Sprague riot rocks campus

By Slim Precocious
Scrap Writer

A riot occurred Tuesday night when hundreds of MSC students stormed Hair E. Sprague Library upon hearing that the change machines were actually filled with dimes and all four copiers were in working condition.

Eleventh-year senior Betty Frappington was first to discover the missing red “Out of Order” light on the change machine at the entrance to the lower level of the library.

She had gone to the library to make copies of her friend Todd’s notebook, since she had not had time to make it to class this semester.

“I—I didn’t know what to do,” said a confused Frappington. “That red light’s always on. It has been since I was a freshman.”

“I was all ready to curse and walk to the student circus to get the money out or some prankster filled it with dimes as some sort of cheap joke,” said Meyer. “I want this campus to know that the filling of the change machines was, in no way, sanctioned by Hair E. Sprague Library or its employees.”

MiMind issued a likewise comment, excusing the blame from the college administration, but it really wasn’t that good a quote, so why waste time and put it in here?

Bored of trustees

By Mike Puladick
Scrap Writer

Carpeting torn by the MSC baseball team’s rush to Hair E. Sprague Library. Acting President Donut Know MiMind brought up a grievance concerning the carpet cleanup.

The bid to repair the carpet was originally given to J. Batchagalupe and Sons, of Bellville. The estimate was for $4,38 plus tax, approximately $50,000 less than the closest bid.

The rodent, sorry Student Bored of Trustees MiMind Meyer was outraged at the college’s lack of intelligence and planning. I don’t understand how this could happen—no, wait, I forgot, this is MSC. Never mind. I understand how it can happen.

“No, it’s not my fault. When they (Batchagalupe) gave me the estimate for $4,38, it seemed to me like a reasonable bid,” said Triffids. “They looked like pretty nice guys. I thought they were sincere.”

Fortunately, the college has an extra $50,000 left over from the cleanup of the Clover Road landfill.

The original estimate on the landfill project was, surprisingly, also $4,38, and was, ironically, also submitted by Batchagalupe and Sons.

Eventually, Mervin Herschkowitz and Daughters were called in to oversee the cleanup and their bid was for $3.5 million. Triffids was praised when the final bill was for $3,450,000. The $50,000 surplus will now go toward the library’s carpet cleanup.

In other Bored of Trustees news, Acting President Donut Know MiMind brought up a grievance concerning The Montquirer. “What I want to know,” MiMind said, “is how come there hasn’t been a picture of me in there in three whole weeks! All I’ve seen are a bunch of pictures of soda machines!”

MiMind was put in leg and arm restraints when Montquirer misalignment idiot Saul Realisilly stood up in defense of the newspaper. MiMind was eventually carried off bound and gagged.

Journalism professor Rover Woolfier announced that he would be spearheading Jerry (the Pest) Wartz Day “in commemoration of the five years of fine journalistic technique he brought to The Montquirer in particular, and the college as a whole.”

The bored also decided to consider the request of the Skool of Pretty Good and Pumpkin Tarts to ban any Montquirer article that “didn’t say how wonderful our play was and what a fine job we all did.”

Tarts editor Gen Iffer complained, “But, but, but...” and was likewise dragged off the floor by campus security.
Campus Police Report

Rolls disappears, turns to Hyundai?

By Saul Realsilly
Misalignment Idiot

A '88 Rolls Royce parked in lot 92 was stolen last Friday. A campus police spokesman commented, "We were right by it when all of a sudden it vanished. Our officer at the scene believes it turned into a Hyundai and disappeared."

Suggestions of an inside job were met with a curt "no comment."

Twenty-three thousand bagels stored in College Hall's canteen were stolen yesterday. Campus Police were informed of the crime after a male was found burping heavily in lot 14. The male had apparently left a liquid trail of uncertain organic-toxic origin. The campus police had no problem tracking him down. The area, however, had to be sectioned off because of possible after-effects of the smell. A gas mask warning is in effect.

While the campus was occupied with the bagel theft, wallets began disappearing. Fortunately, only two dollars have been stolen.

Campus Cops, according to certain sources, believed that Coral Roberts' angels were in the area collecting money to save his soul.

Another theory being considered by one unnamed socialistic idiot at The Montquirer was that Ollie North's Contras had taken over Mediocre's growing wallet theft trade.

The MSC campus police have finally acquired two jetmobiles at a cost of $40,000 each. The jetmobiles, according to the police, will increase response to calls by a "whole .0000000003 second."

The car thieves, vandals and burglars operating on the Mediacore campus have formed a union. They have not decided on a name yet.

They are demanding that students stop removing their car stereos, radar detectors and trophies from their cars. They are also demanding that all cars made before 1980 not be allowed onto campus since, according to their representative "It is not even worth checking them out."

The Montquirer discovered that its typesetting system was stolen when they returned from Spring Break. Investigations have led to two clues. The first a piece of hair, that has been determined as Iranian. The second is a picture of a Ayatollah Khomeini in No Excuses Jeans and holding what looks like a condom.

The police have been stumped by the clues, but Iranian police in Teheran have been contacted in the search. If you or anybody you know anything about the theft please call the toll free Montquirer hotline at 1-800-BAN-IRAN.

Please look for related notice concerning the delay in publication due to the theft.

SAG Blues

Kuwait to take over?

By Jane Bleech
Despondent

At last nights SAG meeting, well technically not yesterday, really today. However for those who are picky I guess it is at last nights SAG meeting.

In a late development, SAG of MSC has reported that the little oil-rich state of Kuwait has been buying large chunks of SAG stock.

The SAG-type people contacted have no idea for the reason behind it. Rob Mustafacerra said, "That man from The Montquirer from what's it, the United Arab Carrot States, Saul Realsilly. I think he's behind it. I can feel it, it's going to be a takeover."

In a shocking development, the Kuwait Investments office has revealed that its spokesman is none other than the tarts for entertainments idiot Gen Iffer. He is apparently using this as an alias for her real name which is Jennifer Gefiltefish.

Gefiltefish could not be contacted for a statement.

Meanwhile, Mustafacerra has been taken to the hospital suffering from hysteria and delusions. He was, according to witnesses at the scene, foaming and shouting "Realilly! He's the one behind this. Deport him. Get him out of this country. He's the one who is mad, not me."

Needless to say, Mustafacerra had not yet heard the official Kuwaiti announcement, naming Gefiltefish as their representative.

The role of Realsilly is still being investigated. He apparently holds the keys to the entire incident. Realilly maintains his innocence. He was last seen in a Ollie North-type station wagon performing the usual "no comment" routine.

Realilly's ally and crony Bolivis Rodriguez has been seen shredding documents. The story goes on involving more characters in it as it snowballs. Lykes Codeine, generally known for being a real nice girl, is also apparently involved. She was asked what she was doing on August 16 and said she could not remember. This is typical of Codeine after having realized that she is of mixed parentage—half Irish, half Jewish.

The FIB and CAI have also started investigations into the incident.

One tragic result of the controversy, Mustafacerra has been committed to a SAG type organization called Human Organ Relations (HOR) for recovery. He is in the care of well-known organ specialist Matt 'the Rat' Shigaballa.

A nurse at the institution was quoted as saying that Cubala was last seen happily whistling and singing, "Rob's getting it, Mustafacerra getting it."

Machines disappear

Montquirer will be affected

The much awaited Montquirer will be late because the award winning newspaper has had its machines stolen during spring break. Hence you are not really reading this. This is a dream perpetrated upon you poor sheep of MSC by the thieves. The machines, valued at $2.4 billion, were apparently stolen by Iran for use in its war. This information has been leaked from CAI and FIB sources in the nations capital.

Details of the bizarre theft are revealed in the Campus Police Report.

Our Eye on Mediocre, but who cares

The Siamese Twin Bisexual show sold out last night at Memorial Auditorium. Couples were given a discount and all had the opportunity to wear zip-on Siamese suits in their choice of colors. The show was a smashing success although there was a bit of a tangle when those in zip-suits tried to applaud.

CRUD PRESENTS:
An Evening with R. Williams, S. Wright, H. Mandel and G. Carlin

Thursday, Feb. 31, 1989
Parking Lot 13
Get your tickets NOW!

Actually, their names are Reginald Williams (world famous jew harpist), Satchel Wright (mute impersonator), Horatio Mandel (professional bonehead) and Geoff Carlin (rotting hunk of decayed carcass). We don't want to mislead anyone with this ad. We just want your money.

CRUD is a Class One of the SAG.
Changes in the Mediocre system

Welcome back from spring break, fellow . The Montquirer extends its best to those of you returning from . It would also like to draw your attention to a few that were made while you were enjoying yourselves.

The administrative hierarchy of Mediocre State has been rearranged. Instead of a and two vice- , there will be a single resident Acting who will take on the duties of both. The administrator that becomes resident Acting will rotate from year to year, and will be selected on the basis of the amount of shovels of lifted in one interview session. The Board of Trustees voted on the concept of a resident Acting on a proposal from chairperson Murkey Coleslaw who stated, "Well, you know, having a resident Acting would mean we could import our administrators, just like resident artists or writers. I think a Honduran or perhaps a nice despotic Haitian administrator would be able to teach us a thing or two about running a college."

The screech and theatre department has been given permission by the resident Acting to take over all theatres within 20 miles of the campus, if the spirit moves them. Their first advance in this direction will be to the Hole Theatre located in scenic .

The head of the department, was unavailable for comment, but spokesman A. H. Gerbil is reported to have said, "The next thing they'll be saying that we're going to enter into Eastern countries in every issue, regardless of the amount of money."

The Montquirer will be required to mention at least Middle Eastern countries in every issue, regardless of the amount of coverage already received. This is being done to avoid insulting any people of the or persuasion.

Finally, all SAG chartered will be promptly de-chartered at the beginning of each semester from now on. To win their charter, they will have to figure it out themselves. Further changes will be posted conspicuously and written in hieroglyphics or a similar language—perhaps the Registrar's native tongue.

ON THE WAY back from the airport I thought about how it would have been proper for both of us to meet Walsh. But the last time I insisted he come with me, he warned about the "whimsical activities of that motorized mayhem" I call a car. And getting him up from the dinner table would be impossible. I returned with Walsh at 7:45 and led him into the office. I took his hat and coat and showed him where to set up his brief case. "Mr. Wolfe will be in shortly. Make yourself comfortable.

We were joined a few minutes later. After much fussing, he settled behind the desk. I can feel the chair bracing itself for his immensity. He shifted again and looked up. "Fritz! Coffee!"

"Good evening, my name is Nero Wolfe." He extended his hand. Of course he could have done this when he walked past Walsh. He's never been much for conventional manners.

"Good evening, I'm Lawrence Walsh, special prosecutor for the Iran-Contra investigations. I'm honored to make your acquaintance. You have quite a reputation." He handed Wolfe a summary of the reports. He extended his hand. Of course he could have done this when he walked past Walsh. He's never been much for conventional manners.

"Thank you, Mr. Wolfe, while the Congressional hearings were helpful, there are still many mysteries that remain unsolved," Walsh said. "Your team has unearthed a number of important truths."

"Your team has uncovered a number of interesting and fruitful leads. I don't understand what possible role I could fill. Generally address more mundane matters than this covert activities nonsense," Wolfe said.

"We still have one main concern. We need to know what the Vice President knew and when he knew it. We are having a great deal of difficulty pinpointing his involvement. We can coordinate the volumes of reports and documentation, but we can't seem to retrace Mr. Bush's steps. We are hoping you will assist there."

"No, by the author 'Stout'. I believe it may be on the table at the greenhouse door."

I got the book for him. He nodded and shifted in his chair. He took another drink from the beer and started reading. I finished my milk and left to complete his last request. One of these days he's going to realize where he'd be without me...stuck in his chair.
4. The Montquirer/April Fool's Day, 1988

NYC's oldest business establishment is
HIRING!
7th Ave. Call Gals, Inc.

with at least 20 positions available all shifts
* excellent opportunity for advancement
* make your own hours
* fringe benefits

Applicants must have at least one pair spandex pants, Tammy Bakker's new collection of eye shadows, and should be either 20 pounds under or overweight. Please apply in person to Mr. Guiseppe DiCarluccio, proprietor.

To the idiot:

As member of the fraternity U.M.T. (Uniformed Marching Twists), I would like to register a complaint against The Montquirer's recent blast against frats.

I don't believe, as was stated in your idiotorial, that we are a generation of selfish, hasty students who use frats to make friends quickly and without effort.

Why, I was just hanging out with my number two wench, Amieeanne Weinsteinalucci, who I met at our "Celebrate Robert Chambers' Dating Tips" theme party, and I wanted to tell her what your idiotorial said.

But of course, since I'm pledging, I'm only allowed to speak to people (other than U.M.T. brothers) on alternate Thursdays on the condition that Bohn Hall doesn't have a fire drill. So I couldn't exactly come out and tell Amieeanne what I was thinking—or big brother Buddy, who was handcuffed to my ankle, would force five cups of Blanton Hall Turkey Tetrazzini down my gullet with a garden hose.

So I showed Amieeanne the idiotorial to get her reaction.

She nearly lost hold of her quart-size travel hairspray and every one of her forty-two gold electroplated charms shook in anger when she saw the paper.

"Oh, you know how I hate to read, sweetie. Why couldn't you just show me personally?—the only things that are important to me!

Finally, I got her to read it by cutting it into twenty small incoherent sections, personal-style.

An hour later, after she had finished, her little gold pinky nails that her daddy had bought for Columbus Day were nearly gone from the scraping she did on the cinderblocks.

"Ooooh, this is awful, sweetie. How could they say this about our frats? Why, if we were to say something like this, we would have to hang by our toes from the Little Falls bridge near the Primrose and say 'I love U.M.T.' a hundred times."

This really set me off, since there's nothing I hate more—well, except for when my number one wench, Tinaarabel-la, forgets to send me a personal—than seeing Amieeanne upset. So I grabbed her by the hairspray (or was it her hair?) and set off, big brother Buddy bumping along behind, for The Montquirer office in the Stupid Center.

Well, let me tell you, idiotorial page idiot, this whole Montquirer business is a hoax—yes, a hoax—and I want the entire reading population to know it. I searched all over the Stupid Center, and nowhere did I find The Montquirer office. Granted, I've only been to the Student Circus to play video games and drink at the Batcellar, but I'm no twit—I can find anything if I try. The only thing I saw that closely resembled a newspaper was a big, messy room that wasn't done stylishly at all, and a small, angry looking girl with glasses who yelled at me, "Personals in the white box! Twenty-five words or less! Two per person! Be tasteful!"

If you idiots think you're fooling Mediocre State, think again. I demand a retraction of your insulting idiotorial on frats and our generation's values, and I want it done pronto!

---

Reactions to stamp increase.

Created and made up by "The Tuna."

"The Lord does not have a Post Office box, I call and pray he gets the message."  
F. Art/Monsignor  
Evolution Sciences

“I believe the increase will hurt everyone. When will Ronald Weagan realize that use fees will not relieve the budget deficit.”  
Max Gluteus/Freshman  
Classics

“I am in agreement with the Postmaster General that the increase in the cost of postage will only deter people from using letterwriting as a means of communication.”  
Wally’s Niece/Senior  
Child education

“Fortunately, it’s becoming more expensive to mail copies of Barbarella.”  
Jane Fonda/Senior  
Liberal Arts
**Fake Talk**

By Kat Eecke
T. V. Wonderlord

Let's just skip the stupid salutation and get right to it. Jacko that nutty Aussie seen on NBC's The Highwaymen has been chosen by T.V. viewers as well as network executives as the most annoying person on television. The poll, taken by viewers and insiders held no real surprises. Running a close second to Jacko was Bruce Willis, followed by last year's winner Mr. T. Also mentioned was that little guy who does the A&W Rootbeer commercials.

However, the ceremony held at New York's Jacob Javits Center was interrupted when an obviously drunk Gary Coleman burst into the room and demanded to speak to Tinker, the former head of programming at NBC. He was finally subdued by security and ushered out of the building while still shouting "S— Webster." Commenting on Jacko, one executive who asked to remain nameless said, "Everytime that jerk cringes his face and shouts Oi I just want to vomit. Regardless, Jacko seemed proud to be the most annoying person on television. Congratulations.

Morton Downey, Jr. has finally done it. He has managed to offend every person living in North America. The good news came when morning radio shock jock Howard Stern said even he was offended by some of Downey's comments.

What was actually said was unavailable at press time but insiders fear that Downey may have revealed what he gets paid for insulting and belittling the guests on his show. "Here's a story of a lovely lady." It was revealed today that little Cindy Brady may have appeared in a number of pornographic films later on in her career after the Brady Bunch was cancelled. The reports are not yet confirmed but if they are found to be true many speculate that the opening music will have to be changed from "The young­est one in curls" to "The youngest one in leather."

AFTRA, the union that all T.V. performers must be in, has decided to enforce a mandatory retirement age on some of its more elderly members. "The first to go will be that fossil Bob Hope," said one AFTRA representative. "I think we have all seen enough of those lame specials and while at it let's get Milton Berle, I mean the guy's as old as dirt."

Neither Hope nor Berle could be reached for comment but the new ruling could go into effect as soon as May 1 which of course might save us from the inevitable Bob Hope's Spring Time in Honduras special.

Next week PBS will air its first annual Children's Television Workshop vs. the stars of Wrestlmania wrestling event.

**Sax Anyone?**

Peter Gordon;
portrait of a man possessed. So captivated was he with the saxophone's beauty, he decided to have it become a permanent fixture on his head. When he asked if he would ever regret this drastic move, he stated only, "I wear a saxophone on my head, therefore I am."

Featured will be some extraordinary match ups including Big Bird against Andre the Giant, Snuffalupagus vs George the Animal Steel and an awesome tag team featuring Mr. Rogers and King Friday against The Macho Man and Hulug Hulgan.

The heated match-up persisted when Hulgan threatened to swallow one of Roger's gold fish and smash that stupid train set of his. Rogers had no comment but King Friday reportedly had to be subdued by his trainer/postal clerk, Mr. McFeely.

Finally, Websters Dictionary has decided to update their latest issue to include the word "Chamon." Chamon, which can be heard at the end of Michael Jackson's latest single Man in the Mirror, is said to mean a flexible, virgin-like performer that resembles Diana Ross.

Michael is credited with first using the new found word however Michael's management feels it has a different meaning. "Actually," said Jackson's management, "Michael is saying 'Shamu,' the name of the killer whale at Sea World that he soon hopes to purchase." It seems he's gotten somewhat sick of the monkey and is ready for a change.

Thanks for reading.

**Mediocre alumnus has success story**

By T.K. Arnold
Artless Writer

This long awaited biography of one very gifted M.S.C. alumnus was released last Monday. Written by Stephen's assistant, Joe Carbajol, The Rick Stephens Story is a compelling description of a man who has seen life from every imaginable vantage point. It leaves the reader dazzled, intrigued and uplifted, for Stephens clearly is a man with a purpose.

That purpose is revealed at the end of the book, and at the risk of ruining this reading experience for millions of prospective readers, Stephens' dream is finally realized when he is named president of the news division at a major television network.

The story has a happy ending, but its middle is quite grim. After he graduated M.S.C. with a B.A. in Broadcasting, Stephens fled to California driven by an unexplainable urge to form a spiritual cult. It was in the back alleys of Pacific Beach that Stephens and a man identified in the book only as "C.E." started "The Order of Lotion," in which over 900 young members were forced to surrender all of their assets to the group's leaders, and then spend their days sneaking around convenience stores, shoplifting bottles of hand lotion. The bizarre cult was disbanded in 1983, when a disgruntled cult member developed a skin rash, and led a powerful mutiny to overthrow Stephens.

Stephens returned to the East where he made his home on Manhattan's lower East Side, taking a job as a topless dancer. Unfortunately, when it was discovered that he was a man, he was immediately fired. Stephens seemed to have reached a dead end. Things were looking pretty bad for him.

It was at this time that Stephens met Joe Carbajol, an ex-radio mogul from Mexico who was in a similarly dismal situation. One conversation on a park bench convinced Carbajol that Stephens had potential: "I'll get you in as a Production Assistant if you promise to move up fast...then, I'll write your biography—we'll both be happy!"

The rest is exciting history. Today, Rick Stephens epitomizes success, but he won't forget his past. "When I start getting a swelled head, I have this closet in my apartment I go look in...there are some old lotion bottles on the floor. Just so I don't ever forget where I came from."
artless/entertainment

Mixed-up movie montage

By Tim Cloud

If you are really into the movie scene, get set for a fun-packed field day! Hollywood is "crankin'" out flicks at an unprecedented speed and to not know what's current would be a crying shame. Everyone hold on to your hats and let us proceed with the newest releases.

For all you lovers of action, Chuck Norris is back again in Missing in Attica: Part III. This time around, Norris comes to the aid of 40 Amerasian children captured while on a tour of Attica prison. They fall into the hands of a cruel warden and consequently, they get thrown in the slammer for life.

Guess what! Eddie Murphy is blasting away hot in Little Falls Cop II. A ruthless night stalker has this quiet town on edge and Murphy single-handedly tries to crack the case. Impressions intends to release one law enforcement comedy and one teacher narrative during the next two months. The first, Sassy Potzski, featuring Dan Akroyd as a wayward campus police lieutenant and Edward Woodward as a fiery police chief, is due out in mid-April. The second, Marion Mencer: The Movie starring Marion Mencer as herself will be out in late May and is expected to top 1986's Jay Coobs: The Movie at the box office by a factor of five.

In terms of future cinematic antics, Steven Spielberg's Un-}

beatable movie is coming next week. It's essentially about an imprisoned baseball umpire and an unlikely bum working with others to escape by challenging the Japanese to an all-out baseball game.

On the science-fiction front, Tantamount Studios is expected to announce plans for Star Trek V sometime in the near future. No details are available at this time except that James Doohan has been placed on an extremely rigorous crash diet.

Lastly, Montclair Movie Series intends to release one law enforcement comedy and one teacher narrative during the next two months. The first, Sassy Potzski, featuring Dan Akroyd as a wayward campus police lieutenant and Edward Woodward as a fiery police chief, is due out in mid-April. The second, Marion Mencer: The Movie starring Marion Mencer as herself will be out in late May and is expected to top 1986's Jay Coobs: The Movie at the box office by a factor of five.

As for comedy, you can't beat Three Ten and A Maybe. Tom Selleck stars as a hapless American tourist visiting Tokyo. He's got a new hat. This silly white four-foot tall thing is so outdated..."...Deadly Award" from Bruce Springsteen has left the Dead to record with the corpse of Janis Joplin. "I have trouble with harmony, so I figured it would be kinda easy to sing with Janis seeing as she's been dead for some time. Besides, I'm used to singing with dead people..."..Bono Geldof has announced his newest project, "Sand Aid." He plans to present a series of intercontinental concerts to benefit eroding locals. "They're just needed to bring this problem to the forefront and force leaders to recognize what's wrong."...Just got off the phone with Bon Jovi (sometime like that). Says he'll be on campus next Friday...Dis Week's Question: Who had his stomach pumped after swallowing nine gallons of? Last week's answer: Charo, Benny Goodman, Sade, Richard Nixon, and Divine...Dot's all...

Cold Cuts

Rocky Road Corner

By Tin Cloud

They're coming to take me away, ha-ha...Cult figure Napoleon XIV has joined forces with Boy George for a new single, titled "I'm A Crazy Jumbo". On a promo deal with the department store of the same name. When asked how she felt about all this, she replied, "Duh, can you give me a lift to the mall?"...Jim Morrison is still dead. "At least I'm not singing with Keith Richards"... Last week's answer: "George Michael's new single, "I Want Your Razor Stubble," is climbing the charts...The PMRC has recorded songs for the soundtrack of Clean Dancing. Hits include "I Just Want a Snack Eyes" and "I've Had a Pretty Good Time, But Not the Time of My Life Because We're Still Too Young to Fool Around..."...Sting has an attitude problem...David Lee Roth has confirmed reports that he is going bald. Said DLR, "When you do scads of drugs and screw reckless, this is what happens..."..Bono of U2 has been named the new pope. Church officials could not be reached, but Bono was ecstatic. "Well, first off, we get rid of those stupid Gregorian chants and space it up a little with some real music. Then I gotta get me a new hat. This silly white four-foot tall thing is so outdated..."...Deadly Award...Frontman Perry Como has left the Dead to record with the corpse of Janis Joplin. "I have trouble with harmony, so I figured it would be kinda easy to sing with Janis seeing as she's been dead for some time. Besides, I'm used to singing with dead people..."..Bono Geldof has announced his newest project, "Sand Aid." He plans to present a series of intercontinental concerts to benefit eroding locals. "They're just needed to bring this problem to the forefront and force leaders to recognize what's wrong."...Just got off the phone with Bon Jovi (sometime like that). Says he'll be on campus next Friday...Dis Week's Question: Who had his stomach pumped after swallowing nine gallons of? Last week's answer: Charo, Benny Goodman, Sade, Richard Nixon, and Divine...Dot's all...
Personals

—Muffy- Why haven't you called? I thought it was love, but I must be wrong. Tad.
—Lizard Lips- I long to touch your scales anew. Just let me know. Buffalo Butt.
—To the girl from Bohn- Leave me alone!
—To the girl who found my jockstrap in the cafeteria- Blow me.
—To the girl from Bohn- Leave me alone!
—To the girl who found my jockstrap in the cafeteria- Grow up!
—To the girl from Bohn- Leave me alone!
—To the girl who found my jockstrap in the cafeteria- Blow me.
—To the guy who left his jockstrap in the cafeteria- Grow up!
—Gerry- I see you all the time in the library. I wear a dress and have hair. You know who I am. Try me.
—Snake eyes- Your looks eat me up. When will you ask me out? Bunny.
—Guido- The cruise in the red Trans Am was so cool. I love you. You know who I am. Buffalo Butt.
—Snake eyes- Your looks eat me up. When will you ask me out? Bunny.
—Guido- The cruise in the red Trans Am was so cool. I love you. You know who I am. Buffalo Butt.
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—Snake eyes- Your looks eat me up. When will you ask me out? Bunny.

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--Rainbow Color
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Condoms 'R' Us is located at:
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Cherry Hill, New Jersey 07069

A Trivial Waste of Everyone's time

Each week, this paper publishes a list of sports questions and answers to fill a lot of otherwise empty space. In addition, there is a sports stumper which no one answers, forcing me to print my friends' names. If you think you have the correct answer to the stumper, have yourself committed immediately—you need help. The names of those submitting the correct answer will be turned over to the proper authorities, otherwise known as Slim Precocious, who will sort through the submissions and contact the female with the cutest handwriting.

1. Why are you reading this?
2. Who is the man in front of you, calling everyone "guy"?
3. Who are the world record holders in the teeter-tottering competition?
4. Oscar Madison used Felix' down payment for a burial plot to bet on what horse?
5. What reward finally convinced Ralph Kramer to bowl in the Championships, despite a bad back and an upcoming physical exam?

Answer to last week's stumper:

What song did Fred and Barney sing on stage with Ann-Margaret? "I love you but, I ain't gonna be a fool."

Submitting the correct answer was:

Pebbles.

This week's stumper:

What happened to the kids from "Zoom"?

Jill award to be presented

Jeffrey Jill, an inspiration to Mediocre State College, New Jersey women's sports and—well, dammit, the world as a whole—will have her name and likeness imposed upon a statue to be awarded annually to "the nicest female athlete in New Jersey."

And no, she didn't pay us to print this, silly!

Tax Tip
Save time and money on your taxes

DON'T FILE!!

A message from the Taxman.
Amodball the rage of 'All-America'

**By Boomchickboom Sinatra**

Amodball, a new sport which originated at MSC, is sweeping the country as you read. It was originated at MSC, is sweeping the game's founder, and it is owned by Feel, who says he of 'All-America' basketball.

There are five players to a side. There is talk of a contract with the SAG to the Montclaritikes. "I was glad to get out of that hellhole," says Oz. "The last manager I worked for was an ass," kept the rally alive.

Zvee sanged harlessly to center, but by a strange and wonderful distortion of the rule book, Oz convinced the umpiring crew that the hit actually warranted six runs for the Montclaritikes.

"It would've been seven had it been raining," said Oz. "I'm surprised you people don't have the rule book committed to memory by now. Well, not to worry, I'll start part one of my seventy-three part essay on the subject in next week's Montquirer.

Wanted!

MSC students needed for the formation of a billiards team. If interested, contact Eddie Felson at 893-9900. Bring money.