



Chief of Police Al Spit investigates a mysterious manhole.

Shuttle bus disappears after brief campus run

The campus shuttle was reported missing after a brief two months in service. It was last seen heading down Campus Avenue.

The bus was discovered missing Wednesday after four students were reported missing. No word has been heard from the students for three days so a search was instigated for each of them.

The last reported position of any of the four was entering the bus in front of the High Rises. That was Monday night at 8:61 p.m.

"It's a most unusual situation. Our busses are most dependable and we've never had one disappear suddenly like this before," said R. Route, head of Dolt Transport.

Al Spit, chief of Campus Police, was completely mystified. "We have no idea of what happened to the campus shuttle. Our squad car was stationed at the

end of Campus Avenue at the time of the disappearance. The only exit from the area was a manhole that we found open."

According to the police report, there were tracks leading past the manhole that mysteriously stopped. There were rubber marks from the end of the tracks to the edge of the manhole.

A few flakes of red paint were found on the edge of the manhole.

Large truck tracks were spotted leading away from the water system outlet by the Red River along with footprints of two men. One was wearing a size 23 boot and is estimated to weigh between 300 and 400 pounds. The second is estimated to weigh between 140 and 160 pounds and had a size 10 left shoe and a peg leg on the right.

We have some idea of what to look for, said Spit, but with such a vague description all we can do is wait for the bus to surface.

New fraternity formed

By Hy Cannibus

The Weekend Warriors is the newest fraternal organization to be formed on campus and their first formal meeting was held last Monday.

The meeting actually lasted all week as members endlessly procrastinated over what to do on the weekend.

During the week-long meeting the group elected its officers. All positions received unanimous votes and Rocky was elected as Head Head.

Gordon, Dark Shadows, Ed and Redneck were appointed the positions received of Joint Chiefs and Mugsy is now the official Get-away Driver in Charge of all Dine 'n Dash procedures.

We were able to wake Rocky up during this meeting in room 413 of Burntbrudge Hall and ask him a few questions about the Warriors.

Did the Warriors just organize this spring?

"No, we've been together all year but we kinda spaced out becoming an official organization until now," Rocky said.

Why did you decide to become an official organization?

"We wanted to become recognized by the intrafraternity council, you see, so we could receive funding," Rocky replied.

Do you have some special project coming up that requires out-

the rest of this story just drifted to Page tree

Next President: Tilden IV?

Editors Note: Contrary to Rectum editorial policy, this story is absolutely and positively true and accurate. This is real news!

Samuel Tilden IV, a Schenectady, New York businessman, will accept the post as the next President of the United States, it was announced today by reliable sources. Mr. Tilden, on advice of counsel, has stated he will exercise his justifiable succession rights to office based upon the denial of the presidency to his great-great grandfather, New York Governor Samuel Tilden, who won the popular vote in the election of 1876. Young Mr. Tilden has set an outdoor rally in the New York City's famed Union Square for noon, May 18, to outline his program for the next four years.

Constitutional attorneys have declared that implications of chicanery and an improper count of electoral college votes gave the presidency to Ulysses S. Grant in 1876. They informed Samuel Tilden IV that as the surviving descendant, he has a moral and legal right to the presidency for the term commencing January 20, 1977.

In announcing his acceptance of the post, Tilden said it was best for the nation, because "to place Ford, Reagan or Carter in

the White House at this time would mean international insanity. I shall return the country to a policy of sanity both domestically and abroad. Remember, I did not seek the presidency, the presidency sought me."

At his upcoming Union Square rally, Tilden will tentatively pledge to fulfill the campaign promises made by his great-great grandfather. These promises include the connecting of the Erie-Lackawanna and Wabash-Louisville railroad lines, and the addition of a Tammany wing for the New York Public Library. "In this post-Watergate period," he said, I intend to start a spiritual and moral renaissance in the nation. I will take a stand against bugging." In his upcoming rally, Mr. Tilden will wear a specially designed white suit with a graphic display of bugs-on it to dramatize his cause.

Mr. Tilden has said that he "would not enter the primaries or the secondaries, but just move into his rightful place in the White House in January." The candidate commented that his campaign was "not without personal sacrifice. After all, I'm giving up a secure position as a florist in Schenectady." His campaign committee has announced that he would renounce his

\$12,000 per year job in order to override any possible conflict of interest.

Tilden was leading a quiet, humdrum existence in the upstate New York Community when he was informed of his inalienable rights of succession to the highest post in the land. "I want America to know," he said, "I was leading a quiet humdrum existence, when I was informed of my inalienable rights. My wife, Sophie, convinced me to take the post by telling me 'It's time to get America on the ball!' Mrs. Tilden is a former waitress at Grey's Bowling Lanes.

The nominee said that he will announce his complete platform at his New York rally later this month. His campaign headquarters has announced he will accept campaign contributions of under \$2 per person to help with the moving expenses from Schenectady.

"Even though I've just begun my effort," Tilden said, "My campaign had received editorial backing from prestigious publications such as International Insanity. And I have good reason to believe that I will soon receive editorial support from the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal, American Florist Magazine and Popular Mechanics."

What now, bike tow-away?

By Chief

Impoundment was the major topic of controversy at the Campus Commidy meeting Tuesday.

If we did not impound it would be impossible to keep Admissions Avenue clear for traffic, claimed Armond Blower, Commidy chairman. "What would happen if we had a fire in Bestof-all Hall and the Avenue was blocked?" he asked.

"To keep the Avenue clear we had to start impounding because the old system of giving tickets just wasn't working," explained Security Chief Al Spit. "We tried the ticket system but it was unsuccessful. We had a terrible time trying to stick the tickets under the windshield wipers."

"Since we began impounding bikes there has been plenty of available space along Admissions Avenue. In fact, there is rarely a time when you can't find all the parking spots open," remarked Blower.

"It's unlawful to break into a student's bike to tow it away," argued Commidy member Chuck Dattlebrain. "Just because you're a lawman doesn't mean you have the right to break into private property."

"According to due process, a person must have due notice before his vehicle is impounded," continued Dattlebrain. The automatic timed towaway zones do not allow for due process, he claimed.

"If a person has business at Old Main and is unexpectedly detained he may not have time to come back and move his bike. Thirty seconds is not always enough time," he explained. "If a student is delayed at the Financial Gains office he returns to find his bike impounded.

There have been abuses in regards as to the strictness of enforcement, claimed John Stranded, student vice-majesty.

"The 15th time my bike, Fauna, was impounded there was another student watching," Stranded said.

"As I drove up the officer on duty pulled out his Timex and

This one's for you to find!



"The Hook" strikes again.

Onion policy: matter of trusting who?

Editor's Note: This is the fourth in a series of three stories concerning the art collection displayed in the Onion; its security, storage and care, and future.

Nearly all of the students at SU have probably at one time stopped and looked at, or at least taken note of, the paintings on the walls inside the Onion. What the majority of students may be unaware of is that these paintings belong to two collections together worth \$50; the Ralph Eagle collection valued at more than \$20 and the student art collection worth more than \$33. And that these two collections contain many individual works valued at more than \$5 each.

So far Onion policy towards the safety of the paintings seem to be largely a matter of trusting that nothing will happen, according to Bill Blameless, Onion director. The vast majority of the paintings, downstairs in the Onion or upstairs in Shultz Lounge are attached to the wall only by tacks which can easily be taken off.

The situation has been a matter of concern to Sue Migrain, Onion Gallery director. She said because of the possibilities of damage and theft she believes some of the paintings should not be exhibited in the Onion as they are now.

During the last three years two works of art have been stolen from the Onion and one has been erased.

Blameless does not believe the paintings were stolen by SU students. "Chances are very good that they were not."

The Popcorn was taken last year during the Sprung Blasted allnighter when the Onion was primarily filled with faculty.

Plans this year are for the paintings to be taken down during Sprung Blasted week both Migrain and Blameless said.

Donald McDonald, president of the Student Art Rejection Committee, said that next year the security of the artwork will be in the hands of a subcommittee of the Art Rejection Committee to be called the Conservative Committee.

"I'm sure there's more we can do to provide for its safety," he said.

Systems such as an electronic-eye-type protection system are very expensive according to Blameless. More realistic possibilities are either using rubber cement to glue the paintings down, or showing them in organized displays in the windows by the Larceny Mart.

The second proposal is favored by Migrain who believes it would be easier for people to view the collections at unified wholes and without the holes left in tearing them off the walls.

McDonald said he believes using rubber cement would limit the mobility of the paintings. Concerning displaying the Student Art Collection as a whole at certain times in the windows he said, "It's not a collection that looks its best hung together. Or apart for that matter," he added.

While both proposals have benefits and limitations, concrete plans for either will have to wait till next year. There is always a possibility that those in charge of the Onion and the Student Art Committee will continue with its present method of display, a method that has seen roughly one rip-off or act of vandalism a year for the past three years.



'Visions of a sunny day' hanging in Schultz Lounge

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Fudd proclaims oatmeal week

Recently President Fudd signed into law a bill proclaiming the week of May 17 through May 22 as National Oatmeal Week. This marked yet another victory in the long and truly illustrious career of Dr. Zymo K. Howaryou (Ph.D., RD, RN, Ps PB, V8, At, AM, FM, ACDc, Etc) formerly head of the Department of Oatmeal Technology at SU.

Howaryou was present at the ceremony and spoke to reporters afterwards.

"There is little doubt in my mind that in light of recent developments by myself and my colleagues at Oat Ridge, oatmeal will come to be known as the Wonder Substance of the Seventies," he said, pausing for scattered applause.

Over the years Howaryou has gained national recognition for his work in transforming common oatmeal, once used for fattening reluctant babies and repelling children from the breakfast tables, into such unlikely products as a soft drink (oataCola), a feminine hygiene product (so far unnamed, but heralded as a "naturally scented" douche, which if left to dry could also aid the complexion in that critical area), and a do-it-yourself drive way blacktop sealer.

Howaryou uses only North Dakota oats in his experiments and attributes some measure of his success to the unique properties thereof. "Ain't nothin' like 'em in the whole, wide world," he has been quoted as saying.

Not all of Howaryou's work has been well-received, however. During the Nixon administration the Defense Department funded several of his experiments, and only recently have the results come to light. It is known, for instance, that much of his work during that time went into the development of a thermonuclear device known only as the "Oat Bomb" said to be capable of wiping out cities as large as Mohall or perhaps even Grassy Butte, Drake? Bisbee? Zap? Plans were even cooked up for a "Project Porridge," under which innocent-looking oatmeal boxes would be smuggled into grocery stores, where they would later detonate.

Much of the recent talk about the secret Army "Death Ray" is presumed to stem from a Howaryou-designed oat laser, which informed sources have reported could positively slay a submarine sandwich at a range of 100 yards. Accuracy was termed "deadly."

Howaryou largely ignored criticisms of his previous research and refused to comment on the possibility that the military may be finding other insidious uses for his discoveries.

He pointed out that oatmeal, taken in massive doses, has been known to put the lid on diarrhea, and that a sorghum-oatmeal concentrate has replaced Tang on space flights. Furthermore, the use of popular oatmeal products has spread as far as Rangoon.

Howaryou denied that research has been aimed in recent years at finding an inexpensive oat substitute, possibly a diglyceride or a butylated polyolefin. "Never," he said. "Nature's own has been good enough for all of us and it'll be good enough for our kids, and you can quote me on that."

Howaryou ended the conference by summarizing the progress of oatmeal technology from the early days when it was used to plug leaks in Model T radiators, to last week, when it was announced by a respected Battle Creek (Mich) firm that they would soon introduce an oatmeal-based "instant radiator stop leak for modern pressurized cooling systems in four popular flavors - plain, cinnamon, apples and spice and raisin.

rest of story from page 1

side funding?

"Yea. We're going to send four members to Acapulco next week. It's harvest season you know. When they get back we'll be set financially until next spring," Rocky said.

I see. Well, what is the basic objectives of your fraternity?

"Our motto is that a good drunk and stoned is the key to maintaining a sane and happy life," Rocky said.

Just then Hank and Oly came busting into the room, huffing and puffing. "We just dashed from the Highway Robbery Host," Oly said breathing heavily.

Hank's hands were bleeding and as he looked down at them he exclaimed, "Ugly!"

"We both had steak dinners," said Oly as he recounted the story. "We got up and started truckin' towards the door and I could see the manager lookin' at us funny, you know," he said.

"As soon as we hit the door we were making tracks in different directions across the parking lot and I looked back and saw this clown chasing Hank. I yelled to him and he jumped over this fence with barbed wire on the top, that's how he cut his hands," Oly said.

Asked to comment on the events, Hank replied, "Well, it got pretty tense there for awhile."

The members were strewn about the from drinking whisky and beer and smoking numbers during the interview.

What, do you guys do when you're not getting loaded?

"Basically we just sit around here thinking about getting load-

ed," Gordon quickly responded.

Ed had now picked up his 12-string guitar and inspired the group to join in and sing the Weekend Warriors' theme song, "The Old Milwaukee Blues."

"During the week we spend a lot of time in the dining centers munching down and scoping out the women," Rocky said. Ed added, "I also have an office in the Alumni Lounge where we hold meetings during the week when the weather is bad."

The Warriors are also active in athletics and their IM softball team currently has an 0-2 record.

"We lost 7-1 and 23-0 but we had a good time. Our policy is that it's not whether you win or lose but how good you party after the game that counts," said Dark Shadows.

Does your group have any political views?

"Yes. We feel that if the leaders of all countries sat down and got stoned together, tensions between countries would dissolve," Rocky said.

"Grass would bridge the gap between foreign powers. If those jerks would just get off the rag for once and mellow out together, they'd find out they can get along in peace," Hank added.

As the night began to waste away, the group started getting themselves together to move on.

"Where are you going to continue the meeting tonight?"

"Barrrrrr!" Redneck exclaimed.

Members of the Weekend Warriors come from all classes and curriculums on campus and can be usually be identified by their dazed, glassy-red eyes and the shit-eaten grin on their faces.



The Memorial Onion Hot Oatmeal dispenser

wins SU marathon

By Zeke A. Zabuski

The 1976 Bison Marathon was held three months ago, or when ever you wanted it to be.

The Bison Marathon isn't like an average Marathon (Boston's Marathon for example). The Bison Marathon is more like skate boarding more than 60 miles with 200 pounds of cow manure on your back, cow manure was used because there was an acute shortage of buffalo manure.

Of course all of this took place on the campus of the home of the Bison, which accounted for the smell.

The manure was the kind gift of the Agriculture Department and it was scraped up and delivered by all those wonderful students who flunked Biology 103 last quarter, that should make you realize what an organic farm is.

The day of the race was unusually hot and muggy for Fargo, on Jan. 18. The temperature was in the 70s with the humidity 150 per cent.

The marathoners were at the starting line four hours before the 2 p.m. start. They greased up their skate boards and adjusted their nose plugs.

Two unfortunate marathoners passed out from the strenuous adjusting of their skate boards.

One hour before the big race the marathoners registered. They each paid the entry fee of \$100 and were given their 200 pound bag of cow manure.

The marathoners were all students from this fine institution. All the colleges were represented.

As the starter raised his gun to start the race he shot himself, sustaining only a major head

wound.

Recovering in a matter of minutes the starter again raised his gun, this time the knot head shot the student body president Dumb Schmak.

Again the starter raised his gun to begin the race. The gun went off and the race was under way, unfortunately for Ag Econ, their number one racer was shot by the starter as he began the race.

The Engineering racer started out to an early lead but a break in his crap bag forced him into the pits never to return.

After the Engineer crapped out the marathoner from Science and Math took over the lead for the next 20 miles.

Bad luck forced the Mathematician out when the wheels fell off her skate board.

She still continued but the judges felt that she would have to quit because she had no wheels.

After S and M left the marathon it was a hip and tuck race between the Home Ec. and Pharmacy marathoners. As other racers fell by the wayside, two were mugged in the tunnel under the Family Life Center by the Day Care kids, the Home Ec and the pill pusher were neck and neck as they neared the finish line.

As they neared the finish line with only 300 feet left the Pharmacy marathoner's bag of cow manure shifted. As he lost his balance he fell under the bag and was buried by 200 pounds of cow crap two feet from the finish line.

Home Ec won the marathon, its first in years taking home with them the trophy, a pile of cow crap 50 feet high.

You found it!

pretended to play with his twist. After exactly 29 seconds he moved towards Fauna and sent out an alarm over his wacky-talky. He broke into the bike and proceeded to line up the tow-truck which came up screeching with sirens blowing.

"I returned late after 39 seconds because I had to make an emergency stop at the rest room while inside. I emerged to see them standing around Fauna with

evil glints in their eyes.

"Grasping the situation immediately, I jumped in and started pedalling frantically but to no avail. They had already hooked me and all I could do was spin my gears," Stranded cried.

After drying his eyes, Spit apologized saying, "Sometimes the boys do get a little overenthused with their work. But they mean well."

PAUL IS DEAD

Bisontennial Minutiae

Two hundred years ago, oppressive tyranny reigned high over those early SU students.

On May 18, 1776, "Chocks" Dattlebrain's horse was arbitrarily kicked off campus "simply because it was ugly."



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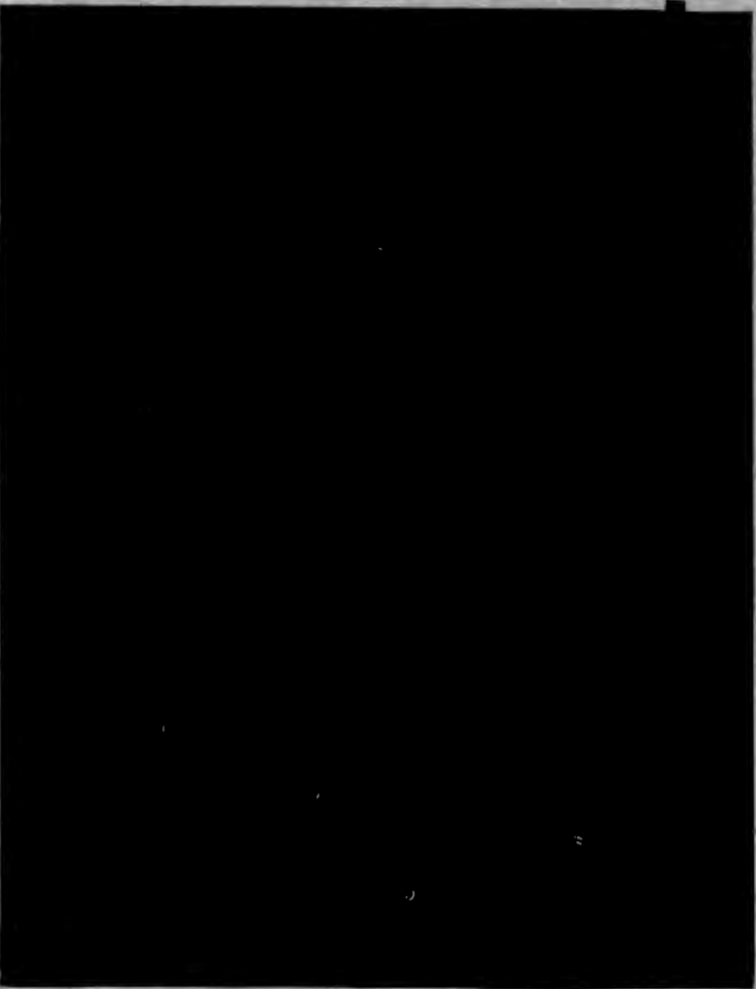
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We feel that those infered to in this publication will take it in the spirit it is writen, that we all need a look at the lighter side of any situation, even serious ones. No disrespect is meant towards any SU staff, personell or students.

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restaurant review

Recent reports issued to area magnates of the restaurant business revealed that a growing number of F-M residents are attracted to the class of eating in finer spots such as the Træetop or the Cork 'n Cleaver. However, the taste buds of many citizens have been permanently altered from being saturated with the grease of fast-food-restaurant eating.

Thus, researchers claimed that while diners fork up their Veal Cordon Bleu and Alaskan king crab, they are actually yearning to munch on McDonalds' hamburgers and fries.

The Berbsts, a prominent Fargo family, responded to these reports by opening "Le Burgurie" to cater to this neglected crowd. I recently visited the establishment to sample their fare.

I was escorted by the hostess into the dining room that was furnished in a decor best described as "poutpourri."

"Don't you love it?" she whispered confidentially. "The Berbsts threw together Art Nouveau wallpaper and carpeting, Early American furnishings, French Impressionist posters and Classical Greek architecture to create—this!"

I looked around, smiled weakly back at her, and buried my head in the menu until the waiter came to take by order. He was dressed as a gypsy and had a back-up band of violinists trailing behind him.

After turning down a before-dinner drink, I ventured, "I'm a little bit confused by the menu..."

"May I suggest an appetizer?" he interrupted. "The Roasted Rounds Royale are simply scrumptious, unless you prefer a south-of-the-border flavor with the Mexicali Crisps."

"Oh, Ok...the Roasted Rounds sound fine, but..." In a flash he had disappeared, and in another flash a dish of potato chips were set before me.

Before I could utter a word of protest, he asked, "Would you like to see our list of vintage bottles for liquid refreshment during your meal?"

"Uh...why don't you just bring me a good year," I replied. I still didn't know what was expected of me as a customer in this kind of place, so I tried to play it cool.

He left again, returned an instant later with a Coca-Cola bottle wrapped in a towel and poured a smidgeon of it in my glass for approval. I could only nod numbly and mutter something about its fragrant bouquet.

"Now, as for the menu," I spoke up, "there are only two salads listed."

"Yes, the Cabbage Piquant and the Tres Bien Bean Jambalaya," my waiter replied rather sharply. "There are only two because those are the two our customers prefer. Did you or did you not care for a salad, Mademoiselle?"

"That's Ms.," I corrected him. "Cabbage Piquant."

The next thing I knew, there was a bowl of cole slaw at my elbow. Meanwhile, my untouched potato chips had disappeared.

As I struggled over the unfamiliar titles on the menu, my waiter

shifted impatiently from foot to foot. I sighed, knowing I was getting nowhere fast with him, so I slipped him a bill.

The world was opened to me. The waiter translated as I read off the list.

"Ground Filet of Round," was easy enough to guess myself—a hamburger, of course. But there was also "Ground Filet of Round Elegante" (California-style) and "Ground Filet Cheddar Supreme" (a cheeseburger).

I also had my choice of "Potage Espagnole" (chill,) or "Beef Pate ala Texas" (barbecue,) or "Sausage Bavarian" (a hot dog.)

And for variety, I could have ordered a "Filet de Poisson" (a fishburger.) But I settled for a plain old "Ground Filet of Round" with a side of "Julienned Vegetable Saute" (French fries,) and asked for some catsup.

He brought with my order a bottle labeled, "Tomato Puree A L'Americaine," and a pitcher of what I thought was Bernaise sauce.

Idiotically, I ladled a quantity of the unknown sauce on my burger. After I bit into it, I yelled, "This tastes like grease!" The waiter scowled. "But of course! Our chefs specially reserve the grill residue to prepare a sauce with the authentic flavor of our cuisine's cultural origins."

"Mademoiselle wishes dessert?" he continued as I set my entree aside. I didn't feel like asking any

more questions, so I just ordered whatever first struck my eye: the "Cherry Tart Flambe" served with a "Creme Frappe" topping, and an after-dinner drink called "Citron Glace."

The "Citron Glace" arrived first. It was a lemon slush. No alcohol, just ice.

The "Cherry Tart Flambe" was quite a production. The waiter wheeled a microwave oven to the table, popped in one of those McDonalds'-type fruit pies and delivered it to my plate piping hot.

The "Creme Frappe" part of it was a scoop of soft-serve which melted down to a puddle around my tart. I guess I wasn't very hungry that night anyway.

When I got my bill, I gasped, discovering once again that when it comes to restaurants, it's not the food you pay for, but the production that surrounds it.

Unfortunately, I found to my dismay I was out of check blanks and I didn't have enough cash to pay the bill.

I still bear the scars from that experience. My dishpan hands will never be the same.

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Will they actually sway minds? Recessed-heel shoes newest design

By Jim Steele

If current footwear fashion trends continue, the majority of American youth will soon own at least one pair of recessed-heel shoes. This innovative design has struck the fancy of kids from coast to coast, and manufacturers are hard pressed to keep up with demand.

Up to now however, no one has sounded an alarm of warning about those who are behind it all. I am referring of course to communist conspirators who are once again employing subversive tactics to sway the impressionable youth of our fine nation, those red scum who thrill at the sight Bolshevik-bootie-clad teenagers caught up in the clandestine "back-to-nature" movement, which as we've all known for years, intends to convert our American way of life with rusto-nomadic-natural healthfood propaganda into a vast portable tent-city-nation popula-



ted by mindless Marxists teetering on heels meant only to walk backwards with.

I'm surprised no one has voiced objections to the negative angled soles before. It's quite apparent that we will be easy pushovers when we already have an aftward list, tilting about like some crazy roly-polys, forever walking up inclines (even in North Dakota), making it more than easy for the Russky slavemasters to walk all over us. If Americans will only heed this warning...! GNIMOC ERA SNAISSUR EHT! GNIMOC ERA SNAISSUR EHT

Horses mouth answers

By Zeke A. Zabuski

The recent decision by the North Central Committee to give out scholarships by "need" only has caused quite a lot of controversy on the athletic scene and this reporter decided he would go straight to the horse's mouth to get some straight answers on the subject.

Dr. Spade Onbert, director of athletics here at SU was only too

glad to answer any question put to him, provided it had nothing to do with athletics.

When asked how he felt about the NCC's decision to "go to need" Onberg replied simply, "Heck, none of our boys need anything, they've got new carpet to play on, new clothes to wear, new cars to drive, what else could they want?"

where do you think this one came from? take it to the Fieldhouse for game of racquetball. Hide behind the corner and watch which locker room it goes into. Tell it all your favorite Norwegian jokes. Tell them slow remember, this is a Norwegian rock.

Take it on a tour of Fargo knocking on doors, looking for the missing bust of Ibsen. Drive the rock up as your little brother so the people won't be frightened.

Paint a door on it and put number over the door. Rent out to the dorm's noisiest inhabitants.

Or better yet, stand at the door and sell tickets for a tour the inside of a rock.

Start a new fad—see how many people you can stuff into an obelisk.

Wrap it up in brown wrapping paper and address it to total stranger in Toledo. Come out the next morning and see if it's still there.

Try to imagine the mailman trying to get it into his bag.

Try to imagine the poststranger in Toledo when he finds an obelisk in his mailbox.

Of course, if you're pretty ambitious, fairly strong and have screw-loose, you can roll the granite stone from in front of the Horticulture building over to the obelisk.

If anybody asks you what you're doing, say, "Collecting." they ask you what you are collecting, just grin, jump into your truck and return with the Waterloo Acres fountain.



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the farts file

ESTERDAY
10:30 a.m.—KFAR, Channel 3, "Thought for the Day." Today's thought is "What the hell are you doing up at this time of the morning?"

6:30 a.m.—KSUX-FM, 91.8, "Educational Opportunities" presents "Get a Degree and Drive a Cab." This program discusses a study which proves that a sheepskin next to your I.D. card will greatly increase tips and influence passengers.

12:39—The Memorial Union will present its semi-decennial Bison Luncheon. The munch will consist of dining center bison burgers that will be force fed to a herd of buffalo.

1:00 p.m.—The SU Brash Ensemble presents its Spring Horn Cleaning Session. The Ensemble will invite local high schools to attend a workshop that will teach musicians how to blow the spit out of their trumpets and horns during a concert, without making the audience sick.

TWO WEEKS FROM TOMORROW

1:55 p.m.—Cancelled Attractions. Will present the Beatles in concert with the Rolling Stones as backup band. Tickets are 82 cents in advance and a buck three eighty at the door. In case something drastic occurs and the performers don't show, Herman Kaputnik and the Thumptwangers have been booked as a reserve act.

12:42—Fireworks will be set off as part of Pre-Summer Bash, at the grassy spot north of the main entrance of the proposed agricultural science building.

12:43 p.m.—Watch the Fargo Fire Department at its best as they battle the blaze that sweeps across campus due to faulty wiring in the Acme fireworks display.

Election Year Quiz

Question: Do you know how your president is elected?

Answer: Basic to the election of the president is the two-party system.

On the second Saturday in November, the SU powerbrokers meet with their favorite candidate in the basement of the ATO House.

In a smoke-filled room with blaring music, he's plied with barley pop and asked to run for

8:99 p.m.—KPIG, Channel 26, "Soundblast" presents Frank Zappa and Earl Scruggs together in a program entitled "There Ain't No Yellow Snow in Nashville, Tennessee."

THREE YEARS FROM LAST FRIDAY

5:30 p.m.—Campus Flicks presents Florence Henderson, Skitch Henderson, David Hedison, Benjamin Harrison, Dean Hackinson and Bimbo the Wonder Rabbit in the time-tested 1975 classic, "Bunny Hopper is Back in Town." This show will be repeated at 5:45 p.m. and 2:20 a.m. tomorrow

7:01 p.m.—Auditions for the Turkey Tent Theater's production of "Macbeth," will be held in Ask an Ass Hall, room 632. According to the director Dr. Cedric B. Welch, the lead requires that the performer be able to remove his head and still keep his eyes open for the final act of this Shakespeare play.

8:49 p.m.—A lecture entitled BHT—Preservative and Wonder Drug," will be given by Dr. Ernst Crabs in Bestofall Hall. Dr. Crabs will prove without questionable doubt that BHT is not only a fantastic preservative but it also cures cancer, diabetes, arthritis, hangovers, morning after syndrome, Magarianitis, laziassidemis, hemorrhoids and post nasal drip. Crabs will also give a lecture tomorrow night at the same entitled, "How I Got an Honorary Doctorate and Made a Million Dollars."

12:41 a.m.—The Plain Old Art Museum and the Rorer Gallery will present a joint showing of Wibaux, Montana artist, Melvin Purvis' "Clay Lithographs and other Pieces of Junk." Jerky Handerson's display of negatives taken while on a wild boar hunt in the Aufbaugh region of Australia, will also be displayed.

the presidency.

If he refuses, he's shuffled off to another party at the Sigma Chi house. There he's plied with tequila and constantly urged by the powerbrokers to run for office until he consents (or whatever else).

(Some ex-presidents have described the next day as "analogous to waking up in Tijuana and discovering you're married.")

of English 209.

Historians note that there were 30 more Indians who wanted to get into the class but the first prairie dogs that got to registration picked up class cards for their friends.

Thanx to our editor, Greenacres, without whose capital this issue wouldn't be here

Best woman wrestler signed

By Zeke A. Zabuski

"This should get us a little fan support," said head wrestling coach Lucky Faughn after signing the number one rated women wrestler in the United States.

Yes, that's right sports fans, the best women wrestler in the whole U.S. of A., Francine Zlebnick, a transfer student from Sucker Falls Junior College in Sucker Falls, Mont., recently signed a letter of intent to come to good old Bison country and

wrestle for the Herd.

"I'm pleased as punch, said Faughn of his latest acquisition. "We might have a few problems at weigh-ins but other than that it's clear sailing to the nationals for Francine."

Zlebnick, who was unavailable for comment, piled up an impressive record last year at SFJC. She was undefeated for the season going 38-0, 36 via the pin route—who wouldn't! Her season came to a screaming halt however

when the NCAA ruled that she could not compete in any national tournament. "But that will all be different by next season," said Faughn, "what with the ERA and all."

Zlebnick did most of her wrestling at 126 pounds last year but rumor has it that she is working out over the summer with hopes of wrestling at 118 pounds next year.

Jorji Alice to disperse sports info

By Happy Hooker

Jorji Alice, Exporter of Information on Jocks at SU, sent a special release to all North Central Conference schools, informing them of his decision to take on the responsibility of the dispersment of all Sports Information in the NCC.

Alice made his decision after closely investigating the releases, or rather, the lack of releases sent by other schools in the NCC.

"In recent years, I have found the quantity and quality of information released to be rather lax and informal," complained Alice. "I proposed to take up this project with the intent to improve the standards in the area of sports information dispersement."

Alice also proposes to add 72 hours (three days) to the original working week in order to allow time to fill his new position re-

quirements.

"I feel that with a little effort from my staff, we should be able to make this project succeed," Alice added.

If this new effort is successful, Alice said he may also add a few more schools to his list, beginning with the larger NCC schools in this district and, if necessary, continue on to the Olympic division of information dispersement.

101 ways to use an obelisk

By Orang

If you really put your mind to it, there are lots of things you can do with a Norwegian obelisk.

Just because you can't speak Norwegian and your grandfather in Brainerd has repeatedly refused to come to Fargo to translate the words for you doesn't mean you have to ignore this rock.

I mean, gosh, even if your name is O'Malley or Maliszewski and your best friend's Norwegian vocabulary is limited to the four-letter words, you can still have fun with this igneous monolith.

You can always take it upstairs in the library to the Institute for Regional Studies, plunk it on Mr. Bye's desk and say, "What is this turkey?" (Don't say, "What is this, turkey?" or he might not respond too kindly.)

Boy, do heads ever turn when you try to wrangle it through the turnstile.

But you don't really want to hear a dry dissertation on what the bloomin' thing is doing here on campus anyway, do ya'?

You want to know what practical use is it.

Well, I feel the same way. As long as it's sitting there, you may as well do something with it.

Since it's May, you could dangle some ropes from the top and pretend it's a maypole.

If you're the Walter Mitty type, you could pretend it's the last pylon in "Monty Pylon's Flying Circus Race" and you brush the starboard wing of your Turner-Laird Special against it as you pass your arch rival, Snidely Backwash and nose him out for a victory.

And for you Walter Mitty types, who like to keep their feet on the ground, you can always pretend you are a rugged lumberjack in the North Woods and yonder obelisk is the mightiest tree in the forest.

You grab your trusty foam-rubber axe and you can hack away all day to your heart's content.

And for those of you just a

little more adventurous (or foolhardy, as the case may be), you can tip off some twine from the back of a nearby pick-up truck, borrow your father's suspenders and your mother's crampons, tie the rope to the top and go mountain-climbing.

Heck, if you do it just right, you can get your roommate to take your picture and it will look like you're really climbing a mountain.

Send the picture to your outdoorsy friends in Colorado with the caption, "Here I am scaling the sheer face of Mount Minard, the highest peak in North Dakota. It's located in the middle of the treacherous Summer Fallow Mountain Range. Eat your hearts out!"

You could pretend it's a giant desk spike—and you could be a giant executive.

Go over to the bookstore and get some cardboard boxes, flatten them out and put a hole through the middle.

Then you can write little memos to your secretary like, "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum," and spike them on your desk spike. Don't let anybody see you doing this.

If you are artistic, you can borrow your roommate's 64 Crayola crayons and color it to look like the Empire State Building.

With water colors you can paint the skyline of New York on the side of Putnam Hall. Then on those weekends when it seems as if everybody in the world has gone home to Snow Pile, N.D., you can take a trip to New York.

With a peanut butter sandwich, a bottle of Boone's Farm wine and a Bic lighter, you can pretend you're have a candlelight dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria.

As the dwindling flame reflects in your Dixie cup of last month's grape crop, you can be thinking about all the things you're going to be doing in New York.

Tonight you'll take in a show and then go out on the town.

And then tomorrow you are going to go shopping.

That night you take in the movie at the Ballroom, gulp a beer at Chub's and the next morning, as you stand in line to buy a new lighter, you can think of all the money you saved over a real trip to New York.

If you've already been to New York six times this season, you can always go to Washington, D.C.

Whitewash the rock and pretend it's the Washington Monument. Get a map of campus and rename all the buildings for famous Washington landmarks.

Take a "Self-Guided Bicentennial Tour" of the nation's capital. Your roommate will wonder why you are wearing a cherry blossom in your hair.

If it's exotic travel you like, pretend it's a real Egyptian obelisk. When your roommate returns and asks you how you got so sunburned in one January weekend, tell him your camel didn't have an air-conditioned cab.

You can take it on a picnic. Serve genuine rock food like hard rock candy, rocky road ice cream or Norwegian sand tarts.

Take it bike riding. I don't suggest you rent a bicycle built for two. The rock may make you do all the pedalling. (Ooof!)

Talk to it. Lie on the grass, stare at the clouds and discuss philosophy and the price of oats in Dilworth. If it answers, discuss Freud.

If you find it difficult to relate to a rock, buy it an Original Pet Rock. But don't be surprised if your friend casts you aside like a pebble. Remember—three's a crowd.

Figure out a way to discreetly determine what sex it is so you don't have to keep calling it an "it."

This should take the better part of an afternoon. If at the end of the day you still haven't figured out if it's a boy or a girl,

turn to page 2. The rest of the story may not be there, but then again. . . .

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The United Sevrinsson Open

Golf Classic

By Zeka A. Zabuski

The United Sevrinsson Open Golf Classic was won this past weekend by veteran Randy Aasen after he ploed a fantastic final round, which included a hole in one on the last hole.

Going into the final round Aasen was a full six strokes out of first place, trailing former U.S. Open champion Hal Teiken, but Teiken had some bad luck on the back nine and had to settle for second. Teiken ended up with a triple bogie on the 16th hole when it took 'him three shots to get out of the dreaded water hazard and he was charged with a three stroke penalty when he hit his ball down the elevator shaft on the 17th.

Aasen played a brilliant final round coming in 12 under par. Included in his perfect last round was a hole in one which started from the eighth floor, went down four flights of steps, caroomed off a wall and rolled into the hole. The gallery went crazy after the shot fell in the hole and Aasen himself was heard to say "It's about time I got that shot down."

Play continued to tense up all

the way to the last hole, where Teiken still held on to a slim one stroke lead but his ball hit the garbage can on the way out of the study room and Aasen put in the easy putt to win the tournament and the quart of Coke, or whatever that was.

Aasen commented on his future after winning this presti-



gious tournament. "Well I guess there are a lot of openings I could take from here. I might start my own line of sports wear, or maybe I could endorse tires," he said. "What I would really like to do is get into that tournament over at Thompson next week, I guess that's a pretty tough course."

Teiken was not as optimistic however. "This is the end of my brilliant career, I was on top of the world one day and now I'm in the gutter. I've had an offer to sell Pup Products but I think I'll commit suicide instead.

This was the final event of the year on the fourth floor sports schedule, next years' season will start out as soon as school begins with the Pat Cleary Memorial Cigarette Rolling Open.



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