

# PARODY ISSUE

## SUFFOLK PHALYX

A DIVISION OF SUFFOLK JOURNAL, INC. — APRIL 1, 1980 — APRIL FOOLS ISSUE

### Police now fondle guns

By Hans O'Dog

Suffolk's answer to Dick Tracy, Police Chief Ed "I got a red nose" Parvon, announced today that the Suffolk police will be armed and considered dangerous.

The news sent quivers of fear down the bodies of the Board of Trustees, but after a long two minute deliberation, they decided to give their blessings on the speedy made decision.

Parvon denied rumors circulating that the police hold certain members of the administration hostage until they received their demands. "That's absurd, there was no way I was gonna give those duplicate keys to the cops! I don't care who they hold, or, oh, you mean the demands for guns? As far as I know, they told me they were going to carry them and I said okay."

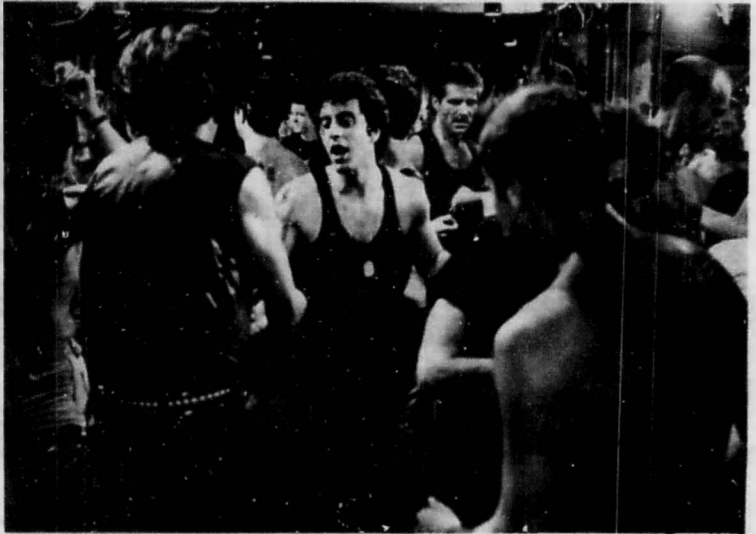
Several members of the force remained to an interview at the Red Hat, their new headquarters. "I glad I have gun. Gun nice to shoot. Gun say 'Bang Bang'. Be student fall, the law student no more say 'You go up street wrong way.'" This particular officer made a bawling sound that may have been a laugh, however, his drooling interfered with normal voice patterns.

Sgt. Michael Lyons waved Officer Igor off. "Don't listen to him, he's from Nevada anyway, you know how they talk. Listen, we are carrying the guns for our own protection. Have you ever the use of some of the knives that go to school have? I mean, we're talking about your average five foot six inch. And they weigh close to 150 pounds!"

"And have you seen those Sections in the out? Blasting money from students and administration is one thing, but firing officers is something else I hear they have a contract out on me when I refused to let them touch my you know where. I have to have this gun to protect me." The interview stopped abruptly; when the officer suddenly died from natural causes, he dropped breathing when a bullet entered his chest.

Officer Igor pulled a machete out from between his legs and cut the bullet out of Lyons' heart. Engraved on the side were the words MADE IN LITTLE ITALY, VOTE LAMONHE. "There, you see what we mean. With money grubbing administrators telling every Tom, Dick and Guido into Suffolk just to get the tuition money, we are faced with a problem," sighed Officer Lades.

While there has never been a public cry for guns by the officers, armed members would emerge every once in a while from the mess room in the Donahue basement. A recent investigation last year charted the mental instabilities and pressures that



GUNS WILL COME IN HANDY at Ratskellers to quell disturbances in the crowd.

are associated with wearing a badge. It has taken nearly seven months for the officers to deal the guns they now own.

The force has written up new rules for the use of the guns:

- 1.) No officers may take pot shots at students smoking pot. We have our guns, and they can have their dope.
- 2.) The TKE fraternity is to be shot on sight. Any one who looks, acts, or smells like they belong to TKE must die.
- 3.) We have only one God, and Parvon is his name. No one shooting a gun must abuse his name. Example: "Oh, Parvon! I named!" is taboo.
- 4.) We may talk to Journal reporters. However, the gun must be loaded and the magazine placed firmly against the reporter's left temple. Any question that displeases the officer can severely hurt the reporter. They must read every note back verbatim.
- 5.) Every member of the Little Italy mob and their mob must be subjected to a thorough search for weapons, and line-up. Remember, take the gold from their necks, and rings from their fingers. They try to conceal these articles, but look closely through the bars on their chests. TAKE EVERYTHING. This jewelry can be melted down to make bullets.
- 6.) Any fights at a Ratskeller are to be quelled immediately. Shoot first, ask questions later. Only officers 20 or older can patrol these functions. The officers may drink, but only in moderation. A maximum of four beers per hour is allowed.
- 7.) Color cameras will be installed in the Donahue lobby, complete with UHF and SJBH member Phillip Sulthstrand, brother of the President. The Phi Sigma Sigma girls are available every Friday night for gun-cleaning activities and show shining jobs, among other kinds of jobs.
- 8.) ANY officer caught pistol whipping a cafeteria worker is subjected to immediate disciplinary action. No Friday night duties.
- 9.) A cushion is not considered a gun. Dumb-dumb buttons are not acceptable. Whips and chains are considered medieval, but are acceptable.
- 10.) Dirty Harry is only a movie. Bruce Lee is dead. Taxi drivers are usually normal. Charles Bronson gets paid one million dollars for killing arm, or, potential criminals. Do not get too carried away.

One of the first duties the police will carry out is a request from John Berg, Associate Professor of Government. Berg complained bitterly of the 8y problems the top floor of the Preston building via

"It is just terrible. I just experiencing."

"I'm gonna appeal, too," said former

SEE FONDLING page 8



SEE WHAT HAPPENS when you miss the punch of a meeting? (Keep White is through off SJA)

### SJRB comes down hard on SGA

by Face

The Student Judiciary Review Board (SJRB) of the Student Government Association (NSA) voted yesterday to remove all but five members of the governing body.

The five remaining members are Robert McCarthy, Maryanne Connor, Thomas Keavney, Phillip Sulthstrand and William Haynes. They are all SJRB members.

SJRB Chairman Robert McCarthy said, "Well you see, this is the way it is. We've got this committee, the SJRB, and we wanted to utilize it. All right, as we already know Sean Randall (former Sophomore Class President) off SGA earlier this year. But we were getting a little bored though hanging around doing nothing. So we asked everybody else off, too."

One of the first members to be removed was SJA President and three year SJA member William Sulthstrand.

"Bill was spending too much time trying to get into medical school," said SJRB member Phillip Sulthstrand, brother of the President. "He was taking off too many meetings to take medical school entrance exams and to go for interviews at different med schools. He was ignoring his SJA duties. What did he think he came to college to start a career or something?"

President Sulthstrand could not be reached for his reaction.

Maryanne Connor, another SJRB member said, "I don't know why the other members of the board wanted to remove the whole SJA. But I did because there weren't enough good looking guys on it. I'm hoping this total extinguishing process

will bring in a whole new crop of eligible men.

Locating the two remaining SJRB members, Thomas Keavney and William Haynes, for comment proved to be impossible because they both were involved in a marathon proball championship.

Several of the ex-SJA members have decided to appeal their removal to University President Thomas A. Fulham.

Former Junior Class President Vincent Conte said, "Yeah, I plan to appeal. I mean, not that I really care about SJA, student union or all that crap. But how will it look on my resume that I was forcibly removed? Huh, tell me that?"

"I'm gonna appeal, too," said former

SEE SGA page 8

# Stan the man Super Ram wants action

by Bob Bigelow

In an effort to increase fan support for Ram hockey and basketball games, English professor and former department chairman Stanley Vogel has been named Super Ram by Athletic Director James Nelson.

Vogel's chief function will be to incite the otherwise blasé Ram fans at all hockey and basketball home games with various sideline antics, dancing routines and occasional incursions into the stands. Vogel will be decked out in a blue and gold uniform with Ram horns adorning his head.

English Department Chairman Fred Wilkens was not surprised at Vogel's decision to accept the position and does not feel it will interfere with Vogel's teaching duties.

"He's wanted a job like that for years," said Wilkens. "He's getting senile, we've



SMILING JIM NELSON appoints Stanley Vogel to Ram Suffolk athletic adventures out of their sports.

been wanting to push him out for years. Now's our chance."

Vogel was pleased with Nelson's decision to have him as Super Ram.

"I'm sick of Shakespeare. Who cares if he had a temperance or couldn't sleep for 12 nights. I want to go where the action is. Fight this English. Look out KOB Chalmers. I've come Stan the Man the Super Ram."



SUFFOLK STUDENTS are sure winners in track. Pictured above, the team is too fast to be captured on film.

# Suffolk to hold Olympics at its modern facilities

by Dick Capricciano

It was revealed today that Suffolk University has submitted plans to Mayor White for the hosting of the Summer Olympic Games. The announcement had other applicants revolting. The presidents of B.U., S.C., Harvard and Bunker Hill Community College have called a meeting so that their institutions might be able to salvage at least one or two events from the Games.

But the proposal was, in truth, expected and the Mayor's staff and the Olympic organizers heaved a sigh of relief that Suffolk did come through, as was hoped. After all, with the most modern, and might I add extensive, athletic facilities in the area, there was really never an alternate sight in their minds.

Students Activities Director Duane Anderson was overjoyed at the prospect of the games being at Suffolk. "I've been here just about a year and this comes as a total surprise. It means that I'll have to do a lot of speech making, but I'm should be able to handle everything in the office by myself for a few months."

Several professors expressed their happy feelings about the Olympics. Dr. Caranagh, Chairman of the History Department had high expectations for a great many social events surrounding the actual games. Professor David Robbins grumbled about probably having to be on another committee. The happiness of all was Dr. Milner, who was all excited about the prospect of making up several hundred handouts for the athletes explaining American customs, languages and college courses.

Besides the events, other activities are being planned to occupy the athletes' free time. An additional pinball machine is being added to the lounge due to the expected increase in play. Also, a new net will be installed on the ping pong table and some tables are being stuck up the color machine so the foreigners won't get any change in the area of food. MRA stated that they'll just have to add a lot of water to everything so there'll be enough to go around.

But the crowning point will be the games themselves. From the opening ceremonies in the Temple Street Park to the closing ceremonies in front of Dr. Vogel's house, the games should be the biggest thing at Suffolk since Governor Vogel spoke to a crowd numbering near double figures several years ago.

As was said before, Suffolk's facilities are beyond compare and the participants from around the world will go home talking to themselves.

All basketball events will take place on the Commons, as will the field events. Here Suffolk boasts proud as its favorite son, Steve DeMarco, will try for gold in javelin catching. Go get 'em, Steve.

Mark Tiplis would have been proud to compete here! Who knows how many records will be shattered as swimmers backstroke through the basement of the Ridgeway Building? President Fulham has volunteered the use of his fish tank for the relay race.

All of the dog dog on the Hill will be headed over to Ridge way Lane and will be used in the hurdles, high jump, and pole vault (here's hoping no one misses). Other track events will take place on Lerne Street, except this year's new event, the 100 meter auto dog, which will be held on Cambridge Street.

Finally, the most prestigious event, the marathon will take place. There has been a slight course change. Originally, the runners were to leave R-2 and proceed to the fourth floor of the Mt. Vernon building. Now, the race will finish at Ashburton Place. Several incoming freshmen plan to enter the race simply for some training for the fall.

Well, there it is. The world comes to Suffolk this summer. We should all be proud as students and be very happy that our school has given us this opportunity to experience an international event and also the chance to make some fast bucks off of some people who can't even speak English (not to be confused with the kids in English 1.)

# in brief

## President Tommy Fullof-it saves money by 'parking'

by Jerry Lou Grant

President Fullof-it was observed last week parking in the only available parking space at Suffolk University. The young business bloke who accompanied him in the back seat said "I was told this was part of the standard admission tests at Suffolk. We were sitting in the front seat when suddenly he threw his glove on the backseat. The rest was less than trivial."

Editor in Chief of the Suffolk Journal, Ann Hobbs said that with this new information some changes would have to be made in "The So Far this year" box. "Remember like - So far this year President Thomas Fullof-it has saved \$291.00 by parking in one of the only free spaces in the university. God only knows how much he has saved in motel costs!" Hobbs said.

### Famous quotes

QUOTE OF THE SEMESTER: "This ain't no party! This ain't no disco!" said bravely by Alberto Mondra while attending S.G.A. "parties."

QUOTE OF THE YEAR: "Yey!" said by Maria, the cafeteria cook over and

### Brain to teach "jerk-offs"

Journalism Prof. Richard T. Brink (questionable) hopes to initiate another journalism course. He hopes this course will be required by all talking demonstrators at Suffolk. The proposed course is entitled "Jerk-off in Journalism."

Dean RonZane of the Liberal Arts

Department said that he feels "Prof. Brink (questionable) should be fully qualified in this area. Another instructor will have to be chosen for the proposed lab that will complement the course due to the lack of willing lab assistants."

### News flash!

NEWS BULLETIN: NINA GAETA, FORMER YEARBOOK EDITOR HAS RECENTLY BEEN CHOSEN OVER GOV. EDWARD KING AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY. GAETA

### Film schedule

The Three Stooges and The Peter Principle - starring the journalism department.  
Justice for None - starring the Suffolk administration  
Mary Poppins Talks Dirty - starring English Prof. Ann Bouteille  
Home wrecker - starring Alice Whoolley

Every Which Way, I'm Loose - starring Amy Capricciano, featuring the P.A.T. faculty.

The Wandering Synagogue - featuring any girl having a Journal Party in rest Friday - starring The woman order of 1977.

A Small Circle of Friends - starring Journalism Prof. Brink

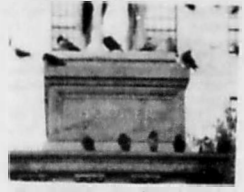
ANNOUNCED HER CANDIDACY AFTER BEING TOLD BY THE ADMINISTRATION THAT NO ONE HAD YET APPLIED FOR THE JOB.

As part of the previously announced deal (see sports), Governor King will also donate the glorious Hooker statue facing the State House front walk to Suffolk.

Asked how the statue got its name, King did not know. But he added that the state first received the statue as part of "a business deal between two professionals."

King called the statue "a tribute to the working people, going back to the days when people's hard hats were on street corners." He said that the state, however, was glad to be rid of the statue. "The pigman got a bit too curious," he said, "and the public already has too much shit to wade through at the state house, without adding pigman shit."

HOW WOULD YOU GET RID OF A HOOKER? Call an erection company.



The S.G.A. has proposed to abandon their proposal to eliminate the noise in the college library. Instead they plan to change the noise level by changing the library's surroundings.

"We have worked it out with the Ideas Transportation System to extend the orange line by adding a "Suffolk Library Station" and Junior Class President, Gaines Coris. "In return the state government said that they will offer Suffolk Governor Ed King as a candidate for President of the University."

Two major tragedies have developed as a result of two rock concerts given over the last year at Suffolk. Numerous students were "killed" to death as a result of a mud rush for Rocky Lane tickets and 18 more died of stupidity from Jonathan Edwards' appearance last semester.

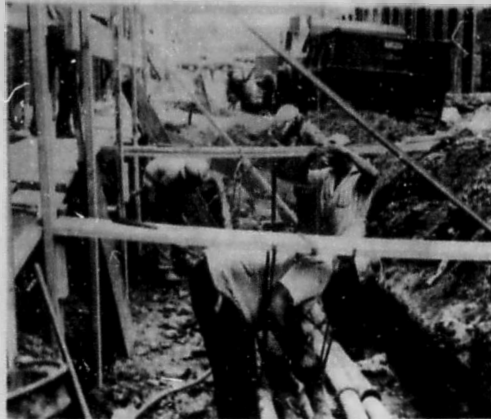
over again over a hot plate of crumpled beef bouillon.

QUOTE OF THE DAY: "Black holes never want to quit!" said by Astronomy Professor Cassiana and Mick Jagger since Semestraly.

Department said that he feels "Prof. Brink (questionable) should be fully qualified in this area. Another instructor will have to be chosen for the proposed lab that will complement the course due to the lack of willing lab assistants."

The university will have the statue shipped to the Cobcook Bay Laboratory in Maine, where Fulham hopes the statue will have the same effect. "Then the university could make a little extra money by opening the grounds to duckhunters."

# Anderson tied to murderer Gacy



CONSTRUCTION WORKERS DISCOVER Thirty-three bodies under Smith's Duane's Leather Shop.

by Zippy Debarco

Student Activities Director Duane Anderson, speaking at the recently held convention for the Advancement of Rude-Munchism and Bondage Association of American Perverts, recalled the American press for giving John Wayne Gacy a bad name. (Gacy's hobby was burying young boys in the foundations of his houses.)

"Papa John," Duane initially stated, "took me in as a youngster and always held me close to his bosom. He treated me as a son, daughter, lover, and a sex object. He taught me everything I know," chanted Duane with a hungry stare. Anderson incidentally has no children of his own but adopts 13 year old boys in his spare time.

Duane is also part owner of Smilie's Duane's Leather Shop at the corner of Washington and Burns Streets, located in Boston's Cambel Zone.

Speaking in front of a crowd of auditors in college professors, junior and senior high school teachers and end-of-presidents, Anderson stressed the unfair treatment Gacy was receiving by the American Judicial and media system.

"Papa John wasn't doing anything different than what he had been doing for the last 20 years. The only difference is that he got caught. Nixon was treated the same way by the media. So was Hitler," Duane added. "This is us too."

Anderson also pointed out that giving Gacy a bad name has the reaching effects on the public's view of Perverts and Sexual Deviants in our America. In his own words, "Perverts and deviants are everywhere and hold many prominent positions in society."

Anderson is currently organizing a fund for Gary to help him out with his legal fees in his upcoming trial for the kidnapping and murdering of 33 boys.

Anderson's claims have deeply touched those present at this convention and he immediately received \$10,000 in cash which he said "would help get the administrative costs underway."

"While Papa John is away, I will pick up where he left off," said Duane. The Anderson house has undergone major changes in the last few months as it has assumed the Gacy headquarters. "My home is a new accommodate 26 boy and cub seats, 25 runways, and pillars are being prepared to accommodate more of my little friends."

"John baby loaned me all his equipment to make sure no wandering little boys will be without a sleeping partner, willing or not." With lust in his eyes, Duane concluded by stating, "I offer an equal opportunity perversion center and cater to all entendants without regard, but actually all the boys here to enter in the race."



DUANE ANDERSON heads for his van with a newly acquired youngster.

## Sports editor's disappearance discovered after one month

by Ricky R. Caprio

The seemingly unimportant absence of the Journal's sports editor ended today when it was learned that he had been kidnapped. The saga began a month ago.

At that time, Journal Sports Editor Steve DeMarco, called Silent Steve by his colleagues, seemed to have disappeared from the Suffolk campus. Not that anyone cared, mind you, why even Editor-in-Chief Ann Hobbs dismissed DeMarco's absence with a smug, "I liked Flaherty better, anyway." So it appeared that this wasn't the most emotional issue facing the students this semester. In fact, an informal poll taken around the university showed that the majority of students didn't even know DeMarco and the rest appeared joyful. Several professors expressed glee at the prospect of entering semi-quiet classrooms for a change.

There was a serious note, though, amid all of the levity. It seems that DeMarco owned Jeff Putnam thirty-nine cents. Distracted, Putnam was consoled by Alice Whooley, who helped him look for penny along Ridgeway Lane.

Finally, after a one month's absence, DeMarco began to be missed. First, ace reporter Joe Coughlin noticed nobody had yielded at him for several days. Elaine d'Entremont was getting sports copy on time. And surprisingly, the girls basketball team began to get some print. That was what started all of the Journal staff thinking. Women's basketball in the Journal sports pages? It was mind boggling!

Just prior to his disappearance, DeMarco had a stormy meeting with representatives from the girls team about the alleged lack of coverage for their games. DeMarco insisted that they were too short to play basketball and the girls replied that he was too short to be Italian. DeMarco answered that he was a mini-guinea and that he didn't like basketball anyway, as is illustrated by his coverage of the men's team.

Suddenly, the girls team began holding secret meetings and soon after DeMarco



ROSSI'S RAIDERS claimed responsibility for the mysterious disappearance of Journal sports editor Stephen P. DeMarco.

rushed. But after a month of wandering an answer had arrived, a ransom note.

The note, handily scribbled on the back of one of Dr. Milner's Mystery Novels Course handouts, said that DeMarco had indeed been kidnapped and that the terrorist group known as Rossi's Raiders was responsible. Terms for DeMarco's release included at least one full half page of coverage, one locker room shot each semester, a six foot center, twelve cans of hair spray and, of course, money. The initial amount was negligible, but a follow-up note on a handout, distributed the ransom to \$1.87 payable by May 1.

This was not your typical kidnapping, claimed F.B.I. field agent UnderCover. "What's so strange," der Cover stated, "is that if the ransom isn't paid they're going to send him back. If you pay they'll get rid of him. That doesn't make any sense?" It does if you know DeMarco!

DOES YOUR SPEECH DRAW? WOULD YOU LIKE TO DAZZLE YOUR PROFESSORS WITH VOCAL PROFICIENCY AND SPEED?

LIKE BEING TALKED ABOUT? Well, enroll now in the MERRY 'RIRI' CHAMPAGNE SCHOOL OF SPRED SPEAKING!

Four one hour sessions taught at your convenience at the location of your choice. AND as an added extra, RIRI and 'Lucy Listicks' will instruct a mini-course in ASS KISSING in guaranteed way to STRAIGHT A 31 (unless either of them!

## MENU

ARA

For Week ending: GUESS!

MEALS		Serving Hours	
Breakfast	7:45 A.M.-10:30 A.M.	Mon thru Thursday	7:45 - 6:00 P.M.
Lunch	11:00 A.M. - 2:00 P.M.	Friday	7:45 - 5:30 P.M.
Dinner	3:00 P.M. - Closing	Saturday, Sunday	CLOSED

### ENTREES

Hot Roast Hog with Phlegm Sourkraut	Basted Baby Beefs With Mucus Fats	Fried Dogs Nuts Cutlet Ham Clam Roll	Baked Pork Penis Butler Clam Chop And Con Columbian Treaspective Pot. Jelly Sand. \$190 \$205
Stuffed Boogies \$190	Discharge Delight \$120	Snapper And Spittle \$138	Coal Stop Serotum Fishy smell Salad Sporn \$126 \$124

All Entrees include a roll in the bay

In addition to the daily menu we have a full Dildo Bar, assorted Desserts, Breakfast specials, groin items, and hot sandwiches including...

Hot Italian Sausage \$130	Grained Rubbin' \$125
Hot Pistrami \$143	Whorewich/Fries \$134
Hot Meatball Sub \$123	Steak and Sizzle \$132

# Disgraced professor loses job to illegitimate son

by Booth Dillintinabulator  
Associate Journalism Professor and department chairman Malcolm J. Barach was fired last week and will be replaced by his illegitimate son, Journal Sports Editor Stephen P. DeMarco.

President Thomas A. Fulham reached the decision after an eight week investigation revealed that Barach had awarded grade A's to certain journalism students in exchange for sexual favors.

After receiving an anonymous tip on Barach's activities from a jealous Dick Bray, (assistant Journalism professor), Fulham assigned four midjets to follow Barach. The midjets compiled a complete record of the Barach encounters which usually took place in Barach's second floor Mt. Vernon office. Barach is an active member of SEX, the nationwide journalism society.

"They won't have Mal Barach to kick around anymore," said the disgraced chairman. "I'm not a crook. I will return. Who the hell is this little punk DeMarco. He's trying to make money and fame off my name."

Barach would not comment on his biological connection with DeMarco and would go no further than to admit there is indeed a remarkable physical resemblance.

"Mal hates me," DeMarco said. "I'm his son, we look alike. I try to emulate him, I even grew a beard. He is my father. The police caught him in that same Times Square apartment that was blown in, only they caught him nine months earlier. Mal is a tricky devil."

"From what they told me after I was born, it ran into the hospital that night, pulled me out of the incubator and tried to strangle me with a spiral wire from his reporter notebook. Lucky for me the doctors stopped him."

"Had I remained out of my incubator for more than three minutes my growth would have been stunted. Pop had to go to prison after that but he broke out, worked for his mother and here he is at Suffolk. And here I am, back to haunt you Mal."

Bray was pleased that Barach had been removed from his office but was admittedly disappointed at DeMarco's appointment to the position.

"I took me four years to rid the grand university of the scandalous regime of one Mal Barach. He's boys holding those copies in his office since I came here. At first it was just the female faculty members but now the students and I won't stand for it. None of this has any connection to the fact that I was never invited to attend any of these functions. As for DeMarco, I had hoped to replace Mal. I'd have to force him out no doubt. All of this is off the record right?"

Although Barach is out of a job he remains concerned with the plight journalism department.

"I fear for the students. Who knows what sort of crap DeMarco will teach them. I know I didn't enjoy teaching him. That little squirt. He is rude, disruptive and I hate when he's funnier than I am in class. It's not good for my eye."



OUSTED JOURNALISM CHAIRMAN Malcolm J. Barach turns over the department graciously to his illegitimate son Journal Sports Editor Stephen P. DeMarco.

As departmental chairman, DeMarco's first decision will be to replace Bray and Dr. Richard Price with Assistant Student Activities Director Carol Lindson and Journalism managing editor Maria Clavin.

"They will do a good job," said DeMarco. "I will work very closely with them and I know they will work hard for the length of my year."

Other innovations by DeMarco include courses in eulogistic oration, servitude techniques, sexual servitude, and handcuffed journalism. DeMarco also announced that all journalism classes will be moved to the basement.

Added, DeMarco, "I plan on passing out lots of A's."

## Three F's moonlighting as strippers

by Face Koolay  
Perhaps none of you avid Journal readers will recall that I mentioned a woman I loved five concerning a male strip show. If you remember correctly, I stated that the act was the highlight of the revue. Five was the highlight of the revue. Five was, at Suffolk University admitted. At first I thought you may have had respect for these men if I "unveiled" their true identities, but after two months of serious contemplation, I decided that the students of Suffolk University have a right to know that our President, Vice-President/Treasurer, and Chairman of the Board of Trustees moonlight as strippers.

Sheer? You and me both. The gory details are starting to come back to me, although I had promised myself that I would forget that mind-boggling show of indecency. We, a friend (who has since terminated our friendship after I dragged her to watch "Funky Frankie," "Voluptuous Vinnie," and "Tiny Tom") and myself entered Alex's Hole in The Wall, a seamy dive not fit for Professor Elmson to hang in.

We were seated between a bunch of horny old bats that were screaming and hooting in their seats like they hadn't had it in years. (Come to find out, the star performers' wives were in the audience — they were jumping around the mask.)

Flannery's wife, toothless, but smiling ear to ear, sat back in her chair, put her feet, clad in blue deck sneakers, up on the table and kicked up a storm as she shouted for Sweet Pie to "get the hell off the stage and get my man up there. We want some old men." Mammy Yokum couldn't have done better. The V.P. garish wife a warm wink from backstage, obviously bursting with pride for his young wife.

Sweet Pie reluctantly left the stage I believe he was extremely upset with Mrs. Flannery for interrupting his part of the act where he points out how intricately he shaves his posterior. He didn't even get a chance to give some tips on how to do a good job on those hard to reach places.

Now the time had come when the gray haired bombshell would find out if there was any truth to what they had been reading on the Women's Issues walls (in the cafeteria ladies' room) — they gave Fulham the same compliment as they gave Barach, except in inches. These ladies were



PRESIDENT THOMAS A. FULHAM "moon" lights on the side to turn a few extra bucks.

in for a shock. I heard Vinnie ain't what he used to be!

Except for a few beer burps from Mrs. Fulham, the place became quite still as the disc jockey announced the arrival of "God's gift to women... who are over 72 blind deaf, it's the one and only Frustrated Flannery!" The "ladies" screamed with delight as the spotlight focused on their hero. There he stood, clad in a trench coat of red silk, a pair of red ankle socks, and holding a red cane to assist him on stage. Once he had bobbed on stage (it only took him about 15 minutes), he seductively removed his coat, revealing a pink and aqua French bikini and a body whose wrinkles resembled a map of The Grand Canyon. But gosh, he still had a

bean of Nudists, D. Bradley Sullivan, acted as hostess, keeping the sexually starving women away from "The Bed." That aggressive Mr. Fulmer came the closest to getting her paws on Flaming Man's drawers, but instead of getting a handful of bikini, she ended up with nice shiner from that jealous Mrs. Flannery. What women will do for their men.

Folk, let me tell you it was sad. The Dean had to recast our dedicated vice-president and treasurer out of the building into his waiting limousine. The poor guy didn't even have a chance to perform. The management should have known better than to spring that bunk of man on such a tasteless bunch of hags. It's like throwing a politician to the lions. The management should have introduced an act to calm the breasts down, like Doctor Pein juggling his balls. People would even pay to see that one.

Flannery's back up act, the Wolf-Wolf Brothers, including the multifaceted

Tiny Tom and Voluptuous Vinnie, were delayed when Vinnie experienced difficulty when trying to attach his dialase. By that time the audience was begging to be entertained. After the hero had to be carried away, they would settle for anything that could breathe.

Without an introduction, probably because the disc jockey didn't know who the hell they were, the Wolfs appeared on stage. Vinnie never looked better. He was wearing an itty-bitty — teeny weeny — yellow-polka-dot bikini, and what a set of boobies! His long blonde wig matched his yellow bathing suit, his yellow pumps, and his yellow gloves. "Hey, Vinnie, they look better on you than your wife," shouted Mrs. Fulham, who proceeded to get the shit kicked out of her.

Fulham appeared in his Fruit-of-the-Loom, polka-dotted boxer shorts. They stood waiting for applause, but the audience was just not impressed. So the Wolffs decided to show them their stuff. Voluptuous Vinnie slowly removed Tiny Tom's shorts as Tom gently whipped her, eh, I mean him. Soon they stood completely nude (now, I know why they call him Tiny Tom). When they looked up for the audience's response, they found myself to be the only witness to their crude act. Even my friend had dismissed me. Well, I guess Tom and Vinnie are losing it. Their wives had wanted a 50 cent cover charge and still hadn't been entertained.

Both Flannery's and the Wolf-Wolf Brothers acts have been cancelled due to their odd audience responses. But don't be too concerned about missing the act. The SGA is now allocating funds in order that our male entertainers may appear in the auditorium next Thursday at 1:00 p.m.

## State House to become SU annex

by Stanley Cappy

Governor Edward J. King and the Suffolk University Board of Directors today reached a formal agreement in resolving the takeover of the Massachusetts State House in Suffolk, which would later be converted into a multi-million dollar sports complex by Fiscal 1982.

"This is if I'm still governor, and we know that with all these 18-20 year olds where on my side, I'm a clock to be re-elected"... said the usually mean head of state.

Terms of the deal included all state offices will be moved to the following locations: The Cambridge YMCA, the gymnasium that Suffolk Rams basketball games have been played at for many seasons, will become the new House of Representatives chambers with sufficient space for the state Library. Various committees will split up the other offices, with the Equal Rights for Women committee receiving the men's locker room.

The Bancus Chambers Hotel for Men will be converted into the offices for Senators and other State representatives. They will share the rooms with current residents. Mongo, the one-eyed security guard of the Chambers will head the State Police force in the building.

Governor King's office and staff will be relocated at the Charles Street Jail, specifically the areas of Death Row and Solitary Confinement. The electric chair was graciously donated to the Governor by Warden I.M. Kautz, who said, "Of all the people involved with our services, I can't think of a guy I'd rather give it to."

Murders and lives "my own kind," says fast Eddie will remain at the jail with King, while rapists and remaining convicts will be moved to the Governor's Winter residence. "Till then they could play with Jodi and the kids but stay away from the dog," King said. King turned over the Pine Street Inn as an alternative site for his office. "Don't be so new to me," he said. "I really don't deserve such plush surroundings."

When asked to comment on the Suffolk acquisition, SU President Thomas A. Fulham said, "I can't believe that King would fall for that line that we'd supply him with a lifetime supply of lobster salad. The dumbest thing we have to do in the cal is moldy yams. Wait till I send him a couple of cans of it with a note that says sita lost its

editorials

# Wanted: Women Soldiers

by Dan Mourmans

Women in the armed forces? Why not, we made our first mistake when we gave them the vote. Now the ERA is on the verge of being passed, so why not go all the way? Men have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Let the females slither on their bellies through the mud. Let them carry a forty pound knapsack and let them scale a fifty foot wall. I say we should make them march until they drop and let them find out what it is like to kill or be killed. Then, perhaps, they will realize just how advantageous it is to be the weaker sex.

There are other benefits to be considered too. Think of it, coed barracks. I know a few girls who can put their boots under my bunk anytime. First there is Ann Hobin, if I have to lay in a trench somewhere what could be better than having her beside me to massage my back and feed me grapes. Although Alice Whoolley would be useless in combat, at least she'd confuse the enemy long enough for the rest of us to move in.

Then there is my good friend and esteemed colleague, Tricia Kelley, who would certainly make me rich. She would become the champion beer drinker of the platoon and I'd make plenty by betting on her to win every time.

Thanks to Amy Scarborough the USO could be discarded. She would keep the troops, all four branches, entertained with her pulsating pelvis. Just as she keeps 50% of the male population at Suffolk entertained now.

I don't know about you but I envy Boudy on "Charlie's Angels" and if women are drafted I can become him. Imagine fighting elbow to elbow and other parts to other parts with Janet Constantakes, Carolyn Daly and Nina Gasta? The thought of it is even too exciting to write about.

There would be no need for training films. Everything would be learned first hand. Practicing mouth to mouth resuscitation would take on new meaning. Hand to hand combat exercises would become the highlight of boot camp. Think of those flabby little thighs banging together as the ladies do their jumping jacks. Push ups could be done in couples. The possibilities are endless.

Before advocating the drafting of women, the female population should consider the disadvantages. If women are drafted as equals to men, the special privileges which they have had in the past would be discarded. All sleeping quarters would be co-ed. There would be no room for modesty in the showers. Unless they volunteered for KP, it would be rationed for all. And no, Christian Dior has not been commissioned to design new uniforms.

After thinking over all the pros and cons, if women still want the draft it is O.K. by me. I want some female companionship on those cold lonely nights away from home. With women around maybe war wouldn't be hell, only purgatory. Despite the dismal surroundings, life might not be bad. The little woman could wait at the tent door with a martini in one hand and my slippers in the other. June Cleaver could still live on.

Women in the armed forces? Why not, we made our first mistake when we gave them the vote, so why not go all the way.



## letters

### Wants land back

I learned White Man's paper

They call me Dodging Shit. I am the last of my people, the Ridgeway a-ba Tribe.

Many moons ago, my people ruled this land. Deer were plentiful, and we hunted from great forest on hill. Following deer example, they to fit trail, I was best in my tribe at dodging trail, as my father called me Dodging Shit. My people faded from clear on term of large streams you white people call Charles. Why you give white mans name to stream? Why you not the name of my people?

I go in white man's school, I study white man's law. I hear of Indian boy in place called them who get land back. I want my people's land back.

The place you callum Ridgeway was site of chief's teepee. It called after tribe name, just place it mine. Ancient Indian burial ground was place you callum Mount Vernon. I want of my father and grandfather will continue to share the building and knock down white man's planks.

Man called Donald he give my father three fish for land where we school live. Father eat fish, then die. I go and talk with many white man with glass and white snake. They say: I no getum land back. They send me to bookstore man Peters who offer me job selling cigs outside store. I wage war on them, especially one who smells like fish.

You have warning. If my people's land is not returned within three moons, my tribe will put on war paint and attack.

Ugh, How and goodbye Dodging Shit. P.S. Me make peace with students if they bringum own pipe and special tobacco.

Dear Journal Editor:

I am head cheerleader for my high school football team - the Studs! Studs. I love cheerleading. It means everything to me.

I also go out with the captains of the football team, Jack Strap. He means a lot to me too.

Well, a few nights before the big game with the Maynard Marching Jack and I went out. Jack wanted me to go to bed with him, but I said no. He told me that if we didn't he and the team would lose the big game. How could I refuse? I am the "head" cheerleader after all.

As it turns out the Studs lost the game. Now Jack says the whole team needs my help. He says that they are a real friendly bunch of guys. I'm afraid that I will lose Jack if I say no.

What do you think I should do? Should I or shouldn't I help the team? Will it mean that I don't have any team spirit? Will it be a waste of time since the team hasn't won a game all year?

Signed,  
Buddy Hopper

Dear Buddy,

I think that it's nice for people to help their friends. People have become so self-centered that they tend to ignore their friends. I think that you should help the team any way you can. You sure aren't much of a friend or cheerleader if you don't help the team.

After all, what kind of a friend would you be if you didn't do all that you could to help. Helping the team will show them what great team spirit you have. It will also show Jack how much you care.

Actually, I can't think of a better way of wasting one's time and energy.

If it doesn't work out, seek some professional help.  
Signed,  
Journal Editor, Am Hopping

## Life in the Cafeteria

It's time to clean down for a day. I'm bored. I want to see some students as dobs, others rain, and the leftovers, fools.

Gold, gold, gold heightened by light and color. It's the equivalent of one, not the last question.

Id. Macho, with every hair meticulously to own dry in to please. Nelson travels without his alligator. Gucci attaches case.

Holding her breath (it stays in the pants) the disco baby sits in his lap. Giggling, giggling her ass and other salacious crap.

Make-up suitable for a woman of 50. Can be shaved into her face if awake by 5:30.

All this preparation for a day of school is a far, far from the fuel? On the other side of the rafters are the preppy jocks. With their layers of food (swimsuits) shirts and apple socks.

Barracuda pellets with starbed rollers up. Are complimented by beer, bitches and hicups.

The students who don't own a pair of Calvin Kleins. Are haunted by glasses and called doba and swine.

The respect (philly) is to be no private and simple. (Tears) will cover up all of his pimples.

So far this year  
President Thomas A. Pathos has saved \$99.69  
and Vice President and Treasurer Francis X.  
Flannery has saved \$96.98 by sleeping with  
their wives instead of expensive call girls.

## SUFFOLK JOURNAL

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Letters To The Editor will be incinerated  
to help heat the Ridgeway Lane Building  
or left in the restrooms as toilet fodder.



# Ex-porn queen does it one more time



SEX KITTEN ALICE WHO LEE likes to munch out after a "hard" day's work.



ONE DISGUSTED VIEWER leaves the theater after a view five minutes of Who Lee's new film.

by Bob Carrut  
Most Suffolk Journal arts reporters leave the office with quizzical looks on their faces after being informed that they can't review x-rated flicks. This practice has distinguished many good young perverts and also seemed to drop out of the box before to drop off.

Family name of the staff began wondering why their oriental editor, Alice Who Lee, was so adamant in her stand against so a films After all she lives in Watertown, has been to L.Yan once, and used to get drunk with Jerry Lamb. Why the change?

Well, one night while on a popcorn survey of local movie houses, reporters Jeff Putnam and Frank Coste ended up in the Pussycat Cinema. Talking some time out from viewing the hot, wet bulge between their legs (the house of husband's presence) they commenced gazing at the screen. All of the sudden a Costa popped and Putnam began to whack him on the back. "Look at the bleeds, Frank, look at the bleeds." Putnam exclaimed, trying to get Costa to look up. "What the hell are you doing, I'm not checking, look at the screen." And look Putnam did.

On the screen were numerous bodies writhing around on a paper covered wooden floor. This was reported in a sex talk, but these walls, these typewriters, Don Jones.

Don Jones! That name has to be the Journal office. He's always in the Journal office. Here he was in the middle of a stag film folding and addressing Americans. But walk, look on the floor. Look at that girl on the bottom. See the permed hair, most all of these teachers, it's, it's... Alice Who Lee! Oh my God!

Shocked, shocked, on the verge of fainting, Coste and Putnam watched the

film screen more times, stopped in the men's room, and left. They intended on examining their clothes and getting, rather, bringing things to a head.

Unable to deny the obvious, Ms. Lee submitted everything. Asked about Don Jones Lee said he wouldn't leave until Don [forgot] got his Journal, so they shot around him.

But why, how, could our Arts Queen also be a Porno Queen? It was a sad story. Back in February Alice bet on a Suffolk head-to-head game, Suffolk girls vs. Bryant. After a look Suffolk and forty-four points, but the girls lost by forty five. Now Alice, who doesn't usually gamble, went for a bet on this one. She put her whole savings of \$26.96 on Suffolk and, as gambler's often say, she ate the big one.

The story gets gloomier. She had the money, but in an effort to recoup her losses she betted Paul Pappas in a pinball game, having all of her money. When the machine came around, she, poor Alice was broke. They offered her one way out, either make a porno film or they'd straighten out her hair. The decision wasn't difficult. Alice agreed to star in the now famous porno film DEEP AUDITORY CANALS, in which the heroine is a young college student who can only reach orgasm by climbing her own with Q-Tips.

Alice was shocked and did her best to hide the facts of her film career. She did change her name in the film to Marie Currie so no one would recognize her and then she placed the now famous film on shelves, in the hope that she wouldn't be seen.

Ms. Lee's dream turned to nightmare on all of her expenses by doing a sequel, BOOZE DO HIS RIDGEWAY. This film will center on the Outcasts of a juvenile major who intends to make it with an editor in every room of the university.

## Looking for a date? Look here and rate!

by Beala Masterson-Liam, Cam Trueman, Elliot P. Neen, and Dick Long

Looking for a prom date? Need a semi warm body for a quick affair? Want to exchange gold neckties with someone who has a hairy chest? (Lies that means you lose.) Well, guys and gals, fret no more. State, Cam, Elliot, and Dick have mapped out a Date-and-Rate Service guaranteed in writing on the ivy.

Located on campus with off-campus hours, this service gives students a unique opportunity to become involved and active in student affairs. For the low, low price of 1 year first born right handed child, you can enroll in this service. Located in the spacious Beacon Yearbook Office, applicants will be thoroughly examined by staff members and electronically tested for strength, durability, input and output.

It is a sampling of our clientele:  
Joseph (hairless, medium build, brown, curly hair and brown eyes. Former APJ president and reigning ping-pong champion.)

Joe is looking for a one if girl with a lot of experience in the back of a bus. Josephus for a shy, timid, girl who puts up a fight, but not a big one. Joe is into smugging (Hey lady, lady, lady, Hey lady, lady, lady, slippers, and peddles. Joe requests that his date not be overly aggressive because he is. No female rapists or APJ brothers need apply.)

Angelo Pappas. Over six feet tall, slight five o'clock shadow, and of Greek nationality. Brown hair and eyes, and curly eyelashes.

Angelo is a nice APJ brother, and likes ball bearings. He is a big spender on a date, and will spring for at least three games of pinball and a McDonald's "happy meal." Will sleep any where if necessary, usually on a lawn couch. (Could use company.)

Angelo likes the shy, retiring type. Anyone with glasses and a redneck supply of M&M's is welcome. (The most also be adventurous and willing to go to any lengths to get what she wants. Will not refuse applications from APJ brothers.)

The Phi Sigma Sigma society. Various stans, shapes, and different color hair. Wear all the latest designer fashions, and they are constantly broke because they spend their money on rhinestones and more.

These women are looking for men, men, and more men. They are also willing to exchange designer jeans with these men, provided the fit is a little tight.

Good women, easy going, nice men need not apply. Here we do not discriminate and have lots of money, or lots of body are welcome.

Barry "Don Law, I like Robin-Lam" Dwyer. Built like a tank and never fails to pump his built around Current Status manager of WJFR. Blonde hair, and hazel eyes, usually wearing expensive three piece suits to show off his position.

Barry likes any type of women, provided they are not women's basketball players. Barry enjoys money from timid female cheerleaders, and sexual favors from aggressive curly haired female cheerleaders. Likes punk rock and women punks in general.

He is usually found at the WJFR office, searching out Mark Rizza because "Rizza is a whizbang." He is a good listener as long as one speaks slowly and in two syllable words. Likes Hungarian Nana and true classic rock/oldies about Nazi street band living dead.

Ann Hobbs, Mommae 16-16 by 15. Blondie hair and "heart-a-flutter" voice. Ann smiles and giggles when asked if blondes have more fun. Journal Editor-in-Chief.

Our information on Mr. Hobbs is very limited, but men stouter and brown when she pines in the hallways. Her boyfriend can only say two words about her: "OH BOY!"

Ann is looking for aggressive men under five feet, seven inches. Anyone with connections at the New York Times is very welcome to apply. She also likes movie stars, but that is optional. Any ex-Journal news editor from this year is very welcome to explore the possibilities of news making events.

Michael, "TKK's the Rats." Artista.



TOMMY KEAVENY is half of "The couple of the year", written by the Beacon Yearbook's Queen and Barry Service.

Brown hair and eyes. Thinks he's the American Glaxo. His personality runs parallel to Steve Martin's character role. The Jerk. Mike is lonely. He likes being told just how nice he is.

He is looking for a girl who 1) likes him as much as he does, 2) likes sex as much as he does, and is willing to spend many long hours at night with him, (Barry sleeps and not apply, he is down right insulting to them.)

Mike is very tall, but that fact is not apparent because the god he wears weighs him down. (His chest hairs are not real, only painted on.)

William Northwood, SGA President. Is not as handsome as his father, but cute anyway. His phone extension (822) is always busy, but Northwood encourages female student bodies to play doctor with him in the SGA office on his two examining tables (skin coverings).

Bill will also take on many women at the same time because his schedule is very busy. In fact, Bill prefers two-on-one. He is looking for a nice girl with a good smile. Women with political connections are preferred, but he will also go for the buck \$5555.

Amy Scarborough. Cute as a button, and the personality of Xerxes Hollander. With her pig tails and rosy apple cheeks, you'd swear she was the spilling image of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, but catch her at a D-I-A party and you'll swear she's Linda Lovelace.

Amy is looking for a deep meaningful relationship with a man, preferably over six feet tall. "I've never done it with anyone over five foot seven inches," she says. Anyone who books her Dan Mumme

and even closer is welcome. (Also into whips and chains and bestiality.)

Maryanne Conroy, SGA representative and female Clark Kent of the Elmchick Plains. Likes truck drivers and puppy dogs.

Maryanne has curly brown hair and classic Irish looks. However she has a hang-up about Catholic schools and wearing a suit over 12 years of her life. That's why she wears purple clothes. She does have some sketches in her when she gets shit-faced, or drunk and states Fourhorse Academy stories. Anyone interested in sex-choking and sharing religious experience is welcome.

Tim Krawley. Tall, dark, handsome and student manager of WJUB TV. Likes to have his face rearranged by hand-drawn playmen. Very kinky.

Tim likes anything connected with film. He rubs his body in it every night and has won top pornography awards for his tastelessly done documentaries on various Chinese positions. He is studying to become a lawyer so he can beat himself out of court for padding.

Tim is into alcohol. Get him drunk and he'll follow you anywhere, especially to the Northeastern dormitories. He likes adventure and will not remember anything done to him or who he is with on Friday night. Tim is Barry's nemesis. If Tim does not find his way home from Bunnell's or any apartment on Huntington Ave., Barry calls area hospitals and police stations.

The Date-and-Rate Service is open to all members of the University administrators and staff personnel are welcome. Mary Top (University) officials have taken advantage of the service. SEE RATE A DATE page 8

# Fulham to "name" gym



GUINE APPI MUANS and a number of other sitting available 500 lb. weight.

## ... Rate a date

continued from page seven

Take the instance of Dr. Dicky "Stad" Price. He came to us with a request for 10 exotic body deers. Although we told "Stad" that this request would be a little difficult, it would not be impossible. Fortunately, Elliot had dated the pretty Suffolk underground body deers. Elliot's cousin had awarded, and from his brilliant recommendations, "Stad" Price was able to get his request. He then took a week off to recuperate from exhaustion.

In the case of Dean Michael (Dof) Roneyne. He was looking for a diet that would sharpen pencils, and that was into rondo glue.

This seemed like a rather simple request, but then he added that she would also have to help him down in the morning. That's where the task became a little difficult, but Roneyne was firm and explained that his mother had been driving him since birth but she had recently stopped, telling him he was old enough now to do it himself. Roneyne did not agree.

But after scrutinizing many applicants we did find one that would do the job for the dean.

Another happy couple our service helped unite is Hanny Doherty and Tommy Keaveny. They were a perfect match, and the SGA is seriously considering electing them as "The Couple of the Year." AC and DC, as they're affectionately called by their friends, have never been seen separately since our service united them. Tom came in looking for a person to share in all his SGA experiences with the stipulation that his partner would have to be equally as handsome, but must not exceed his own impeccable good looks. We did not have to search very far. When Dan walked into our office, it was love at first sight.

But don't just take our word for it, come down to the Beacon and apply yourself. Anyone of our reputable staff members will be more than happy to "try you out." So don't be a stranger, drop in. Bring photos, resumes, and list of ex-lovers, so we can suit you with a mystery date. But, come early, if you want to avoid the Commencement traffic.

by Paul Calkins

The Journal has learned that the \$300 tuition hike effective during the 1980-81 season will not be the cause of faculty adjustments and increased tuition costs, but due to a surprise proposal handed down from the Board of Trustees to construct Suffolk's first gymnasium.

According to President Thomas Fulham, "the construction of the site will cost \$750,000 to \$1 million. Once the tuition is raised, \$300 of it should remain stable for several years after, so don't worry about any future increases for awhile."

As to the location of the site, Fulham said, "We're working on it. It will definitely be within walking distance of Suffolk."

Athletic Director James Nields said, "I almost quit when I found out the good news. I mean, who the hell expected this. Tuition really is a hell of a pay after all."

Included in the Board proposal will be a basketball court for Suffolk's home games, squash and racquetball courts, a weight lifting room including a universal machine, two-200 lb. York weight sets, and two-80 lb. steel filled punching bags. The second floor will consist of tennis courts and a gymnasium room.

Fulham said, "The boys and I felt that before my departure from the university, I should leave the students with a little gift which might help them grow up a bit."

Just what prompted the Board to take such actions like this? "Several attempts were made to learn any pertinent in the Presidents Conference Room. I suppose the students were trying to tell us something. I have decided to name the gymnasium, the Thomas Fulham Gymnasium of Suffolk. Mind you, the only reason I'm planning this gym is for the sake of the student, not my sake!"

## ... Fondling

continued from page one

both arms as if pulled muscles in my fingers just trying to rest the little fingers away. For fun said it will give the man a good chance to target himself.

However, students and the Capital Police are worried by this new form of "vivid."

"I was just walking up to one of my favorite restaurants when this cop pulled out his weapon, you know, his gun. He looked straight at my chest and I said "God, they're alive!" The next thing I knew, he was striking me with his gun. It was wild. I guess I'll have to wear a bra and bullet proof vest up to Ma's class. I'll have to get a rapist to protect me from those guys," continued Harry Champagne.

Have all members of the Phi Alpha Tau fraternity have had run-ins with the police in the past, but do not plan on future

meetings. "Ski, man. These Dream Police come down to the first office and get their guns while looking at our Playboy posters. We've taken them down now, but did this stop them from harassing us? No. Now they come down and hold us up at gunpoint and demand to know where we hid the pictures."

The Capital police had no comment. They only stared blankly at a crowd of themselves and did not make a sound. They could have been deaf for all the activity they had in them. Several were wearing a TKE target button pinned over their heart.

Some-to-be-formed-to revive President Thomas A. Fulham only has one sentence to say about the acquisition of guns. "I guess we won't be hearing anymore strikes."

## ... SGA

continued from page one

Freshman Class Representative Maureen Duggan. "I think we worked very hard on SGA and did some meaningful stuff that shouldn't be erased. What about my library bookmark committee? It will go right do with a lather without me!"

The two novel of the former SGA members who filled vacancies last month, Junior Class Representative Mary Lyons and Sophomore Class President Thomas Quinn, said they were least affected by the main proposition.

"I've only been on SGA a few years," said Lyons, "and I'm graduating in a few more. What do I care if the SGA falls apart? I only ran in the first place because all my friends were on it and I had nothing better to do on Thursday than go to boring, awful SGA meetings. Frankly, I'm glad I got kicked off. I probably would have quit anyway way."

"I hadn't really gotten into the heavy reality of SGA," said Quinn. "So I won't really miss something I never had in the first place."

Special elections for all classes will be held next Thursday during the activities period. Voting will take place in the cafeteria.

## WANTED

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ANYONE CAN APPLY  
ONLY  
QUALIFICATIONS:  
MUST BE ABLE TO WIN GAMES  
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