DeFies Disgusted at Ag-Day Cover Up

by Dregs Skins

An otherwise successful "Ag Day" was overshadowed by scandal Friday as the Administration exercised its authority to censor student related activities.

On Friday, April 23, Dean of Students Marion Van Soul-en informed Agriculture Professor Henry DeFies that he had removed some of the exhibits from the S.U.B. lounge. According to an undisclosed source, these exhibits portrayed graphic and blatant renditions of a female sheep's birth-tract and three-dimensional representations of a cow's reproductive organs.

This was only the beginning, however, of a recent string of events reflecting the Administration's belief that censorship is a legitimate and sometimes necessary task when dealing with over-sexed and degenerate children of the Covenant.

Before 10 a.m., the entire area in front of the S.U.B., where visiting livestock had been penned, was barricaded by Administration officials. No students or faculty were allowed inside until 1:30 when the barricades were taken down.

Shock was the prevailing reaction as students filed past herds of jock-strap and panty adorned sheep. Only pure disgust can be described as to how this reporter felt upon viewing the bras on the milk cows.

Professor DeFies commented: "I'm upset. I mean have you ever tried to find size 248-A nursing bras? It was awful!"

Later in the day, the milking contest was forced to be held behind curtains, the only clue as to who was winning came from the groans and moos of the cows themselves. The sheep-shearing occurred inside a tent temporarily staked out behind the S.U.B. Prefect-elect J.B. Halt was heard to say, "I will NOT allow naked sheep to wander around on this campus! Over my dead body!"

DeFies said that according to Halt next year there will be an advising committee to the prefect which will discuss problems of this nature prior to the event.

As a footnote, all copying and students who hereafter visit the Dord farm will be asked before entering to sign a card stating that "Dirt Collage will not be held responsible for any blatant or suggestive sexual acts which you may encounter during the tour."

"I am thoroughly disapponted," lamented DeFies. "I mean look at the English and Art Departments—they practically have strip-teases over there in NWT and every art show I attend now there is a naked broad on the wall. Not to mention some of the stuff the English Department makes those kids read—pure pornography! ...It's about time we decide to support all departments EQUALLY around here..."

Snake Theory Gives Christian Perfective

by Icast Rated

Even though the wind chill factor dropped to -48° Celsius, Dr. A. Meninges recently dropped his angel white lab diaper and was reported streaking through compost. His hair was scal-pelled and stood on follicu-lar roots. According to Rock reporters, such evolutionary behavior is due to Meninges' experimental research of pain receptors on the sense-full parts of the body.

Upon further interrogation, Meninges alluded to his recent revelation as to the origin of homos apeians. The basic principles of his new theory, known as the Snake Theory, he stated, were discovered on the twitch of his naris at precisely 5:15 p.m., two minutes before his usual sip of Billy beer.

The new theory, according to Meninges, is perfect and provides the missing link to the Christian perfective as applied to the origin of homos apeians. Apparently, the naris twitch is a derivative of the lingual need of the snake to squeak in tongues and streak in tongs. In homos apeians, this need is fulfilled only by those who wear cat eyes above their naris, which squeaks when moved. Over the years, these feline characteristics have cat up to the follicu-lar root development which is also a derivative of cat whiskers that have snaked up during the ice age.

Thus, the research by Meninges is slowly drawing to a close—a rate equal to the closing of his drawers. His most recent binge is to discover the relationship of the extent of Billy beer in homos apeians to the effects of billy buttons in snakes. All Meninges' eff-orts should be highly commended since they are vehement attacks on Chuck Dart-weller's theory of the origin of the fieses.

When questioned on the need for a revision on the 1843 textbook material used in class lectures, Meninges commented, "My vy is rite! Vetheir de materials ou 1843 or 1983, I know vat is important and de students don't understand dat!" As such a profound statement was made, Meninges cleared his trachea with such a rasp that the jaws of Skeleton Bone dropped at the thought of mucal pain. It is worth noting that Meninges has been nominated for an "A" ward in recognition of his direct applications of research to the classroom environment. This recognition is due (in nine months) to the fact of his constant tibia spasmodic kicking movements on the sense-full pain receptors of the student body.
Op'inion'm

SB Reaffirms Dirt's i.l.p. Policy
by E. Lou Sieve

The Student Borem which has been studying rules at Dirt Collage throughout the year, discussed in loco parentis at its last meeting. Members defined the terms: in loco parentis—the guiding, loving hand of someone, anyone a few years older than a student, and someone willing to help the student make decisions, important and not so important.

The Student Borem which has been studying rules at Dirt Collage throughout the year, discussed in loco parentis at its last meeting. Members defined the terms: in loco parentis—the guiding, loving hand of someone, anyone a few years older than a student, and someone willing to help the student make decisions, important and not so important.

"Because of Dirt Collage's reformational background, the Student Borem realizes the importance of inter-relating all aspects of life," said Hank Goooff, president of Student Borem. "Dirt Collage has to develop the vision that the parents gave their children at home. Dirt must continue to equip students with the necessary tools, such as docility and generosity, to protect them from the evil temptations of the world." A few examples of these temptations are business persons making more than a 75% profit, playing professional sports on Sunday, and selling fast-food products.

In loco parentis is traditional at Dirt Collage. Parents greatly entrust their children to Dirt, thus placing a big responsibility on administration and faculty. Student Borem emphasized that parental guidelines must be continued in the academic setting. This will ensure future generations of elders and deacons, and yes, housewives, and elementary ed. teachers who, before they themselves have children, will have their tasks and purposes precisely worked out.

The concretized assistance by Dirt's competent staff is manifest in the numerous committees that have been set up for the student's convenience. If a student has personal problems in the need of fixing, like roommate-finding, why, Conciliative Council is the perfecto place to go. The compost pastor can take care of spiritual problems and parlementary and gastronomic problems can be taken care of by the Vermin.

One of the more important councils is the Packing Council. Its members comb all of Slough Center for housing that would pass any Dirtch woman's inspection: huge windows for plants to grow voraciously; large bedrooms for each student for plenty of privacy from distractions; plenty of lawn space for students to have gardens and produce their own fresh vegetables.

In loco parentis plays a large role on-compost as it does off-compost. "Non-curricular activities on-compost are well monitored," said Hank Goooff. It is important to be funded completely or partly by the Collage, in that faculty members supportively check students before they make any mistakes embarrassing to the student and the collage. Thus few of the hard-earned.1.008 funds are wasted. For example, the waste of convict funds was narrowly missed last week when Canadian students working on Dirt's artsy-smartsy magazine almost slipped through a pornographic poem. Due to the commendable, although nasty actions of a secretary, who will remain nameless, this rash publishing faux-pas was stopped.

In light of the past, and in confidence for the future, Student Borem believes that in loco parentis is strong and viable at Dirt Collage. A collage without firmly engrained in loco parentis is like being heterosexual without the sexual.

When I heard who is expected to replace Random-eh?, all my apprehensions of the English department decreasing in capacity promptly evaporated. Evidently the administration has offered Vandy's position to a woman who teaches English as a second language in China at the moment, confident that if she can teach English grammar to little Chinese kids, she can teach English 101 to a bunch of Dirt freshmen. An added convenience is her husband, an engineering professor of high acclaim, who also has a chance of finding work here.

As a result of this boon, the English department staff will neither deplete in ranks nor employ such an unscrupulously erudite menace as Random-eh? any longer. Next year's 4.0 hunters really couldn't have it any better. Their greatest possible obstacles will be Stopp and Vanden Josh, who will probably cause little more than minor disturbances.

I would also like to warn the administration of a scandalous conspiracy concerning its decision. Some ambitious students, acting under the quixotic delusion that their united efforts may produce results, have drawn up a perdition to persuade the administration to change its decision. They apparently feel Random-eh? has made some contributions to the collage, and they claim to be thinking of its future well-being and edification.

Although I hold this perdition to be a foul, under-handed, reactionistic plan, I have the utmost assurance that the administration will pay no heed to such a paltry student endeavor, as it has faithfully done in the past. It is a comfort to know we won't be given a second glance, no matter how many ignorant signatures it bears.
Another man falls to an aggressive woman

Students have been in an uproar all week; work-study strikes, especially secretaries, sit-ins, especially the Vommins' salad girls, and threats at knife-point, especially by bulletin-making girls.

Why the uproar you ask? Dirt's Communication/English,

Heritage Fund Erases Canadian Debt

Prime Miniscule Truedough recently expressed his desire to offer the provinces

The True Blind

is proud to introduce

The Modal Aspects

The True Blind now carries the latest in NEW WAVE!

The Modal Aspects are the hottest new punk group to cut a record at Dirt

Hit Singles include:

Modality Madness; Epistic Party;
Roll Over Vollenhoven; Untouchable Girl
Pre-Sem Students Steal the Show
by Twiggy Cornenbelt

Approximately 1,500 library books have disappeared this school year despite the newly installed detection system.

According to Hester Hauler, head librarian, this number is appalling, but not surprising.

"Considering the detection system managed to stop 25,301 would-be thieves, it's not surprising that so many books disappeared. The unanswered question is basically how did they get the books out?"

Other librarians have a few ideas.

"When I see people carrying backpacks on their head, I get suspicious. Also, when people walk past the desk and suddenly appear by the telephone, it's a tip-off—they've probably crawled under the turn-bar."

"I've gone downstairs to see students cutting off the spines of books to prevent detection. It's becoming absurd."

Because more Theology books are missing than other books, librarians intimate pre-sem students are the culprits.

"But with the price of commentaries and reference books, what do you expect? And besides, most of those students will eventually go to Mars, and we can only be proud to be a part of this great adventure."

Resident Rodents Responsible for Alcohol in East Compost
by P. L. Zingly

At the last meeting of the Student Borem it was decided that something must be done about all the insects and mice that are living in college-approved housing without permission from the administration. They are squatters who don't pay for the luxury of staying in such plush housing.

According to Student Borem president Hank Goofoff, it is time someone dealt with this critical in-house issue before it gets out of hand and the miserable bugs demand the same treatment as students—including financial aid. He said that the problem is major, and everyone is affected. The mice are noisy and keep the students awake at night. They throw big parties and consume an outrageous supply of alcohol.

One East Compost resident stated that the mice leave vodka bottles in the apartment, and yet the students must pay the fines. The WHAC is grateful to all the mice who have been thoughtful enough to leave their returnable beer cans in the boxes in East Compost.

The insects have also caused many problems in various apartments. In one E.C. building, the hallway vents had to be replaced because the bugs had kicked them in order to get into the apartments without having to steal keys. Several E.C. residents complained that the bugs come in late after a few hours at Croc's and kick on the metal vents just to make noise. Bugs also throw firecrackers into apartments in order to chase the tenants out so the bugs can have the place to themselves.

The most pressing problem, according to Goofoff, is that the mice and insects have no respect for the gender-segregation policy at Dirt College. Coed living is a reality since males and females live together and have no respect for residents of the apartment. Imagine the discomfort of a girl who knows female mice are peeking out from their mouseholes, watching him while he sleeps. Or consider the embarrassment of a female resident who shares her shower with a male bug.

Goofoff has asked Student Borem to consider a measure to make the mice and insects responsible for their actions. An arbitration panel should make the vermin pay for what the squatter-bugs do. He feels that the non-student pests should pay their own way at Dirt or be made to bug off.
Ex Compost Dominee Reveals Scandalous Life

by A. Louis Sieve

Would you believe it?

In a tensioned-packed press conference, the President of the Dirt Collage recently revealed the existence of a Board Task Force which has been reexamining the choice of J.B.J. "Ptarmigan" Halt as the next President of Dirt Collage.

Said the Board President who declined to reveal her name, "We had rigged the selection process. Obviously we were set up to pick someone so closely associated with that joint in TO. However, we had to believe that those Canadians were pretty important to us. So when the smoke had cleared away after the laborious selection process, we picked the person least tainted by the reformational movement. We thought things looked pretty good. Halt was so sincere... for years he's told people, especially young students, that he neither wanted or would accept the job. "I just love being a compost dominee and I wouldn't give that up for the world" he always told people. But after he was offered and accepted the position, wierd things began to happen."

"We decided right then and there that we had better look into this... upsetting the artsy-smartsy set within the Dirt Community. Neither they nor we may understand their perverted poetry or their -libe... did you see the two in the chapel—nudes, but someday when these kids are worth millions we can tap them for an endowment."

"Well, we also found out that Halt had ties to that joint in TO. Not long ago, he and one of their agent provocateurs, Briar Welsh, appeared together at a conference in the Twin Cities. We not only frowned on Halt's consorting with those TO people, but we also didn't think that looked too good."

She stopped, wiped her eyes, and then continued. "Well all of these things could have been forgiven. Dropping a class, meeting with someone from an opposing institution—at least it wasn't Queens or Unre-deemed—it's not such a big deal. We're a tolerant community and in the reformed tradition are. And besides, all this happened before Halt had assumed the presidency. But then, just as we were about to close down our investigation, all Halt broke loose! One of the Board members happened to read one of those propaganda magazines put out by that joint in TO. He of course doesn't subscribe to the thing. His daughter brought it home one weekend. Picked it up on the Dirt campus, she claimed. You know, mused the President, "It's a good thing we at least decided to pick a new president. What with that propaganda on compost I bet they even distributed that stuff."

Prefect Select Duplicates Dirt Board

Banner with Adam and Eve: Anyway in that TO magazine there was an announcement stating that J.B.J. "Ptarmigan" Halt would be the keynote speaker in Smothers, Canada, at a TO joint sponsored conference... in August.

"The Task Force was naturally upset, but after all this could be ignored, forgotten, or covered up by the PR department. So we set up the Task Force on the Conference in Smothers, Canada, to find out. The TFCOT is headed by Sly Grit and augmented by the ROTC unit was going to fly up to Smothers and take whatever action was necessary to maintain our reputation as a Class 1 Dirt Board."

The President paused and again dabbed at the sweat, pouring down her neck, past her collarbones, onto her... feet. Then she continued. "Now getting back to serious matters, everything came to a head the day the Board was touring the Dirty Ag Stewardship Centre. We'd just sat down in the B.J. "Doesn't it smell like money?" Hawn Restaurant for a cup of coffee. After the waitess had brought us our pot of coffee and left, we noticed an 'envelope' under the pot.

"We opened the envelope. In it was a memo from J.B.J., to Maid Marian "Stamp out Individuality-Anatomy-Creativity-Curiosity" Van Soul-en outlining staff changes for the coming year. In addition to the usual political bings and "we hope you do find another position after we led you on for so long" releases, there was this stunning sentence..."

"The President stopped, fished a piece of paper out of her blouse, held it up for the cameras, and read from the memo, "The position of compost dominee will be filled on an ad hoc basis after the 1981-1982 year. Obviously it is doubtful that Covenant students from the Christian Reformed tradition could ever have spiritual problems, but also the money saved from the disappearance of this position could also be used for building more administrative offices in the SUB, as well as for a lie-detector system for the Counselling Centre/Discipline Committee and, last and certainly not least, for the Class 1 Dirt Institute Lectureship Studies Centre Corporation."

"Well," said the very Board President, loosening her collar, "that was it. No, not the offices, or the lie-detector system, or that whateveryouwantcallit Centre. Those really aren't things that the board need concern itself with! Rather, we just felt that anyone who had so ably occupied the position of campus dominee for so long who upon gaining power and fame..."

The Board President stopped, tears streaming down her cheeks. The journalists deferentially dimmed their lights. Composing herself she said, "What mean to say is this: If Halt was deciding that the position of campus dominee was not needed now that he had the presidency in hand, it was obvious that for years he had been using the position merely as a stepping stone. One year the position is a 'creational imperative for guiding wayward covenant youths toward the realization of their enkaptic createdness, as determined by the Dirt Institution Lectureship Studies Centre Corporation, 'for the glory of the broader community that is Dirt Collage,' and the next year the position can be filled on an 'ad hoc' basis."

Once again the Board President halted. Throughout the entire press conference the journalists, all these Dirt Collage graduates, had raised a single question. Then one of them, a young man wearing a T-shirt with the words "You're too much if you're Dutch" emblazoned across the front, cleared his throat and asked, "Well what are you going to do about?"

"The very Board President lifted her head, peered at the young man for several seconds and then said, "We, the Class 1 Dirt Collage Board, are giving Halt a one-way first class ticket aboard the next Skylab mission to MARS. We heard that one of the cities near— Ptarmigan Season Opens

by MARS has a Reformation Fest every spring—Tulip Time they call it. Although the Fest draws reto typey of all stripes and colour out of the closet. But this is really an ephemeral thing. The flowers are just for the artsy smartsy types in the community. We are giving him the ticket because we heard that MARS is looking for a president and what better person could there be for the position our used-to-be-now-has-been President de-select J.B.J. 'Ptarmigan.'

Soapbox BS
Rollerball Grinds Four-Ton Organ

by Captain Corderoy

Would Tone Rollerball actually dare to destroy an organ? No, she wouldn't, but she is taking organ grinding lessons. When Rollerball first heard about organ grinding, she was shocked at the prospect of an organ being ground up. She attended a meeting of the American Guild of Organ Grinders (AGOG) to protest, but instead she discovered a fascinating new mode of music.

Rollerball ordered a barrel organ from the Neverlands nine years ago, and it finally arrived in the mail on Feb. 29, 1982. Since then she has taken lessons from An Tone Jo Purdamoolaa in Sioux City. Besides learning how to change barrels so that different songs can be played, she has also learned different cranking techniques. Because, she said, "it unwinds my mind, I enjoy playing it backwards most."

Every Wednesday afternoon Rollerball is required to give a resitittal. At 3 p.m. she drags her four-ton barrel organ to the front of the chapel, and, after changing into gypsy clothes, plays until 5 p.m. Since Rollerball can't afford a monkey, she hires Noel Maccabbee. She pays him 15 bananas a week (if she has them left) to wear a long purple tail, scratch his beard every 30 seconds, and hold out his Mostly Mozart coffee cup for money, which she retains for new barrels for her organ.

Organ grinding is considered by Dirt students to be associated with Hairy Kritsna. Rollerball and Maccabbee deny this accusation. They enjoy exotic instruments and doing unusual antics together, but they refuse to have their heads shaved. Rollerball enjoys telling why she plays her barrels. "The Dirtch heritage is so rich musically," she exclaims. "Organ grinding is one musical technique that we have avoided too often. The barrel organ's melodic sound and excellent quality surpasses that even of the organ. Besides, it's easier to play."

Rollerball said that organ grinding is a great way to get attention. Whenever any of her classes become too noisy, she threatens to bring in her barrel organ and serenade them. At first they consented. Now they bring cotton balls to class.

Dirt Rock Resists Rejection

by Am Hafwoman

What is that odd-shaped rock on the northeast lawn of the chapel?

A number of students and visitors have commented on this new addition to compost. Some felt the rock has possibilities for becoming a roosting place (or birdhouse for the many birds on compost). Others wanted to know if Dirt took the insurance ad to "own a piece of the rock" seriously. One individual was disappointed to learn that it will not be a statue of the wo-o-nder-ful Rev. Booster (Hawn) who will be flying the coop soon. Or, after the western states donated cows to the Dirt farm, did Colorado constituents feel obligated to donate part of the Rockies?

Well the Rock demands the rock as its mascot or the self-same rock will be taken hostage unless the Administration yields to our demands immediately! We the staff have taken enough! Writers of the world unite! Join the chorus...

We shall overcome...
We shall overcome...
We shall overcome...

Hawn's Profs Perform Among Players

by Captain Corderoy

Rev. B. J. Hawn conducted the Prof Choir, Prof standing for professional sounding. Forty-three Prof professors make up the choir.

The choir sang on April 1 in the Dirt gymnasium while the gym was being used for a basketball game. The choir sang in the middle of the gym while the basketball players played around. During intermission, an inspired Hawn scored for Dirt when he saw money being gathered during the freewill offering.

Hawn's directing thrilled the audience with crescendos and comic facial expressions. Lillian Glycerin, pianist, showed great ability to play in every key and off key simultaneously. At times her off-key matched the off pitch of the choir, but luckily no one on the
Soc. Science Dept. Uncovered SIN

by Rave Poopmans

Recently a most important discovery has been made on Dirt's campus. The true cause of homosexuality has been traced, with only the merest shadow of doubt, to an internal imbalance. The effects of this disorder (which has been named Seel-in-Noetica), are particularly noticeable in over-crowded areas, i.e., cities. Seel-in-Noetica is a common problem, though obscure, and the discovery has opened up great potential in many areas of social, ethical, religious and philosophical thought.

At the theoretical level the new knowledge of Seel-in-Noetica, abbreviated SIN, establishes a basis for equality. Unlike the claim of a neo-Jeffersonian movement that all men have the right to be equal, the discovery of SIN shows that all men are already equal.

Seel-in-Noetica is currently believed to exist in all people though it comes to expression in various ways. Not only does it cause homosexuality but various forms of other errant behavior. Besides being the cause for abnormative behavior, SIN is believed to cause much of the confusion which arises when discussing or attempting to deal with such behavior.

The new discovery is particularly valuable in its practical application. Now that we know that the cause for homosexual behavior is something which is in every

Questionable Bland Plays At Dirt

by Looks Smeared

Dirt Collage creates an ever changing environment for its students. Students may enjoy year round residencies in the Great White Whale (GWWO or bucketball services in the gymnasium. Students are given a lot of freedom to begin new clubs and subcommittees of their own choosing. When perspective students visit the compost, they are given a representative view of the Collage by reading informative pamphlets and meeting spacial people.

But the part of Dirt Collage that astounds most of its students is the apparent lack of sound judgement—at times—in extra-vernacular activities. Just last Thursday, as part of "Springboard Week," a bland was allowed to play without having a pre-giggle audition or being plug-pulled during what sounded like practicing. The Modal Aspects represented a questionable Christian philosophy in name and modeled a secular fashion in person. The noise they "created" signified a barbaric, pagan ritual used for vertical body movement.

Help us in the future, Rev. Hall, to keep this kind of thing under warps.

In cloning, it must be said that Dirt Collage represents everything the crossroots wants.

Crosswords

Spring burn-out. by Skywalker

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I | J | K | L | M | N | O | P | Q | R | S | T | U | V | W | X | Y | Z |
| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I | J | K | L | M | N | O | P | Q | R | S | T | U | V | W | X | Y | Z | A | B |

Calendar

April 30

- 'Lemonade Kegger' with live music by the Modal Aspects at 8:30 p.m.
  Cheaper than the Jr./Sr. banquet and a lot more fun. Phone 722-6505 ask for John Kegger for place.

May 3

- Secret announced meeting of Mars fund-raisers Place: Oak Groove Lax-ess
  Time: Midnight
  B.Y.O.B.*

March

- Rock Mobile Unit Kegger
  Place: Oak Groove Lax-ess
  Time: Midnight
  B.Y.O.B.

* Bring your own Bible.
Poopmans Lead Dull Blades Past Caliban

by Squid Bandsaw

According to John Flop (player-coach), efficient line changes and quiet confidence were the key to the decisive 11-2 victory over the Caliban Trojans. The Trojans came out with rubbery legs after witnessing another intimidating and organized warm up by the Dull Blades.

Rick Poopmans led scoring with five goals, surpassing his previous lifetime total of four. Poopmans attributes his success to six types of donuts and muffins. Gary Psychgraaf known for his positional play surprisingly started to wander throughout the ice surface. Bernie Shacklemy was taken out of the game early after being checked through the plexiglass by a Caliban defenseman. He escaped serious injury due to his hockey pants protecting his throat. Jack Bandsaw, noted for his controlled temper, spoke reasonably to the defenseman. The fight which almost occurred was broken up by Brian Candor Spleen, his burly linemate with the hairy chest.

The line of Sid Bandsaw, Gary Lost, and John Butenal added to the scoring by slapping in five goals. Dave Miss (referee) could not decide who to give the credit to, so the goals were given to Candor Spleen who was sitting in the penalty box. More goals would have been scored by this line had Butenal not been checked by his sore bum and had Sid Bandsaw not been looking for his linemate, Lost, who was touring the town in a "taxi" cab.

Mark Staggered, "Le Bleu," who with dazzling speed and unbelievable stick-handling took the puck from behind his own goal; weaved his way through the opposition and with a scintillating slap-shot beat Caliban's goalie for Dull's final tally.

Caliban's goalie came late in the third period on well passed tip-ins by Ken Bupoon, who beat goalie Enno Eye'er on his usually hot glove hand. Other defensive standouts included Albert Bantering who spent much of the game smiling into the stands, and Theo Pullit who received an honorable mention for sportsmanlike conduct.

Eco Vander Swift was unable to play this game because he could not afford to buy hockey sticks due to a recent purchase at Van Gelding Jewelry in Orange City. Reg Hairless was sidelined with blue pants that clashed with the Dull Blades traditional yellow and black uniforms. The jerseys remained in good condition until they were seductively ripped off the rippling muscular backs of the skating super stars by love struck female fans after the game. The only injury other than the jerseys was the spare goalie and statistician Bryan Humble. Humble was pinched between the gate and the boards when team advisor R. Healdrink a 10 minute misconduct, and leveling the floor would take nothing at all, nothing at all.

The Dull Blades traveled to Des Moines to wrap up their season against Drake. The Blades should have no problem because the Bulldogs are "Wusses", a real joke.

SS Squad Finishes First Season

Coach Maid Marian Van Soulen is pleased with the performance of his all-rookie squad. "They handled each assignment like experienced troopers." General Manager J. Von Groaningone praises Maid Van Soulen. "It was his first season as coach. He has coached bucketball, of course, but never a serious sport like steriophonics."

Cynical Candid, a sophomore in East Compost Apartments, was not impressed with the SS troop's no-loss record. "Sure they may have confiscated 13 stereos and made $375 in anti-noise campaigns, but the SS fixed the games. Most teams they played didn't know the rules correct, General Von Groaningone brushed it aside as a slip on the part of the rookie coach Van Soulen. "Of course Van Soulen can't be expected to know the niceties involved in human relations." General Von Groaningone is recommending and were allowed only between 2-6 players. The SS troop could rally nearly 25 counseling center troops for any encounter."

"If you do not agree to let us win your stereo, we will lock you up in the East Hall concentration camp." When asked if this quote was the ice to assist Dave Poopmans who was frantically looking for his glasses along the ice in the corner. The dullness of the blades was profoundly expressed by Sid Bandsaw and Enno Eye'er in their display of true Canadian "form."

At a news conference broadcast over KDDBS, B.J. Hawn's eyes overflowed with exultation, and he proposed a plan to convert the chapel into a hockey arena. He reasoned that it was already equipped with bleachers and barrel organ, and leveling the floor would take nothing at all, nothing at all.

The Dull Blades traveled to Des Moines to wrap up their season against Drake. The Blades should have no problem because the Bulldogs are "Wusses", a real joke.

The SS Squad has just completed its first ever season.