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The Montclarion, April 1, 1977

The Montclarion

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HDINOW

in the delicate operation. "There is a lot of dirt we don't hold much hope," he remarked. He technical difficulties he is currently encountering await rescue operations. Lacking the equipment around in the rocks) to assist them.

The vicious rumor.

MONTGLARION staff.

maintenance men called upon the Spade quarry.

apartments and had taken a slight cut through the

did not even care that they had killed the students.

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Grimly added, "You know, tons of rock have been

An unhappy event occurred at 4 pm near Clow Rd. Unconfirmed rumors report that the students perished in a rock slide in the quarry.

Tragedy struck the MSC campus last Tuesday when 12 students perished in a rock slide in the quarry.

The unhappy event occurred at 4 pm near Clow Rd. Unconfirmed rumors report that the students perished in a rock slide in the quarry.

The twelve students were all members of the MONTCLARION staff.

A spokesman for the MONTCLARION denied the vicious rumor.

Within hours large crowds gathered at the site to await rescue operations. Lacking the equipment

Company president Sandy Spade described the routine suspicion of food poisoning was being investigated along with the other possibilities of bad location, poor circulation and fallen arches. Services have been set for Friday and will be held in Memorial Auditorium.

The only witness to the passing of the structure that claimed to be the center of student life was Father Kenneth Hamster of Annoyance house, who was walking by at the time.

The MONTCLARION obtained an exclusive interview with the campus spiritual director which follows here.

MONTCLARION: Father Hamster, exactly what happened last night?

FR. HAMSTER: Please, call me Fr. Ken. Well, I was walking past Life Hall when I heard a loud sigh and then all the windows rattled.

MONTCLARION: A death rattle, Fr. Ken?

FR. KEN: Oh, you don't have to call me "Father". And yes, perhaps it was a death rattle. I've seen a lot in my business, but I've never heard a building die, so I can't say for sure.

MONTCLARION: Ken, did you administer the last rites?

KEN: Please, let's be more casual, call me Kenny. No, I didn't administer the last rites, I wasn't sure what Life Hall's religious affiliation was. It didn't look Catholic. And besides, the Jewish Student Union office was located there.

MONTCLARION: Kenny, whom did you contact after you discovered that Life Hall had passed away?

KENNY: Call me Padre. All my friends do. As to your question, I wanted to call the campus medical center, but they don't come in until 9 am and the doctor insists that the patient come to him. I couldn't figure out how I'd do that. It's a bit like bringing the mountain to Mohammed. So at least I called my friend Tom Dooley and he pronounced the building dead.

MONTCLARION: And he's a doctor?

PADRE: Yes, of engineering. MONTCLARION: Thank you Padre, you've been very helpful.

PADRE: Please, call me Ishmael.

It has been reported that a "low-budget" funeral will, unfortunately be the rule in this case due to untimely cuts in the budget. "There is simply no money with which to bury the engineering cadaver," Elliot Minibus, Vice President of Administration and Finance reported. "Besides," he said, "we aren't obligated to provide a burial space for anyone. Except, of course, faculty members because it was negotiated as part of their contract."

At this time, plans for burial have been limited to a desolate grave in the quarry, a site that has a commanding view of the Clove Rd. apartments. The Industrial Arts department is working day and night to make a plain wooden marker. It is doubtful that they will complete it in time for the Friday funeral because of the heated debate over whether the lettering should be English Gothic or Bodoni bold.

CARNAGE: The Angel of Death smiled sweetly over the rock slide that took the lives of 12 members of the MONTCLARION staff.
Bumpkin Bops Up

The Country Bumpkin, the student ad-rag at William Paterson Playground(WPP) announced yesterday that they have found a new way to increase their circulation.

Ron Steambath, Student Ass. President at WPP thought of the idea in the middle of a WPP Student Government meeting.

Jose Corti, a legislator at WPP, raised a point of order before Steambath made his point. "Don't think, Steambath, it's not becoming," Corti noted.

Steambath went on to say that one way to increase the Bumpkin's circulation would be to insert the Ad-rag in a weekly edition of the MONTCLARION. Steambath noted that he had spoken to Dinaldo Scarincinini, NJCPA President, and the MONTCLARION would be willing to supply WPP with newspapers in order to increase their circulation.

The Bumpkin is presently operating at a circulation rate of 42 copies per week. Steambath said that 20 of these newspapers are sent to his grandparents, parents, aunts and uncles. The other 22 copies are distributed among the parents of the Editorial Staff of the Bumpkin.

Rats Die At JCS

Jersey City State College burned down yesterday, much to the chagrin of the rats who called the JSC cafeteria their home.

"It's a shame," commented Joe Shoutalot, Student Ass. President. "The rats were just getting comfortable at JCS," Shoutalot added.

The rebuilding of JCS will be completed in two years. At this time, the administration has plans to bring in rats from Ramapo College to make JSC the same place it was before the mishap.

Please Stay, Ralph

In a personal interview with Ralph E. Dungheap, Chancor on Higher Education, the softspoken politician noted that he did not want to resign from his present position.

"I just said that I was resigning," Dungheap noted. "I was hoping that everyone would say, "Please stay, Ralph, we don't want you to leave."

Dungheap explained that he first learned the effectiveness of this political tool when he was in the fourth grade in The Artful Dodger Grammar-School in Poughkeepsie. At this time, Dungheap informed his parents that he was running away from home. His parents begged his parents that he was running away from home. His parents begged

"I know they don't want me to leave," Dungheap said.

Birdseed Gets the Bite

Governor Brendan B. Birdseed announced yesterday that college tuitions at the state colleges and Rutgers will triple next year. When asked for reasons behind this major increase in fees, Birdseed had a list of reasons on hand.

First, Birdseed said, his dog Dingbat was due for rabies shots last month. Birdseed was not able to give Dingbat the shots on time and the dog proceeded to bite Birdseed. Now Birdseed needs money for the shots and more money to cure the case of rabies that he contracted.

"If Dingbat contracted rabies a couple of years ago, this would explain his behavior," Paul T. Jordan noted in an interview after Birdseed's announcement.

Birdseed went on to explain that Dingbat ripped up his garden, when the rabbits shots were due. "Dingbat did a lot of damage and I figured college students would be the best source of repair funds," Birdseed said. "After all, college students love animals," he added.

Minibus Gets Snagged

By Jimmy Olsen

Elliot Minibus, Vice President of Misadministration and Greed, had his words come back to haunt him last Tuesday.

Minibus, who had once commented, "We're not obligated to provide parking for anyone," had his 1975 Plymouth Duster towed away from the disabled student's parking lot.

The towing, which took place at 1:30 pm, was an accident, according to J.J. Lockjaw, director of the campus security police.

"We didn't realize it was his (Minibus') car," said Lockjaw. "It wasn't registered on campus and it didn't display a parking decal.

When questioned as to why he was in the disabled student's lot instead of in his reserved space behind College Hall, Minibus responded that he was at a meeting with Karen Gentilejello, Book Store Director.

"I was meeting with Gentilejello about my plan concerning the book return policy," said Minibus. "I didn't think I had to bother," said Minibus. "My space was always provided and I never had any problems with it."

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Minibus now has thirty days to report to the Little Falls Shell station to pay for the towing and recover his car. If Minibus fails to report in that time his car will be auctioned and the proceeds donated to the Montclair State College Development Fund.

Minibus said he planned to pick up his car after work — if he can get a ride.
**Datebook**

**TODAY, Fri., April 1**

**FUNERAL:** Services for the beloved Life Hall will be held in Memorial Auditorium. The deceased is survived by the rest of the campus. Sponsored by Newman House.

**ANNOUNCEMENT:** A & PU is sponsoring its first annual Vital Organ Drive. Donate today in Ballrooms A and B.

**DUE TO lack of interest, the rest of the month of April has been cancelled.**

**LECTURE:** How to buy a dollhouse by Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman. Sponsored by Psychology dept., Psychology dept.

**ARMAGEDDON:** Let's try it again. The world will end at 2 pm.

**LECTURE:** King Kong talks about intermarriage in the 20th century. Sponsored by Newman House, the Jewish Student Union and the zoology dept.

**CONCERT:** The College Death Union Board (CDUB) has talked the Beatles into playing for the Spring Ball. Get your tickets early.

**SAT., APRIL 2**

**ANNOUNCEMENT:** Anyone found on campus during spring break will be shot on sight.

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**Classifieds**

**WANTED:** Tutor for struggling accounting student. Must be male, good-looking, dark hair, blue eyes preferred. Pay is excellent.

**MALE ART STUDENT** seeks female for modeling and companionship. Must be well-built. Call Ray at Bohn Hall.

**FILM STUDENT** seeks five professionals for leading roles in pornos. Experience not necessary. Call Sam at Clove Rd.

**MALE ART STUDENT** seeks female for modeling and companionship. Must be male, well-built. Call Ray at Bohn Hall.

**FILM STUDENT** seeks five professionals for leading roles in pornos. Experience not necessary. Call Sam at Clove Rd.

**LOST:** Paul where are you? Paul is 6'3'', has blond curly hair and hazel eyes. He was last seen at the parking space. Call Tom Ir.

**LOST:** Black Doberman Pinscher named Spunky. Not too friendly. Does not like men or women except at lunch time. Reward.

**NEED EXTRA CASH?** Give my uncle a call. Nick at 213-555-1212.

**BILOGY MAJORS:** Cadavers at the lowest prices ever. Call Leaping Funeral Parlor.

**FOR SALE:** Slightly used blue MG. Needs a little work but good on gas. Parked behind Student Center. Call Greg at home.

**DON'T DRIVE to MSC, fly!** Call Charlie's Helicopter Service. Monthly rates available.

**FEELING UGLY?** Call the Montclair Beautification Center. We specialize in hair transplants and electrolysis.

**REWARD:** Lost 25-pound black dog at Clove Rd. apartments. Reward.

**IN MEMORIAM:** To our dear friends and co-workers who perished untimely in the north side, Rest In Peace.

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**In Memoriam**

to our 12 staff members who died so untimely.

We are crushed by their deaths.

**R.I.P.**

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**Squirrel Stew?**

**By Rich El Fig**

It's a cool, clear day. The curtains pulled back, living room window is opened all the way and the screen's removed to reveal a slope landscaped by nature and Clove Rd. apartment workers. Little bundles of grey fur bound across the thickers and brush, sometimes scampering up limbs and branches to higher playgrounds.

Gus Adolpho, a senior English major, straddles the window ledge to lean his head out the window. It's about 4:30 pm and Adolpho is beginning to feel hungry but he'd like to get a little sport and exercise, too.

Adolpho extends his left arm, raising a Y-shaped fiberglass handle and pulls the elastic bow back as far as it will go. His right thumb and first two fingers grip a shiny metallic ball about 1/2 inch in diameter. He releases the ball and the bow leaps forward, hurling the projectile at his quarry.

A hit. A mere second has gone by - but in that second Adolpho combined the sporting thrill of the hunt and the pragmatic prospect of providing a cheap but tasty supper tonight. For squirrel hunters, the new Clove Rd. apartments is a land of plenty.

First I started hunting just for the sport part of it but with rising food prices and electric bills it seemed like a good idea to live off the land, in a sense," Adolpho explained. "And my sling shooting has improved 150 percent in two months," Adolpho proudly adds.

When he and his roommates first started hunting for fun they rarely bagged any game. Now their marksmanship is accurate up to 40 feet away; anything less than that makes their unwary prey "sitting squirrels" with the industrial ball bearings they use for ammo. A direct hit in the head brings a merciful painless death for these little woodland inhabitants.

Adolpho has been saving his squirrel pelts and plans to sell "feet (friends)" - his own idea of making slippers out of the skin. He says that his roommate, a marketing major, came up with the product name. Each slipper has leather soles stitched to the squirrel fur, and the small, delicately formed head (Adolpho replaces the original eyes with glass ones). He said, "They're great gifts for little brothers and sisters."

Even the Rathskeller is adding squirrel pizzas (Sicilian and regular). Rat manager, Vice Blaballday, said, "If students want squirrel at the Rat, they'll get it." Blaballday says he eats it often.

Adolpho's favorite recipe?

"Well, I like to try it up in a skillet with some fresh vegetables for a quick lunch. For a special party treat, I heat up a fondue pot filled with cooking oil, get out the fondue forks and chop the squirrel meat up into small chunks. It's a real favorite around here."

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**MONTCLARION/Andrea Dorea**

I SHOT AN ARROW: Gus Adolpho takes careful aim on a hapless squirrel from the window of his Clove Rd. Apartment.
The MONTCLARION would like to express its deepest sympathies to the families of the students killed in the rock slide last week. This tragedy has hit hardest right here as the 12 students were the best of the MONTCLARION staff. We also would like to take the time to deny the rumor that the students were stoned. The victims were hard-working to the end. Thank you, friends, wherever you are. You sure know how to make your deadlines.

R.I.P. Life Hall

It seems that tragedy has been striking MSC all week. Sarcely had we heard about the Quarry accident when we were notified that Life Hall had passed away. Life Hall is one place we all will miss. No one will forget the rare flavor of the cafeteria food and all the services that were offered. We must protest, however, that the Hall will be bulldozed into a plain grave in the quarry. The administration claims that because of the recent budget cuts there is no money to cover a decent burial plot. Elliot I. Minibus, Vice President of Misadministration and Greed administration claims that because of the recent budget cuts there is no money to cover a decent burial plot. Elliot I. Minibus, Vice President of Misadministration and Greed put his foot in his mouth again when he said, "We are not obligated to provide a burial space for anyone." Surely some monies can be found to provide the Hall with the dignity in death that it had in life. Congratulations to the MSC Athletic department for getting the 1980 summer Olympics! This is a proud moment for MSC and a real feather in our cap. It is regrettable that the student fee has been raised to more than $700, but we have a suggestion. Since ABC was going to pay the Soviet Union $80 million, let's hold out for the $4 billion it will take to build the stadiums. We can probably get at least $2 billion from the television rights. The rest can be raised by selling souveniers such as t-shirts, official Olympic mugs and autographed sweat socks. These can easily be made by the graphics and fine art departments. Let's give it a try!

Love-30--Dry

Well, for once it looks as if the Student Ass. has done something right. The long-awaited tennis dome has been erected for only $2018 (and 64 cents sales tax). The huge umbrella-like structure will pay for itself within two months. The tennis court can now be rented out in poor weather as well as good. Congratulations, Ass! For once you've done something right.
Phun With Phobias

By Charles Sahner

Intending to write an article on the security situation at MSC, I began to interview several students living in the residence halls and Clove Rd. I asked the question, "As a college resident, what do you fear most about living here?" I had expected the responses to be related to the various security problems on campus.

Upon questioning my first group of occupants I was surprised to learn that the main fear among Stone and Webster Hall residents was of a rapidly increasing skunk population. According to one resident, nightly skunk sightings are becoming more numerous and most of the odorous mammals have been spotted in the grassy areas adjacent to the Math-Science Building.

Moving to the largest of the residence halls, I discovered that the main fear among Bohn Hall residents was of a nuclear attack launched on New York, which many occupants felt, would instantaneously turn the massive concrete dormitory into a radioactive ruin. Other anxieties expressed by the Bohn residents centered around the cafeteria situation. Several residents seem to avoid the dishwashing conveyor belt on which the used trays are placed, fearing that one of their sleeves might get caught in the automated device, subsequently dragging the unfortunate victim through a wash cycle that would probably have left him dirtier than when he entered. Other SAGA-goers are wary of the Coca-Cola switch on the soda machines, which frequently jams, causing the effervescent beverage to overflow onto one's meal tray; soaking your meatloaf and your bun as well.

Many of the resident's fears seem to have manifested themselves in frightening nightmares. One Stone Hall dweller told me of his recurring nightmare in which he was being chased by a barbell while simultaneously being attacked by hordes of ping-pong balls. Some of the Freeman Hall residents have shared a common nightmare which goes something like this:

One hears a knock at the door in the middle of the night, and finds a security shack standing in the doorway. The security shack then enters, slaps a parking violation on the resident's forehead and leaves.

Indeed, many Freeman residents can be observed walking about campus glancing nervously over their shoulders every so often. It has been rumored that these individuals have developed a so-called "security-shack psychosis" in which they possess the delusion that they are constantly being followed by security shack.

While discussing these mutual fears among MSC residents, one must realize that a large percentage of them are related to the occupants' exact location. For instance, a Bohn resident might suddenly fear that the entire structure is sliding down the mountain into the main dining room of the Robin Hood Inn, whereas a Clove Rd. dweller might awake in the early morning hours with the distinct sensation that he/she is being run over by a train.

Of course, there are some fears which are common to all areas of the campus, such as the fear of being struck by a three-wheeled vehicle operated by an intoxicated maintenance man, or the uncontrollable phobia of

Box-Soap

To the Editor:

As active members of MSC's Do-Nothing Club, we are disappointed and appalled by your lack of coverage of our annual tiddlywinks contest.

The fact that no one participated in the contest kept our members from offering prizes to the contest's winners. But by the same token, our contest was unique because there were no contest losers.

We anticipate your argument that we were sponsoring such a contest. However, if your staff had taken the time to attend our last meeting in May of 1961, you would have heard about the contest.

Don't say that you attended the meeting and that no members were present. Your argument is irrelevant because our logic tells us that where there is a will, there is a way.

In the future, we hope that the MONTCLARION will not slight our organization in the same fashion. Our next meeting will be held on June 14, 1967. We sincerely doubt that any of our organization's members will be present but at this time our next social event will be planned.

In closing, we would like to add that your reporter will be expected to display appropriate credentials at the door of our meeting place.

Sincerely,

[Signatures]

MSC Chapter

Ass. Wields GLOUT

By Maryellen Pretzlenugget III

As was related to the general campus early in the semester, the Student Association is currently involved in a reorganization program. Although the final report of the Re-organization Commission will not be issued before late April, I would like to inform the college community of some of the recommendations that can be expected.

Initially, the Commission addressed the recurring problem of pre-election campaigning. Acting on a past recommendation, the Commission will propose a change in the Ass. Executive Election schedule. The official campaign period will begin October 1 of a given year, with a different candidate being profiled each week. Profiles will be carried in the Ass. weekly elections, the campus media publications and broadcasts, as well as on the Student Center billboards. It is hoped that such a change will enable all candidates to effectively promote themselves, and that the necessary Ass. business will not be hindered. The disadvantage in the proposed structure lies in the actual length of 'effective term of office: a term of but four months.

The second area of focus involves the financial aspects of the Student Ass.

To the Editor:

There once was a school named Montclair whose administrators were not always fair on issues on hiring, who they’d be hiring, and where we’d be parking next year.

Montclair had a dull SGA conservative all of the way. Prez took her term slow, apathetically said no to the ball for which CLUB could not pay.

The highlight at this fine school was Thursday’s newbuilding tool. If you’re reading this letter it’s never been better and if not you’re an April fool.

By Ased

recently committed

The MONTCLARION is a member of the NJ Collegiate Association and is a six-time winner of the All-American rating of the Associated Collegiate Press competition.
Smut Bellows Again
By Irene McMouth

You may have seen Victoria Smut walking across campus, with her lips flapping in the wind. But it’s more likely that you’ve heard her thundering voice bouncing off the walls of the Student Center’s fourth floor.

News travels fast when it is transmitted through Smut. When asked about her reputation, Smut, who most likely did not hear the question, related a story about a freshman political science major who went on a shopping spree with a senior physical education major without the knowledge of an involved junior home economics major. But what’s more, Smut noted, a sophomore biology major was even more perturbed by the situation than those involved.

Smut is best known for her programming delight that is aired on the campus radio station. On the “Victoria Talks Smut Show,” Smut writes the questions and answers them herself. When asked if the assignment is difficult, Smut noted that it was not because of her expertise at making up answers to questions when the real answer is unknown. “Besides,” Smut screamed, “no one believes what I say anyway.”

When asked about people whom she admires, Smut answered quickly, “I’ve always admired Lady Di because of her diplomacy, tact and intelligence,” Smut yelled. “I’ve tried to model myself after this great man,” Smut screeched.

Smut’s hobbies include yelling, screaming, gossiping and creating a general disturbance.

Maryellen Pretzlenugget III had a few words to describe her friend Smut. Pretzlenugget III described the time that she spent three months in the hospital for ear surgery after one of Smut’s tirades. “The doctor banned Smut from the room and I missed her,” Pretzlenugget III whispered.

Smut, also serves as Student Ass. Legislator at MSC. Holding a record for rebuttals on various Student Ass. legislation, Smut once called a point of order at a meeting and proceeded to scream for three hours straight in a high voice. Smut, who closes her eyes when screaming, failed to notice that the entire legislature had left the room.

Smut’s favorite music includes the static that she hears daily on the campus radio station. “I can really relax when I hear static,” Smut shrieked.

So if you’re a good listener, have strong eardrums and a pocketful of aspirin, have an afternoon to waste, or just plain like noise, stop by and see Victoria Smut. She might be able to tell you something of aspirin, have an afternoon to waste, or just plain like noise, stop by and see Victoria Smut. She might be able to tell you something unknown. “Besides,” Smut screamed, “no one believes what I say anyway.”

The organs, gathered by A&PU biology majors with the help of the Passaic County Coroner, will be stored in the Student Center cafeteria freezer. They will be made available to all members of the MSC community and their peers.

A&PU Sponsors Organ Drive
By Fanny Flesh

Thanks to the recent rock slide in the quarry, the A&PU is currently sponsoring its first annual Vital Organ Drive.

“We felt that it would be a crime to let all those perfectly good adenoids and lower bowels go to waste,” Howard Dirge, President of Vice at A&PU, said.

Twelve students lost their lives in the tragedy. “We thought we’d try to make the best of a bad situation,” Dirge reasoned.

How many vital organs does A&PU expect to collect this year?

(6) Let’s see... that’s 12 times one heart, one liver, one thyroid each... Well, we hope to achieve a 100% salvage rate,” Dirge enthused.

Dirge feels that the hapless MSC students would have wanted it this way. He bases this conviction on the fact that one of the victims sprawled in the quarry was heard to mutter, “...I... I...”, which, Dirge insists, “could just as easily have meant ‘Eye, eye’.

Donating vital organs is a painless procedure, Dirge emphasized. “At least for the saps from the quarry,” he joked.

The organs, gathered by A&PU biology majors with the help of the Passaic County Coroner, will be stored in the Student Center cafeteria freezer. They will be made available to all members of the MSC community and their families. “Say your kid sister needs a science project,” Dirge explained.

Dirge said that the campus organization donating the most vital organs will be awarded a trophy. Referring to the unconfirmed rumor that the MONTCLARION staff perished in the rock slide, Dirge complimented, “I’ve really got to hand it to those guys. They’ve really outdone themselves this time.”

A&PU would like to make the Vital Organ Drive an annual event. “But realistically, how often can we count on a good rock slide?” Dirge said.

“Without strong campus participation,” Dirge concluded, “the A&PU Vital Organ Drive will become just so much dead weight.”

BUS Rides With Marco
By DIALdo Scardininini

“BUS will endorse Marco Antonio Lackanytact for AFT President,” announced Anthony White, President of Bigots of the United States (BUS).

The organization, consisting of mentally handicapped MSC alumni, was refused a Student Ass. charter last year because of its alleged affirmation with a national political movement according to Maryellen Pretzlenugget III, Student President.

“There is no way we (Student Ass.) can prevent BUS from endorsing an AFT candidate,” Pretzlenugget said.

“Since BUS isn’t charted,” Pretzlenugget continued nervously. “There is no way we can prevent them from saying anything they like. My experience has proven that they are not competent individuals anyway,” she added.

The mellow 14 year-old president refused to give her opinion of Lackanytact saying, “The Student Ass. does not get involved in politics.”

White did not comment on Pretzlenugget’s remark because he was unsure who she was. “I’ve heard the name,” he said.

The BUS president had just received electroshock therapy and was unable to speak very well. He did, however, wake up. for the endorsement which came yesterday.

“Lackanytact is a good man,” he said.

Lackanytact did not have much to say about the endorsement. “I’m surprised,” he said, “and delighted that I am finally being recognized by my peers.”

When asked if he thought he would win the AFT election next month, Lackanytact said, “I don’t know, but buses are bigger than cars.”

FOR SALE: Blue MG. Needs some body and engine work, but runs great on gas. This car has been waiting all semester for a nice person like you to take it home and love it. Very affectionate. See Classified ad for more info.
‘Dead’ Concert Thrills

By Edgar and Allan Poe

“I never expected this, let me tell you,” Sam Schmuck, an uncommitted senior, said while leaving the Amphitheatre after the “Dead Concert.”

“It was finally a concert worth the $5.50,” Louise Larsen said. “I hope they do it again next semester,” the junior bowling major reported.

In fact, it probably was the finest showing the College Death Union Board (CDUB) ever presented.

Billed as a “Dead Concert,” two weeks before, students had flooded the Student Center in hope of purchasing half a ticket with their IDs. After gathering the necessary four IDs to purchase a pair of tickets, students began the two-week preparation which included all the various “head food” and “juice” gatherings. Yes, school had to be cancelled for those two weeks. Everyone was looking forward to the gala concert.

After receiving our passes two minutes before the show was about to start, Allan and I could feel the excitement in the air. “Yes, there is excitement in the air,” he mentioned to me.

On to the stage rolled MSC President David W.E.D. Dickson to introduce the band. “Good evening students — and here they are: THE DEAD!” he screamed.

The first few riffs of “L.A. Woman” could be faintly heard. We both moaned, wanting to hear a Dead original for the opener. “I wanted to hear a Dead original,” Allan moaned. Well, you all know who it was. Yes — Jim Morrison reunited with the Doors. Stunned, the audience at first was silent, then mad cheering overtook us all.

“Love Me Two Times,” Touch Me” and their finale, “Light My Fire” all were done superbly. The crowd chanted for more, so Morrison, after vomiting into the front row, called back the rest of the Doors and a great rendition of “Soft Parade” concluded their part of the show.

Still in shock, the audience listened as Dickson said, “Now, for the mellow part of the concert.” Once again there was silence, then a good hand was given as Jim Croce walked on stage with guitar in hand. “Suspension all a ya’s, heh?” Croce questioned before going into his best version of “You Don’t Mess Around with Jim.”

“Morrison is really good, isn’t he?” one mortally wounded history major croaked. “Too bad I won’t get to see the encore. I really enjoyed...” ’

Dickson once again schlepped onto stage. “Now, a real treat. ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?” he screamed. It was Jimi Hendrix.

Hendrix mesmerized the crowd, opening with “Purple Haze” and following with “All Along the Watchtower.” Hendrix then said, ”I’d like to bring out a little lady you all...” He was drowned out as Janis Joplin ran onto the stage. The crowd was in a frenzy; there were reports of deaths outside — people were dying to get in.

Hendrix and Joplin stunned the crowd with scorching versions of “Cry, Baby” and “Piece of my Heart.” We were in tears.

To our surprise, we heard the first few beats of “Mack the Knife” and all the musicians came back on stage and were joined by Bobby Darin. Each took a solo on this classic song as Duane Allman and Berry Oakley were called from the audience for the show-stopping “Whippin’ Post.”

Dickson re-entered the area with a chariot. The CDUB people hooked up the winged horses and the stars of the show were whisked away.

An exhausted and amazed group of people trudged away from the Amphitheatre. We were in shock as Dickson said, “Now, a real treat. ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?” he screamed. It was Jimi Hendrix.

The concert, sponsored by College Death Union Board (CDUB) got off to a rip-roaring start as the 12,000 ticket holders rumbled for empty seats. Saturday night right before the Dead concert: a massive free-for-all outside — people were dying to get in.

Those who survived the wild scramble for good seats were treated to one of the most entertaining and eerie shows of rock history. Those who were not so fortunate were immediately rushed to the hospital or buried during the show — depending on the severity of the wound.

“Naturally we wanted to attend to as many casualties as we possibly could,” Safety Director Horatio “Blood’n’Guts” Homblower said. “We only had three ambulances and a pickup truck. There were over 7500 casualties so we were a bit pressed for room.”

Keeping with his efficient reputation, Homblower “fit” the wounded into the four automobiles by cramming and folding a few until almost everyone fit.

“We managed to get almost half of the victims to the hospital alive,” the former land mine tester beamed.

Traffic tie-ups on Valley Road were extensive after the concert as those strong ones that finally arrived at the hospital in the morning (at press time, eight out of an estimated 4000 walking wounded reached the hospital alive) were welcomed with a less than friendly reception.

The concert was already better than last semester’s Billy Joel performance.

Dickson once again schlepped onto stage. “Now, a real treat. ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?” he screamed. It was Jimi Hendrix.

Hendrix mesmerized the crowd, opening with “Purple Haze” and following with “All Along the Watchtower.” Hendrix then said, ”I’d like to bring out a little lady you all...” He was drowned out as Janis Joplin ran onto the stage. The crowd was in a frenzy; there were reports of deaths outside — people were dying to get in.

Hendrix and Joplin stunned the crowd with scorching versions of “Cry, Baby” and “Piece of my Heart.” We were in tears.

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The people who didn’t make the ambulances either crawled to Mountainside Hospital (formally Mountainside Mortuary) or tried to watch the show.

“Morrison is really good, isn’t he?” one mortally wounded history major croaked. “Too bad I won’t get to see the encore. I really enjoyed...” ’

Traffic tie-ups on Valley Road were extensive after the concert as the wounded students crawled along the street and an occasional scream was heard by Valley Road residents.

“There was a dense fog that blanketed the area,” Montclair Police Chief Clancy Muldoon reported. “Evidently the excited motorists didn’t see some of the struggling students along the roadside and accidentally mowed them down.”

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FAIR WEATHER FRIEND: The long-awaited tennis bubble is now ready for use. The bubble, which cost $2018.96, will pay for itself by the end of the semester.
Moscow to MSC: 1980

By Steve

In a surprise move by the International Olympic Committee, the 1980 Summer Olympic Games have been switched from Moscow to MSC.

After a 10-minute meeting in the back room of a 42nd Street bar in New York City, members of the committee unanimously voted in favor of the change.

“We felt that if the Olympic Games were going to survive and grow to a level where all athletes of the world can gather together in the spirit of physical prowess and display their talents before the mad multitudinous crowds of savage fans we needed a spot in northern New Jersey,” Meynarde Elyver, the half-drunk Olympic Committee President said as he emerged from the bar.

“Besides, the Russians kicked us out.”

Tass Comunicque (USSR news service) reported that Moscow revoked its promise to hold the games because of the Soviet decision, immediately after the Russian team was housed, admitted it would cost nearly four billion dollars to build the stadium and other facilities needed.

“To counteract the financial pressure this will put on the college we’ll have to raise the student SGA fee from $60 per year to $789.36 per year,” Minibus said. “Don’t you think this is reasonable?”

J.J. Lockjaw and the MSC police force will handle security during the duration of the games.

“We’re going to order two cannons and a flame thrower,” Lockjaw said. “Anybody parks illegally we’ll blast ‘em! Who needs detente?”

Lawton W. Bland, Dean of Students, revealed secretly (no secrets escape the MSC’s famed quarry) that the Russian team would be housed in Bohn Hall.

“We’ve already predicted that Bohn Hall will fall off the hill and onto Valley Road in four years, approximately at the time of the games,” he said. “This should aid our American team in their quest for the most medals and you know I won’t let Americans come out second-best.”

According to Minibus, he will do everything in his power to insure convenient and swift shuttle bus service for all the athletes.

“We’ll order 65 new transmission units just to play it safe,” he said. “We always think ahead.”

France Foils Fencers

By Slyver Stick

It was the last bout of the season but little did MSC’s women fencers realize it was their last meet forever.

MSC met tragedy during an international invitational tournament with Sorbonne University from France Tuesday night at Panzer Gym.

The capacity crowd expected an aggressive battle between the two champion teams but few realized the outcome would mean death for all of the MSC fencers.

Gerry Tuttle, MSC’s captain, insulted Jeannine Lemar, Sorbonne’s captain by implying that Lemar had rigged her electronic foil. After arguing approximately 20 minutes, Lemar threw her glove in Tuttle’s face, pointed her foil at Tuttle and yelled, “To ze death!”

The rules had changed. The matches would not be won until the opponent lay dead on Panzer’s floor. MSC Coach Bo Farber appeared flustered at the incident. “Mimi went insane after ze death of Annabell Lee’s head. Coach Gerald explained the incident. “Mimi went insane after ze death of Lemar,” Gerald stated.

The dramatic match between Lemar and Tuttle began. The air was tense. Lemar appeared angry, Tuttle was deep in concentration. The crowd screamed as Tuttle’s foil sliced deep into Lemar’s arm giving her the first lead. Lemar, however, quickly delivered a blow which tore through Tuttle’s left shoulder. They were tied. Lemar struck again and the crowd became silent. Tuttle, now enraged, sent a fatal thrust to Lemar’s heart and won the match.

The crowd cheered.

The next match wasn’t as successful for MSC. Sorbonne’s Monique Jour, who was upset over the loss of Lemar, finished off Jay Vatch in exactly ten seconds when she pierced Vatch’s jugular vein.

The score was 3-1 in Sorbonne’s favor.

The next battle was the bloodiest of all. Mimi Courvoisoir sliced off MSC’s co-captain Annabelle Lee’s head. Coach Gerald explained the incident. “Mimi went insane after ze death of Lemar,” Gerald stated.

After her victory Courvoisoir killed the remaining members of the MSC team with ten thrusts through their eyes and out the back of their skulls. Courvoisoir explained, “I wanted to make a trip all ze way to ze United States worthwhile.”

Coach Gerald was ecstatic over the victory but had expected it all along. Coach Farber was highly disappointed in the team’s performance but is upset mainly because she will have to recruit a new team next year. “Damn, just when I had those girls well trained!” Farber complained.