Dozens to undergo psychiatric help

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 copies 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 in 77.

“I was all ready to curse and I freaked out. I started screaming, and a librarian came to help me, but she fainted when she saw the light out. Then a teacher came to help, but he didn’t know what to do, either.”

Acting President Donut Know Mimind was finally called in to assess the situation. Mimind finally ordered Frappington to put her dollar bill in the machine. Both were astonished to see a handful of change appear at the slot below.

As soon as the official word was passed, that the change machine was indeed in working order, students hurried to tell their friends, and the race to get change was on.

Students studying for midterms in the library were the first to get news of the freak occurrence. Despite certain groups’ attempts to keep the windfall a secret, word leaked out to the rest of the campus.

The Mediocre baseball team flocked to the library in full uniform, their metal cleats tearing huge gaps in the carpeting, but that’s another story.

Eventually, word reached the stupid center annex, where dozens of dollar-holders were waiting on line at the change machines or buying newspapers with five-dollar bills.

Full-fledged panic then set in, with both groups racing to the lower level of Sprague Library.

“I have no idea how this happened. The change machines are supposed to be emptied every morning at ten a.m.,” explained library director Oscar Meyer.

“Either an employee forgot to take the money out or someone 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

Carpet bid screw-up puts Triffids on spot

By Mike Puladick
Scrap Writer

Carpeting torn by the MSC baseball team’s rush to Hair E. Sprague Library will cost $50,000 more than originally expected, says Vice-Principal in charge of Financial Management, Willie ‘Silent’ Triffids.

The bid to repair the carpet was originally given to J. Batchagalupe and Sons, of Belleville. The estimate was for $4.38 plus tax, approximately $50,000 less than the closest bid.

The rodent, sorry Student Bored of Trustees Michaela Rodent 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.”

“Silent” Triffids, under fire from Rodent and SAG President Rob Mustafacerra, was forced to answer to charges that, by awarding the bid to Batchagalupe and Sons, he was shortsighted and completely to blame.

“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 Realilly stood up in defense of the newspaper. Mimind was eventually carried off bound and gagged.

Journalism professor Rover Wooferr 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.”

Candidates for MSC president strut their stuff, showing what they would do to MSC if they were given a chance. One of them suggested Ioncloths as the uniform for Mediocre students.

The candidates also threaten to reveal their real qualifications if asked specifically. A warning to the last reported questioner was never found again.
**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 by 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 Montquer was that Ollie North's Contras had taken over Mediocre's growing wallet theft trade.

**SAG Blues**

**Kuwait to take over?**

By Jane Bleech

Dependant

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 Montquer 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. She 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 "Realsilly! 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. Realsilly maintains his innocence. He was last seen in a Ollie North-type station wagon performing the usual "no comment" routine.

Realsilly's ally and cronny 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' Shiogaballa.

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

**Machines disappear**

**Montquer will be affected**

The much awaited Montquer will be late because the award winning newspaper 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 gleaned 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.

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**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 students. The Montquirer extends its best wishes to those of you returning from spring break. It would also like to draw your attention to a few changes that were made while you were enjoying yourselves.

The administrative hierarchy of Mediocre State has been rearranged. Instead of a president and vice-president, there will be a single resident Acting president who will take on the duties of both. The administrator that becomes resident Acting president will rotate from year to year, and will be selected on the basis of the amount of shovels of dirt moved.

The Board of Trustees voted on the concept of a resident Acting president on a proposal from chairperson Murky Coleslaw who stated, “Well, you know, having a resident Acting president 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 search and theatre department has been given permission by the resident Acting president 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 rotate the Hole Theatre located in scenic Medford.

The head of the department, Medford, 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 competition with给你们.”

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 Arab, Persian, or Israeli persuasion.

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

The Montquirer hopes this information is of some help to returning students too to figure it out themselves.

More crap written by Oren

Wolfe to go after chicken in Bush

Third in an infinite series of essays.

“Fritz! More beer! And bring Archie a glass of milk!”

I waved my hand to quiet him down. It was pretty hard to hear on this old phone. It was impossible to get him to buy a new one. He said he couldn’t think of any reason why he would want a new phone, and he “never used the old one.” So I get stuck using this old one.

“Here,” I said as I pushed the phone toward him. He looked at me disapprovingly, suggesting that I should finish what I started.

“Mr. Wolfe, Mr. Wolfe can’t come to the phone right now. If you think a personal meeting is best to discuss your concerns, I can arrange it... Dinner this evening? I’m afraid not, but afterwards would be fine... It’s agreed, this evening at eight. I’ll arrange to meet you at the airport. I’m sure Walsh would have preferred to eat dinner at a table rather than on the run, but I knew that would never be tolerated.

Mr. Walsh sounded assured of his position. That was not surprising, considering he had been overseeing the case for months. But he didn’t want to discuss many specifics on the phone. The reputation he earned in the press for being security conscious was apparent. His request to seek Wolfe’s assistance surprised me.

Fritz came into the office with two beers, opened them, and left the caps on the desk. Wolfe swept the caps into the desk drawer, they “clinked” as they hit the rest of the collection. Fritz put the milk down next to me and left.

That will be fine, Archie. Locate that Stout book for me.”

“Do you mean that thick volume on ‘The War for Southern Independence’?”

“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.

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 methods.

“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 report of the activities.

“Thank you. Please sit, Archie, bring a chair.”

“You see, 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 interesting and fruitful leads. I don’t understand what possible role I could fill. I 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 have 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.”

The Montquirer is published once a year, after April Fool’s day. It is funded, in part, by funds received from the Students Against Government, Inc. of Mediocre State College. Classified rates are available upon request, because, believe it or not, we could find the SAG if we charged money for all the personal letters we receive. Any resemblance to persons or institutions, real or imagined, in the pages of The Montquirer are not intentional, and The Montquirer will not be held liable for any such resemblance.
Frat pledge is irate

To the idiot:

As member of the fraternity U.M.T. (Uniformed Marching Twits), 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, petty 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 a simple little personal—" they're the only things that are important to meeee!"

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 her for Columbus Day were nearly gone from the scraping she did on the cinderblocks.

"Oooh, this is aweful, sweetie. How could they say this about our frats? Why, if we said 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 Student 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, "Personal-sections 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!

Manny Vulgarian
sophomore/undeclared

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 Reagan realize that usew 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 Rat 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 Grant 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 grins his face and shouts Oh I just want to vomit. Regardless, Jacko seemed proud to be the most annoying person on television. Congratulations. **Morton Downy, 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 Downy’s comments. What was actually said was unavailable at press time but insiders fear that Downy 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 young-est one in curls” to “The young-est 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 been seen enough of those lame specials and while were at it let’s 86 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 _Wrestlemania_ wrestling event.

Featured will be some extraordinary match ups including Big Bird against Andre the Giant, Snuffleupagus vs George the Animal Steel and an awesome tag team featuring Mr. Rogers and King Friday against The Macho Man and Hulg 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, Webster’s 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 manager, “Michael is saying ‘Shamu,’ the name of the killer whale at Sea World that he hopes to purchase.” It seems he’s gotten somewhat sick of the monkey and is ready for a change.

By T.K. Arnold

**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.”

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**Mediocore 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 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

### Rocky Road Corner

**Pastrami Dilemma**

They’re coming to take me away, ha-ha—Cult figure Napoleon XIV has joined forces with Boy George for a new single, termed “Crazy Jungles” and on it, they’ve done 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.”

**Three Yen and A Maybe.**

For all you lovers of action, Chuck Norris is back again in Missing in Atica: 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.

**Cold Cuts**

**The Rat Pack—The Rat Pack Raps (Yuk Records)**

As I carefully shuffled through the “New Releases” section of my favorite record store, I came across something very new. Newer in fact than anything I could’ve ever imagined.

The cover was reminiscent of Public Enemy, their clothes are nothing but specially designed Troop appeal. The men: The Rat Pack. Their album: The Rat Pack Raps. That’s right, good ol’ friends Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and the “little man” Sammy Davis, Jr. have taken on another personality.

Clad in oversized Troop jackets (complete with “Rat Pack ’88: Housin’ the Joint” embroidered on the back), big, “dope” gold chains and red Kangol caps, these men have the look down to a tee.

This LP is the first of its kind in music history, a rap classic among the classics. Whitman has adopted a new look, his hair is now a mass of light brown, Solomon’s new voice is deeper, his face is more relaxed, and henceforth vents his frustration by torching the headquarters of the Southeast Asia Command as well as the Pentagon.

The mood for romance? Then the Undeadly Hardness of Fleeting is right up your alley. Set in 1968, this film deals with a trio of true-blue Czechs totally preoccupied by lust, romance, and vodka as they seek to make up for being kicked out of their homeland by invading Soviets, Huns, Klingons, Zebras, and admirers of Pluto.

Still hungry for more frivolity? Then Flirty Prancing is just for you. Personally, I don’t see the big deal about a couple of young adult twips who specialize in seducing every living thing on the dance floor but then again, who am I to judge your tastes?

### A List in The Montquirer

#### Bimbos

1. .................................................. . . Epiphany
2. .................................................. . . Baby Bison
3. .................................................. . . Anyone in the Dangles
4. .................................................. . . Anyone in the Ensemble
5. .................................................. . . Donna Tite

#### Secretly Female

1. .................................................. . . Jon Bon Phony
2. .................................................. . . Toy George
3. .................................................. . . Tom whence the witches
4. .................................................. . . Grace Jones
5. .................................................. . . Terrence Went Tarty

The Montquirer Bimbo and Secretly Female charts were compiled through surveys of dedicated Mediocre State readers.

### Concert Series

**Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band** will not appear in the Studio Theatre Fri. April 10 at 8 p.m.

**Talk Show**

Geraldo Rivera, celebrity talk show host cancelled his engagement to meet with The Montquirer staff at MSC. The conference to discuss journalistic ethics was found unnecessary because neither group had any.
Personals

—Muffy- Why haven't you called? I thought it was love, but I must be wrong. Ted.
—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.
—Grow—Muffy- Why haven't you called me alone!
—To the girl from Bohn- Leave me alone!
—To the guy who left his jockstrap in the cafeteria- Grow up!
—Gerry- I see you all the time.
—To the girl who found my jockstrap in the cafeteria- Blow me.
—Grow—Muffy- Why haven't you called me alone!
—To the guy who left his jockstrap in the cafeteria- Grow up!
—Gerry- I see you all the time.
—To the girl who found my jockstrap in the cafeteria- Blow me.

—Gee Wally- Is it true dad nicknamed me after mom's anatomy? The Beaver.
—Spock is dead. Ha-ha. Data.
—Muffin- I'll "butter" you "up" anytime. Cream Cheese.
—Hortense- You are the one and only. Horatio.
—Pizzafae- I'm hot for you. Oven.

—Lizard Lips- I long to touch you. Buffalo Butt.
—Snake eyes- Your looks eat me up. When will you ask me out? Bunny.
—Gerry- I see you all the time.
—Hey big hair women- I hope you wear your sweats above the knees. Your gold chains and the way you slick back your hair. Your Playboy deodorizer. Your looks eat me up. When will you ask me out? Bunny.

—Sandpaper Texture
—Porcupine-skinned
—Rainbow Color
—French ticklers
—Porcupine-skinned
—Rainbow Color
—Sandpaper Texture
—Enlargers
—Spiked/Studded

Condoms 'R' Us is located at:
69 Vaginal Canal
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 in lots 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 Kramden to bowl in the Championships, despite a bad back and an upcoming physical exam?

Answer to last week's stumper:
What did Fred and Barney sing on stage with Ann-Margaret? "I love you but, I ain't gonna be a fool."

Answer to 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 Boocheickboom Sinatra
Sports Idiot

Amodball, a new sport which originated at MSC, is sweeping the country as you read. The game is based on MSC’s own Amod Feel, who says he is a “five-time All-American.”

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Feel to qualify for play.

The game is based on MSC’s Amodball, a new sport which originated at MSC, is sweeping the country as you read. The game is based on MSC’s own Amod Feel, who says he is a “five-time All-American,” explained Feel.

The game began amidst a cloud of controversy when SAG president/second baseman Bob Mustafara contended that The Montquirer had spiked the Gatorade® in the SAG’s dugout with Makaixx.

After recovering from his mild concussion, Realsilly literally crawled on all fours to first base. He then stole second, third and home (though not in that order) to put the Montclaritikes on the board first.

“Neat game,” said Realsilly, a native of India (yes, that’s one of those backwards-type countries that uses the Queen’s English), afterward. “I’ve heard rumours about it. What do you call it? Baseball? A lot like croquet, my favourite. I especially like the colour of the balle.”

After Realsilly scored illegally from second base (traded from the SAG to the Montclaritikes), he was asked to sponsor a champagne celebration after the win. “I will not have a good time,” said artless entertainment commissioner of the fastpitch league, Oz. After the run, DiFicult ended the inning

When leadoff batter Saul Real-silly was thrown out at first because, “Way to go, Saul,” called an excited Pastrami DiFicult from the bench. “That Saul, what a team player!”

With nobody on base and one out, DiFicult ended the inning by grounding into a triple play. The Montclaritikes opened the scoring in the first inning when leadoff batter Saul Realsilly was struck in the face by a fastball from Mustafara.

“Tell ya, mistuh, dis was one of da best frickin’ games of softball I ever played,” said Sinatra. “I had a blast.”

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After Realsilly scored illegally (no one noticed on the SAG bases) Realsilly returned to the field, spewing a veritable hail of vulgarity at the umpires, at the SAG and at his teammates.

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The Montquer/er blasts SAG
in a softball massacre

By Tony Pistol and Pastrami DiFicult

A former idiot-in-chief, but now just some guy who hangs around the office on Wednes-day nights, and a current idiot who doesn’t know any better.

Despite the best efforts of the SGA to “cheat their freakin’ heads off,” The Montquirer Montclaritikes destroyed the SAG Boneheads in last night’s intragovernment softball game, 17-2.

Sparwitz idiot Boocheickboom Sinatra and this reporter deliv-eried a rousing rendition of The Montquirer’s anthem, “Spot Grey.”

The game opened amidst a cloud of controversy when SAG president/second baseman Bob Mustafara contended that The Montquirer had spiked the Gatorade® in the SAG’s dugout with Makaixx.

“We all got the runs,” said Mustafara. “Unfortunately, they weren’t on the field.”

Idiotorial page idiot Lykes Cedeine denied spiking the Gatorade® despite the fact that her cleats and arms were coated in a white milky substance.

The Montclaritikes opened the scoring in the first inning when leadoff batter Saul Realsilly was struck in the face by a fastball from Mustafara.

“Way to go, Saul,” called an excited Pastrami DiFicult from the bench. “That Saul, what a team player!”

With nobody on base and one out, DiFicult ended the inning by grounding into a triple play. The Montclaritikes opened the scoring in the first inning when leadoff batter Saul Realsilly was struck in the face by a fastball from Mustafara.

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The Montquer/er became outraged, when at the game’s conclusion, SAG Treasurer Screamy Bamboy took fourteen runs from The Montquer/er and added them to the SAG score, “because ultimately, anything they do belongs to us anyway. And besides, they never got a purchase order.”

To retaliate, The Great and Powerful Oz cast a spell on Bamboy. She promptly evaporated into thin air, leaving a pile of ash and bone. “That’ll teach her to mess with The Great and Powerful Oz.”

Wanted!

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