

— Joe Bob —

At last — a prime candidate for Supreme Court

By JOE BOB BRIGGS

Dear Ronnie: We're tired of messin' with the Supreme Court. We're tired of hearin' about it. We're sick of readin' about it. We're 'specially hacked off by the way they interrupted the goldurn Auburn-Florida State game to talk about it. So listen to me. I don't wanna have to say this again.

IF YOU CAN'T QUIT JACKING AROUND, I'LL DO IT MYSELF.

Here's my qualifications for the Supreme Court and how I stand on the issues.

MARIJUANA: I smoked approximately 874 joints, but it was a long time ago and I don't do it no more. More important, I'M NOT A WEENIE ABOUT IT. If the media asks me about it, all I'm ever gonna say is, "I smoked the stuff. You want somebody that never stuck stuff in his mouth, vote for Jesus Christ."

MINORITIES: We're ALL minorities. We're all screwed up. We're all left out of stuff. We don't none of us have enough money. We've all got bosses we'd like to voodoo into a javelina hog. So I'll treat everybody just exactly the same, like the jerk losers we are. I just don't like the ones that WHINE about it all the time.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS: As soon as they make up their mind, they should get whatever they want.

ABORTION: Tell these Jimmy Swaggart people that if they're so all-fired goldurn certain about EXACTLY



Charles Bronson demonstrates his opinion of video games in "Death Wish 4"

what God wants, then start out by showing us a few of the commandments where they're supposed to go help these girls in trouble personally, face-to-face, with cash and time and

conversation, and respect for what the girl's feelin' inside and without gettin' credit for it, and stop talkin' so much and writing up pamphlets and going on TV and making picket signs and screaming like they think they ARE God and then stickin' the girls in anti-abortion Nazi holding pens. Actually, what I support is RETROACTIVE abortions for these particular people.

RUSSIA: Stop sendin' ballet dancers in their underwear over here.

SEX: Homosexuals have the right to do any disgusting thing they want to as long as we don't have to jump in.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: Murderers should be forced to watch "Family Affair" over and over and over again for the rest of their life.

"THE COSBY SHOW": Nuke it. Thank you very much for your consideration.

Speaking of anti-drug campaigns, "Death Wish 4" pretty much sums up the national policy on cocaine: Just Say Kaplooney.

Charles Bronson runs the Just Say Kaplooney public-relations campaign, which involved gettin' all the names of the drug dealers, pushers and Mister Bigs in the greater El Lay area, trackin' 'em down and air-conditioning their gizzards.

Unfortunately, all the motivation for Big Chuck to sweep scum off the street got killed off in "Death Wishes" Numero Uno, Two-o and Three-o. His wife got killed in One, his daughter AND his maid in Two, his best friend from the war and his girlfriend in Three. So what can the street punks do to him now?

They can give some poison cocaine to a poor helpless little girl he knows who goes out on an innocent date one night and — whop! — she gets Len-Riased to death.

Chuck is not happy about this. Chuck goes to the arcade where the drug deal came down and he blows the goon-face drug dealer away and watches him land on top of the electrical bumper-car ride getting his hiney fried into something that looks like a cheese burrito.

Next thing you know, our favorite mild-mannered architect is hittin' the streets again, equipped only with a conscience and a stovepipe shoulder-mount anti-tank rocket-launcher. Remember the gun he had in "Death Wish 3," the one they used to kill elephants in Africa, the one that's illegal in 86 countries of the world?

This one's bigger.

No breasts. One hundred and nineteen dead bodies. Two stomach stabbings. Booby-trapped Napa Valley wine bottle. Twenty-story hood tossing. Exploding limo. Exploding Toronado (one-half star deducted). Exploding restaurant. Exploding fish factory. Spread-eagle machine-gunned screaming dying slumping people (too many to count). Gratuitous corpses in morgue. Gratuitous roller skating. Gratuitous Kay Lenz. Bumper Car Fu. Drive-in Academy Award nominations for John P. Ryan, the mystery man that hires Big Chuck to blow away the drug empire, for saying, "How long do we let them destroy children until we say enough?"; and Big Chuck, for saying, "It's not your fault that Erica died — it's those damn drugs!!" and — right before he pulls the trigger — "How many children have you killed with this stuff!"

Three and a half stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

Joe Bob's Mailbag
Joe Bob's Advice to the Hopeless

Communist Alert! "A motorist in Gilroy, Calif., crashed his van through a plate-glass window of the local

headquarters of Students Against Drunk Drivers, police said. Raymond Lopez Barrientos, 35, was pulled out of the wreckage about 2 a.m. and flown by helicopter to San Jose Hospital, where he was reported in stable condition. Barrientos smashed his vehicle through part of a brick wall and destroyed the group's window display, Gilroy police Commander Vern Gardner said. Barrientos has been charged with drunken driving, he said. Barrientos apparently lost control of 1967 Dodge van and veered into the unoccupied building at 7433 Monterey road, leaving half of the van inside the building." I ask you, how many innocent drunks have to be seriously injured before some of these communistic activist organizations are forced to STOP PUTTING BUILDINGS IN THE PATH OF DODGE VANS? How many? Remember, without eternal vigilance, they'll show up in your town, too. To discuss the meaning of life with Joe Bob, or to get a free copy of his "We Are the Weird," telling you how to get free junk, write Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 33, Dallas, Texas 75221.

GENTLEMEN: I am writing to register my protest to your printing the article titled "Joe Bob keeps abreast of GMA interviewees" by Mr. Briggs that was published in the Oct. 11, 1987, issue of the Arkansas Democrat. I would like to voice my objection to columns that use offensive language such as this one did. This kind of gutter language is beneath the dignity of a paper such as the Democrat.

I realize that a newspaper reflects the various events in our world, but I would hope that your newspaper would also abide by guidelines that reflect certain morals and standards. I know that not all news we read is good and positive in nature, but I do feel the various articles, from features to world events, adequately reflect current events in our world without having to use language that is offensive to the readers. We as readers can censor what we read and what we do not read in your newspaper, but our children and youth may not be as cautious in selecting what articles they read. You encourage all ages to read your paper and you encourage teachers to use the paper with their students as an educational tool. However, you are not guarding against the potential negative influence such an article may have on a young reader. If people want to read the kind of material used in Mr. Briggs' column, it is available through other publications. Those who are offended by such language should not have to be exposed to it in their daily newspaper.

Sincerely, NANCY SUMMAR, ARKADDELPHIA, ARK.

TO ALL THE LITTLE PERVERTS UNDER THE AGE OF 12 THAT ARE READING MY COLUMN: Please start hiding it from Nancy. It'll save us all a lot of grief.

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