of the University. But we're not.

—Crock  
flUNK student reject



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Remember our motto:

"If you don't like it, don't read it."

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"Bye Bye, Buy Bonds"  
—EK, King of the typesetting hill

### Vanish

Continued from Page 1

have searched for the elusive, yet according to Stool, involved leader.

Thus far, 10 sightings have been recorded, including today's. Five have been at Burger King since the arrival of the new "Meat Loaf Sandwich Meal Deal." One was at last night's ANUS meeting, one at the Cherry Hut and the re-sitting on Stool's left shoulder.

"He likes it there," Stool said. "Can't blame him."

Details of Vanish's appearance are sketchy. Police artists were enlisted last week to draw up something students might more easily worship.

"It's a pretty good likeness," said Jones, taking another bite of Meatloaf Sandwich and looking at the new drawing. "But I think he has a glass eye."

In a letter allegedly written by



Police rendition of Vanish  
Vanish and read aloud by Stool, the new president said, "Boo."

### ANUS

Continued from Page 1

"We're all Christians here," one member called out. "Burn the heretics! Burn the witches!"

A mob then formed and marched out the ANUS office doors after carefully marking meeting attendance with gold foil stars on a handy ANUS window chart.

"All gold stars," smiled newly elected second vice president Jill Aphitoken.

An obviously disheveled Vanish walked quickly down the hall and, shaking, disappeared into a bathroom. Other members shuffled out the doors.

"Witches! Witches! Burn the witches," they chanted, apparently used to being without a leader.

Cheeserson pulled out a megaphone and trotted along beside the crowd, unwittingly trampling O'my Gosh underfoot.

"Hey, hey, ho, ho, non-Christians have got to go!" Cheeserson yelled. "How do you work this megaphone?"

Senators made their way to Broyhill Fountain, where a shouting match ensued between Sen. Wrong Schmidt and Jed Schmuck, a traveling campus preacher.

"I'm more of a Christian than you are!" Schmidt yelled.

"Says who?" Schmuck shot back. The preacher then tossed Schmidt into the fountain, where the two wrestled as they quoted Scripture.

"Sinner! Sinner! Sinner! Sinner! Sinner!" Schmidt said. "Glub."

In other business, members voted to create 46 new committees to deal with "issues," Stool said, bringing the official ANUS committee total to 364.

"Issues are important," Stool said. "We want to stick to the issues. We will really strive to get going on those issues."

"Issues," he said, making a fist.

### POLICE REPORT

Beginning midnight Wednesday:  
Non-Keith Vanish-related incidents:

- 1:19 a.m. — Bike stolen, Slavery Hall. \$200.
- 3:32 a.m. — One transported to detox, Nebraska Union.
- 5:52 a.m. — Bike stolen, Slavery Hall. \$317.
- 9:37 a.m. — Graduate student lost in pothole, Area 20 parking lot, R Street.
- 11:29 a.m. — Bike stolen, Slavery

- Hall. \$2,800.
- 7:16 p.m. — Robbery, Super Saver 48th and O streets, \$1,000 worth of marshmallows.
- 8:23 p.m. — Bike stolen, Slavery Hall. \$16,231.
- 9:27 p.m. — Richards Hall stolen. \$27.45.
- 10:47 p.m. — Bike stolen, Slavery Hall. \$23,434.
- 11:38 p.m. — Vandalism, graduate student arrested in Area 20 lot. Marshmallows recovered.
- 11:40 p.m. — Bike stolen, Slavery

- Hall. \$153,000.
- 11:55 p.m. — Student stabbed in sorority squabble, Alphon Phree house, 1531 S St.
- Keith Vanish-related incidents:
- Beginning midnight Wednesday:
- 10:30 a.m. — Man trapped in bathroom, Awphul Grammar Schmegma, 4001 Holdrege St. Fire department rescue.
- 5:46 p.m. — One-vehicle accident with tree, 40th and St. Paul streets.

- Transported to Lincoln General Hospital.
- 6:34 p.m. — Convenience-store robbery, 27th and South streets, \$400.
- 7:58 p.m. — Airplane crash, 309 N. 40th St.
- 9:21 p.m. — Petroleum supertanker run aground, 1342 S. 9th St. One transported to ANUS office.
- 10:16 p.m. — Meteor screams to Earth, flattening a small town, 3645 O St. One transported to detox.
- 11:14 a.m. — Student missing.