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### Suffolk Journal, Parody Issue, 4/1/1980

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# PARODY ISSUE

# SUFFOLK PHALYX

A DIVISION OF SUFFOLK JOURNAL, INC. — APRIL 1, 1980 — APRIL FOOLS ISSUE

## Police now fondle guns

by Hare O'Dog

Suffolk's answer to Dick Tracy, Police Chief Ed "I - got - a - red - nose" Farren, announced today that the Suffolk police will be armed and considered dangerous.

The news sent quivers of fear down the bodies of the Board of Trustees, but after a long two minute deliberation, they decided to give their blessings on the already made decision.

Farren denied rumors circulating that the police hold certain members of the administration hostage until they received their demands. "That's absurd, there was no way I was gonna give them duplicate keys to the cooler! I don't care who they held. . . er, oh, you mean the demands for guns? As far as I know, they told me they were going to carry them and I said okay."

Several members of the force consented to an interview at the Red Hat, their new headquarters. "I glad I have gun. Gun nice to shoot. Gun say 'Bang-Bang'. See student fall. See law students no more say 'You go up street wrong way'." This particular officer made a honking sound that may have been a laugh, however, his drooling interfered with normal voice patterns.

Sgt. Michael Lyons waved Officer Igor off. "Don't listen to him. He's from Revere anyway, you know how they talk. Listen, we are carrying the guns for our own protection. Have you seen the size of some of the brutes that go to school here? I mean, we're talking about your average five foot six incher. And they weigh close to 150 pounds!

"And have you seen those Sicilians in the caf? Extorting money from students and administration is one thing, but frisking officers is something else. I hear they have a contract out on me when I refused to let them touch my you-know-where. I have to have this gun to protect me." This interview stopped abruptly when the officer suddenly died from natural causes: he stopped breathing when a bullet entered his chest.

Officer Igor pulled a machetti out from between his legs and cut the bullet out of Lyons heart. Engraved on the side were the words MADE IN LITTLE ITALY, VOTE LANGONE. "There, you see what we mean. With money grubbing administrators letting every Tom, Dick and Guido into Suffolk just to get the tuition money, we are faced with a problem," sighed Officer Ludes.

While there has never been a public cry for guns by the officers, stifled murmurs would escape every once in a while from the mens room in the Donahue basement. A Journal investigation last year charted the mental instabilities and pressures that



*GUNS WILL COME IN HANDY at Rathskellars to quell disturbances in the crowd.*

are associated with wearing a badge. It has taken nearly seven months for the officers to steal the guns they now wear.

The force has written up new rules for the use of the guns!

1.) No officer may take pot shots at students smoking pot. We have our guns, and they can have their dope.

2.) The TKE fraternity is to be shot on sight. Any one who looks, acts, or smells like they belong to TKE must die.

3.) We have only one God, and Farren is his name. No one shooting a gun must abuse this name. Example: "Oh, Farren! I missed!" is taboo.

4.) We may talk to Journal reporters. However, the gun must be loaded and the nozzle placed firmly against the reporters left temple. Any question that displeases the officer can severely hurt the reporter. They must read every note back verbatim.

5.) Every member of the Little Italy mob and their molls must be subjected to a thorough search for weapons, and line-up. Remember, take the gold from their necks, and rings from their fingers. They try to conceal these articles, but look deeply through the hairs on their chests. TAKE EVERYTHING. This jewelry can be melted down to make bullets.

6.) Any fights at a Rathskellar are to be quelled immediately. Shoot first, ask questions later. Only officers 20 or older can patrol these functions. The officers may drink, but only in moderation: A maximum of four beers per hour is allowed.

7.) Color consoles will be installed in the Donahue lobby, complete with UHF and Starcase channels. The Phi Sigma Sigma girls are available every Friday night for gun-cleaning activities and shoe shining jobs, among other kinds of jobs.

8.) Any officer caught pistol whipping a cafeteria worker is subjected to immediate disciplinary action: No Friday night duties.

9.) A cannon is not considered a gun. Dum-dum bullets are not acceptable. Whips and chains are considered medieval, but are acceptable.

10.) Dirty Harry is only a movie. Bruce Lee is dead. Taxi drivers are usually normal. Charles Bronson gets paid one million dollars for killing scum, er, potential criminals. Do not get too carried away.

One of the first duties the police will carry out is a request from John Berg, Associate Professor of Government. Berg complained bitterly of the fly problem the top floor of the Fenton building was experiencing. "It is just terrible, I hurt

SEE FONDLING page 8

## SJRB comes down hard on SGA

by Face

The Student Judiciary Review Board (SJRB) of the Student Government Association (SGA) voted yesterday to remove all but five members of the governing body.

The five remaining members are Robert McCarthy, Maryanne Conroy, Thomas Keaveny, Phillip Sutherland and William Haynes. They are all SJRB members.

SJRB Chairman Robert McCarthy said, "Well you see, this is the way it is. We've got this committee, the SJRB, and we wanted to utilize it. All right, so we already threw Sean Randall (former Sophomore Class President) off SGA earlier this year. But we were getting a little bored though, hanging around doing nothing. So we kicked everybody else off, too."

One of the first members to be removed was SGA President and three year SGA member William Sutherland.

"Bill was spending too much time trying to get into medical school," said SJRB member Phillip Sutherland, brother of the President. "He was taking off too many meetings to take medical school entrance exams and to go for interviews at different med schools. He was ignoring his SGA duties. What did he think he came to college to start a career or something?"

President Sutherland could not be reached for his reaction.

Maryanne Conroy, another SJRB member said, "I don't know why the other members of the board wanted to remove the whole SGA. But I did because there weren't enough good looking guys on it. I'm hoping this total extinguishing process

will bring in a whole new crop of eligible men.

Locating the two remaining SJRB members, Thomas Keaveny and William Haynes, for comment proved to be impossible because they both were involved in a marathon pinball championship.

Several of the ex-SGA members have decided to appeal their removal to University President Thomas A. Fulham.

Former Junior Class President Vincent Conte said, "Yeah, I plan to appeal. I mean, not that I really care about SGA, student issue or all that crap. But how will it look on my resume that I was forcibly removed? Huh, tell me that?"

"I'm gonna appeal, too," said former

SEE SGA page 8



*SEE WHAT HAPPENS when you miss five seconds of a meeting? Doug White is thrown off SGA.*



# Stan the man Super Ram wants action

by Bob Bigelow

In an effort to increase fan support for Ram hockey and basketball games, English professor and former department chairman Stanley Vogel has been named Super Ram by Athletic Director James Nelson.

Vogel's chief function will be to incite the otherwise blasé Ram fans at all hockey and basketball home games with various sideline antics, dancing routines and occasional incursions into the stands.

Vogel will be decked out in a blue and gold uniform with Ram horns adorning his head.

English Department Chairman Fred Wilkens was not surprised at Vogel's decision to accept the position and does not feel it will interfere with Vogel's teaching duties.

"He's wanted a job like that for years," said Wilkens. "He's getting senile, we've



SMILING JIM NELSON appoints Stanley Vogel to Ram Suffolk athletic supporters out of their apathy.

been wanting to push him out for years. Now's our chance."

Vogel was pleased with Nelson's decision to hire him as Super Ram.

"I'm sick of Shakespeare. Who cares if he had a temperature or couldn't sleep for 12 nights. I wanna go where the action is. Frig this English. Look out KGB Chicken, here comes Stan the Man the Super Ram."



SUFFOLK STUDENTS are sure winners in track. Pictured above, the team is too fast to be captured on film.

# Suffolk to hold Olympics at its modern facilities

by Dick Capricious

It was revealed today that Suffolk University has submitted plans to Mayor White for the hosting of the Summer Olympic Games. The announcement had other applicants reeling. The presidents of B.U., B.C., Harvard and Bunker Hill Community College have called a meeting so that their institutions might be able to salvage at least one or two events from the Games.

But the proposition was, in truth, expected and the Mayor's staff and the Olympic organizers heaved a sigh of relief that Suffolk did come through, as was hoped. After all, with the most modern, and might I add extensive, athletic facilities in the area, there was really never an alternate sight in their minds.

Students Activities Director Duane Anderson was overjoyed at the prospect of the games being at Suffolk. "I've been here just about a year and this comes as a total surprise. It means that I'll have to do a lot of speech making, but Fran should be able to handle everything in the office by herself for a few months."

Several professors expressed their happy feelings about the Olympics. Dr. Cavanagh, Chairman of the History Department had high expectations for a great many social events surrounding the actual games. Professor David Robbins grumbled about probably having to be on another committee. The happiest of all was Dr. Millner, who was all excited about the prospect of making up several hundred handouts for the athletes explaining American customs, languages and college courses.

Besides the events, other activities are being planned to occupy the athletes free time. An additional pinball machine is being added to the lounge due to the expected increase in play. Also, a new net will be installed on the ping pong table and some tissues are being stuck up the coke machine so the foreigners won't get any change. In the area of food, ARA stated that they'll just have to add a lot of water to everything so there'll be enough to go around.

But the crowning point will be the games themselves. From the opening ceremonies in the Temple Street Park to the closing ceremonies in front of Dr. Vogel's home, the games should be the biggest thing at Suffolk since Governor Volpe spoke to a crowd numbering near double figures several years ago.

As was said before, Suffolks' facilities are beyond compare and the participants from around the world will go home talkin to themselves.

All Equestrian events will take place on the Common, as will the field events. Here Suffolk looms proud as its favorite son, Steve DeMarco, will ry for gold in javelin catching. Go get 'em, Steve.

Mark Spitz would have been proud to compete here! Who knows how many records will be shattered as swimmers backstroke through the basement of the Ridgeway Building? President Fulham has volunteered the use of his fish tank for the relay races.

All of the dog doo on the Hill will be hauled over to Ridgeway Lane and will be used in the hurdles, high jump, and pole vault (here's hoping no one misses). Other track events will take place on Derne Street, except this years new event, the 100 meter auto dodge, which will be held on Cambridge Street.

Finally, the most prestigious event, the marathon will take place. There has been a slight course change. Originally, the runners were to leave RL-2 and proceed to the fourth floor of the Mt. Vernon building. Now, the race will finish at Ashburton Place. Several incoming freshmen plan to enter the race simply for some training for the fall.

Well, there it is. The world comes to Suffolk this summer. We should all be proud as students and be very happy that our school has given us this opportunity to experience an international event and also the chance to make some fast bucks off of some people who can't even speak English (not to be confused with the kids in English 1.1)

# in brief

## President Tommy Fullof-it saves money by 'parking'

by Iggy-Lou Grant

President Fullof-it was discovered last week parking in the only available parking space at Suffolk University. The young buxom blonde who accompanied him in the back seat said "I was told this was part of the standard admission tests at Suffolk. We were sitting in the front seat when suddenly he threw his glove on the backseat. The rest was less than heaven!"

Editor in Chief of the Suffolk Journal, Ann Hobbit said that with this new information some changes would have to be made in "The So Far this year" box. "Something like — So far this year President Thomas Fullof-it has saved \$291.00 by parking in one of the only free spaces in the university. God only knows how much he has saved in motel costs!" Hobbit said.

## Famous quotes

QUOTE OF THE SEMESTER: "This ain't no party! This ain't no disco!" said feverishly by Alberto Mendez while attending S.G.A. "parties."

QUOTE OF THE YEAR: "Yeys?" asked by Maria, the cafeteria cook over and

The S.G.A. has proposed to abandon their proposal to eliminate the noise in the college library. Instead they plan to oblige the noise level by changing the library's surroundings.

"We have worked it out with the Mass Transportation System to extend the orange line by adding a "Suffolk Library Station" said Junior Class President, Guinea Conte. "In return the state government said that they will offer Suffolk Governor Ed King as a candidate for President of the University."

Two major tragedies have developed as a result of two rock concerts given over the last year at Suffolk. Nineteen students were trampled to death as a result of a mad rush for Robin Lane tickets and 19 more died of apathy from Jonathan Edwards appearance last semester.

over again over a hot plate of crumpled beef buillion.

QUOTE OF THE DAY: "Black holes never want to quit" said by Astronomy Professor Garneau and Mick Jagger simultaneously.

## Brain to teach "jerk-offs"

Journalism Prof. Richard T. Brain (questionable) hopes to initiate another journalism course. He hopes this course will be required by all tittling cheerleaders at Suffolk. The proposed course is entitled "Great Jerk-offs in Journalism".

Dean RooZane of the Liberal Arts

Department said that he feels "Prof. Brain (questionable) should be fully knowledgeable in this area, however another instructor will have to be chosen for the proposed lab that will compliment the course due to the lack of willing lab assistants."

## News flash!

NEWS BULLETIN: NINA GAETA, FORMER YEARBOOK EDITOR HAS RECENTLY BEEN CHOSEN OVER GOV. EDWARD KING AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY. GAETA

ANNOUNCED HER CANDIDACY AFTER BEING TOLD BY THE ADMINISTRATION THAT NO ONE HAS YET APPLIED FOR THE JOB.

## Film schedule

The Three Stooges and The Peter Principle — starring the journalism department.

Justice for None — starring the Suffolk administration

Mary Poppins Talks Dirty — starring English Prof. Ann Boutelle

Homewrecker — starring Alice Whool Ley

Every Which Way, I'm Loose — starring Amy DeepBurrow, featuring the P.A.T. fraternity.

The Whinding Syndrome — featuring most any girl from the Journal

Parody is not Funny — starring The womans center of 1977.

A Small Circle of Friends — starring Journalism Prof. Brain

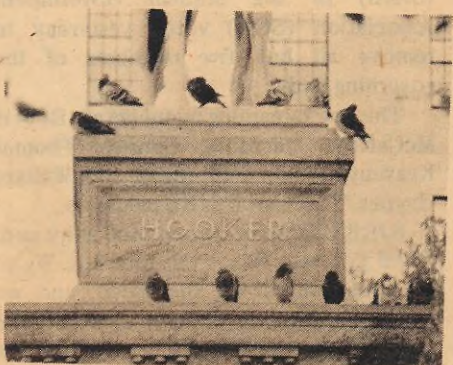
# Glorious Hooker excites interest of Suffolk

As part of the previously announced deal (see sports), Governor King will also donate the glorious Hooker statue gracing the State House front walk to Suffolk.

Asked how the statue got its name, King did not know. But he added that the state first received the statue as part of "a business deal between two professionals."

King called the statue "a tribute to the

working people, going back to the days when people sold their wares on street corners." He said that the state, however, was glad to be rid of the statue. "The pigeons got a bit to curious," he said, "and the public already has too much shit to wade through at the state house, without adding pigeon shit."



HOW WOULD YOU GET RID OF A HOOKER? Cal an erection company.

Suffolk officials today called for the removal of the Hooker statue donated by the state. Dean Michael Ronayne leader of the group, complained of increased pigeon shit around the university.

The only member of the administration not to be affected by the pigeon crisis is Dean D. Bradley Sullivan. "With the color of Brad's hair," says Ronayne, "no one could tell if there was pigeon shit on it or not."

"I can see why King got rid of the statue. Those pigeons are ridiculous. Do you know how many times I had to clean the pigeon shit off my head? Seven times. That means I had to re-wax my head seven times as well. I can't get any work done at all."

President Thomas Fulham upon hearing the complaints acted immediately to solve the problem. "How else do you get rid of a Hooker statue than by calling in an erection company," he said, and with that he called in the New England Erection Company to remove the statue.

The university will have the statue shipped to the Cobscook Bay Laboratory in Maine, where Fulham hopes the statue will have the same effect. "Then the university could make a little extra money by opening the grounds to duckhunters."



# Anderson tied to murderer Gacy



CONSTRUCTION WORKERS DISCOVER Thirty-three bodies under Smilin' Duane's Leather Shop.

## Sports editor's disappearance discovered after one month

by Ricky R. Caprio

The seemingly unimportant absence of the Journal's sports editor ended today when it was learned that he had been kidnapped. The saga began a month ago.

At that time, Journal Sports Editor Steve DeMarco, called Silent Steve by his colleagues, seemed to have disappeared from the Suffolk campus. Not that anyone cared, mind you, why even Editor-in-Chief Ann Hobin dismissed DeMarco's absence with a smug, "I liked Flaherty better, anyway." So it appeared that this wasn't the most emotional issue facing the students this semester. In fact, an informal poll taken around the university showed that the majority of students didn't even know DeMarco and the rest appeared joyful. Several professors expressed glee at the prospect of entering semi-quiet classrooms for a change.

There was a serious note, though, amid all of the levity. It seems that DeMarco owned Jeff Putnam thirty-nine cents. Distraught, Putnam was consoled by Alice Whooley, who helped him look for penny along Ridgeway Lane.

Finally, after a one month's absence, DeMarco began to be missed. First, ace reporter Joe Coughlin noticed nobody had yelled at him for several days. Elaine d'Entremont was getting sports copy on time. And surprisingly, the girls basketball team began to get some print. That was what started all of the Journal staff thinking. Women's basketball in the Journal sports pages! It was mind boggling!

Just prior to his disappearance, DeMarco had a stormy meeting with representatives from the girls team about the alleged lack of coverage for their games. DeMarco insisted that they were too short to play basketball and the girls replied that he was too short to be Italian. DeMarco answered that he was a mini-guinea and that he didn't like basketball anyway, as is illustrated by his coverage of the men's team.

Suddenly, the girls team began holding secret meetings and soon after DeMarco



ROSSI'S RAIDERS claimed responsibility for the mysterious disappearance of Journal sports editor Stephen P. DeMarco. vanished. But after a month of wondering an answer had arrived, a ransom note.

The note, hastily scribbled on the back of one of Dr. Milner's Mystery Novels Course handouts, said that DeMarco had indeed been kidnapped and that the terrorist group known as Rossi's Raiders was responsible. Terms for DeMarco's release included at least one full half page of coverage, one locker room shot each semester, a six foot center, twelve cans of hair spray and, of course, money. The initial amount was illegible, but a followup note on a handout, determined the ransom to \$1.87 payable by May 1.

This was not your typical kidnapping, claimed F.B.I. field agent Under'Cover. "What's so strange," der'Cover stated, "is that if the ransom isn't paid they're going to send him back. If you pay they'll get rid of him. That doesn't make any sense?"

It does if you know DeMarco!

by Zippy Debased

Student Activities Director Duane Anderson, speaking at the recently held convention for the Advancement of Sado-Masochism and Bondage Association of American Perverts, assailed the American press for giving John Wayne Gacy a bad name. (Gacy's hobby was burying young boys in the foundation of his house.)

"Papa John," Duane initially stated, "took me in as a youngster and always held me close to his bosom. He treated me as a son, daughter, lover, and a sex object. He taught me everything I know," drooled Duane with a hungry stare. Anderson incidentally has no children of his own but adopts 13 year old boys in his spare time.

Duane is also part owner of Smilin' Duane's Leather Shop at the corner of Washington and Essex Streets, located in Boston's Combat Zone.

Speaking in front of a crowded auditorium to college professors, junior and senior high school teachers and college presidents, Anderson stressed the unfair treatment Gacy was receiving by the American Judicial and media system.

"Papa John wasn't doing anything different than what he had been doing for the last 20 years. The only difference is that he got caught. Nixon was treated the same way by the media. So was Hitler," Duane added. "This is unfair."

Anderson also pointed out that giving Gacy a bad name has far reaching effects on the public's view of Perverts and Sexual Deviants all over America. In his own words, "Perverts and deviants are everywhere and hold many prominent positions in society."

Anderson is currently organizing a fund for Gacy to help him out with his legal fees in his upcoming trial for the kidnapping and murdering of 33 boys.

Anderson's solemn love deeply touched those present at this convention and he immediately received \$10,000 in cash which he said "would help get the administrative costs underway."

"While Papa John is away, I will pick up where he left off," said Duane. The Anderson house has undergone major changes in the last few months as it has assumed the Gacy headquarters. "My house can now accommodate 25 boy and cub scouts, 25 runaways, and gallows are being prepared to accommodate more of my little friends."

"John baby loaned me all his equipment to make sure no wandering little boys will be without a sleeping partner, willing or not." With lust in his eyes, Duane concluded by stating, "I offer an equal opportunity perversion center and cater to all nationalities without reservations, but naturally all the boys have to enter in the rear."



DUANE ANDERSON heads for his van with a newly acquired youngster.

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Menu

ARA SERVICE

For Week, ending: GUESS!

MEALS

Breakfast	7:45 A.M.-10:30 A.M.	Mon thru Thursday	7:45 - 6:00 P.M.
Lunch	11:00 A.M.- 2:00 P.M.	Friday	7:45 - 5:30 P.M.
Dinner	3:00 P.M. — Closing	Saturday, Sunday	CLOSED

ENTREES

Hot Roast Hog With Phlegm Sourkraut	Basted Baby Balls With Mucus Peas	Fried Dogs Nuts Catgut Salad Clam Roll	Baked Pork Penis Butter Clam Chop And Con Columbian Traceptive Pot. Jelly Sand.
\$210	\$185	\$200	\$190 \$205
Stuffed Boogies	Discharge Delight	Snapper And Spittle	Coal Slop Scrotum Fishy smell Salad Sperm
\$150	\$120	\$138	\$126 \$124

All Entrees include a roll in the hay

In addition to the daily menu we have a full Dildo Bar, assorted Desserts, Breakfast specials, groin items, and hot sandwiches including,,

Hot Italian Sausage	\$130
Grained Rubbin	\$125
Hot Pisstrami	\$143
Whorewich/Fries	\$134
Hot Meatball Sub	\$123
Steak and Sleeze	\$132

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Four- one hour sessions taught at your convenience at the location of your choice. AND as an added extra, RiRi and 'Lucy Lipstick' will instruct a mini-course in ASS-KISSING (a guaranteed way to STRAIGHT A's) -justask either of them!



# Disgraced professor loses job to illegitimate son

by Boob Ditintinabulator

Associate Journalism Professor and department chairman Malcolm J. Barach was fired last week and will be replaced by his illegitimate son, Journal Sports editor Stephen P. DeMarco.

President Thomas A. Fulham reached the decision after an eight week investigation revealed that Barach had awarded grade A's to certain journalism students in exchange for sexual favors.

After receiving an anonymous tip on Barach's activities from a jealous Dick Bray, (assistant Journalism professor), Fulham assigned four midgets to follow Barach. The midgets compiled a complete record of the Barach encounters which usually took place in Barach's second floor Mt. Vernon office. Barach is an active member of SEX, the nationwide journalism society.

"They won't have Mal Barach to kick around anymore," said the deposed chairman. "I'm not a crook. I will return. Who the hell is this little punk DeMarco. He's trying to make money and fame off my name."

Barach would not comment on his biological connection with DeMarco and would go no further than to admit there is indeed a remarkable physical resemblance.

"Mal hates me," DeMarco said. "I'm his son, we look alike. I try to emulate him, I even grew a beard. He is my father. The police caught him in that same Times Square apartment that I was born in, only they caught him nine months earlier. Mal is a tricky devil."

"From what they told me after I was born, Mal ran into the hospital that night, pulled me out of the incubator and tried to strangle me with a spiral wire from his reporters notebook. Lucky for me the doctors stopped him."

Had I remained out of my incubator for more than three minutes my growth would have been stunted. Pop had to go to prison after that but he broke out, worked for his masters and here he is at Suffolk. And here I am, back to haunt you Mal."

Bray was pleased that Barach had been removed from his office but was admittedly disappointed at DeMarco's appointment to the position.

"It took me four years to rid this grand university of the scandalous regime of one Mal Barach. He's been holding those orgies in his office since I came here. At first it was just the female faculty members but now its students and I won't stand for it. None of this has any connection to the fact that I was never invited to attend any of these functions. As for DeMarco, I had hoped to replace Mal. I'll have to force him out no doubt. All of this is off the record right?"

Although Barach is out of a job he remains concerned with the plight journalism department.

"I fear for the students. Who knows what sort of crap DeMarco will teach them. I know I didn't enjoy teaching him. That little squirt. He is rude, disruptive and I hate when he's funnier than I am in class. It's not good for my ego."



OUSTED JOURNALISM CHAIRMAN Malcolm J. Barach turns over the department gracefully to his illegitimate son Journal Sports Editor Stephen P. DeMarco.

As department chairmen, DeMarco's first decision will be to replace Bray and Dr. Richard Priess with Assistant Student Activities Director Carol Lucious and Journal managing editor Maria Girvin.

"They will do a good job," said DeMarco. "I will work very closely with them and I know they will work hard for

the length of my year."

Other inovations by DeMarco include courses in clandestine meetings, surveillance techniques, sexual awareness, and hardnosed journalism. DeMarco also announced that all journalism classes will be moved to the combat zone.

Added, DeMarco, "I plan on passing out lots of A's."

## Three F's moonlighting as strippers

by Face Kooley

Perhaps some of you avid Journal readers may recall that I authored a human interest piece concerning a male striptease show. If you remember correctly, I stated that Sweet Pie was the highlight of the revue. Forgive me, I lied. At the time I thought it advisable to omit the fact that the real talent of the show belonged to the three men we, as Suffolk students admire most. At first I thought you may have lost respect for these men if I "unveiled" their true identities, but after two months of serious contemplation, I decided that the students of Suffolk University have a right to know that our President, Vice-President/Treasurer, and Chairman of the Board of Trustees moonlight as strippers.

Shocked? You and me both. The gory details are starting to come back to me, although I had promised myself that I would forget that mind-boggling show of indecency. We, a friend (who has since terminated our friendship after I dragged her to watch "Funky Frankie," "Voluptuous Vinnie", and "Tiny Tom") and myself entered Alex's Hole-In-The-Wall, a sleazy dive not fit for Professor Elmusa to hang in.

We were seated between a bunch of horny old bats that were screaming and bouncing in their seats like they hadn't had it in years. (Come to find out, the star performers' wives were in the audience — they were jumping around the most.)

Flannery's wife, toothless, but smiling ear to ear, sat back in her chair, put her feet, clad in blue deck sneakers, up on the table and kicked up a storm as she shouted for Sweet Pie to "get the hell off the stage and get my man up there. We want some old meat." Mammy Yokum couldn't have done better. The V.P. gave his wife a warm wink from backstage, obviously bursting with pride for his loving wife.

Sweet Pie reluctantly left the stage. I believe he was extremely upset with Mrs. Flannery for interrupting his part of the act where he points out how intricately he shaves his posterior. He didn't even get a chance to give some tips on how to do a good job on those hard to reach places.

Now the time had come when the gray-haired bombshells would find out if there was any truth to what they had been reading on the Women's Rooms walls. (in the cafeteria ladies' room they gave Fulmer the same compliment as they gave Bo Derek, except in inches. These ladies were



PRESIDENT THOMAS A. FULHAM "moon" lights on the side to earn a few extra bucks.

in for a shock. I hear ol' Vinnie ain't what he used to be.)

Except for a few beer burps from Mrs. Fulham, the place became quite still as the disc jockey announced, the arrival of "God's gift to women . . . who are over 72 . . . blind . . . deaf, it's the one and only Frustrated Flannery". The "ladies" screamed with delight as the spotlight focused on their hero. There he stood, clad in a trench coat of red silk, a pair of red ankle socks, and holding a red cane to assist him on stage. Once he had hobbled on stage (it only took him about 15 minutes), he seductively removed his coat, revealing a pink and acqua French bikini and a body whose wrinkles resembled a map of The Grand Canyon. But gosh, he still had it.

Dean of Students, D. Bradley Sullivan, acted as bouncer, keeping the sexually starving women away from "The Bod." That aggressive Mrs. Fulmer came the closest to getting her paws on Flaming Flan's drawers, but instead of getting a handful of bikini, she ended up with a nice shiner from that jealous Mrs. Flannery. What women will do for their men.

Folks, let me tell you it was sad. The Dean had to escort our dedicated vice-president and treasurer out of the building into his waiting limousine. The poor guy didn't even have a chance to perform. The management should have known better than to spring that hunk of man on such a lustful bunch of hags. It's like throwing a Christian to the lions. The management should have introduced an act to calm the beasts down, like Doctor Priess juggling his balls. People would even pay to see that one.

Flannery's back-up act, the Woff-Woff Brothers, including the multi-talented

Tiny Tom and Voluptuous Vinnie, were delayed when Vinny experienced difficulty when trying to attach his falsies. By this time the audience was begging to be entertained. After their hero had to be carried away, they would settle for anything that could breathe.

Without an introduction, probably because the dic jockey didn't know who the hell they were, the Woffs appeared on stage. Vinnie never looked better. He was wearing an itty-bitty — teeny-weeny — yellow-polka-dot-bikini, and what a set of boobies! His long blonde wig matched his yellow bathing suit, his yellow pumps, and his yellow gloves. "Hey, Vin, they look better on you than your wife," shouted Mrs. Fulham, who proceeded to get the shit kicked out of her.

Fulham appeared in his Fruit-of-the-loom, polka-dotted boxer shorts. They stood waiting for applause, but the audience was just not impressed. So the Woffs decided to show them their stuff. Voluptuous Vinnie slowly removed Tiny Tom's shorts as Tom gently whipped her, eh, I mean him. Soon they stood completely nude (Now, I know why they call him Tiny Tom.) When they looked up for the audience's response, they found myself to be the only witness to their crude act. Even my friend had disowned me. Well, I guess ol' Tom and Vinnie are losing it. Their wives had wasted a 50 cent cover charge and still hadn't been entertained.

Both Flannery's and the Woff-Woff Brothers acts have been cancelled due to their odd audience responses. But don't be too concerned about missing the act. The SGA is now allocating funds in order that our male entertainers may appear in the auditorium next Thursday at 1:00 p.m.

## State House to become SU annex

by Stanley Cupp

Governor Edward J. King and the Suffolk University Board of Directors today reached a formal agreement involving the turnover of the Massachusetts State House to Suffolk, which would later be converted into a multi-million dollar sports complex by Fiscal 1982.

"That is if I'm still governor, and we know that with all those 18-20 year olds voters on my side, I'm a cinch to be re-elected" . . . said the usually inane head of state.

Terms of the deal included all state offices will be moved to the following locations: The Cambridge YMCA, the gymnasium that Suffolk Rams basketball games have been played at for many seasons, will become the new House of Representatives chambers with sufficient space for the state Library. Various committees will split up the other offices, with the Equal Rights for Women committee receiving the mens locker room.

The Beacon Chambers Hotel for Men will be converted into the offices for Senators and other State representatives. They will share the rooms with current residents. Mongo, the one-eyed security guard of the Chambers will head the State Police force in the building.

Governor King's office and staff will be relocated at the Charles Street Jail, specifically the areas of Death Row and Solitary Confinement. The electric chair was graciously donated to the Governor by Warden I.M. Knutts, who said, "Of all the people involved with our services, I can't think of a guy I'd rather give it to."

Murderers and lifers ("my own kind," says fast Eddie) will remain at the jail with King, while rapists and remaining convicts will be moved to the Governors Winthrop residence. "Tell them they could play with Jodi and the kids but stay away from the dog," King said. King turned down the Pine Street Inn as an alternative site for his office. "Don't be so nice to me," he said. "I really don't deserve such plush surroundings."

When asked to comment on the Suffolk acquisition, SU President Thomas A. Fulham said, "I can't believe that King would fall for that line that we'd supply him with a lifetime supply of lobster salad. The closest thing we have to that in the caf is moldy tuna. Wait till I send him a couple of cases of it with a note that says its lost its

see STATE HOUSE page 6



editorials

Wanted:  
Women Soldiers

by Dan Muurnane  
Women in the armed forces?  
Why not, we made our first mistake when we gave them the vote. Now the ERA is on the verge of being passed, so why not go all the way? Men have everything to gain and nothing to lose.  
Let the females slither on their bellies through the mud. Let them carry a forty pound knapsack and let them scale a fifty foot wall. I say we should make them march until they drop and let them find out what it is like to kill or be killed. Then, perhaps, they will realize just how advantageous it is to be the weaker sex.

There are other benefits to be considered too. Think of it, coed barracks. I know a few girls who can put their boots under my bunk anytime. First there is Ann Hobin, if I have to lay in a trench somewhere what could be better than having her beside me to massage my back and feed me grapes. Although Alice Whooley would be useless in combat, at least she'd confuse the enemy long enough for the rest of us to move in.

Then there is my good friend and esteemed colleague, Tricia Kelley, who would certainly make me rich. She would become the champion beer drinker of the platoon and I'd make plenty by betting on her to win every time.

Thanks to Amy Scarborough the USO could be discarded. She would keep the troops, all four branches, entertained with her pulsating pelvis. Just as she keeps 90% of the male population at Suffolk entertained now.

I don't know about you but I envy Bosley on "Charlie's Angels" and if women are drafted I can become him. Imagine fighting elbow to elbow and other parts to other parts with Janet Constantakes, Carolyn Daly and Nina Gaeta? The thought of it is even too exciting to write about.

There would be no need for training films. Everything would be learned first hand. Practicing mouth to mouth resuscitation would take on new meaning. Hand to hand combat exercises would become the highlight of boot camp. Think of those flabby little thighs banging together as the ladies do their jumping jacks. Push ups could be done in couples. The possibilities are endless.

Before advocating the drafting of women, the female population should consider the disadvantages. If women are drafted as equals to men, the special privileges which they have had in the past would be discarded. All sleeping quarters would be co-ed. There would be no room for modesty in the showers. Unless they volunteered for KP, it would be rations for all. And no, Christian Dior has not been commissioned to design new uniforms.

After thinking over all the pros and cons, if women still want the draft it is O.K. by me. I want some female companionship on those cold lonely nights away from home. With women around maybe war wouldn't be hell, only purgatory. Despite the dismal surroundings, life might not be bad. The little woman could wait at the tent door with a martini in one hand and my slippers in the other. June Cleaver could still live on.

Women in the armed forces? Why not, we made our first mistake when we gave them the vote, so why not go all the way.

Life in the Cafeteria

Extremes in dress for a day of school  
Classifies some students as slobs, others vain,  
and the leftovers, fools.

Gold, gold, gold heightened by tight designer jeans  
Are the equivalent of men, not the disco queens.

Mr. Macho, with every hair meticulously blown  
dry into place  
Seldom travels without his alligator Gucci attache case.

Holding her breath (to stay in her pants) the disco  
baby sits in his lap,  
Giggling, wiggling her ass and other solicitous crap.

Make-up suitable for a woman of 50  
Can be shoveled onto her face if awake by 5:30.

All this preparation for a day of school  
Is a farce, or am I the fool?  
On the other side of the cafe are the preppy jocks  
With their layers of Izod Lacoste shirts and argyle socks.

Barracuda jackets with starched collars up  
Are complimented by beer, belches and hiccups.

The students who don't own a pair of Galvin Kleins  
Are haunted by glares and called slobs and swines.

The reject's philosophy is inexpensive and simple.  
Clearasil will cover up all of his pimples.



letters

Wants land back

Dearum White Man's paper:  
They callum me Dodging Shit. I am the last of my people, the Ridgeway-a-ho Tribe.

Many moons ago, my people ruled this land. Deer were plentiful, and we hunted from great forest on hill. Following deer simple, they left trail. I was best in my tribe at dodging trail, so my father called me Dodgin Shit.

My people fished from clear waters of large stream you white people call Charles. Why you give white mans name to stream? Why not the name of my people?

I go to white man's school, I study white man's law. I hear of indian brothers in place called Maine who get land back. I want my people's land back.

The place you callum Ridgeway was site of chief's teepee. It named after tribe now, just proves it mine. Ancient indian burial ground was place you callum Mount Vernon. Ghosts of my father and grandfather will continue to shake the building and knock down white man's plaster.

Man called Donahue give my father three fish for land where law school lies. Father eat fish, then die.

I go and talk with many white men with glasses and white scalps. They say I no gettum land back. They send me to bookstore man Peters who offers me job selling cigars outside store. I wage war on them, especially one who smells like fish.

You have warning. If my people's land is not returned within three moons, my tribe will put on war paint and attack.

Ugh, How and goodbye  
Dodging Shit

P.S. Me make peace with students if they bringum own pipe and special tobacco.

Dear Journal Editor:  
I am head cheerleader for my high school football team — the Stupidville Studs. I love cheerleading. It means everything to me.

I also go out with the captain of the football team, Jock Strap. He means a lot to me too.

Well, a few nights before the big game with the Maynard Machismos Jock and I went out. Jock wanted me to go to bed with him, but I said no. He told me that if we didn't he and the team would lose the big game. How could I refuse? I am the "head" cheerleader after all.

As it turns out the Studs lost the game. Now Jock says the whole team needs my help. He says that they are a real friendly bunch of guys. I'm afraid that I will lose Jock if I say no.

What do you think I should do? Should I or shouldn't I help the team? Will it mean that I don't have any team spirit? Will it be a waste of time since the team hasn't won a game all year?

Signed,  
Beddy Hopper

Dear Beddy,  
I think that it's nice for people to help their friends. People have become so self-centered that they tend to ignore their friends. I think that you should help the team any way you can. You sure aren't much of a friend or cheerleader if you don't help the team.

After all, what kind of a friend would you be if you didn't do all that you could to help. Helping the team will show them what great team spirit you have. It will also show Jock how much you care.

Actually, I can't think of a better way of wasting one's time and energy.

If it doesn't work out, seek some professional help.  
Signed,  
Journal Editor, Am Hopping

So far this year

President Thomas A. Fulham has saved \$69.69  
and Vice President and Treasurer Francis X.  
Flannery has saved \$96.96 by sleeping with  
their wives instead of expensive call girls.

SUFFOLK JOURNAL

"... Roll me in designer sheets. I'll never get enough."  
- BLONDIE

"The best fuckin' paper we've ever read ..."  
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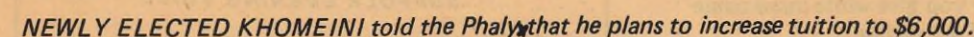
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Articles and opinions expressed in the Suffolk Phalynx are none of your fuckin' business.

Published under duress and run under  
the influence of SEX, DRUGS and  
ROCK N' ROLL.  
Printed from the basement of STAN'S MASSAGE  
PARLOR

Letters To The Editor will be incinerated  
to help heat the Ridgeway Lane Building  
or left in the restrooms as toilet fodder.



**KHOMEINI:** Once I become Suffolk University President I want everybody to refer to me as President Ayatollah.



Other additions include a running track to be built on the site of the old House of Representatives and a regulation size hockey rink in the old confines of the State House Library.



# Ex-porn queen does it one more time



SEX KITTEN ALICE WHO LEE likes to munch out after a "hard" day's work.



ONE DISGUSTED VIEWER leaves the theater after a mere five minutes of Who Lee's new film.

by Bob Carpet

Most Suffolk Journal arts reporters leave the office with quizzical looks on their faces after being informed that they can't review x-rated flicks. This sanction has disillusioned many good young perverts and also caused trench coat sales in the bookstore to drop off.

Finally some of the staff began wondering why their oriental editor, Alice Who Lee, was so adamant in her stand against sex films. After all she lives in Watertown, has been to Lynn once, and used to get drunk with Jerry Lamb. Why the change?

Well, one night while on a popcorn survey of local movie houses, reporters Jeff Putnam and Frank Conte ended up in the Pussycat Cinema. Taking some time out from savoring the hot, wet bulges between their legs (the boxes of buttered popcorn!) they occasionally glanced at the screen. All of the sudden Conte gasped and Putnam began to whack him on the back. "Look at the birdie, Frank, look at the birdie," Putnam exclaimed, trying to get Conte to look up. "What the hell are you doing, I'm not choking, look at the screen." And look Putnam did.

On the screen were numerous bodies writhing around on a paper covered wooden floor. That was expected in a sex flick. But those walls, those typewriters, Don Jones.

Don Jones! That room has to be the Journal office. He's always in the Journal office. Here he was in the middle of a stag film folding and addressing Journals. But wait, look on the floor. Look at that girl on the bottom. See the permed hair, count all of those freckles, it's, it's... Alice Who Lee! Oh my God!

Stunned, shocked, on the verge of fainting, Conte and Putnam watched the

film seven more times, stopped in the men's room, and left. They intended on confronting their editor and getting, rather, bringing things to a head.

Unable to deny the obvious, Ms. Lee admitted everything. Asked about Don Jones Lee said he wouldn't leave until Joe Reppucci got his Journal, so they shot around him.

But why, how, could our Arts Queen also be a Porno Queen? It was a sad story. Back in February Alice bet on a Suffolk basketball game, Suffolk girls vs. Bryant. Alice took Suffolk and forty-four points, but the girls lost by forty-five. Now Alice, who doesn't usually gamble, went for a bath on this one. She put her whole savings of \$26.95 on Suffolk and, as gambler's often say, she ate the big one.

The story gets gloomier. She had the money, but in an effort to recoup her losses she backed Paul Pappas in a pinball game, blowing all of her money. When the bookies came around, alas, poor Alice was broke. They offered her one way out, either make a porno film or they'd straighten out her hair. The decision wasn't difficult. Alice agreed to star in the now famous porno film DEEP AUDITORY CANAL, in which the heroine is a young college student who can only reach orgasm by cleaning her ears with Q-Tips.

Alice was ashamed and did her best to hide the facts of her film career. She did change her name in the film to Maria Girvin so no one would recognize her and then she placed the now famous ban on reviewers, in the hope that she wouldn't be seen.

Ms. Lee does intend to capitalize on all of her exposure by doing a sequel, ROSIE DOES RIDGEWAY. This film will center on the fantasies of a journalism major who intends to make it with an editor in every room of the university.

## Looking for a date? Look here and rate!

by Sada Masochism,  
Cass Tration,  
Elliot P. Ness,  
and Dick Long

Looking for a prom date? Need a semi-warm body for a quick affair? Want to exchange gold necklaces with someone who has a hairy chest? Girls that means you too. Well, guys and gals, fret no more. Sada, Cass, Elliot, and Dick have mapped out a Date-and-Rate Service, guaranteed in writing on the ice.

Located on campus with off-campus hours, this service gives students a unique opportunity to become involved and active in student affairs. For the low, low price of your first born right-handed child, you can enroll in this service. Located in the spacious Beacon Yearbook Office, applicants will be thoroughly examined by staff members and electronically tested for strength, durability, input and output.

Here is a sampling of our clientele:

Joseph Guirlio. Medium build, brown, curly hair and brown eyes. Former APO president and reigning ping-pong champion.

Joe is looking for a small girl with lots of experience in the back of a bus. Joe hopes for a shy, timid, girl who puts up a fight, but not a big one. Joe is into singing (Hey ladie ladie ladie, Hey ladie ladie lo), zippers, and paddles. Joe requests that his date not be overly aggressive because he is. No female rapists or APO brothers need apply.

Angelo Pappas. Over six feet tall, slight five o'clock shadow, and of Greek nationality. Brown hair and eyes, and curly eyelashes.

Angelo is also an APO brother, and likes ball bearings. He is a big spender on a date, and will spring for at least three games of pinball and a McDonald's "happy meal." Will sleep anywhere if necessary, usually on a broken couch. Could use company.

Angelo likes the shy, retiring type. Anyone with glasses and an endless supply of Mazola is welcome. She must also be adventurous and willing to go to any lengths to get what she wants. Will not refuse applications from APO brothers.

The Phi Sigma Sigma sorority. Various sizes, shapes, and different color hair. Wears all the latest designer fashions, and they are constantly broke because they spend their money on clothes and men.

These women are looking for men, men, and more men. They are also willing to exchange designer jeans with these men, provided the fit is a little tight.

Bookworms, easy going, nice men need not apply. Men who are into themselves and have lots of money, or lots of body are welcome.

Barry "Don Law, I-like-Robin-Lane" Dynice. Built like a tank and never fails to push his bulk around. Current Station manager of WSFR. Blonde hair, and hazel eyes, usually wearing expensive three piece suits to show off his position.

Barry likes any type of women, provided they are not women's basketball players. Barry extorts money from timid female disc jockeys, and sexual favors from aggressive curly haired female disc jockeys. Likes punk rock and women punks in general.

He is usually found at the WSFR office, punching out Mark Rizza because "Rizza is a whimp." He is a good listener as long as one speaks slowly and in two syllable words. Likes Hungarian films and true classic celluloids about Nazi atrocities and living dead.

Ann Hobin. Measures 16-16-16 by 16. Blonde hair and "hearts-a-flutter" voice. Ann smiles and gushes when asked if blondes have more fun. Journal Editor-in-Chief.

Our information on Ms. Hobin is very limited, but men stutter and swoon when she passes in the hallways. Her boyfriend can only say two words about her: "OH BOY."

Ann is looking for aggressive men under five feet, seven inches. Anyone with connections at the New York Times is very welcome to apply. She also likes moustaches, but that is optional. Any ex-Journal news editor from this year is very welcome to explore the possibilities of news-making events.

Michael, "TKE's the Balls," Ardagna.



TOMMY KEAVENY is half of "the couple of the year", united by the Beacon Yearbooks' Date-and-Rate Service.

Brown hair and eyes. Thinks he's the American Giggolo. His personality runs parallel to Steve Martin's character role, The Jerk. Mike is lonely. He likes being told just how nice he is.

He is looking for a girl who: 1) likes him as much as he does, 2) likes sex as much as he does, and is willing to spend many long hours at night with him, (Early sleepers need not apply, he is down right insulting to them.)

Mike is very tall, but that fact is not apparent because the gold he wears weighs him down. (His chest hairs are not real, only pasted on.)

William Sutherland, SGA President. Is not as handsome as his father, but cute anyway. His phone extension (322) is always busy, but Sutherland encourages female student bodies to play doctor with him in the SGA office on his two examining tables (alias couches).

Bill will also take on many women at the same time because his schedule is very busy. In fact, Bill prefers two-on-one. He is looking for a nice girl with a good smile. Women with political connections are preferred, but he will also go for the buck\$\$\$\$\$.

Amy Scarborough. Cute as a button, and the personality of Xaviera Hollander. With her pig-tails and rosy apple cheeks, you'd swear she was the spitting image of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, but catch her at a Delta party and you'll swear she's Linda Lovelace.

Amy is looking for a deep meaningful relationship with a man, preferably over six feet tall. "I've never done it with anyone over five foot seven inches," she says. Anyone who looks like Dan Murnane

and wears velour is welcome. (Also into whips and chains and bestiality.)

Maryanne Conroy. SGA representative and female Clark Kent of the Randolph Times. Likes truck drivers and preppie clothes.

Maryanne has curly brown hair and classic Irish looks. However, she has a hang-up about Catholic schools and wearing a uniform 12 years of her life. That's why she wears preppie clothes. She does have some chuckles in her when she gets shit-faced, er, drunk and relates Fontbonne Academy stories. Anyone interested in muck-raking and sharing religious experiences is welcome.

Tim Kearney. Tall, dark, handsome and station manager of WSUB TV. Likes to have his face rearranged by basketball players. Very kinky.

Tim likes anything connected with film. He rubs his body in it every night and has won top pornography awards for his tastefully done documentaries on various Chinese positions. He is studying to become a lawyer so he can bail himself out of court for pandering.

Tim is into alcohol. Get him drunk and he'll follow you anywhere, especially to Northeastern dormitories. He likes adventure and will not remember anything done to him or who he was with on Friday nights. Tim is Barry's roommate. If Tim does not find his way home from Bunratty's or any apartment on Huntington Ave., Barry calls area hospitals and police stations.

The Date-and-Rate Service is open to all members of the University; administrators and staff personnel are welcome. Many top University officials have taken advantage of the service. SEE RATE A DATE page 8



# Fulham to "name" gym

by Pati Cakes

The Journal has learned that the \$300 tuition hike effective during the 1980-81 season will not be the cause of faculty adjustments and increased heating costs, but due to a surprise proposal handed down from the Board of Trustees to construct Suffolk's first gymnasium.

According to President Thomas Fulham, "the construction of the site will cost \$750,000 to \$1 million. Once the tuition is raised, \$300 of it should remain stable for several years after, so don't worry about any future increases for awhile."

As to the location of the site, Fulham said, "We're working on it. It will definitely be within walking distance of Suffolk."

Athletic Director James Nelson said, "I almost shit when I found out the good news. I mean, who the hell expected this. Tommy really is a hell of a guy after all."

Included in the Boards proposal will be a basketball court for Suffolk home games, squash and racketball courts; a weight lifting room including a universal machine, two-300 lb. York weight sets, and two-80 lb. sand filled punching bags. The second floor will consist of tennis courts and a gymnastic room.

Fulham said, "The boys and I felt that before my departure from the university, I should leave the students with a little gift which might help them remember me."

Just what prompted the Board to take such actions like this? "Several attempts were made to burn my portrait in the Presidents Conference Room. I suppose the students were trying to tell me something. I have decided to name the gymnasium, the Thomas Fulham Gymnasium of Boston. Mind you, the only reason I'm planning this gym is for the sake of the students, not my sake!!!"

## ... Fondling

continued from page one

both arms and pulled muscles in my fingers just trying to swat the little beggars away." Farren said it will give the men a good chance to target shoot.

However, students and the Capitol Police are worried by this new turn of events.

"I was just walking up to one of my favorite journalism classes when this cop pulled out his weapon, you know, his gun. He looked straight at my chest and yelled 'God, they're alive!' The next thing I knew, he was frisking me with his gun. It was wild. I guess I'll have to wear a bra and bullet proof vest up to Mal's class. I'll have to get a rapist to protect me from these guys," commented Merry Champagne.

Several members of the Phi Alpha Tau fraternity have had run-ins with the police in the past, but do not plan on future

meetings. "Shit, man. These Dream Police come down to the frat office and pet their guns while looking at our Playboy posters. We've taken them down now. But did this stop them from harrassing us? No. Now they come down and hold us up at gunpoint and demand to know where we hid the pictures."

The Capitol police had no comment. They only stared blankly in front of themselves and did not move a muscle. They could have been dead for all the activity they had in them. Several were wearing a TKE target button pinned over their heart.

Soon-to-be-forced-to retire President Thomas A. Fulham only had one sentence to say about the acquisition of guns. "I guess we won't be having anymore strikes."



GUINEA PIG MOANS and struggles while lifting invisible 500 lb. weight.

## ... Rate a date

continued from page seven

Take the instance of Dr. Dicky "Stud" Priess. He came to us with a request for 10 exotic belly dancers. Although we told "Stud" that this request would be a little difficult, it would not be impossible. Fortunately, Elliot had dated the entire Suffolk underground belly dancers organization last semester, and from his brilliant recommendations, "Stud" Priess was able to get his request. He then took a week off to recuperate from exhaustion.

Or the case of Dean Michael (007) Ronayne. He was looking for a girl that would sharpen pencils, and that was into hondo glue.

This seemed like a rather simple request, but then he added that she would also have to help him dress in the morning. That's where the task became a little difficult, but Ronayne was firm and explained that his mother had been dressing him since birth but she had recently stopped, telling him he was old enough now to do it himself. Ronayne did not agree.

But after scrutinizing many applicants we did find one that would also help clothe the dean.

Another happy couple our service helped unite is Danny Doherty and Tommy Keaveny. They were a perfect match, and the SGA is seriously considering electing them as "The Couple of the Year." AC and DC, as they're affectionately called by their friends, have never been seen separately since our service united them. Tom came to us looking for a person to share in all his SGA experiences with the stipulation that his partner would have to be equally as handsome, but must not exceed his own impeccable good looks. We did not have to search very far. When Dan walked into our office, it was love at first sight.

But don't just take our word for it, come down to the Beacon and apply yourself. Anyone of our capable staff members will be more than happy to "try you out." So don't be a stranger; drop in. Bring photo, resume, and list of ex-lovers, so we can suit you with a mystery date. But, come early, if you want to avoid the Commencement Ball rush.

## ... SGA

continued from page one

Freshman Class Representative Maureen Duggan. "I think we worked very hard on SGA and did some meaningful stuff that shouldn't be erased. What about my library bookmark committee? It will go right down the tubes without me!"

The two newest of the former SGA members who filled vacancies last month, Senior Class Representative Mary Lyons and Sophomore Class President Thomas Quinn, said they were least affected by the mass expulsion.

"I've only been on SGA a few years," said Lyons, "and I'm graduating in a few more. What do I care if the SGA falls apart? I only ran in the first place because all my friends were on it and I had nothing better to do on Tuesdays than go to boring, awful SGA meetings. Frankly, I'm glad I got kicked off. I probably would have quit soon anyway."

"I hadn't really gotten into the heavy reality of SGA," said Quinn. "So I won't really miss something I never had in the first place."

Special elections for all classes will be held next Thursday during the activities period. Voting will take place in the cafeteria."

## WANTED

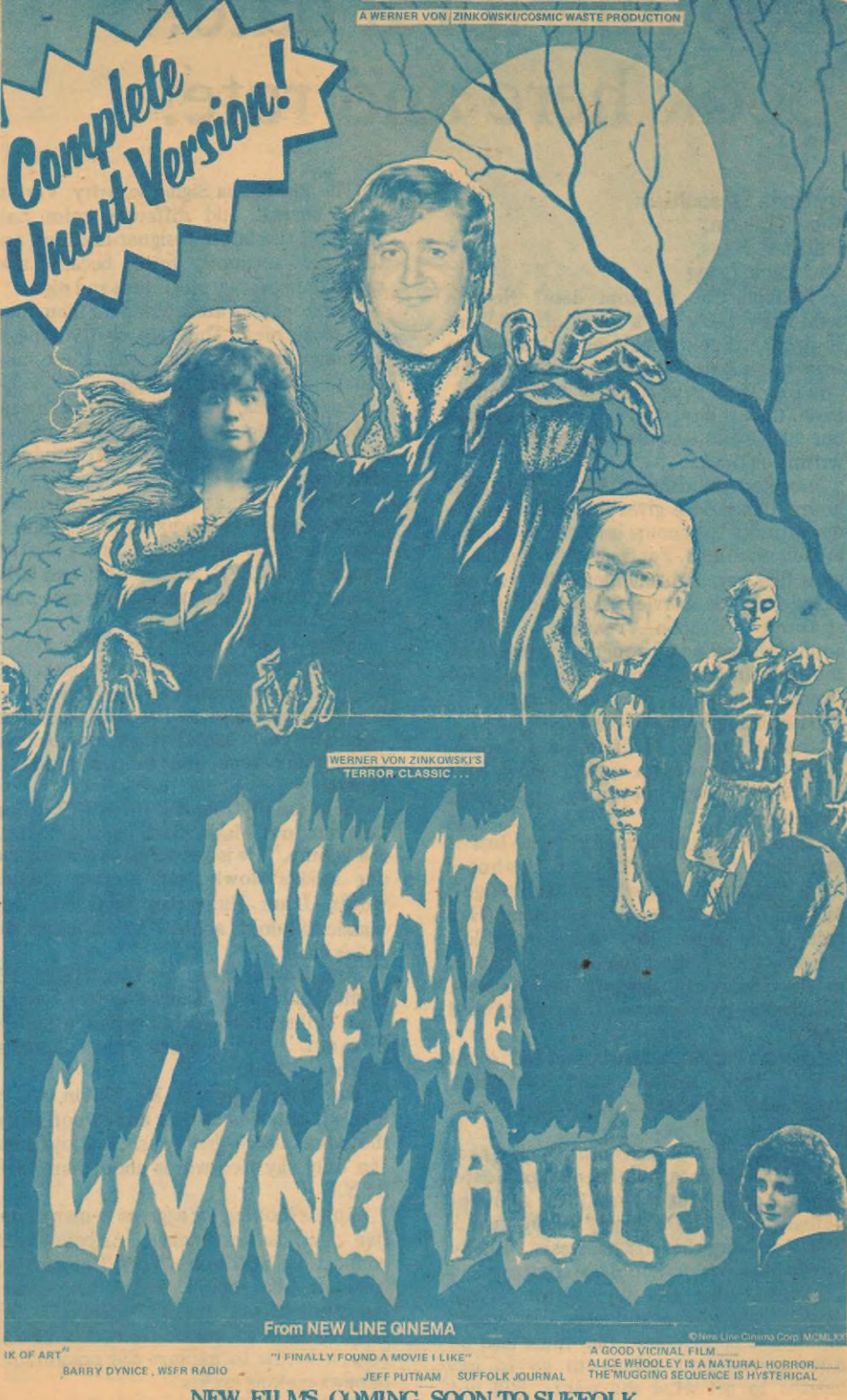
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BARRY DYNICE, WSRF RADIO

JEFF PUTNAM SUFFOLK JOURNAL

ALICE WHOOLEY IS A NATURAL HORROR...  
THE MUGGING SEQUENCE IS HYSTERICAL

NEW FILMS COMING SOON TO SUFFOLK  
INCLUDE: Alberto Mendez in SOUTH-AMERICAN GIGOLO