Suffolk University Bulletin
College Catalogue Issue 1975-1976
Days • Evenings • Graduate

April 1, 1976
Parody Issue
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 lied to 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 you very much and don’t know what to do. How Far Should I Go?”

Dear “How Far Should I Go?”

Don’t worry, simply reply to this newspaper for our free pamphlet.

“Hoe to Be Kinky and Audacious Lower Back Pain.”

Dear Breth:

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

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 60”.

Dear Confused:

The next time he calls you up tell him good ‘by’.

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?

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 lawn mower accident when I was fourteen. They never grew back. I tried to tell him that the toes 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.

Dear Uncordinated:

Hah hah aha bah bah bah ha ha ha!

Stuffit Journal

Big Shit
Raving Ashhole
Juta Fart
Hat Shit
Dumb Shit
The Trots
Doesn’t Shit
Dog Shit
Dung Fish
Sneaker Fulla Shit
Crap Trap
Heapa Manupa
Slings Shit

Quick Shits

Dabbie Burke
Batty Gatto
Marlyn Coleman
Nannette Collins
Mike Gavino
Fruit Cullen
Brian Donovan
Cheesy Hayes
FunkhouseLancaster

---

Dear Confused:

Joanne Terracce
Mark C. Rogers
Philip Santoro
Brent Marmo
Robert Patrick Michael Carr
Mary C. Buckley
Stephen Corbett
Pock Pesquci
Paul Donovan
Click Gaxin
Patty Fantasia
Brian Walker
Bustin Bill Ruthless

Dear Uncordinated:

Bruno.

Dear Weeds:

Barbara Ochs
Mike McIntrye
Barbara Ochs
Barry Duquette
Johanna Roberts
Sheri Rogers
Rick Saiz
Judy Silverman
Pam Strassen
Paul Troadtaro

---

The Golden Dome
PUB
150 Bowdoin St., Boston
(address from the State House)

Dear Breth:

Pilgrims would be hard pressed to avoid an encounter. Rumor has it that this Hooker is descendent from a long line of Hookers but can this be a justification for such condemned exhibitions? I appeal to the common decency of each member of our community. Please, go to these steps, see for yourself. I promise you’ll see the BIGGEST Hooker you’ve ever imagined. Let us band together against this eyesore. We’ll soon lose all vestiges of Hookers in our fair city.

C.L. Birmingham
Chairperson for
Save Massachusetts
Urbanite Treasures
(3 M U T)
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," the man said.

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

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

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

"Om...

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 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 questioning 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 10:00 in Room F-201 entitled "Presenting Cookies with flair."

"Lift Betty," hostess of an after-mass's women's program on a local television station, will give a brief talk on "Choosing Your Pants. 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 service:

"I'll gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today."

by Aai Seyen
One of the charges made in last fall's "Suffolk Providence protest" was that undergraduates were being slowly moved off the campus of this very true; would we see news articles such as these in the future? Before a gathering of some 400 alumni, students, faculty, and residents, the Suffolk University administration today dedicated its new seven-level Ridgeway Lane Building.

University President Dr. Howard Howse Cheetham said that the building 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 Science and the College of Business Administration.

Features of the $1.5 million project include 40 classrooms, a 38-seat auditorium and 225 faculty "cub-holes."

Workers put the finishing touches on the building last night as 15 oxygen tanks and masks were in-
molled.

The first "floating" school building opened this morning as Suffolk University undergraduates swam 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 130-foot diameter rubber raft, constructed by "Hot-Air Systems, Inc." of Washington, D.C. The building will move at an average of 24.5 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 moon was officially opened today as Suffolk University undergraduates "flattened" classes on opening day. Despite the empty surroundings, students are dismayed. 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.
malden 2 plus 3

by Cobb Farr

"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 didn't want me to get the wrong idea. (I mean, if I told me that I might think it outright is 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 lied off instead.

"Yeah, right I know. You should probably do a lot more of it, though," I continued. "Don't forget Illinium wants to see that novel you're supposed to be working on.

"Did you tell me about that?" me asked.

"No, you did," I offered.

"Oh?" "Yeah, oh. Like oh me, oh my." me said similarly.

"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 Rogers said when me asked him if he had a good time?"

"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 pinner to hear it from someone like him."

"You're right 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 Phyllis Santos. She said that I was the smartest honkey since Hugh Hefner."

"That's true."

"Yeah, I know."

"I mean it was such a pinner feeling to have everyone come up to me and tell me how really pinner me and I am."

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

"I don't know. I mean I don't know who she has to have another one right away or to keep all those schmucks waiting around for it. I'm not easy, you know."

"I know, I know."

"Hey, what's for dinner anyway?" me inquired.

"Well, there's a couple of six packs in the fridge."

"I can't drink two sixes. I can't even drink one six."

"But you're supposed to be a big drinker," I insisted.

"Nah. I just act that way around Rock Murphed. When we go to the bar I pour me beer into his glass. Sometimes I just sneak it into the head and pour it in the sink. That pseudo Bob McKillop doesn't know the difference."

"But I thought you like Rock," I asked.

"Oh."

"Well, was the point in... Come out of Disneyland, schmuck. He has a sister. And she's the spitting image of well, never mind."

"No, tell me," I pressured.

"She's the exact likeness of the girl of my dreams."

"And he's going to introduce you to her."

"Hell, no. He won't let me get near her. Not right now anyway. I guess you could say he knows me too well."

"There's no way you can change that now."

"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..."

-- Portrait of the artist as a young turke

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"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..."

"Maybe if we convert the 3rd floor men's room into a physics lab..."
swinging new trustees

After months of pressure from disgruntled students, and faculty, the Board of Trustees of Suffolk University has finally elected two new Trustees, both under 100 years old. The new Board members are also the first 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 off-duty after the black tie affair.

High Suki Chehe, the first new Trustee, is of Asian extraction. She is the youngest person ever to serve on the Board.

Several eyebrows were raised when High Suki calmly ordered milk 24 a bottle for her appetizer. But Vice President Flanammy hastily explained in the Board that this was an old Oriental custom.

New trustee enjoys dinner at Parker House meeting.

piscatory murders

An Innane Story

Thomas A. Fulham, President of Suffolk University, officially announced today the death of four of his tropical fish, Frederick, Ericbel, Jacques, and Joe. The cause of the deaths is unknown.

Although the bodies were found three days ago, the announcement was withheld due to the investigation by local authorities.

"I don't understand it," Fulham said. "I came into my office Monday morning and four of my fish were floating on the top of the water."

The president said that after he had observed the inactivity of his fish, he called the university security office and ordered them to begin an immediate investigation of what appeared to him as a clandestine scheme to overthrow the president.

Peter Innane, chief of Suffolk University security and coordinator of the investigation, commented to reporters, "There are four dead fish. We are going to find out who done it."

A two hour vigil at the monitor desk in the Donohue Lobby is underway preparatory to solving the mystery of the four deaths. Ted Hammon and Chris Spina-

zola are being held as suspects by university security. Innane believes that there are possibly three people involved in this alleged clandestine operation.

Innane said that Fulham told him that Spinazzola had said, "Personally, I hate fish.""

The link between Hammond and the fish's death has not been solved yet, but it is alleged that there is some connection between a postcard signed by Hammond that was near the fish tank, and the mysterious deaths. The post card demands that either Fulham return his library book or a 104 charge would accrue daily from the due date.

Another suspect, whose name appears on a mail order insurance form which was lying on Fulham's desk at the time of the deaths, has not been located for questioning. The authorities are still searching for clues leading to the whereabouts of John Doe.

Complications have arisen concerning the completion of the investigation. An autopsy could not be performed since the fish bodies have already been flushed down the toilet.

Already Miss Chehe has begun to demonstrate her reputed outspokenness. Halfway through the reading of the minutes she interrupted: "Abnormal!"

"Miss Chehe, what does she mean by this statement, "Abnormal,?"" she replied, wetting her pants.

Fulham was at this point that Judge Rose, Chairman of the Board, was heard to comment: "We know it wouldn't be easy, having young people on the Board. Many of our ideas and attitudes are dissimilar. I myself object to pant-wetting during meetings, although some of the Trustees expect it from time to time. Like I say, it won't be easy, but we're committed."

The second new trustee, although a member of a minority group, has a much greater rapport with the Board. "He's a great guy," commented Thomas Fulham, President of Suffolk. "We seem to speak the same language. Now, I don't think the fact that he's related to the Judge will hamper or bias his performance."

Archibald Rowe (the new trustee — ed.) is a free thinker.

The Judge agreed. "Many times," he commented. "Archibald and I would be out swimming through the trees, and we've had many tele-dates. I was impressed by his basic concerns for student needs."

An undisclosed source, however, said that Archibald Rowe had failed in most other professions and that the judge merely set up his grandson in this sinecure because of 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 find out during the reading of the minutes, but they'd put the Pope on his Outside interests? Well, I was several cats at home that I enjoy. I enjoy dealing with students. I like to party. A lot, though I feel anything that goes beyond moderation is dangerous and no good. I also enjoy gardening and dating."

All in all, students of Suffolk can look forward to better representation on their Board.

weeds i have known

Crab Grass (Crepus Crud)

Maryjane, it's all over the front lawn. Let me explain, dear reader, since it's not what you think. She is my wax bean on the window sill. Yesterday she complemented my lawn, saying that Kentucky Blue Grass would not look right with some yellow highlights to be a neighborhood showcase.

But this morning, Maryjane, there are yellow flowers with six green legs crawling around the grass. Oh, sweet Nature! It's not right to fool Mother Nature!, you've done outraging what I've tried to do for the last two weeks. That dark blue-green was just too dear to a lawn; it needed some yellow highlights to be a neighborhood showcase. You will find it easy learning to raise healthy crab grass. Go to a neighborhood of fairly wealthy, middle-aged people. You know, the yards with the straw-hatted grey-haired gardeners (they're so cute when they grunt) in the front, and swimming pools and sun decks in the back. Finding such a location, you'll have to watch how they handle the plant, then do the opposite.

Don't use those poisons and nitrate poisons (howstuff) the gardeners use. Seeds are easily obtained, or you can transplant the crab grass. You will find very little opposition to lifting a plant or two from a neighbor's lawn.

Once you have a couple rooted in your lawn, getting more to grow is simple. All you have to do is water the plants. They will go to seed themselves.

If you were smart in transplanting, you put the plants in a spot where the prevailing westerlies will carry the parachute-like seeds across your dull green lawn. Some more water and sunlight and — voila!— six legs spreading and yellow flowers reaching skyward.

After a week or two the problem of dull lawns will be solved. Crab grass will have been successful in taking over. The Saturday ritual of

lowfower pushing will become archaic (crab grass needs no taming).

"Your new yellow-green lawn will be the talk of the town. At least that is all they'll be saying about you! Sit back and watch your neighbors slavish on their yards. Now you can spend more time with your favorite plants. Talking and coddling (even tickling) them.

Don't your plants have feelings? Shame on you. You've been neglecting them. Till next time.

happy cultivating!"

She is my wax bean on the window sill.
by Tours Fungalis

Hey, over here. Let's get right to the point. You shoulda seen it. No better place you coulda saved at home and watched. "Almost Anything Goes" on the roof at night to you coulda gotten no to the show, and looked on a plate of home-made pasties and apples. Anything woulda been more exciting than to witness the gargantuan rail of the Rams' nine-man conquest over the ill-disposed Scurvy College, last night in Cambridge.

"The boys played well," exclaimed the estate 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 mutual appreciation for the game. That's why we carefully go over directions to the Cambridge YMCA before every practice. 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 slipping up to roundball dean Red Arshabach's standards,says? So last night the boys from Beacon Hill showed the Scurvy quintet that they're no lazeheas.

The scoreboard at the outset of this foursome was 84-Scorvy showed 1. The Rams went in too late for the game, holding the Rams scoreless for the first six seconds. They took the opening.

Leading the Rams attack was none other than the #713 Puerto Rican-Beacon Bobby Far-Far Out. Charlie Flaw (and that sure would have put the Spinnakers in or hit) and a blue-and-gold black leather jacket. Far-Far Out hopped and hustled throughout the contest (which was no contest) including 18 field goals, 12 caroms, eight assists and two cheerleaders truly a stud in a posture of young fillies.

Chris "The Crucilfer" Tristan 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. Tristan showed why he is a three-time winner of the NCAA Division III "player of the week" by slipping the UPJ reporter a sawback switch blade. Captain John Howareya, playing in much the same fashion as his perennial shirt Ernie D. from P.C. twisted and turned in a style similar to Far-Far Out's cousin Vinnie's sister down on LeGrange St. Howareya poured 10 shots and a quarter of Gatorade through the strings for 22 points.

The buzzer proves too much for Donovan Beliltled.

High man for the team was Steve Barrette, with a record 41 points and seven points for his most productive night of the campaign. Sicilotta was instrumental defensively for the Rams, locking up the lane and arresting the Scurvys for assault with deadly elbows.

Pat Cyan was hustlin' for certain all night. Cyan was unproductive throughout and finally fished the gym at 10:43 to hit the pack for a quick six before they closed.

A near-catastrophe developed at the game's end when Far-Far Out and Donovan Beliltled pulled switch blades on a sports photographer taking their pictures. "Sheesh," explained Beliltled, "I thought he were from Roxbury District Court or somesuch." "The sucker scared the shit out of us," confessed Far-Far Out. "We didn't know what was gone 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 Corndall 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 doing, anyways?"

It was a game to forget about. So is it in "16" platform about it. I'll say what I said before at the beginning of the story. This reporter shoulda went to Shant's. Pass the gimcts.

Coach Flaw Eyes Japanese Import

It's official. Suffolk University can now boast of a letter of intent from that Japanese basketball ace. He is my, 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 log 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. Anyway, I sorted through all the junk mail and I was really touched by a letter from Mr. Charlie Flaw. Let me read you some of it. Hege... I am interested in you and interested in your future. I am interested in your future in our honorable faculty. Yeah... he goes on like that for a while. AP — "But why didn't you choose a school a little closer to your home?"

Hege — Well, I've always wanted to go to Boston. You see, I heard there was an interesting race problem in Boston so I figured if I didn't do so good with basketball I could always take up running. AP — "What?" Hege — "I said I heard Boston." AP — "Ah, yeah... but why Suffolk?" Hege — Suffolk University finished this year with a 10-8 record. Such a flawless record plus the prospect of playing my college career at the lavish facilities at the Cambridge YMCA. I was overwhelmed.

Meanwhile in Boston, Charlie Flaw gave his comments on the prize competitor. "Hege's high school statistics are really impressive — 35 point scoring average, 13 rebounds per game, and only 4 counts of Brussking and Entering. "We think he'll fit into the team. We hope he is a big man so we can build a strong future team around him."

Meanwhile back in the tiny

Rams Nip Stubborn Scurvy, 203-32

Coach Law in a mild-mannered pose.

Japanese fishing village of Tippins. Hege's high school coach and the village secretary/cook stand in the Public Hut School. His screams echo within the bamboo walls.

"No, you stupid woman, 5 comes after 4. How many times I have to tell you that the only time 5 comes before 4 is when we measure Hege for American college records!"

The secretary/cook... could only surmise impliably, "Gee, I hope Mr. Flaw is as amused by our way of measuring as you are." 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 man 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.

Nurse's office plagued by dysentery victims.

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

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." Notwin Shear, boywonder set 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 Balajam family through three generations as they migrate from island to island each time, drawing clear lines in the surf and the surf's influence of Western society. In the series pilot, Micheline Balajama is last seen on her way to the flashlight of Papeete.

The rebellious girl washes up on the beach of a remote island leper colony and becomes the first member of the family to contravene the disease. Her father and older brother Simon #1 and Simon #2 respectively chance upon the island in time to rescue the colony, from a volcano, but Micheline is too jaded to be saved. While the island disappears in a mist of steam and hirnstone, the girl takes part in a Buchanan dehush with a group of Portuguese matrons from Macau.

Shear said that he isn't going in for shock value despite several contemporary references of hulda dancer falling apart on screen. "We feel that the lush sets and human interaction will overshadow the shocking aspects of the show."

Shear's what we're trying to do is show people how losing, 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 plot. 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 need a little action.

The second show deals with Simon #2's efforts to help a group of Indochinese lepers return home in a leaky boat. Shear said that the basic theme of this segment is racism. Simon #2 refuses to sell the group tar to replace their craft, despite the urging of his son. The problem is solved when the son, Balajama's head falls into the bay. The producer points proudly to the fact that there is only one murder and one seamstress in the second season."

Here Come De Judge

It had been one of those nights. I was driving around with a few friends, getting twisted and looking for something to do. We were becoming more desperate by the minute, when inspiration struck: "What if we see a movie?" We ended up at the High Alley Theater and watched "Dog." It is probably the most implausible movie I have ever seen. The characters are about as believable as the prospect of a new Ridgeway Building. The movie was set high up on a depressing hill in an even more depressing city. The time is somewhere in the recent past. The story opens in a plush wood-paneled office. There is a large desk prominently positioned in the middle of the room. The camera pans in, slowly, on the desk and focuses on a wily grey-haired man in a tuxedo with a basket found on his lap.

The way he looked at the dog seemed unnatural. What was even stranger was the same plate on the front of the desk. All it said was: "The judge." and in small letters below it: "Chairman." He bore his voice. He appears to be talking to himself, yet the dog is looking at him if it understands every word being said. Angrily the judge shouts. College kids these days, they have the gall to think they should have the right, the right to have some input, to input into the policies of this institution. In our day we knew our place. We went to classes. We studied. We didn't waste our parents' money on raffles, on horseracing tournaments. "The dog just shook his head in agreement. Now I have seen bizarre movies but this one was obviously going to be the top. The plot became more perverse the minute. All of a sudden the door flies open. In storm eight typical college students, all screaming and yelling something about "sofaaction." Then the scene suddenly shifts. Now we see the function room of a plush hotel. A group of about 18 men are sitting around facing the judge.

(Continued on page 12)

The Truth About Orphan Annie

by Edith Gurn

"It took serious scholarship to disclose at last the full extent of Orphan Annie's drug problem, so years the true significance of those lines in Tableau and the surprising overlooked. Clearly the kid was stoned out of her mind." E. T. Grace, Ph.D., author of the celebrated new academic sensation Feer and

Charles River Optician's
10% off with this Coupon
Prescription Filled
Endless Range
MC/VI 10-3:30
TEL: 723-8736
SAT: 10-3:30

Louthing in the Fancy Papers, sat back in his English Dept. office and exhaled smoke from a menthol cigarette. Above his desk hang portraits of the two men he feels most influenced his university career; Matthew Arnold and Irwin Core.

The connection, of course, was Warbucks. "Harold Gray's nightmarish vision even included the dog. Recent studies have suggested he was seeing eye, but if you look closely at the drawing you can tell he wasn't a dog at all. He was a large, dirty sheep who wanted to be a dog."

Tripping, one of the respected professors of American Studies and popular culture in the college community, continues to break imaginative ground in interpreting for us "The Human Condition." It will be remembered that Tripping was the first in his well-known critical essay "Love and Death in Captain Kangaroo," to reveal the sado-masochistic tendencies of Mr. Green jeans and, more recently, Piirnnigan's seminal work "Public 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 actually ignored, you know - academia is a clueless profession. But when I achieved some measure with the publication of my study of the roots of investigative journalism ("Woodward, Bernstein and Our Weekly Reader" - ed.), the ivory tower recognized me, as truly one of its own. The students love me, naturally; you should see the enrollment for Dr. Sauze and the American Idea 101."

Immaculate in leatherette and tweed, Piirnnigan pressed tobacco into the bowl of his pipe with one learned finger. Although age advances him, he stays resolutely in style; his hat is combed carefully forward from the nape of his neck, and in compensation for the thinness on top he sports jaunty sideburns the size of tea sandwiches.

"But the real coup in Feer and Louthing is my examination of the feministic conspiracy in Yogi Bear. Yogi is obviously depicted as the male domestic, puking around those picnic baskets the way he does all the time. And he is constantly accompanied by a child who apparently clearly labelled an accident of failed birth control: Boo-Boo."

Piirnnigan leapt to his feet with characteristic energy, seized a volume from his capacious shelf and struck off for the auditorium. It was his day to give a dramatic reading from The Grimsnapper's Textbook.
An Educational Cliff Hanger

by Patty Fantas

One of the greatest inventions known to college students is being denied to those perusing Nebula’s bookstore. This invention is known as the “outline.” An outline summaries 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 Dostoevsky’s Crime and Punishment and wanted to discover what happens to Raskolnikov, he would have to read 540 pages in the novel. In this outline, he can easily turn to the page marked “epilogue” and two graphs down discover that the character receives only 68-year sentence.

The type used in the outlines is much easier to read than that in many textbooks. 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 type used in the outlines is large enough and spaced far enough apart to be skimmed with a flashlight which prevents eye strain.

As any student knows, when he marks a book, the underlining has a tendency to become tangled after a while. This allows no breathing room between words. Not only do outlines provide this space lavishly, but they also provide it between paragraphs as well.

The outlines are a wonderful time-saving device that also has a tuition payer from spending countless, useless hours in over-crowded, over-heated classrooms. One goes to an English class and looks up listening to the professor gabble on for 15 to 15-minute intervals before he makes a point about the current work. Then one must rouse himself sufficiently to mentally digest the information and scribble it down. For 50 minutes three times a week, this can be nerve-wracking. In 75 minutes twice a week, it’s a cruel and unusual punishment.

Outlines permit the student to rise above this. Not only do they 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.

As an added bonus, the outlines have one thing the educators never sabby. 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 leaping over a mid-term with a hangover from partying the night before and having no time to sleep.

Outlines are of those things which should be immortalized by the college student. Because of this value, they should not only be sold in the bookstore, but should be given away free. It’s a $5.00 purchase. This would serve as a symbol of goodwill between both parties in the whole furthering 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 just luck around here,” said Sam. “Ever since they found Suzy in the bread drawer we’ve had to take what we can get.”

Charlie looked at the pencil-thin shaft of light filtering through the crack in the wall, then rubbed his antennae briskly.

“I hope they leave soon. I’m starved.”

“Relax, will ya? It’s Friday, they leave early. Besides, you and I are the only ones around. The rest of the gang went to Donny’s for a pizza.”

At the sound of a loud click, the light from the crack diluted into darkness. Charlie’s face lit up as he darted for the exit.

“I hid on,” cried Sam as he grabbed Charlie’s long brown body. “If you don’t settle down you’re going to wind up like old Ben — a spot on the side of somebody’s shoe.”

An audible trail of footsteps grew louder 283 safer outside the crack.

The echo of the shoes clanged with the bang of a closing door.

“OK,” said Sam. “The coast is clear.”

The two bugs crawled out onto the kitchen floor. The air was heavy with the remnants of a full day of deep-fat and hamburger grease thrust into the atmosphere by fourteen hundred degrees of frying. The constant hum of refrigeration motors undercut an otherwise bleak silence.

Light from the cafeeteria crept under the door, cutting through the darkness and reflecting off the long, stainless-steel counter.

“Hey, eat me out much?” asked Charlie as they walked down the long ribbon counter.

“Sorry,” replied Sam. “I got turned off to it when I was a kid. We used to eat at the Chinese place around the corner. The food was great, but, you know, three hours later I’d be hungry again.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean,” said Charlie. “I went to a Mexican restaurant once. I had heartburn for three days afterwards, and oh the gas.”

The two bugs scurried in and out of all the masks and grannies on the countertop. Food was scarce, but the scavengers eventually found the key to the snack stand.

Standing on a round celophane-wrapped package, Charlie let loose a happy cry.

“Oh, wow! Chocolate chip cookies. My favorite!”

Don’t eat those!” warned Sam. “You’ll probably break your teeth.”

“What?” asked Charlie. “Are they stale?”

“I’ve eaten fresher poker chips,” replied Sam.

“Well, I didn’t try them!” he asked, pointing his antennae at a package of dark cupcakes with white squiggly icing.

“They’re OK, I suppose, but they were much better before IIT bought them out.”

Suddenly Sam’s antennae began to move violently in the air. He cautiously moved his head from side to side sensing danger.

“What’s wrong?” asked Charlie nervously.

“Someone’s coming,” said Sam. “I can feel the vibrations.”

Strong legs carried their long, slippery bodies down the rank and under the counter just as the door opened and light flooded the room. A man in uniform came into the kitchen and surveyed the area. Walking over to the rack, he took the package of cookies Charlie had stashed on it and went back out the door.

“He’ll be sorry,” snickered Sam.

Deciding against another trip up the snack stand, they headed for the grill area in hopes of a meal.

“How come you know so much about this place?” asked Charlie.

“I was born here,” replied Sam. “How about you?”

“Me!” laughed Charlie. “I was born in a Maytag washing machine carton.”

With a grin like a Cheshire cat, Sam asked, “Are they really that lonely?”

“Look over there!” cried Charlie, pointing towards the edge of the grill.

Sam and Charlie stood motionless. They could see nothing in their eyes. Sticking halfway out from the base of the grill was a huge meatball.

“Hey?” said Sam. “This must be our lucky day. Let’s get this over with.”

But Charlie didn’t have to be told and was already attacking the food. Sam did not hesitate to join him.

Having devoured the entire meatball, both bugs decided to stop and digest their repast. After a short while Charlie began to cry out in pain.

“Ow, my stomach! I must have eaten too much.”

“No, too,” cried Sam. “Maybe we should lie on our backs for awhile.”

“What do you think Charlie?”

Turning his head, Sam saw his companion lie on the floor. Moments later, overcome by the pain in his stomach, Sam’s legs gave way and he collapsed into a ditty state of unconsciousness.

After bringing out the eggs and utensils for the breakfast grill, he lay there quietly until they noticed his lack of movement.

Grabbing a whisk broom and a piece of paper, they swept the bugs and threw them in the trash.

Standing still for a moment, she thought out loud.

“Tee, I wonder what killed them?”

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... judge
(Continued from page 10)
dog. These distinguished men seem very unsettled about something. Then, in behold, the dog began to address the assemblage.
He spoke in a quiet tone, the audience must strain to hear. "Tuition increases didn't bother them. Do you really think that this situation business is going to be a problem? No," he said calmly, "I have never made a bad policy decision before, and I am not going to start now."
Well, that is the way the plot progressed, getting more and more unbelievable. Could you ever imagine anyone thinking all those things lying down? Really. I must say, however, the acting was really superb as always. Thomas Rough (the judge) was really convincing as a moronic puppet manipulated by the dog. The dog, who remained anonymous, was convincing in his portrayal of the crafty, evil Basset Hound. And finally, that fine cast of actors who depicted the Board of Trustees, they looked so distinguished that I could have sworn they really were sleeping.
I suppose I should note: the movie wasn't a total loss, as the ending was rather amusing. As it turned out, the students were complaining about the excessive amounts of animal waste on the sidewalks and streets I must say, the delivery of the last line was so twisted, it was almost worth the price of admission. The big student rebellion had been quashed, the board met to savor their victory.
The dog stood before the assembly, the applause tumultuous. He raised his paw high in the air and addressed them. What he said was simple: "They've been doing it for years, and now, all of a sudden, they try to sell me they're tired of taking my crap."
Now I ask you, isn't that the most unbelievable plot imaginable. Who in his right mind could ever write something so ridiculous? It's no wonder no one took credit for the screenplay. What's even worse is that the house is packed for every performance, even though the overall quality is so poor. I would definitely suggest avoiding it at all cost, especially now that I hear the price of admission is going up to $100. Suddenly I realized it hadn't been just one of those nights — it's been one of those years.

Landmark on Beacon Hill defaced by vandals.

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Up Yours

EVENTS/ACTIVITIES

April 5, Monday
11:00 pm — Suffolk University President Thomas Fulham will give his annual State of the College address. Topic will be "Fads and the Maintenance of Student Administration Communication" Speech to be presented at Pres. Fulham breaks down Rodgeman Lane
12:00 pm — The Twelve O'Clock High Club sponsors a "Roach Flicking" contest on the roof of the Archer Building. Came up and see how far they will go.

April 6, Tuesday
1:00 pm — L.I.F.E. Committee presents renowned as-murderer Joseph Barstow. Open to all in auditorium.
2:00 pm — SGA Film Committee presents "Mary Hefron, Mary Hefron," a film which explores the harried life of a College Registrar — from the daily violence in recent allegations of an affair with John F. Kennedy.

April 7, Wednesday
1:00 pm — Humanities Club presents a washboard symphony featuring Ma and Pa Ketle. Buck Owens, Leroy Scott, and Bo Janes. Mt. Vernon Street Building Art Studio.

April 8, Thursday
1:00 pm — Sociology Hour Activities * To be held on the corner of Temple and Derne Streets. Admission: Whatever can be pounded out of you. Schedule of events follows.

Show and Tell
10:05-10:15 pm — Monisha and you, customs and politics as they apply to the Suffolk Community. Nah Chana.
10:28 pm — Working to overcome the crippling problems of boredom and contemplation. Crayon depictions to be provided.
10:58 pm — Free samples of authentic Llama-Fug-Ying. This Monishian favorite was prepared in 956 kitchen of Nam Chee just before her village was liberated by Chairman Mao.
12:03 pm — Athletic Dept. presents a lecture by Dan Sullivan on "Tennis and the Administration of a College or Successful Use of the Backhand."
12:30 pm — Gamma Phi Sigma presents a "Blueberry Pie Eat-Off" in REJ. Free Talk for all participants.

April 9, Friday
1:00 pm — The Accounting and Finance Club in conjunction with God presents Suffolk University Vice-Press and Treasurer Plannery as part of an Accounting Symposium on "The Art of Penny Rolling. Music to the tune of "Seventeen Reasons to Increase Your Tuition" will be piped into Room V-401.
2:30 pm — Women's Swimming — Beginner's Breast Stroke Clinic. To be held near water

April 9, Friday
10:05-10:15 pm — Lessons will be given on how to use the phone system. Contact the Bursar to find out the location.
2:00 pm - 8:00 pm - RATHUSKELLAR hint — beer, wine, tea, and good cheer at nominal prices. 3rd floor Charles River Plaza.

Organizational Meetings
THERE WILL BE NO CLUB MEETINGS DUE TO LACK OF
1. interest
2. space
3. funds
4. all of the above

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