Opinion

Random Blots

The best way to see is through sunglasses. No, your mother was wrong, if you wear sunglasses in the dark you won't go blind. In fact, the cooler you are the darker the places you wear your sunglasses. You're not too cool if you wear your sunglasses in a bar. Bars aren't that dark. After all, the dipshit guys have to check out the skanky broads — you have to see first. After that get the bag.

It's cool to wear shades in a video arcade.
Why? Because those places are so dark and
you're spending money. If you can't see the
blips and glitches on Star Wars then you lose
your money. And losing money is real cool. But
the coolest place to wear sunglasses is at the
movies. Only the most with it folks wear their
shades in the dark of a theatre.

There are various degrees of uncool things to do when wearing sunglasses, like invading tiny tropical isles and bayoneting (it's your friend, it's your buddy, it's your pal) natives lounging by the poolside, or squatting in a four-story hotel in some God forsaken bombed out Middle East city (Hey, here comes the pick up with the beer), or trudging through the rain forests of Central America trying to communicate in Spanish to kill-crazy politically ambivalent rightist revolutionaries.

Probably the most uncool place to wear shades is with the Hitler Youth at their beer putsch while they plot the takeover of everything unholy to Reagan. Falwell and God, in that order.

Rumors have been circulating about wild parties in the Baremeter offices after hours. It's simply not true. Lies lies, vile lies, spread by the better paper down the road]

It's not true that Baura Baa-Baa sheeps (er. sleeps) around. She has a square bed. And Kneel Swollen didn't come into the kegger at Pill R. Pain's bachelor pad holding two bottles of Wesson oil and shouting: "Who's for party games? It's a lie that Dave "You Can Have Him" Roadwart goes both ways with himself.

These tall tales are the result of misinformation. Just because Burrito Chickie bends over and asks: "Is Randy here?" doesn't mean she's sinful. Not at all, she just has to tie her shoes and likes a couple of guys to look over her shoulder while she does it.

The vicious rumors are totally and awesomely false. After hours at the Baremeter we have benediction, prayer and Bible Quoting class. Choir is at 7 p.m. sharp and all the sports

writers come — that is... they arrive. By 9 p.m. most of us go to Mother's and sit on the rug.

And remember: if you plan on pedaling to school you really should register your bike.

Another safety tip from your friends at the Ol' Baremeter.

How long have we been doing this newspaper? Since '06, wouldn't you say. Well, ever since then we've been dismayed at what's been going on in Washington regarding the fence funding.

Of note is the fact, and not the fact of note, is that earlier in the week, and not later in the week, the Senate voted to complete MX funding, as opposed to incomplete funding.

The Baremeter, in all omnipotence, wants you to hate this MX thing as much as we do — hate hate hate. Do what you're told and clean up your room. We believe (yes, cynical journalists have beliefs) the MX is a deadly first-strike weapon, virtually useless for the fence.

God, doesn't that just scare the shit out of you? Bombs, rockets, missiles megaton atomic bombs, H-bombs, neutron bombs, B-52s, M-16s, camouflage pants, laser rays, robot bombs, Bechtel Corp., they're everywhere. We're cracking up.

The American Scheme (why did they make Scheme upper case?) of living a life of sex, danger and conspicuous consumption in the United States may be just that — a scheme (R'n'R)



Fencing

Untinkable

To the Editor:

Day man, Ib dust den tinken boud day ardigle in dub Ba-medah boud day 'rines un day Grinaday.

Panky un die tink day hould bay sen home - O-tay?

Froggie tez day tood bay sen toe 'Ussia - uh huh? Tea wun day 'Rines tay shoo day Cummahs to 'ell - O-tay?

Arla un Ib wuz snugling abber sex un tea whip'rd un tea tez tea wun yum yum 'gen. Byc byc. Buckwheat

Why is it?

To the Editor:

How come we never see any letters complaining about the poor journalism of the Baremeter? Are you guys really that good?

I bet you throw away letters that criticize your paper. So this is to make up for all those letters. Your paper's a rag. You guys can't write. You shouldn't be journalists, you should seek a career in animal husbandry.

Thanks, I feel better now. Ken Kesey Prankster Mafia

Competition?

To the Editor:

We sure are glad we don't go to Moo U. Who wants to put up with the world's worst football team? Who wants to live in a town where the only thing that outnumbers the greeks are the herds of cows? OK, so the Baremeter has an adviser, and we don't. We can live with that But the knowledge that our masterpiece of journalism, the Daily Baremeter, will not be challenged by a fake Emerald depresses the hell out of us. When you're number one, you hope the great unwashed will attempt to compete. We guess all we can do is hope.

All of us, The Baremeter staff

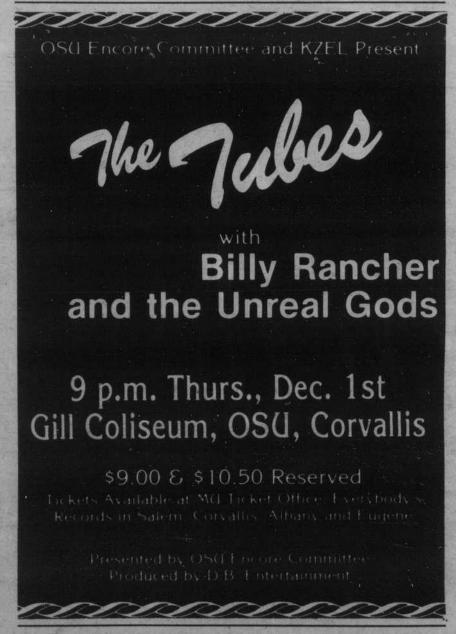


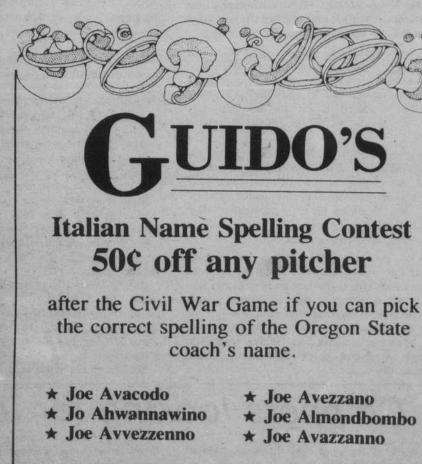
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