UGA hosts annual quilting extravaganza

All the best quilters from all over are coming here to Athens to show their wares and compete for blue ribbons at the always-excitng University of Georgia “Quilting and Other Accoutrements of Redneckdom” Festival.

By Ima “Red” Neck
Farm Staff Writer-Abouter

This weekend, the quilters are coming to Athens in one of the biggest events of the holiday season—the 69th annual Quilting and Other Accoutrements of Redneckdom Festival. Started in 1945, this Athens tradition attracts vendors from all over the South and even some from Florida. Originally this fair was designed to get farmers together to see what new equipment was available but has since turned into a giant redneck festival and Old South bazaar that hosts a variety of contests and displays.

One of the biggest events of the weekend will be the quick show-down, where UGA students compete to make the most attractive, most complete quilt in 30 minutes or less. Many spend the year training for this event by participating in speed quilting classes that concentrate on the basics of needlework and tapestry display, with a special emphasis on how not to slice your fingers open. Reigning champi- on, Lola Mae Prater, who has competed in the event for the past 10 years hopes to continue that winning tradition.

“Practice quiltin’ every day ‘cuz I have to uphold my family name,” said Prater, whose a 4th generation quilting champion. The Prater’s have been winners ever since the quilting competi- tion was introduced and have sold their prize-winning blan- kets at their shop in town, Good Knittin’. Founded by Prater’s great, great, great, great-grand- mother in 1948, Good Knittin’ is one of the most renowned quilting goods stores in Athens.

“We always sell out of knit- tin’ needles and quiltin’ yarn right before the big weekend,” said Mary Sue Prater, store manager and five-time winner of the jun- ior quilt showdown. “All these out-of-town folks come in lookin’ for the latest in quiltin’ trends and they know this is the place to come for the best goods.”

Although the festival does not officially begin until Saturday morning, people begin stream- ing into the fair grounds on Fri- day morning with their pick-up and RV’s. “It’s just another excuse to drink beer and tailgate,” said Billy Bob Bowman, festival chair-elect. “Like we even need an excuse.”

“If you didn’t know that there was this huge festival going on, you’d a thought the Dawgs was at home playin’ football,” said local festival-goer Cletus Lader- horn. “It gets right down crazy.”

Another big event of the fes- tival is the cow-milking contest, which always draws a big crowd of spectators. During this com- petition, dairy hands compete to see who can squeeze the most udders the fastest. Unfortunately, Sally Milksalot, reigning champa- nion, is unable to compete this year because a recent bout of mastitis has left herudder useless.

“Doctor said I was just prac- ticin’ way to much. He kept tell- ing me I needed to rest and give milkin’ a break, but I just want- ed to compete so bad. There’s nothing like squeezing udders,” said Milksalot.

That says it all. There really is nothing like squeezing udders.

---

That Can o’ Whoopass is a real good movie, believe you me

By Billy Be Bob Brazin
Movie Writer-Abouter

Title: Can o’ Whoopass
Director: Bill Diskin
Studio: North by Northwest Pictures
MPAA Rating: R
Starring: Phoebe Monetlene, Michael Mohm, Larry Karcher, Dud Schumacher
Rating: ****

So I drove my big’ol truck over yonder to dat movie theatre (ya know, on the other side of town by the UGA [go Dawgs] varsity hog-tying and tuck-hogging stadium) slappin’ down my 8 bucks to see one of em new fangled “motion picture.” Now, I ain’t never seen no “movie” before, ’cuz growing up on da farm the only thing to do was get drunk and go cow-tippin’ and roll around in da mud, but someone done told me dat it be fun.

There were 3 different mov- ies showin’ at the UGA [go Dawgs] Super-Multiplex, but I only got to go to one of them with my 8 bucks. I decided to go to the one dat was called Can o’ Whoopass. I done chose dat one ’cuz I always talk bout open- ing up a can of whoop ass right before I give somebody a good wallipop. I stopped at that there counter-dude to pick up something to eat during the show. I picked me up a can of chewin’ tobacco, some chitlins, and a Coke with some of that cheap tobacco peanuts that I hold so dear to my country heart.

I found me a seat, and started eatin’ my chich- en—well, it doesn’t really matter anymore. Now when these “theaters” start the movie, they turn the lights off. I think this is stupid ’cuz then I can’t see where to spit my tobacco. So I just spit on the floor like I do at home.

I didn’t know nothing about dat movie when I bought the ticket, but it was a dang-good movie! It was about this one guy named John Bubba who grew up on a barrenless chicken farm in Ala- bama and went to UGA [go Dawgs] and got one of them “degrees” in professional wrestling. He then joins the World Wrestling Federation and wrestles as Cinnamon Toast Crunch Man. He wrestles as Cinnamon Toast Crunch Man be- cause a guy with one arm killed his fiancée, who was also his sister, and John Bubba vowed to find this one-armed man and bring him to justice.

How bringing the one-armed man to justice has anything to do with Cinnamon Toast Crunch is beyond me… it must be one of those artsy-arty “metaphors” or somethin’.

How bringing the one-armed man to justice is beyond me… it must be one of those artsy-arty “metaphors” or somethin’.

Keep Looking

---

By Daniel Leeing | STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

This Cinnamon Toast Crunch cereal is where Cinnamon Toast Crunch Man gets his super power in the new movie that’s real good and it’s called Can o’ Whoopass.

---

How to tip a cow.

I don’t know why we’re writing about it, because everybody at UGA knows how to do it. In Another Issue

---

Lola Mae Prater, 55-year Textile Blanket and Person-Warner Design sophomore displays her first place quilt from last year’s quilting competition here in Athens.
This horrible movie isn’t about hairy men or gardeners

By Saucy McSauce
Other Movie Writer-Abouter

Title: Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone
Director: the guy who did Home Alone
Starring: a whole heap of folks from England who I couldn’t understand
Genre: Weird wizardy stuff
Studio: The Warner Brothers
MPAA Rating: PG
Running time: too long
Rating: Zero Dawgs

I got one word to describe this movie: basically, it stunk as bad as my uncle Sal Willy’s new permanent because he had to wait so long to wash the thing-talk about stinking whooooreee.

I showed up to the premiere decked out in my finest gardening overalls with my shovel and all but was completely shocked when I seen all these people running around with big eye glasses and wizard hats. Good thing there was some other Athens folk like myself there, because they brought along some garden gloves and knee pads, so we could get into the Harry Potter spirit and protect ourselves from those other weirdos. I figured they was all going to another movie, but they all came into the same theater as me. I just thought they was all those crazy engineers that I keep hearing about, probably thinking this was some Star Wars movie, but sure enough when the movie started, I was suddenly out of place. I sat through the whole movie and not once did I see a big hairy guy or his garden. I thought for sure with a name like Harry Potter, I’d be in for a wild flick like something straight out of the home and garden channel, but no, this movie was nothing like I expected.

It was all about this kid named Harry and no, he don’t have to garden. He don’t even got pots…well, maybe he’s on hash, but I dunno. I mean I really thought that I was going to get to see one of them new John Deere’s but the closest thing to a tractor was this Hogwarts train thing and I ain’t never heard of no farmers using that to plow. I mean the kids did have brooms but you can’t shovel up dirt and plant things with brooms, I don’t know what those movie makers were thinking when they named this film. And the Harry dude wasn’t hairy at all, I mean he ain’t even hit puberty but there was this other dude that was definitely hairy. Hagrid I think was his name, well he could have qualified as the gardener but no, he wasn’t wearing overalls and he definitely was never potting plants. Harry was all into magic and he had all these cape wearing friends who done magic too and I thought maybe they would try to at least plant some magic beans or something but no once again, I was disappointed. And there was this one troll dude that had ears as big as Uncle Fester’s…well, maybe leave on account of the film being in a foreign language and all. Someone one says it was British, but it was Greek to me. Least the filmmakers could have done was put subtitles on it. I still sat there and tried to make out what was being talked about but I was just more confused about the whole garden thing. I just don’t understand how Hollywood can call a movie something but make it about something totally different. I mean what are we suppose to do? I’m an esteemed film critic here at U[sic]GA and if I can’t even get a movie straight how is the viewing public supposed to? Well, someone must have been like me because this person comes up to me and says man, I should have read the book before seeing the movie because it might have been better that way and then I thought, um what book?

I reckon if I’d a read the book, I might have known that there warn’t no gardeners in the movie, but about the only thing I read these days is the label on my beer. And that was more exciting than this here film. So, don’t go expecting anything about gardening because you will be disappointed.

Used Textbooks

Dick and Jane on the farm $5.00
1 + 1 = 2 $1.00
Fertility and Obstetrics in Cattle $100.00
Cattle Lameness and Hoofcare: An Illustrated Guide $75.00

Please call me about these
Paint your car Bulldog red this weekend

By Merle Djibouti
Store-bought Stuff Writer-Abouter

When readying for the big UGA-Tech game this weekend, be sure to show your pride of the pound. And here’s a new way for us Dawgs to tell the world we’re the best: Spirit 3-D Foam!

Spirit 3-D Foam is available at your favorite Athens hangout (and mine), Wal*Mart. Yup, now when you take your cousin there for a date this Friday you can pick up a can of fun loving foam! Just imagine the look on her face when you take her down aisle 5 under the assumption of showing her Wal*Mart’s gun collection and surprise her with shelves full of spirited 3-D foam!

Spirit 3-D foam is spray-on and peel-off, which is good to make sure to protect the peeling cherry red topcoat of your ’69 pick-up truck. Plus, since it’s nontoxic, you don’t have to worry about sweet Bessie the Cow, Herbert the Pig, or any other dear family members taking a deadly gnaw or lick off your clunker.

The research department here at the paper (thanks Billy Sue’s mom!) conducted a survey at our area Wal*Mart on Thursday by standing hidden by the Spirit 3-D Foam display and noted people’s reaction to the product to gauge its commercial success. Excited UGA customer after excited UGA customer picked up their red and black cans of foam more than a week before the game. The research department noted that no difficulty was had in picking out the red and black foam among the variety of other bright colors available; those thoughtful Spirit 3-D Foam people made the color of the tops of the cans correspond to the color of the foam in the can, so you don’t have to be able to read to buy red and black. The company must have gotten to known their customer well!

Spirit 3-D Foam’s popularity is sure to skyrocket this week as we all prepare for the knock-your-corn-outta-the-field Tech-UGA football game this Saturday. I highly recommend it for every spirit lovin’ Dawg who wants to show the world which the reel smart school is – the one with the revolutionary peel-off foam, of course!

Billie Rae, a fourth year freshman Kudzu Conservation major, says of the foam, “I’m so excited to be able to tell the world how great we here Dawgs be. I’ma put on my truck ‘Tech’s is gonn loose’ cuz I know they’s is. But if I can’t figger how to spell ‘Tech’ I’ma just gonn draw a circle with a slash thrue a jacket. I figger if I could drew a pair of pants in my artism class, I can sho’ly draw a jacket with a zipper on it on my truck!”

Spirit 3-D Foam’s popularity is sure to skyrocket this week as we all prepare for the knock-your-corn-outta-the-field Tech-UGA football game this Saturday. I highly recommend it for every spirit lovin’ Dawg who wants to show the world which the reel smart school is – the one with the revolutionary peel-off foam, of course!

If you want some, y’all are gonna have to go to Wal*Mart, but since this is Athens, that shouldn’t be a problem.
I had me the most unbeli...unshi...amazin' thing happen to me the other day. I was down to the Tasty Freeze gettin' some drink there, and I met a girl who had tight black pants. When alloa a sudden you wouldn't believe...believe...imagine who came a walkin' in. It was that there Michae...Michael Stipe feller from that band Rem. Now I know that some of you probably don't believe...believe...think I be tellin' the truth, but I kid you nor, it was really him. He went right up to the counter, and guess what he got? No, really, guess. Nope, not that, guess. Again you're gettin' warmer.

That's right, he bought a vanil...lar milkshake, just like me. And if that wasn't enough, guess what else? He was wearin' jeans, just like me! Well, that there was all the proof I needed. This was a sign from up above, and I had to heed it and change my life.

So I'm an...announcin' right here. I'm gonna start a band. And I can sing pretty good two. According to my mom. It shouldn't be too hard to find folk...though. My gud friend Wyatt used to play guitar in a band back home, so I fig...fig...guess he can do that. I also know this guy that is always on weed, so I bet he's gud at something to do with music. Maybe drums. As for a bass player, I guess we need to find one of those. If you are interested, call my cell phone at 706-555-9732. It's usual...usual...looking for the bright side. But that's being realist...realistic...looking for the bright side. We don't want a repeat of last year, ouch....

Remember:
No cattle at Saturday's Fall Festival dance.
We don't want a repeat of last year, ouiich....

Jenny's Pants and Pans! Black pants from $19.99!
Cut this coupon out for $5 off any purchase! That's one hand worth of fingers!