

You'll never get away from... Samurai Finance Commissioner

The ground is soggy, the feed lot at Van Es Hall is thawing out, your water stinks like rotten sugar beets and your dog is in heat. Yes, once again it's time for (drumroll) **SAMURAI FINANCE COMMISSIONER.**

Very little is known about the Samurais. Often they spend the entire winter in small dark closets preparing for that one time every year when the annual Samurai budgeting right is practiced. Student President John Goose, himself an ex-Samurai and Vice president Don Pierscum are some of the few students who are actually permitted contact with the Commissioner during his winter over. "You can tell when they're ready, because they start chanting." "I just flew back for the spring so I haven't heard them yet, through." Don says that as President In Charge of Vice he hasn't had time for anything but himself, but insists that it's nearly budgeting time.

Although the best members of every organiza-

tion are called in one by one to do battle with the sword wielding demon, few students will ever speak afterwards of the experience. Cowboy Bob Pigshits of the Rodeo-Flower Growers and Tobacco Chewers Club recalled some of the vague details of his experience. "It was awful. I walked in to get some money for Little-Guy, (that's our annual Rodeo-Flower Growers convention). We wanted just a few bucks to bring in Anita Bryant, you know. Suddenly, he jumped up on the table and charged at my budget with this big sword. All the others at the table were chanting, "Chop, chop, quick, quick, make the final budget stick! My secretary Ben Gay and I ran out screaming. A few of those fellows called us up and asked if we'd go over our request in private sometime, but we never went back!"

Although more than fifty groups are slashed every year, a reliable research study by two guys that live in Reed-Johnson and drive a blue 64 Oldsmobile reveals that definite trends are ap-

parent. Evidently those groups survive the experience with the best results smell like a feed lot, say 'yahl and have pointy toes. Fat women and guys with bent wrists fair nearly as well, with the final outcome dependent on the way they answer two traditional questions. Those groups having suffered the greatest wrath at the hands of the Samurais are groups which produce something useful and constructive to society. Evidence uncovered by this reporter on the bathroom wall of the Pink Pussycat indicates that Samurais can find no useful purpose for such groups. Traditionally this has led to annual battles between the Board of Stupid Publications, Cancelled Distractions and (gong) **SAMURAI FINANCE COMMISSIONER!**

Not much more is known about the Samurais, although rumours indicate that they survive by feeding at night on unsold Bison Yearbooks, wear a lot of green and frequent sleazy bars. Uh, oh! Gotta go, chop-chop.



Samurai Finance Commissioner prepares to chop the Wrecked 'em budget over the screams of the bi-editors.



An unidentified SU Rodeo Club member comes to the aid of a small animal after the referee tried to beat it to death with a handkerchief.



It may be slick, it may be cute But watch out for that leisure suit

By Johnny Rotten

"Without a doubt, we have found leisure suits to be a major cause of cancer," said Barbara Logan, head of SU's Textiles and Clothing Department.

The discovery was determined from experimental gamma-radiation treatments of polyester, a cloth found in most leisure suits.

"A man could wear a leisure suit all his life without knowing the danger involved," Logan said. She and 13 SU home economics students have been working on the project since November.

Logan said they conducted tests on mannequins before using human subjects.

"None of the mannequins tested got cancer from the suits, so we thought the suits were safe to try on human volunteers," Logan said. "That was a mistake. Twenty-three out of 25 males used in the experiment now have cancer."

Leisure suits have long

formal formality. Not too dressy, not too shabby. One can see leisure suits being worn by SU students. Professors wear them, too. As a matter of fact, the 25 male volunteers were SU professors.

"They had to wear leisure suits every day for four months," Logan said. "By the end of that time, most had cancer."

Logan said a list of dying professors and SU presidents will be made public pending notification of pets.

The clothing and textiles research group plans to ask the government to mark

leisure suits with cancer warning labels sewn into the crotches of the trousers. "That way if the men don't see them, their girlfriends will," Logan said.

"Watch out for blue-light specials," Logan said. Leisure suits found to contain the most carcinogenic material are sold at a local discount store famous for such sales.

The research group plans to attack other cancer-producing products. "Erasable-bond typing paper is next on our list," Logan said.

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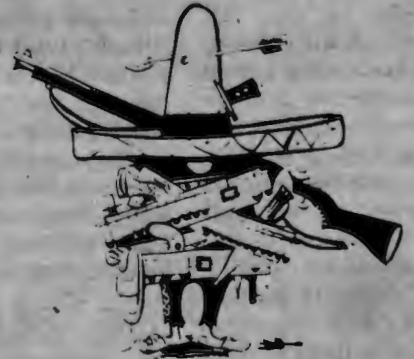
Flying home for Easter?
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.....

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SU Ku Klux Klansmen attack black jelly beans

"Kill, destroy, regurgitate," screamed members of the SU chapter of the Ku Klux Klan as they took out their frustrations on black jelly beans Saturday at the Varsity Mart North.

Black egg-shaped jelly beans, part of a traditional Easter treat, have never been singled out in KKK rallies before until last weekend's rally held in Festival Hall.

"They are a definite threat to the social order of white supremacy," SU's Imperial Wizard said at Saturday's rally. He has asked to be unidentified. This paper agreed, but we can give you his address and phone number: 947 University Dr., Fargo; 235-KLAN.

Klansmen left the rally in fervent anger, knocking down every 30 minute parking sign in their path. "We'll get those little black buggers," they cried.

Armed with clubs, Klansmen headed north. Their final destination - Varsity Mart North.

"We had heard there were some blacks hiding in the jelly bean bags there," Grand Dragon Bruce Scully said. "They'll never see another tonsil, I'll tell you that."

By 4 p.m. Klansmen had reached their destination. "They took us by surprise," Jane Wilson, clerk at the campus store, said. "There was no way to stop them. It was horrible!"

Bags were torn open. Jelly beans were scattered over the floor. "Only the black ones," the Imperial Wizard directed.

A shower of clubs rained upon the defenseless jelly beans. Within minutes, the black sugar-glazed coatings were split, insides oozing out. "The screams, oh, the screams," Wilson said.

By the time campus police had dispersed the Klansmen with grenades, the jelly bean count was 95 dead, three injured. Eleven had been killed by grenades.

"I'll remember them always," Wilson said. "They'll be my favorite flavor forever."

Campus police loaded all 36 Klansmen into one of their station wagons. The KKK members will be brought before the Fargo U.S. District Court in May on charges of homicide and food waste.

Why did this black jelly bean massacre take place? "They taste funny," the Imperial Wizard said.



Klansmen prepare for their assault on the defenseless black jelly beans at the Varsity Mart.

Campus police were finally able to disperse them by using grenades.

FUQ frat claims Brownholer scab title

By Joe College

Members of FUQ Fraternity won the scab eating contest held last week in the Old Field House.

Phil R. Up won individual honors by consuming 567 scabs in 75 minutes. All-in-all 45,000 scabs were eaten at the fundraiser put on for charity by the Brownholers, a new service club here at SU.

Hersh E. Bahr, organizer of the contest said, "The health service had all these scabs they wanted to get rid of, so instead of wasting them, we thought of this."

Bahr also said that the health service did not provide all the scabs as participants were allowed to bring their own.

"Yeah, the people brought about half of them. We barely made it. People just wolfed them down," said Bahr.

Scab eating is a relatively new experience for most people. It began in the late 1800's as a form of recreation for people in prisons and spread from there. Children have always eaten their scabs, but were scolded by parents when they did.

Bahr said, "It's too bad kids got that impression. They're really good and it's a great way to earn money for a charity."

Indeed, Brownhole raised \$11 for a charity still to be decided. Good going, gang!



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Campus Mart, Union, NDSU



Soyburgers, slop and other crud- Mmm. Mmm. good

By Johnny Rotten

I walked between the iron grating. "Card please," said the lady with an apron. I knew I was embarking on a mission with possibly no return-eating at East Dining Center.

Restaurant reviews are potentially boring. But when the East Dining Center, serving the newly-constructed Low Rise Dorms behind Weible, opened Thursday, I could hardly resist writing one.

The air smelled like the stench of decaying fish. As I piced up my tray, little creatures fell to the floor scurrying into the cracks in the tile.

The silverware was no longer silver-looking. Flakes of hardened food filled the notches of my fork, making it usable as a spoon.

"I'm paying for this" was all that came to my mind. And now they intend to raise room and board fees even higher next year. Disgusting. I could buy better rat food for less money. I bet the cooks don't eat this food. No, they go home and cook for real.

The food. Leftovers from Wednesday were added to the chopped steak. None of them were beef. The soybean added to bring down the cost of the "beef" per meal, was all I could taste.

The cook threw a pattie on my plate with wart-covered bare hands. "Don't look at me," she said. "The only germs on my hands came from the meat."

Another cook coughed up a huge wad of peppermint chewing tobacco and flung into the soup of the day, split pea. All I could think of was getting something to drink before I got sick.

The milk was warm and doubled as cottage cheese. Water, collected from the men's room urinals, was added to the coffee.

"We could care less what you think," Frankie Jackson, head honcho of SU food services, said when asked if this

was a daily ritual for the food service. "We've got your money. Hell, I've already spent half of this quarter's money covering my poker losses."

Dick Narby, head of SU's livestock development department, said most of the cattle it delivers to the food service are dead before they get on the student's plate.

"We've never had a pro-

blem except last year when that architecture student had his left hand bitten off," he said. "And the time when pharmacy shot a cow up on LSD."

Revolted, I ate nothing, sending my untouched tray down the conveyor belt sideways. That always makes the dishwashers mad.

Pay more for this food next year? No Way.

Gotta takes...

The SU academic affairs office has announced several new class additions for the 1980-81 year.

The Music dept. has four new classes:
Music 2455-Pink Floyd 75-80 The class will examine Pink Floyd from the album "Animals" to "The Wall", with discussion on the social implications of "Dark Side of the Moon."

Music 1353-Introduction to Punk Examination of social and moral implications concerning dress, drigs and the three chord progression.

Rock and Roll Seminar The history of modern rock and rool from Chuck Berry to the Ramones. Prerequisites include a Gibson Les Paull, two Marshall Stacks with a 300 Watt head, and a demo-tape.

Music 5000 Hard Metal Appreciation A high decibel study of Ted Nugent, old Deep Purple, and re-releases of Steppenwolf by Johnny Winter.(Those with hearing problems should avoid).

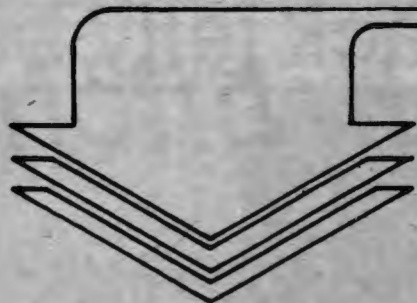
Physical Education has two additions:
Varsity punching Dr. Gordy Sprattler teaches the proper techniques in bar-room fighting, the sucker punch, and fighting while intoxicated.

PE 3261 The somersault way to fitness and weight control Techniques in tumbling and gymnastics with emphasis on losing equilibrium until vomiting. Only offered after dining center hours. A great way to take off un-wanted pounds!

The Humanities Forum 1981:
Humanities Forum: The topic this year will be "Breathing for Credit." A unique opportunity to earn 12 credits by just showing up.

The Art Department has three new additions:
Art 109f-110w-111s-Beginning, Intermediate, and advanced finger painting. A fun and easy series to help those who have no talent in art but want to be creative. An excellent opportunity to challenge al art tastes. Drugs will be provided during class periods.

All-in-all it looks like an interesting year for the new student at SU.



Wrecked 'em

EDITORIAL

By Ali P. Zambito

As an exchange student, I am glad the Wrecked 'em allowed me to sound off on an issue that is new to me. It does not occur in my home country and I was shocked and horrified at my first exposure to it.

It is what you here call "farting" and let me say it is not what we call in my country "brot" or sporting. Let me say this: as one enters a 12:30 class, fresh from a meal consisting of tomato sauce, sawdust and linolium (you call it chili), you sit down in South Engineering on those hard wooden desks and some guy lets a real ripper, a tear-gas, you know, the kind that curls your nasal hairs.

Man, let me tell you I was in bed for two weeks trying to get the smell out of my hair.

I realize some people complain at my custom to spread hamster dung in my hair everyday, but this guy let one rip in my chemistry lab, and my bunsen burner just about blew my face right off. Now I understand that it's purely physiological, but lets face it, we're endangering lives here.

I think that all students on campus should get together to discuss the problem.

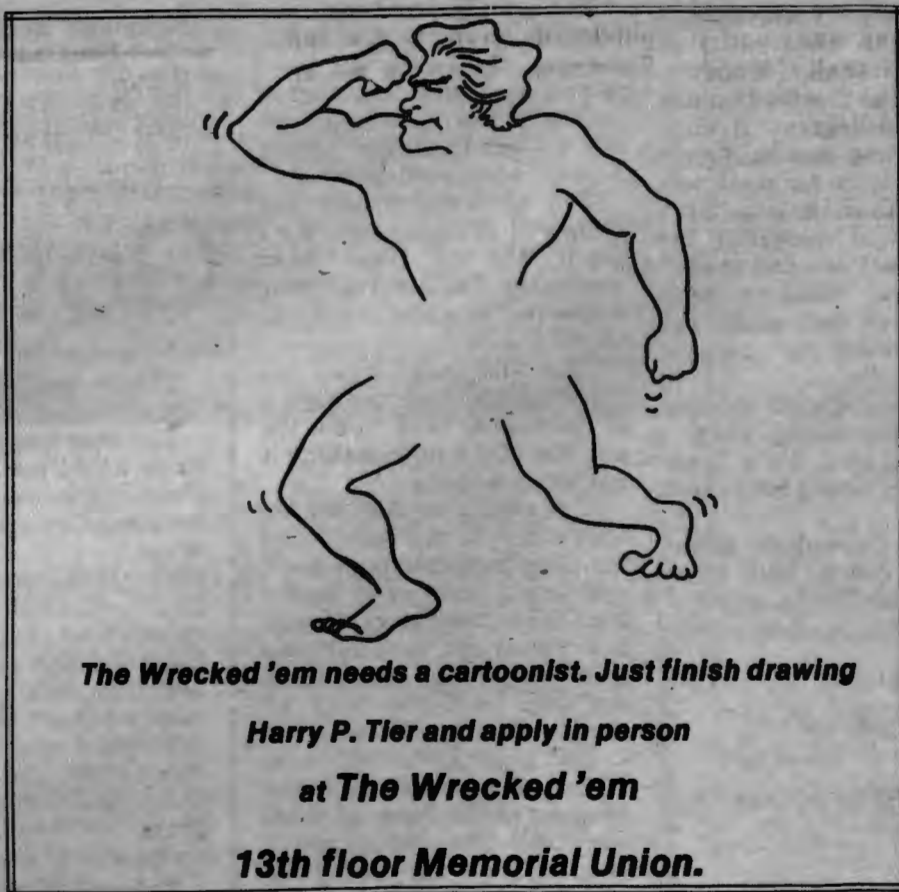
Also I have recently discovered that this prac-

tice is not limited to males, in fact, the ones females let loose, although silent, are far more destructive. My friend, just yesterday, had to be given oxygen to revive him after inhaling a fart. Not only did his lungs collapse, but doctor said that he destroyed about 600 billion brain cells.

With a country as technologically advanced as yours, it would be to my thinking, as well as other students on campuses throughout the nation that a medical device could be planted to restrict the expulsion of all toxic fumes emitted from the bodies of Americans.

You want a solution to the energy problem, harness the farts of college students! It wouldn't be hard. Just have everyone fart into a rectacle of some sort and collect them. Let the Boy Scouts do it! Tell them it's another paper drive or a good deed or something.

Well, thank you again for letting me discuss something that really puzzles me. I would like to leave you with the customary farewell of my country: "ick brot danudit und grlit" which translates to "your daughter's pregnancy brings joy to our village."



The Wrecked 'em is published Tuesdays and Fridays during the school year except holidays, vacations, examination periods, weekends, weekdays, and any date except April 1 in an underwater vessel two hundred yards off Burgum Beach.

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We feel that those inferred to in this issue will take it in the spirit it is written, that we all need to look at the lighter side of any situation, even serious ones. No disrespect is meant toward any SU staff, personnel or student.

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By Howard Kavanaugh

What I'm about to tell you is undeniably and reliably the truth. Honestly.

No one has hung me from my thumbnails, nor have I been coerced with Chinese water torture to make this confession (as you might expect of those whose stories appear in "National Enquirer" or "True Confessions.") With that aside, I am, it would seem, ready to "expose" myself...

The truth is I wear boxer shorts. That's right. Boxers. And I'm proud of it. I realize a lot of you are laughing and thinking, "Boxer shorts? Those are for old men with beer bellies!"

You probably recall Stever Martin from "Let's Get Small" and his description of Richard Nixon these days: walking alone along the beach at San Clemente with a metal detector and "...big old shorts on."

Unfortunately, this is a common misconception. Boxers are NOT big shorts, nor are they just for old men.

The fact is more and more young men are dropping their drawers and switching to boxers. Of course, some are just dropping their drawers. But those of us who have gone all the way are glad we did!

Few people can understand the pleasure of wearing boxers. In fact, many of you may

right now be asking, "Aren't they uncomfortable...I mean, don't they, you know, bunch up and stuff?"

This kind of ignorance is hard to fight. Yet anyone who wears them can tell you that boxers are infinitely more comfortable than conventional briefs or those tight-fitting bikini things that are so popular these days. Boxers are the next thing to going *au naturel*. They set you free.

For all of you die-hard discophiles who still wear skin-tight Angel Flights, and for all of you fashion conscious studs in Calvin Kleins, I can assure you there's nothing to worry about. If you buy the short-cut style, and you take the time to neatly tuck both legs (the boxers'-not yours, dummy) into your pants, you have absolutely no trouble with V.P.L. (visible panty line).

What's more, it's a "relief" to know you don't need a roadmap to find the fly (Which may also be the reason so many of my female friends admit they find men in boxers sexy and attractive!)

Now, I'm not claiming boxers are going to improve your sex life, but I can certainly guarantee they won't hurt it any either. After all, if Woody Allen can make it with Diane Keaton and Margeaux Hemingway wearing boxers, then who knows...

Bitch, bitch, bitch

Dear Editor,

I am disappointed that your newspaper has not done any stories on the organization that I belong to. All we hear about is Varsity sports, academic clubs, and social organizations. How about a few stories on the Bicycle Seat Sniffing Club? Oh sure, we get a weekly update on the war between the rugby and soccer clubs, but nothing on the B-double-S-C.

What could a few inches on the distinctly satisfying pleasures of sniffing one of those hard leather seats after a long ride hurt? With spring around the corner, I'm sure that there will be many interested in joining my group.

Now I realize that thus far my membership drives have been unsuccessful, but with some publicity I know that interest will abound. But fear not, even if I remain the only member I will not give up.

Have to go, a girl in shorts and a halter just rode by my window on a Schwinn Typhoon.

Thank you,
 Benny Venchenzo

Dear Editor,

My English teacher said that I wrote so bad that if I could ever get anything published, even if it's the Spectrum, she'd give me an "A." Can you help?

Thank you,
 A Derelict

Dear Editor,

Know what? That's what! Thought you might get a kick out of that one.

Fondly,
 Hugh G. Rection

Dear Editor,

As exchange students, we would like to know where we are. Are we in America? Is it always so cold? Why does everyone talk so funny? Why are we here?

Please Help,
 An Exchange Student

Dear Editor,

I'm tired of all those cracks about agriculture majors. Hey, so I like to play around with manure, big deal. I tell you, if I could get anyone of those assholes to work for me, I'd have them picking straw out of their navals for a month.

Honk Off,
 An Ag major

Dear Editor,

I am a middle-aged male who has recently undergone corrective surgery for cancer of the spleen. I have recently been evicted from my place of residence and was wondering if any of you liberal college students would be willing to share an apartment with me and possibly my wife and a few security guards?

If interested please send all replies to "Mo" care of Anwar Sadat, Cairo, Egypt.

Cordially,
 Mohammed Reza Pahlevi

Dear Editor,

I'd just like to know what a middle-sized land grant, agriculture and applied science University is doing in semi-rural, god-forsaken, tundra-like, quasi-urban, Fargo, North Dakota.

Any help would be
 Appreciated,
 L.D. Loftsgard

Dear Editor,

Hey, like you know? I just don't like to take tests, okay? And class, like somedays I just don't like to get up, you know, like after you party all night it's tough to get up.

And the 12 credits to be a full-time student, like that's no-where. And why is it 21 in North Dakota, like, that's stupid and I just can't get into it.

Hey, what happened to the 60s where you could have a good riot once in awhile, throw a few bricks and burn some buildings, like that would be cool again you know? Like, I'm bumming out.

Pass the Acid,
 A leftover Hippie

Dear Editor,

So what's so bad about a little snow? Okay, so it gets cold once in a while, big deal, and when spring comes you need a duck boat to get to class, who cares? Hey, where else could you have such a challenge just going to class. Consider yourselves lucky.

Good Day,
 Dewey



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DH



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DH



Ex-home ec dean remains in retirement

American Home Economics Association Division of Contrats and Grants, National Association of Universities and Land Grant Colleges, Home Instructors Union, Tri-State Homemakers Society, Midwest Egg Beaters Club, Fargo-Moorhead Society of Dish Washers and Floor Scrubbers, U.S. Cake Baker's Association, Fifth District Jello Molding Union, Underground Marshmellow Squeezers Society, State Board of Thimble Standards Fellowship of American Sock Darners, and Nothern District of Diebetics is still retired.

By "Cubbrie" Porter
Katherine Burgum, former dean of home economics at SU, now serving terms on the NDSU Foundation Board

'Deep Throat' now showing at local triple-X show hall

By Johnny Rotten
They said it couldn't be done. Well, I've done it. "Deep Throat," now showing at the XXX Cinerama is a vastly under-rated flick. It should be retitled "Cavern Throat."
Mindy Mopface stars as the sultry sweater girl (look it up! It's going to be hard writing a review of an x-rated movie with the limited journalistic vocabulary) who really takes in all that surrounds her. The question on everyone's mind: Doesn't it get dull seeing the same things over and over on the big screen? Maybe.

Sweaty, bulging-eyed senior citizens drooled on my lap as I sat in the theatre. I couldn't wait to wash my jeans.

Eyes rivited to the cleavage, the audience followed the ups and downs of the plots. What plot? There wasn't any. But no one cared as the tension peaked...the film broke. What an inopportune time for this to happen.

The house lights came on. Some of the screaming audience hobbled with canes to what I thought was a concession stand. Mopface liked salt; I decided to get some popcorn.

Low and behold, this was not an eatery constructed before my person, but a triple-X bookstore and vibrator shop. How do these old guys do it? One bumped into me, telling me he knew an easy girl we could purchase some time from if I

...and she was named Crystal, like a jewel.
But born on the 1st of April made her a fool.
Happy Birthday Crystal!
Love, Val & Linda

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Dr. Johnny Duke
Optometrist

covered his half of the charge. Taking a seat, I found the film had been repaired. Or so I thought.

Somehow the wrong film had been fed into the projector. We were now watching Mickey Mouse, but the sound was still from "Deep Throat."
"I was revolted. They were destroying the vision I had created of my idol as a child. I left as Mickey, climbing on Dumbo the Elephant's back, moaned "this is going to be a fun ride, I promise."

The movie was alright. But there are better things to spend your money on than sex.

Hey, buddy. Let's go find your girlfriend.

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BOSP hires Grunt



New City Editor Lou Grunt

The Board of Stupid Publications announces the assignment of Lous Grunt to city desk editor. Grunt, a native of Walla Walla, Wash., will be responsible for keeping tacks on the Buttetin boards and screening janitorial applicants.

Grunt, a 1979 graduate of Acme Reporting Academy of Karlsruhe, ND, has worked on the Karlsruhe Gazette, Daily Tar Heel (southern North Carolina), Pit's News, Dakota's Tudent, Beulah Beacon, Forum of Fungus Falls, Discordian, and Ad-Vo-Cut before coming to the Wrecked 'em.



An NDSU Balance-the-Basketball-On-Your-Elbow Invitational participant

YOUR TROUBLES VANISH



at Sam's Savings and Loan

Bring in your



and Sam will

keep it in a



With Sam's help,

your money will



Sam's Savings and Loan is a

The Dead Kennedys—back for a fatal finish

By Johnny Rotten

"All I did was blow my nose on him. I didn't break no law," said Jack Slasher, vocalist of SU's punk rock band, The Dead Kennedys.

The group, on its 1980 Noise Annoys Tour of western Minnesota, has been banned from playing in Twin Valley, Minn., following a disturbance during their performance Monday.

"We were playing in this little burg's bar, spitting on people and having a good time. Next thing I know, this guy throws his beer on our guitar amp," Slasher said. "That was it. We don't take that from nobody."

Paul Geiger, current manager of Ed's Bar and Laundromat, tells a different story. "Those hippies should be castrated. I'll have none of my customers swallowing their upper denture plates even if they are hit in the mouth by a flying guitar."

Geiger said at first he thought he had booked a polka dance band for his bar, but "as soon as I saw those safety pins sticking out of their cheeks, I knew we was in for trouble."

The Dead Kennedys, a four-member band, is named after the famous Kennedys Joseph,

John, Robert and soon-to-be Ted.

Other group members, besides Slasher, are Billy Dropkick, lead guitar, who wears a flight cap since Joseph Kennedy died in a plane crash; Sam Jerk, bass guitar; and Evellyn Lavalight, drums and blowcomb. Lavalight is the group's only transvestite. "Geiger can't hurt me," she said.

The group will complete its tour at 11:45 p.m. Tuesday, April 1 (tonite, el stupido,) in the basement of Residence Dining Center. Why such an odd place?

"We love the smell of rancid food," Lavalight said, adding the group has played in bathrooms that have smelled better.

All members of the group are SU seniors majoring in botany. "Flowers are cosmic," Dropkick said. "My faves are black roses. They dye white ones to make them, you know."

Not at all popular on campus, the group strives to build up its public image. It has just released its first single, "The Final Solution," based on the Nazi's extermination of the Jews. Sample lyrics: "Belsen was a gas I heard the other day. In the oven grates where



From left to right: Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Kennedy — The Dead Kennedy's.

the Jews all lay." The single is available at Varsity Mart North.

"When we play, everyone does the pogo," Jerk said, referring to the famous punk dance of jumping up and down. All punks have flat feet.

Campus Attractions, desperately seeking a rock

group for upcoming Spring Blast, has signed The Dead Kennedys to play one gig Saturday, May 3, on the face-lifted section of Morrill Hall. "We've never played on the side of a building before. But we like the pigeon crap that's hanging on those bricks," Slasher said.

The group intends to tour

West Acres this fall. "We like to hang around Freddie's Fudge Factory," Lavalight said.

The Dead Kennedys

We don't give a darn if you don't give a darn'

By C. E. Stanley

Who cares about apathy? At least 253.5 people certainly don't. That's the quasi-pseudo-membership of the SU Apathy Club, counting undecideds.

Formed last fall, the club hasn't had a meeting yet because no one would bother to show up. They have no constitution, no officers, no dues, and no purpose other than a mild devotion to not coming involved.

Membership drives have been infrequent and passive. The spokesman, who didn't want to give his name, commented, "Sure, we're always

looking for new members, but personally I don't give a damn if anyone joins up or not."

There is only one blot on the club's record. One day last fall or winter (no one could seem to remember exactly when) one member became momentarily upset about the malling of West College Street. But as another member drawled, "He came to his senses soon enough."

For the most part the group keeps a relatively low profile, spending their time practicing apathy while reading BOSP pleas for job applications.

On not being a track coach's #1 (or...Bruce Jenner, you ain't!)

For anyone who has found the sensation of oxygen starvation and sugar depletion pleasurable, jogging is for you.

After obtaining a good pair of jogging shoes and the latest in sweatsuits, head for a park, a beach or a country lane. You're about to become...a JOGGER!

Okay Mr. Jogger, what can you expect the first time out? Well, to begin with you'll

probably get cramps in your chest and sides—ignore them. After the first mile you'll just want to concentrate on the pain in your legs anyway.

As the miles roll on you'll begin to sweat profusely and your vision begins to blur.

Do you stop? No!

Suddenly you begin to vomit. Pay it no mind. Shortly your muscles will begin to seize up but, as you stumble

to the ground virtually paralyzed with rigor mortis, just remember that as you wait for the ambulance to arrive you can lie there and think proudly to yourself, "I'm a jogger."

So future joggers may your workouts be many, your charley horses few and remember, "You only have one life, so run for it or you're dead!"



Young Fargo militants scream anti-babysitter chants and take up arms after seizing the FLC Day Care Center early Monday morning. College of Home Economics spokespersons say fourteen CDFR majors are being held hostage by the little brats who are demanding ten dollars and 12 Twinkies as ransom.

Law, publicity chairman for Campus Attractions, reacts to the news that he has actually applied for a 1980-81 position. Tim Tuel, a fellow CA staffer, is overheard to say "You gotta be shittin' me!"

Scoop Malone, Ali Zambito on fish



By Phieldon Stream

Well, sports fans the fishing season has opened once again here at SU. So here is the weekly Wrecked 'em fishing report.

Lake Stockbridge: reports have the bass running extremely well near Weible Bay, with the best catches coming between 6 and 8 p.m.

Union Sea: Marlin are few

but if the water holds up and you have a good boat, the deeper points near the flagpole should prove fruitful.

Dinan Lake: Here's the spot for all you Karp-lovers, 10-15 lbs. a cast for anyone with the patience of a spear gun.

Burgum Bay: Well the Smelt have begun to run, so if you want any, you better

hurry! Remember, no whaling near Burgum Beach.

West College Street River: Pretty dead, but the sailing and waterskiing are terrific.

The Gulf of New Fish House: Snails and clams abundant, with crayfish and lobster hard to find, but worth the effort. Fishing good only in the early hours of the morning on Tuesdays.



The patient Ali P. Zambito finally hooks the big one and gradually fights him to the canoe.

Scoop and Ali proudly display their prize catch. After a long wait they finally caught the elusive "Old Schmidty."



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