

Hey, fool ain't you got no respect for your own self?

The AIDS epidemic has gone too far.

The dread disease is not only effecting faggots and queers but has begun to claim the lives of boat people, interuterine drug users, homophiliacs and even some heterosexuals.

Worstly, our barnyard animals are in danger.

The community apparently did not heed our warning earlier this year when we recommended that all sex with barnyard animals be terminated. As a result, statistics show that, locally, as many as 33,000 animals and their owners have been infected with this disease.

This tragic occurrence could have been prevented had animal owners utilized certain precautionary safe-sex practices outlined in the Feb. 29 edition of the Baremeter.

Cowvallis already has suffered its first fatalities. Farmer Ebner Coogley, a 40-year resident of our fair city, and his milk cow Bessie, a 17-year-old Hereford, fell pray to the dread disease yesterday.

Ebner and Bessie contracted the disease within three days of each other last January. Bessie's illness first came to the attention of Ebner when he went out to milk her early one morning and noticed a small cancerous-looking sore on one of her teats. He immediately became concerned and called in the family veterinarian, Dr. Milk Bones. Bones examined Bessie's teats, took a blood sample and several hours later informed Ebner of the dreaded news.

Upon hearing the dreaded news, Ebner collapsed into a dejected slump (it was at first difficult to ascertain this as Ebner had never had the best posture). When Ebner hadn't snapped out of his slump three days later, Bones was called in to examine him as well, and once again the diagnosis came back — AIDS.



Because Ebner and Bessie had been so close they were housed and treated in the same stall, where they remained until they died.

Upon questioning the other barnyard animals, it was discovered that Ebner and Bessie had been having clandestine relations with each other for 15 of the past 17 years. It was determined that the two did not use safe-sex practices and that

Ebner didn't even wash his hands before milking Bessie.

In addition, Ebner's mail carrier said he once witnessed Ebner licking Bessie's teats dry once he'd finished milking her.

We cannot stress enough the dangers involved when animal owners ignore simple precautionary measures and come into such close personal contact with their animals. There is no way of telling how many times or how many people in our fair city have poured Bessie's milk over their corn flakes in the morning.

Judging from the number of people, and animals, in our fair city that have been diagnosed with AIDS, we would say it was a lot.

We would like to reiterate recommendations we made earlier this year so that further spread of this dread disease can be halted:

Know your animals well before having sex with them; it is advisable to check their health and their awareness of the dangers involved.

Eliminate unsafe sexual practices. These include anal intercourse, oral-anal contact, oral contact with semen and cowlicks.

Sterilize all sex toys before use with your animals.

Proper use of condoms reduces the chance of exchanging body fluids — it matters not whether it be semen or milk.

Avoid eating out of your animals' slough troughs and buckets. Don't allow them to lick your plate clean.

Just because we didn't become aware of the AIDS problem until just this year doesn't mean we can't take preventative measures now. Once we gain control of the problem here, we can go after those faggots and queers that caused the problem in the first place.

Fencing

Motivational Suicide

To the editor:

What? Can this really be? A Moo U. Geek system without alcohol? Well that is just un-Moo U. like. It's motivational suicide? Alcohol is the oil that keeps our beloved Geek machine running. We just can't get rid of it just because a couple bad apples got drunk, and went out rabble-rousing and cow-tipping. I mean, cow-tipping is as American as watching the grass grow or other dumb things we do here in Cow-Town. And really think about it, do you think that anyone, even Geeks would be stupid enough to go out Cow-Tipping without the help of alcohol? And cow-tipping is a badly needed way to control the cow population that a lot of people don't think about. So we urge the IFC to reconsider its proposal and save the alcohol, we love it.

Dyin "To drink" Mooer
Senior in Mechanical Engineering

Mr. Ed policy

The Daily Bare Staff welcomes any editorial that has anything to do with Mr. Ed. That is right, now is your chance to write your opinion on the greatest talking horse of all-time.

For a Mr. Ed editorial to be considered for publication, personal consultation with our Mr. Ed Page Editor is advised.

Mr. Ed Editorials must be typed, double-spaced and generally, 2-3 pages in length. (We realize it is hard to stay within 2-3 pages when you are talking about a great guy like Mr. Ed, but you just don't have the space, day in and day out). All Mr. Ed Editorials will be considered for publication, but due to the limited space, brevity is encouraged.

Mr. Ed Editorials must include the author's thumb print, NRA registration number, aggic major, and barn number.

Mr. Ed Editorials submitted by the community must include author's foot print, NRA registration number, and barn number.

All Mr. Ed Editorials are subject to Mr. Ed's editing by our Mr. Ed Page Editor, for clarity. The Daily Baremeter reserves the right to refuse publication of Mr. Ed Editorials that may be considered libelous (Like saying Mr. Ed isn't a great guy), are written in poor taste (like talking about Mr. Ed's eating habits), or contain factual errors (we tend to let this one slide a little bit). Letters written in crayon will not be accepted, neither will ones written in ink. We only want the real thing — blood. No submitted materials will be returned. Letters to persons other than Mr. Ed will not be published.

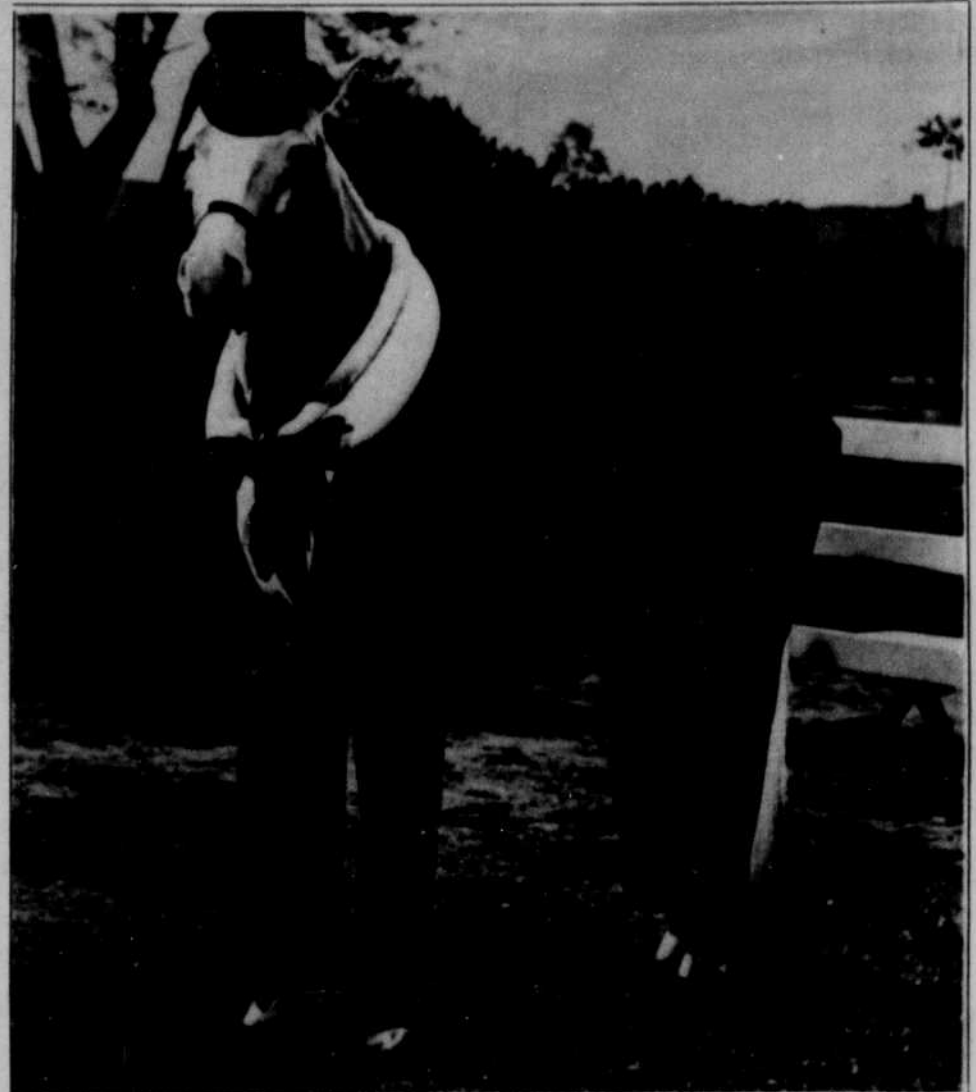


Photo by David P. Geekey

Mr. Ed, shown in a suit and tie, will be the new Editorial page editor for the Baremeter. We here at the Baremeter are just tickled pink to have the opportunity to work with the greatest talking horse of all-time. Look for his new editorials starting immediately. Mr. Ed came to us with a promise that he would never feed our audience a lot of horse s**t, which we have been accused of in the past.

Bare Staff

That's Forgy Editor
Fati Fish's None of your Business Manager
Frank B. Repulsive Student Mediums and psychics Advisor
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart Composing Room Manager
Published in conjunction with the coming of the Harvest — once per year, or if it is a drought year, then we will come out with anything.
The Daily Baremeter is published Monday thru Friday during the academic year with exceptions of Holidays, final exam weeks, and when we're too hung over, and when the Harvest is late, or when we don't feel like it.
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