

HOES 'N SPADES

THWUGA • Tuesday, November 25, 2003

We all love BALLS

Tired of being alone? Bubba Atkinson is here to lift Athens out of the dating rut. **Page 16**

Where'd Uga go?

Uga is no more. The Goat II replaces our sacred dawg. Can he lead the team? **Page 24**

MTV to showcase U(sic)GA on college Cribbs

That's right, this is your chance to be on national television. We want to impress the country, so follow these tips.

By **Big Giant Head**
Bred for Pleasurin'

MTV recently announced the kick-off of its nation-wide search for the best university campus in America. Its popular television program *MTV Cribbs* will be scouring the nation's most revered colleges to discover the prime educational real estate littered with the hippest students and friendliest atmosphere. The producers have told us that this show can make anybody look awesome, because of the quick-cut editing and popular music. After viewing a sample episode with total tool Aaron Carter rummaging around his house while spouting hip-hop slang, we are confident that these people can work their magic on anybody. What a relief, considering the diverse enrollment here at U(sic)GA. Yet it is of enough concern to our officials that we feel inclined to impose some guidelines on the student body. After all, this is a magnificent marketing opportunity where we can recruit future Bulldogs into our top-ranked agricultural school. With this in mind, please take note of the following issues, in case you open the door only to be rushed by a gaggle of surprise cameras.

From now until the end of the

"Take the crew outside to the parking deck to display your residence's prized collection of vintage automobiles..."

year (the duration of the contest) make sure that you answer any knocks while fully clothed—especially if you are male. We know that many of you enjoy running around in the nude with your roommates, but we do not want the inadequacies of our nether-regions to be exposed by misplaced red-and-black thong underwear. At least toss on one of your wife-beater tank tops that does

not have the vomit stains from last weekend's kegger. Try as much as possible to disguise your Southern drawl so that viewers everywhere can understand exactly what you are saying. If only it were possible

that every state could speak Redneck. Feel free to pepper your (complete) sentences with the phrases popular with the kids these days, like "Fo shizzle, my nizzle." All the better for evoking the aura of cool.

Definitely take the crew outside to the parking deck to display your residence's prized collection of vintage automobiles, rusted with cracked windows and sitting on cinder blocks. We hear that the audiences will be especially impressed with the customized rims from your friends in Alabama. It should be only a short walk from here to the glistening swimming pond. Wink at the camera and invite those at home in for a



By Jesus Jones / FARM PUBLICATIONS

So yeah, the MTV is coming here. Now we all love our prized possessions, but sometimes the rest of the country just doesn't see things the same way we Athen's folks do. With that said...clean up your act a bit, dress to impress.

skinny dip.

We want this to be a defining moment in the history of U(sic)GA and hope that you will wear your spirit as a badge of pride. Chew a big wad of tobacco as you recite the details of your hunting rifle collec-

tion, and beam a megawatt smile to provide a glimpse of your tooth. Upon entering the bedroom, it cannot be readily apparent you are sleeping with your sister. Disappointingly, most other institutions look down on some good old-fashioned broth-

erly love. Point to your tricked-out entertainment center with the black and white television and broken radio in the corner.

Underscore your personal accom-

See *Cribbs*, page 10

Celebrities drawn to our dang big yard sale



By Icy Hot / INNER-THIGH PUBLICATIONS

Students and celebrities came out in droves to try and find that diamond in the rough at the student yard sale. Empty Bud cans proved to be a hot item.

By **Natty Lite**
Funnelling Expert

The Friday Night Adventures series continued last Friday with an inter-dorm yard sale. Several groups of students emptied the contents of their closets and scoured underneath beds to locate artifacts for the sale. Highlights included several very unusual collections, vintage agricultural equipment and an original Bubba-Gump haircut kit.

"I was amazed by the cultural variety presented by kids of this age," said octogenarian Billy Ray Cyrus. "I mean really, this 1979 coveralls outfit with the straw hat just gives me an achy breaky heart. Don'tcha agree?"

Sophomore livestock management major "Colonel" Sanders displayed an impressive collection of gizzards, many of which he collected from class presentations and field trips. He remarked, "Though I love my collection, it feels good to give my share to President Adams. Anyway, I am looking to begin collect-

ing deer eyes and pink flamingoes. They really impress the ladies."

The most impressive item was a genuine WAL-MART coonskin cap. Athens resident Eva Hunting reminisced about the days when she wore one as a "young'un." My mammy useta climb a tree and rip apart a feisty coon with her bare hands. The skin became a hat and gloves for me and my siblings.

Then she turned the rest of the catch into dessert."

While many community members were impressed with the culture display, Buckhead resident Shirley Franklin was unimpressed. "Do you expect me to believe that this

pair of muck-boots is really worth the same amount as this vintage set of Future Farmers of America cards?" Franklin said that she came to the event because it was touted as the next wave of cultural attractions, but later remarked that it reminded her of "stinky sewer issues."

In addition to the mass quanti-

See *Junks*, page 10

Pulling it hard all the way home

It's time to break out your fancy pair of overalls and start a courtin' your sister for the big night. This weekend Athens hosts the tri-county area tractor pull. Be there or...don't. Just don't be nowhere because I don't hold with that Quantum Physics nonsense.

Cow tipping: Everyone's doing it

From Michael Adams to Vince Dooley, everyone far and near is gonna be pushin' over some cows this weekend. It's awesome. You just sneak up next to 'em while they're sleeping, and get this: you push 'em over! It's so damn funny seein' 'em try to get back up. Stupid Cows. They don't know how to get up...

"We're all Gettin' Wasted Tonight"

Hey ya'll, a bunch of us are gonna get trashed out by old man Murray's barn tonight. Man, it's gonna be killer. We got three kegs, some Jim Beam, and enough hunch punch to kill a herd of buffalo. You should totally come out and celebrate that you're not at Georgia Tech.

...123476890...Half Bit...
Pre-game primer and stuffs

Well, it's that time of year again, time to whup us some Georgia Tech ass on the ole gridiron, and seein' as how the game's down Atlanta way this year, that means only one thing: road trip.

So, in honor of such a mountainous occasion, I have decided to send ya'll off with the Half Bit Man's list of road trip etticket for those of you who ain't never done it before.

1. Start drinking early and often. Now, this may seem pretty basic, but you'd be surprised how many people don't think to get good'n wasted on the trip down. They show up to the game sober as a judge and in no condition to properly hoot'n holler for the dawgs, and that's just shameful. Just remember that my daddy used to say about drinkin' early.

"Son, I don't hold with drinkin' in the mornings, except some mornings."

Well I think my old man would agree that this Saturday is gonna be one of those mornings. Then again, Paw thought *most* mornings were one of those mornings.

2. There's some good hunting to be done from the highway. And don't you let nobody never tell you different. So, don't forget to bring your .22. Also, if you have some time to kill, Georgia Tech has some of the best squirrel hunting in the

state. Just you be careful, though. Them squirrels are smart, too smart.

3. Those long, late night drives home can be dangerous, best to play some drinking games to keep yourself awake. Some of my favorite rules include take a drink whenever you run someone off the road and take a shot for clipping a hitchhiker. Don't forget, you gotta finish the bottle if he catches air. Another fun game to play is "Which pair of headlights comin' at me are the real ones?" It's like playing chicken with your imagination.

4. And remember, if all you drive is a tractor, you'll want to get going on the day before the game so as to get there on time. Also, tractor drivers'll need more beer for the trip down 'cause of the longer trip.

There's some fancy science behind as to why, but it's all Greek to me. Whatever Greek is...

So, there ya'll have it, my handy-dandy list of tips for the beginning drinker and driverer. Follow 'em all and you'll be sure to have a grand ole time this weekend.

Be sure to read next week's article, "Hangover Remedies for the Week After." Trust me, if you have the kind of time you should be having, you'll need them. Until then, bye ya'll.



BALLS ends lonely Athen's nights

By Hung Lowe
Doin' It Specialist

Bubba Atkinson is a small farmer on the outskirts of Athens. Like everyone in the community, Bubba makes his living as a farmer. But recently Bubba has managed to supplement his farming income with a very popular dating service on campus. His organization is Bubba Atkinson's Looking for Love Service or BALLS as it is known.

BALLS offers a forum for men and women to hook up. Recent matches include various eligible barnyard animals to first cousins, twice removed.

"I really love BALLS," said Jim-Bob Baker, a fifth year freshman who found a mate in Bessie, a prize milk cow from Bubba's farm. "As an only child, I found it hard to

meet girls."

"Thanks to Bubba and his BALLS, I was able to meet someone nice," said Sally Higgins, a second year double major in Drinking and Motel Management. "He even has half his teeth."

Complex methods are used to match up couples. "Elmer does all the figurin'," Bubba said, referring to his star employee who can count up to eight. "He's one smart horse," he added.

When asked how he did it, Elmer stamped his hoof on the ground. He stamped more times than anyone around here can count even. He's one smart horse. It's no wonder he makes so many couples happy.

But not all of the matches are made in heaven or even a hayloft. Sometimes couples are completely

incompatible, or worse.

Suzie Hick, a third year major in Adding Single Digit Numbers, had a bad experience with BALLS. "It left a bad taste in my mouth," she said. "They matched me with my brother and I'd just broken up with him. And he was supposed to be home with the kids anyway."

Fourth year student of Probability and the Lottery Hank Reardon had a worse experience with BALLS. "I got a date with this sheep Dolly," he said, "But there was two of 'em and I grabbed the wrong one. So Bubba busts in a hootin' and a hollerin'." The sheep he'd gotten had been Sally, Bubba's wife.

Despite these occasional bad episodes, most students remain positive about BALLS. "It's lots easier than going to family reunions for girls," Baker said.



By Peeping Tom / Bovine Productions

Bubba Atkinson's Looking for Love Service (BALLS) has helped many students find their soul mate on U(sic)GA's campus. Not only is Bubba the president he's also a satisfied customer. He was matched to his current wife.

Cribs

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plishments with anecdotes, such as the tale of how you captured that stuffed possum hanging on the wall with your bare hands. Highlight your special talents by burping the alphabet or manually pleasuring yourself as many times as possible in sixty seconds. "Bling-bling" acquired from the quarter machine during your recent visit to K-Mart should be prominently draped around your neck.

Yes, we here in Athens do have some fine-looking women. However, girls, it is probably best if you keep your mouths shut and just bat your eyelashes. Invite the crew to the local Country Kitchen for a post-shoot celebration dinner of collard greens, okra, and grits to butter them up. Slipping them a flask of moonshine is strongly encouraged, but not mandatory.

In anticipation of these exciting possibilities, it might be best to go ahead and schedule an afternoon

for clearing out your pantry and refrigerator. The viewers always want to discover what you have been cooking, but, despite the support of our mascot, other people do not eat dog biscuits and cans of Alpo. Understandably, undergraduates everywhere struggle with mold and dirty dishes, but your pet cockroaches need to be hidden along with your Condylox genital warts cream.

There is a solution. Considering that most of you have some massive cleaning ahead, we have designated the entire student center as a depository where items can be left in a secret stash not available for filming. Sanford Stadium will be available for overflow, just in case. After our moment in the spotlight, you can return to pick up your favorite set of NASCAR trading cards and the complete masterworks of Bubba Sparxxx. However, a much more exciting alternative is participation in the country's largest yard sale of utter crap. Details on that as it approaches. For now, get ready. MTV is coming. We can do it!

Junks

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ties of bb guns, orange "don't shoot me" vests and the ever stylish camouflage bow ties, the garage sale included several other fascinating events, such as moo cow rodeo, the funds embezzlement bake sale and a veritable country palate of other events.

"All things considered, I would say this was even better than last year's cow pie eating contest," remarked last year's reigning champion, Marshall Mathers.

In a strange turn of events, event organizer Rodeo Clown cited rival school Georgia Tech as the inspiration for an event held in conjunction. "I got a telegram telling me of their Barnyard Bingo event, and I was certain it would be a hit here,"

Clown went on to remark that "It just goes to show, that after all these years, our little sister school to the south has finally come round to proper views on what true entertainment means. Their fabulous Fox ain't nothing. It's all about the Fox hunting."

Barenaked Ladies disappoints again

U(sic)GA accuses BNL and other musical groups of false advertising

By Jenny Marie-Joe Buttpirate
I Have Penis Envy

Although not traditionally known for activism, University(sic) of Georgia students have recently found a cause to get make some noise about—what many angry campus protesters are calling misrepresentation in the music industry (or, to use their own words, "lyin' by them big music-sellin' people").

I met with a small group of loyalists to the movement and their leader, known only as Big Jimmy, to discover exactly what the issue is about. A tear came to Big Jimmy's eye as he began to tell me his story.

"Well, ah reckon what got me started on all a'this here was that Dixie Chicks concert a while back. Ah was rell excited an' all, lookin' forward tah seein' me some singin' chickens, y'know, cuz that'd be somethin'. Ah mean, if'n ah'da wanted tah see me some girls an' git-ahrs, ah coulda seen that any ol' place. Where was tha *livestock*, y'know?" Big Jimmy said.

The others in the circle nodded their sympathies, responding with a chorus of "right on, brotha's and 'it jus' ain't *right*'s."

Asking about other musical acts which have inspired the ire of the group, which has dubbed itself Big Jimmy's Crusaders, led to a flood of responses, ranging from rock bands such as Left Front Tire ("Ah still don't git it. Where was tha

truck? Ah mean, don't there gotta be a truck?") and Puddle of Mudd ("Dammit, ah thought it was a-gonna be a mud-wrasslin' match, like on that beer commercial, that's what ah thought") to Italian opera ("That ticket cost me a helluva lotta mah beer money, an' ah only bought it cuz of all that stuff 'bout how's operas're sponsta have them fat ladies at tha end there, an' well, y'see, ah'm kinda into tha big girls like that ... but yeah, there was just a buncha shrieken' and carryin' on in sum far'n

language").

The outraged students intend to show the music industry the full extent of their indignation by boycotting music products.

"They'll be rel sawry once we all stop buyin' CDs—we mean us sum bizness, yessir we do. Ah've even got mah cuzzin gonna come up here from Georgia Tech tah show all us howtah us a computer tah git us some music fer free!" Big Jimmy declared, a wide gap-tooth grin lighting up his face.



By Henry McCue / POINT 'N SHOOT PUBLICATIONS

You have been fooled too, don't deny it. Bands these days will call themselves anything to get us to go to their stuff. I personally want to see chickens and guitars.

We Dawgs like to drawr

