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Dear Breth:

My boyfriend Roger and I have been dating for over two years now and we've always enjoyed a happy, normal relationship. On our last date, however, he tied me to the back seat of his car and covered my body with the special sauce from a BIG MAC, then while dressed as Ronald McDonald he molested me. Last night he called me up and asked me out for our usual Saturday night date. After I said yes, he replied, “Good. I just bought two hundred pounds of jello and a vacuum cleaner.” I love him very much and don’t know what to do. How Far Should I Go?

Dear “How Far Should I Go?”

Don’t worry, simply write to this newspaper for our free pamphlet, “How to Kinky and Avoid Lower Back Pain.”

Dear Breth:

I am 18 years old and mother won't buy me a car. She says I'm too young and that there's plenty of time.

Steve

Dear Steve:

You'll just have to be patient. In the meantime try wearing your underwear backwards.

Dear Breth:

Several nights ago my boyfriend Bobby and I had planned to go to the movies. Rather than have him pick me up I decided to drop by his house early and surprise him. When I did, I found him running around the house dressed in his mother’s clothes and playing Doris Day albums. When I ran out of the house crying he yelled, “There’s nothing wrong with being ‘bi’.” Confused

Dear Confused:

So the name he calls you up tell him good ‘bi’.

Dear Breth:

I have been going out with the same girl for two years. We are really in love. I'm seven years old, and she is sixty-two. Our relationship is really beautiful except for one thing. She told me yesterday that she doesn't want to get married. She wants us to live together and grow herbs. But I'm allergic to herbs! What should I do?

Weed

Dear Weed:

Eat shit!

Dear Breth:

My boyfriend broke up with me last night. He said he couldn't make love to someone who only had three toes. I lost the other seven in a lawnmower accident when I was fourteen. They never grew back. I tried to tell him that those would not affect our relationship, but he doesn't believe me. I really want him back, but I'm afraid that if he ever does come back to me, he will leave me for good when he finds out that I have three breasts.

Unconfused

Dear Unconfused:

I tell a hah aha hah hah ha hah!

Dear Breth:

On the Lambs

Our chief hooker has been dating for over two years now, and we've always enjoyed a happy, normal relationship. On our last date, however, he tied me to the back seat of his car and covered my body with the special sauce from a BIG MAC, then while dressed as Ronald McDonald he molested me. Last night he called me up and asked me out for our usual Saturday night date. After I said yes, he replied, “Good. I just bought two hundred pounds of jello and a vacuum cleaner.” I love him very much and don’t know what to do. How Far Should I Go?

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I Came Back
An unidentified person claimed the title of "missing Lindbergh baby" last night while appearing on a national television show.

"I am the missing Lindbergh baby," he man said.

The man supports this claim by saying that he can instinctively fly an airplane.

Relative of the man say that they can disprove many many things he has said.

"We've heard this story too many times. We just want him to cut it out," the man's sister said.

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No Parking
A Suffolk student has filed a complaint at the Boston City Hall after his car, which had been parked on Temple St., was towed away by city authorities and crushed.

The student said that he was coming out of the Donahue Building when he saw his car being towed away. He followed the police tow truck to a tow lot in Chelsea where the car was pushed into a machine and smashed.

"When my car came out the other side, it looked like a tin can," the student said. He paid a $25 fine before he could take possession of his property.

A Beacon Hill policeman, responding to questions concerning the tow and crush incident, "I just don't know."

Burnt Cookies
The Women's Program Committee will sponsor a seminar next Thursday at 1:00 in Room F-731 entitled "Presenting Cookies with Flair."

"Aunt Betty," hostess of an afternoon's women's program on a local television station, will give a brief talk on "Cleaning Your Pans After You've Burnt Your Cookies."

"The seminar will provide adequate information for any interested person who would like to know the basic essentials in serving cookies and pouring coffee for any social function ranging from political rallies to wedding showers," a spokesperson for the Women's Committee said.

This seminar is first in a series of women's programs which will occur during Thursday activities.

Take Pity on the Cripple Kid
A Congressional investigation is underway concerning an alleged illegal campaign contribution to presidential hopeful George Wallace.

The report, leaked to a member of the Congressional Committee on Campaign Contributions, stated that an undisclosed amount of money had been given to the Wallace campaign chairman by a national surgical supply corporation.

The surgical supply corporation, the report stated, had allegedly contributed to the campaign fund under the stipulation that the corporation would get the contract to put wheelchair ramps in the White House if Wallace was elected president.

A spokesman for Wallace said, "As far as we know, the White House has adequate wheelchair ramps."

University President Dr. Howard "Howie" Cheetham said that the day has finally come in which the massive space problem has been greatly facilitated with this edifice which will house both the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences and the College of Business Administration.

Features of the $1.5 million project include 40 closets, a 50-seat auditorium and 225 faculty "cubbyholes."

Workmen put the finishing touches on the building last night as 15 oxygen tanks and masks were inserted.

The first "floating" school building opened this morning as Suffolk University undergraduates "floated" to classes at their new "Charles River" complex.

The building, completed last week at a cost of $10 million, contains seven stories and is supported by a 156-foot diameter rubber raft, constructed by "Hot-Air Systems, Inc." of Washington, D.C.

The building will move at an average of 25.4 yards per hour, and is due to be located in the Azores in a few months (pending ocean currents and wind patterns).

As part of the "Student Exchange Program" between the Soviet Union and the United States, Suffolk University undergraduates took off today from Logan Airport to pursue studies in Moscow.

The first educational institution on the move was officially opened today as Suffolk University undergraduates "floated" to classes on opening day.

Despite the roomy surroundings, students are disgruntled. They feel that the long-lasting "space problem" has not been alleviated. One student pointed out that three classes were already overcrowded and that students were bumping into each other in mid-air in the corridors.
I like you," I said to myself as I combed my hair in the mirror. I wanted to tell me I love you, but I don't want me to get the wrong idea. It mean, if I told me that, I might think it alright to shit on myself because I would think me could get away with it. And I couldn't have that.

"You're a damn good writer," I boasted instead.

"Yeah, right. I know."

"You should probably do more of it, though," I continued. "Don't forget — Bill Ruthless wants to see that novel you're supposed to be working on."

"Did you tell him about that?" I asked.

"No, you did," I offered.

"Oh.""Oh?"

"Yeah, oh. Like oh me, oh you," I said snidely.

"Well, don't get upset.

"Oh, I'm sorry, but I just really haven't recovered from that party I gave for the slobs on the Journal.

"Well. I haven't either. You know.

"Yeah, but I think the whole affair was worth it. Don't you?"

me asked.

"How do you figure?"

"How do I figure? Did you hear what Mark Rutgers said when me asked him if he had a good time?"

"Oh yeah. 'Cobb, this is the best party I've ever been to. You're the greatest!' Now I know that, and you know that, but it was a pisser to hear it from someone like him."

"You mean because he's editor of the Journal?"

"No. Anyone can be editor, even I'm an editor."

"Well, why?"

"Because he can get it every night. He's married."

"Oh.

"And how about Phallic Santoro. He said that I was the smoothest babysitter since Hugh Hefner."

"That's true."

"Yeah, I know."

"I mean it was such a pisser feeling so hot, everyone come up to me and tell me how really pisser me and I am."

"Well, you gonna have another one?" I asked hesitantly.

"I don't know. I mean I don't know whether to have another one right away or to keep all those that now," I said. "It's too late to meet him for the first time.

"I know, I know, but I've got a plan.

"What's that?"

"Rock said he wants his sister to marry a doctor. So I figure if I can graduate from here by 1984 I'll only be 34, and then..."

by Cobb Farr

"I think my ass is asleep!"
swinging new trustees

After months of pressure from alumni, students, and faculty, the Board of Trustees of Suffolk University have finally elected two new Trustees, both over 100 years old. The new Board members are also members of minority groups. Suffolk students, in particular, have been applying pressure for months for a few younger faces on the Board. Their demands have finally been met.

The installation of the new members took place last Friday evening at the Parker House in Boston, where a dinner was given in honor of the new appointees. This reporter was allowed to interview both new members during and after the black-tie affair.

Bigh Sku Chobe, the first new Trustee, is of Asian extraction. She explained to the Board that this was a la bottle for her apertif, but Vice President Flannery hastily explained to the Board that this was not the case. President Flannery hastily explained to the Board that this was not the case.

Several eyebrows were raised when Bigh Sku calmly ordered milk as a bottle for her apertif, but Vice President Flannery hastily explained to the Board that this was not the case.

The authorities are still searching where the prevailing westerlies are being held as suspects by university security. Innane believes that there are possibly three people involved in this alleged clandestine operation.

An undisclosed source, however, said that Archibald Rowe had failed in most other professions and that the FBI recently set up his grandson in this sinecure for lack of other employment. We have no way of confirming this.

Archibald, indeed, denies this. "I think I can relate well to the Trustees," he commented. "Of course, some things that go on bore me. Many times I nod out during meetings, although some of the ideas and attitudes are dissimilar. I have impressed with his basic concern for student needs."

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Rams Nip Stubborn Scurvey, 203-32

by Tony Pungillo

Hey, over here. Let's get right to the point. You shoulda seen it. No, better than that — you shoulda stayed at home and watched "Almost Anything Goes" on the tube at eight. Or you coulda went to Sully's and feasted on a plate of home-made potatoes-and-eggs. Anything woulda been more exciting than to witness the gargantuan rout of the Rams' 203-32 conquest over the ill-ridden Scurvy College, last night in Cambridge.

"The boys played well," exclaimed the estatic Rams perennial basketball head hoop coach mentor Charlie Flaw. "But winning isn't everything. More importantly, I try to teach my boys to develop a team spirit and mental appreciation for the game. That's why we carefully go over directions to the Cambridge YMCA before every practice. And now we all know how to dress ourselves in the locker room without getting too 'high-schoolish' about it. I'm proud of them. They're a good bunch of boys."

All right, so they're all shaping up to roundball dean Red Aurabach's standards, okay? So last night the boys from Beacon Hill showed the Scurvy quintet that they're no lemons.

The score? The outset of this disaster was 0-0. Scurvy showed excellent poise at this point in the game, holding the Rams scoreless for the first six seconds. They the bombing began.

Leading the Rams attack was none other than the 7'11" Puerto Rican-Beacon Bobby Far-Far Out. Clad in 16" platforms (that surely Bombing began.

The buzzer proves too much for Donovan Belittled. bit) and a blue-and-gold black leather jacket. Far-Far-Out humped and hustled throughout the contest (which was no contest) collecting 16 field goals, 12 caroms, eight assists and two cheerleaders. Truly a stud in a posture of young fillies. Chris "the Crucifier" Tritos added a dozen from the floor as well as 12 from the charity stripe, and three more from the bench during half-time while no one was watching. Tritos showed why he is a three-time winner of the NCAA Division III 'player of the week' by slipping the UPI reporter a saw buck.

Captain John Howareya, playin' in much the same fashion as his perennial idol Ernie D. from P.C., twisted and turjied in a style similar to Far-Far-Out's cousin Vinnie's sister down on LaGrange St. Howareya poured 10 shots and a quart of Gatorade through the strings for 22 points.

High man for the team was Steve Baretta, with a record 48 points and seven joints for his most productive night of the campaign. Baretta was instrumental defensively for the Rams, locking up the lane and drawing two Scurvys for assault with deadly elbows.

Pat Cryan was hurtin' for certain all night. Cryan was unproductive throughout the game and finally fed the fry at 10:45 to hit the packy for a quick six before they closed.

A near-catastrophe developed at the game's end when Far-FarOut and Donovan Belittled pulled switch blades on a sports photographer for taking their pictures. "Sheeet," explained Belittled, "I thought he was from Roxbury District Court or sumpfin'." The sucker scared the shit out of us," confessed Far-Far Out. "We didn't know that was gain' down."

Assistant perennial mentor Gym Nelson commented on the game after the game. "It was a great game. Lookit, can you guys get the intramural standings in the journal this week? Oh, by the way, softball rosters are now being accepted in the athletic office. Can you get that in the journal, too? Hey, thanks."

When asked about the game's lopsidedness, Public Relations Director Lou Cornball quipped, "Well, I'll tell ya. There were so many turnovers in the game, I thought I was in a bakery." Hey, did you see Don Gillis over there? C'mon, I'll introduce ya. How ya doin', anyways?"

It was a game to forget about. So forget about it. I'll say what I said before at the beginning of the story. This reporter shoulda went to Sully's. Pass the gnocchi.

Coach Flaw Eyes Japanese Import

It's official! Suffolk University can now boast of a letter of intent from that Japanese basketball ace, Hege-Um-Py. Just think, the rising Sun's high school MVP for three consecutive seasons will soon be studying in the shadow of our Beacon Chambers.

In an exclusive interview with the Associated Press, exclusive because only AP could find Hege out in that hog of a rice paddy where he works, Hege freely discussed the reasons for his decision.

AP — "What made you decide to make such a big move?"

Hege — "Oh that . . . sorry . . . just scrape your shoe on that rock.

Later that day . . . "Anyway, I sorted through all the junk mail and I just still shoulda started a letter from Mr. Charlie Flaw. Let me read you some of it. "Hege . . . I am interested in you. I am interested in your future. I am interested in your future in our honorable country. Yeah . . . he goes on like that for a while."

AP — "But why didn't you choose a school a little closer to your home?"

Perennial basketball head hoop coach mentor Charlie Law in a mild-mannered pose.

Japanese fishing village of Tippin, Hege's high school coach and the village secretary/cokk stood in the Public Hut School. His screams echoed within the bamboo walls. . . .

"No, you stupid woman, 5 comes before 6 is when we measure with deadly elbows."

The secretary/cokk . . . could only surmise impliably, "Gee, I hope Mr. Flaw is as amused by our way of measuring as you seem to be!"

Coach replied knowingly, "Oh yes, dear, Mr. Flaw will do just fine. After all he works for Suffolk and at Suffolk their motto is "We make a little go a long way . . . Why Have you ever seen where the cheerleaders practice?"
Good Sports in Action

Why is Elyse Wolfman smiling? Bobby Far-Far Out tries to drive home a point.

the nicest set of S's on Beacon Hill.

"I'll show you mine if you show me yours."

Nurse's office plagued by dysentery victims.

Watch my...
A Child's Garden of Leprosy

"I don't see why we can't do a tasteful series about a family of lepers in French Polynesia." Norwin Shear, boy-wonder sitcom star, intones at his desk in velour lounging pajamas and pink suede Earth Shoes discussing his latest effort, a thirteen-part mini-series "in the tradition of Rich Man, Poor Man." The show will follow the Bolajamu family through three generations as they migrate from island to island each time, drawing closer to Tahiti and the corrupting influence of Western society. In the series pilot, Michelene Bolajamu is lost at sea on her way to the flesh-eating colony and becomes the first human interaction will overshadow the shocking aspects of the show," Shear said. "What we're trying to do is show how people use humor and compassion to overcome adverse circumstances. The critics have made a stink about the fact that there were three murders, two volcanoes, a sea storm and a rape in the pilot. What can I tell you? You've got to get the audience's attention with the first show. You're competing with Starsky and Hutch. You've got to make an impression." The second show deals with Simon #2's efforts to help a group of quadriplegics by making a leaky boat. Shear said that the basic theme of this segment is racism. Simon #1 refuses to sell the group tar to repair their craft, despite the urgings of his son. The problem is solved when the senior Bolajamu's head falls into the bay. The producer points proudly to the fact that there is only one murder and one seasick in the second program, though there is considerably more lechery. "We have to remember that these are primitive people," said Shear. "And primitive people feel around a lot. I mean, it's natural with them. They don't have our hang-ups about sex." Asked if he intended to film on location, Shear said yes, the series would be filmed on location at the old Gulligan's Island set. "Our budget doesn't allow for screwing around in Polynesia. Besides, the French inter-island government wasn't too crazy about having an American film crew poking around in one of its leper colonies." The producer doesn't feel that the show's credibility will be hurt by the fact that everyone in his cast is Irish and has red hair and green eyes. "Hey," he said. "When did you ever see a Chinese Charlie Chan? You think James Caan and Henry Winkler are Italian? I think it's kind of a nice touch, using Irish people to play Polynesians. Lends sort of a universal appeal to the whole project. Besides, there are a lot of big-nosed Samoans in the Bay Area where I live. I wouldn't want to offend any of them." As for future plans, Shear said that he's always thought that a really fine comedy could be done about quadruplegics. "It would have to be handled with taste," said the producer as he flipped the keys to his air-conditioned Bentley. "It shouldn't be cheap or exploitative. Know what I mean?"

The Truth About Orphan Annie

by Eldritch Gorm

"It took serious scholarship to discover at last the full extent of Orphan Annie's drug problem. For years the true significance of those blank little eyes had been overlooked. Clearly the kid was stoned out of her mind." E. Tromp Pfarrmigan, Ph.D., author of the celebrated new academic sensation Fear and Loathing in the Funny Papers, sat back in his English Dept. office and expelled a smoke from a meerschaum. Above his desk hung portraits of the two men he feels most influenced his university career: Matthew Arnold and Irwin Corey. "The connection, of course, was Warhucks," he added. "Harold Gray's nightmarish vision even included the dog. Recent studies have suggested he was seeing eye, but if you look closely at the strip you can tell he wasn't a dog at all. He was a large dirty sheep who wanted to be a dog." Pfarrmigan, one of the most respected professors of American Studies and popular culture in the college community, continues to break imaginative new ground interpreting for us "the Human Condition." It will be remembered that Pfarrmigan was the first, in his well-known critical essay "Love and Death in Captain Kangaroo," to reveal the sadomasochistic tendencies of Mr. Green Jeans; and, more recently, Pfarrmigan's seminal work Phallic Imagery in "Dick and Jane" showed once and for all the urban savagery of the modern primer. "It's nice to be known," admitted the silver-haired sage. "For a long time I was utterly ignored. You know — academia is a clutched profession. But when I achieved tenure with the publication of my study of the roots of investigative journalism ("Woodward, Bernstein and Our Weekly Reader") — (ed.), — I was totally unrecognized as a truly one of its own. The students love me, naturally; you should see the enrollment for Dr. Surr and the American Idea 101." Immaculate in leatherette and tweed, Pfarrmigan pressed tobacco into the bowl of his pipe with one learned finger. Although age advances him, he stays resolutely in style; his hair is combed carefully forward from the nape of his neck, and in compensation for the thinness on top he sports jaunty sideburns by the size of tea sandwiches. "But the real coup in Fear and Loathing is my examination of the feminist conspiracy in Yogi Bear. Yogi is obviously depicted as the male domestic, poking around those picnic baskets the way he does all the time. And he is constantly accompanied by a child (incompetently clearly labelled an accident of failed birth control) Boo-Boo." Pfarrmigan leapt to his feet with characteristic energy, seized a volume from his capacious shelves and struck off for the auditorium. It was his day to give a dramatic reading from The Crimestopper's Textbook.
An Educational Cliff Hanger

by Patty Fantasy

One of the greatest inventions known to college students is being denied to those patronizing Suffolk's bookstore. This invention is known as the "outline." An outline summarizes certain publications assigned by the English department. This saves the student many precious moments of reading the texts and allows him to put the time towards more important things, such as learning how much beer he can consume before passing out or the mechanics of rolling a joint.

For example, if one were reading Dostoyevsky's Crime and Punishment and wanted to discover what happens to Raskolnikov, he would have to read 546 pages in the novel. In the outline he can easily turn to the page marked "Epilogue" and two graphs down discover that the character receives only a six-year sentence.

The type used in the outlines is much easier to read than that in many novels. This allows for easy skimming and underlining. When skimming a novel, at times the print is so small that words run together and are difficult to comprehend. The print in the outlines is large and spaced far enough apart to be skimmed with a flashlight, which prevents eyestrain.

Any student knows when he marks a book, the underlining has a tendency to become tangled because the lines do not come between words. Not only do outlines provide this space, but lavishily provide it between paragraphs, too.

These wonderful time-saving devices can also save a tuition payer from spending countless, useless hours in over-crowded, over-heated classrooms. One goes to an English class and falls asleep listening to the professor ramble on for 15-30 minutes before he makes a point about the current work. Then one must restate himself sufficiently to mentally digest the information and scribble it down.

For 30 minutes three times a week, this can be nerve-wracking; for 75 minutes twice a week, it's a cruel and unusual punishment.

Outlines permit the student to rise above all this. Not only may one provide commentaries analyzing the action more clearly and more concisely than does a professor, they also give an in-depth description of each character in the piece, which is shorter, yet more involved than bits and pieces garnered in class discussions.

As an added bonus, the outlines have one thing the educators never share. They feature examples of possible test questions and their answers. This gives the student an idea of what will be expected of him on an exam and provides him with a writing style and ideas he can copy. One never appreciates this fully until he finds himself leaning over a mid-term with a hangover from partying the night before and having no time to sleep.

Outlines are one of those things which should be immortalized by the college student. Because of this value, they should not be sold in the bookstore, but should be given away freely; one for every $5.00 purchase. This would serve as a goodwill between both parties and help further the students' academic careers.

What's Worse Than Seeing a Roach in Your Sandwich?

"What's for dinner?" asked Charlie, an expression of anticipation flashing across his face.

"Well, it's usually pot luck around here," said Sam. "Ever since they found Suzy in the bread and are difficult to comprehend."

"Why?" asked Charlie. "Are they really that stale?"

"They're OK, I suppose, but they

"Me, too," cried Sam. "Maybe we should lie on our backs for awhile. What do you think Charlie?"

"Charlie!"

Turning his head, Sam saw his companion lying motionless. Moments later, overcome by the pain in his stomach, Sam's legs gave way and he collapsed into a dizzy state of unconsciousness.

Before bringing out the eggs and utensils for the breakfast rush, the heavy set woman stooped down to turn on the fryolator.

"What's wrong?" asked Charlie. "How come you know so much about this place?"

"I was born here," replied Sam. "I'm a Mexicam!"

"'Mex?'" laughed Charlie. "I was born in a Maytag washing machine carton!"

With a grin like a Cheshire cat, Sam asked, "Are you really that lonely?"

"I woke over there!" cried Charlie, pointing towards the edge of the grill.

"What do you think Charlie?"

"What do you think!"

"Me, too," cried Sam. "Maybe we should lie on our backs for awhile. What do you think Charlie?"

"Me, too."
Landmark on Beacon Hill desecrated by vandals.

"The Friendliest shop in town."

"Gimme a pig's foot and a bottle of beer."