

The Albanian Enquirer

Alma College's Annual Lampoon Issue Since 1980

Wednesday, April 17, 1985

Alma College, Alma, Michigan 48801

Volume LXXV Issue 23

Rock speaks up in final recorded interview

Campus community mourns Spirit Rock

On a walk from the college mall to the art center, one passes the spirit grave. Here, nestled in quaint groves of pines, is the resting place of Alma's spirit rock. One lone pine bough decorates the dirt pile-grave of Alma's emeritus rock. Most people pass by without offering any sign of recognition.

Some, however, claim that they care. Alma's rock chairperson Dinging Chime commented, "This rock was beautiful, a fine example for us all. It's death has left me with a huge whole in the rock-pit of my heart, you know what I mean?"

There has been controversy over the rock's death. Dinging Chime indicates that it was cold-blooded rock murder by a group of traitorous criminals. Others, who will not reveal their names in print, believe that the rock died of self inflicted wounds. Their theory—though yet unproven by the officials—is that the rock was unable to stand the constant humiliation of the stripes applied to its back. Yes, it may have been rockade (not to be confused with rock slide).

An Albanian Enquirer reporter had the privilege of interviewing the rock shortly before its death. The content of this exclusive interview will now be revealed for you.

Albanian: How do you like your position here at Alma?

Rock: My position? Hah! Think of it. You're sitting there in your field, minding your own business, when all of a

sudden these clowns walk up and rip you out of the ground. You're kidnapped and taken to some God-forsaken college campus where a bunch of obnoxious little brats are supposed to spray paint your whole body. How would you like it?" It's enough to make an old rock cringe, and that's pretty difficult.

Albanian: But don't you value your function in promoting college spirit?

Rock: I am a rock, what do I care about college spirit? Let me tell you, youngster, I've been around enough to know that there is a difference between grafitti and spirit. These knuckle-headed youngsters here just don't seem to understand that. Apathy is all I see. Meanwhile, I've got to sit here with paint all over me. You can't even tell I'm a genuine rock, anymore—I've been cheapened and sullied.

Albanian: What was your life like before you were moved to Alma?

Rock: Wonderful. I lived in a deserted field. There were no screaming children, no dinging chimes every fifteen minutes, no unconvincing shouts of "We're number one!" Best of all, I could see the sun every day, and I could bathe in the rain. Now the paint gets in my eyes, and the rain only causes me to look streaky."

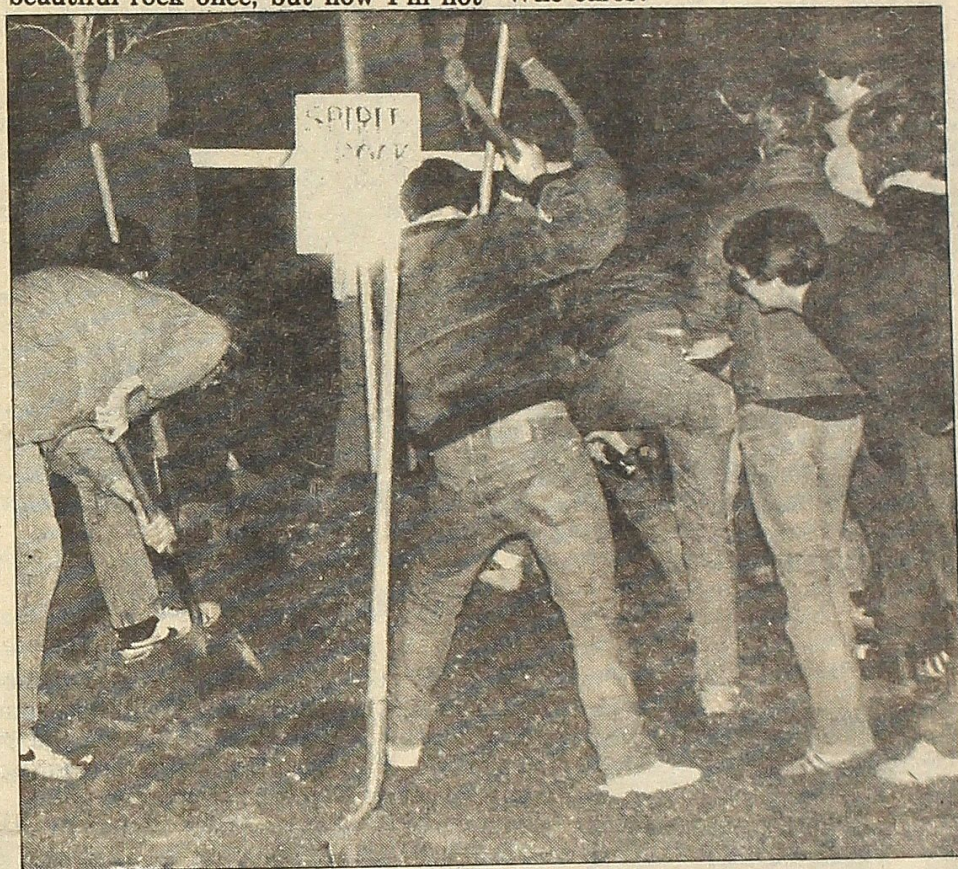
Albanian: Could you ever be happy at Alma?

Rock: Well, sonny, I doubt it. I come from a generation of rocks who were raised to believe that honest talk and

simple beauty were all that mattered. The "spirit" talk around here is pure childish fibbing, and the beauty's all been covered with paint. I was a truly beautiful rock once, but now I'm not

worth tiddly-winks. If you were me, would you be happy?

That's our exclusive, readers, draw your own conclusions. A rock is dead. Who cares?



Several people helped lay the spirit rock to rest.

Death Sweepstakes to raise money for Clonage

The Alma Clonage Money Raising Office has announced the kick-off of its newest money raising campaign, an Alma Clonage Sweepstakes.

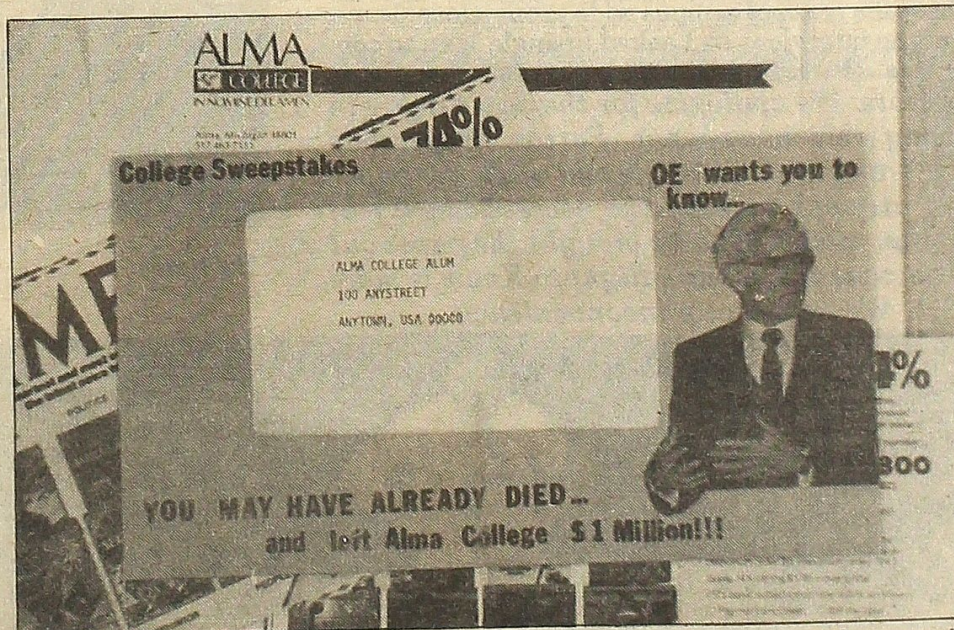
Sweepstakes entry forms have been sent to all alumni and friends of the clonage who have any potential of dying.

Clonage Dean of Administrators, Oh He's Relevent, began the campaign at Homecoming this year stating, "Alma Clonage represents excellence in all aspects of education. Aluminum bleachers are not excellent."

Relevent continued, "But we here at Alma know that you will share in your co-creative responsibility to make this field the best this institution has to offer. Checks can be sent to the clonage in care of me."

Winners in the Sweepstakes get to will their entire estate to the clonage. No life is necessary to enter. A enclosure in the sweepstakes package reads, "If you can't read this, you may be eligible to win."

Next-of-kin are urged to return Sweepstakes entry forms for deceased



Hundreds of sweepstakes entry forms were mailed to prospective people. entrants.

The top prizes in the Sweepstakes have already been determined. Development projects are in the planning stages. Winners will be announced this summer and construction is slated to

begin in the fall.

The grand prize is the privilege of funding the clonage's new football stadium and sports complex. The total package is worth \$2 million. Including budget overruns and constuction delays, win-

ners may have a prize worth over \$3 million!

Second prize is funding of a new addition to the library. In addition to funding the project, the winner's name will be added to the already confusing list of names for the building.

There will be several third prizes awarded. Winners will defray the cost of the new clonage chimes and their names will be engraved on the chimes. Lucky Them!

There will also be 150 consolation prizes awarded. Winners will have their names painted on the spirit rock for a day. Editors note: at press time the rock had passed away, no comment was available from the clonage. Due to this unfortunate event, these prizes may not be awarded, but the spirit rock has been entered in the contest.

"This program has the potential to boost the clonage to cosmic heights," Relevent said, "If it fails to do that, we'll at least have the money."

The Sweepstakes is void where dying is prohibited. A six percent sales tax will be charged to Pennsylvania alumni.

PRESIDENT

Redundant announces plans to convert Academic Center to casino complex ...page 21

FARSIDE:

TERRORIST GROUP blows up chapel steeple; 16 chimes die in tragedy ...page 47
SAGA INVESTIGATED as source of Salmonella poisoning...page 32

TRUSTEES VOTE to bid for Pistons to play at new athletic complex ...page 13

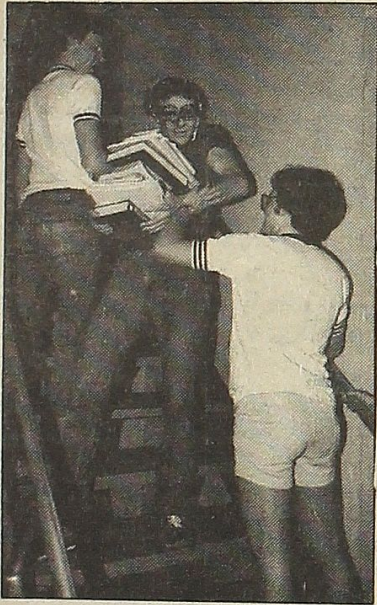


Spengle Man and Boy Boyer stuff a car thief into the Spengle Mobile trunk.



Of genteel birth, the two superheroes escort a pregnant co-ed across a busy street.

Spengle Man!



Mild mannered Bright Sparkler gets hassled by unknowing Enigma Sighs.

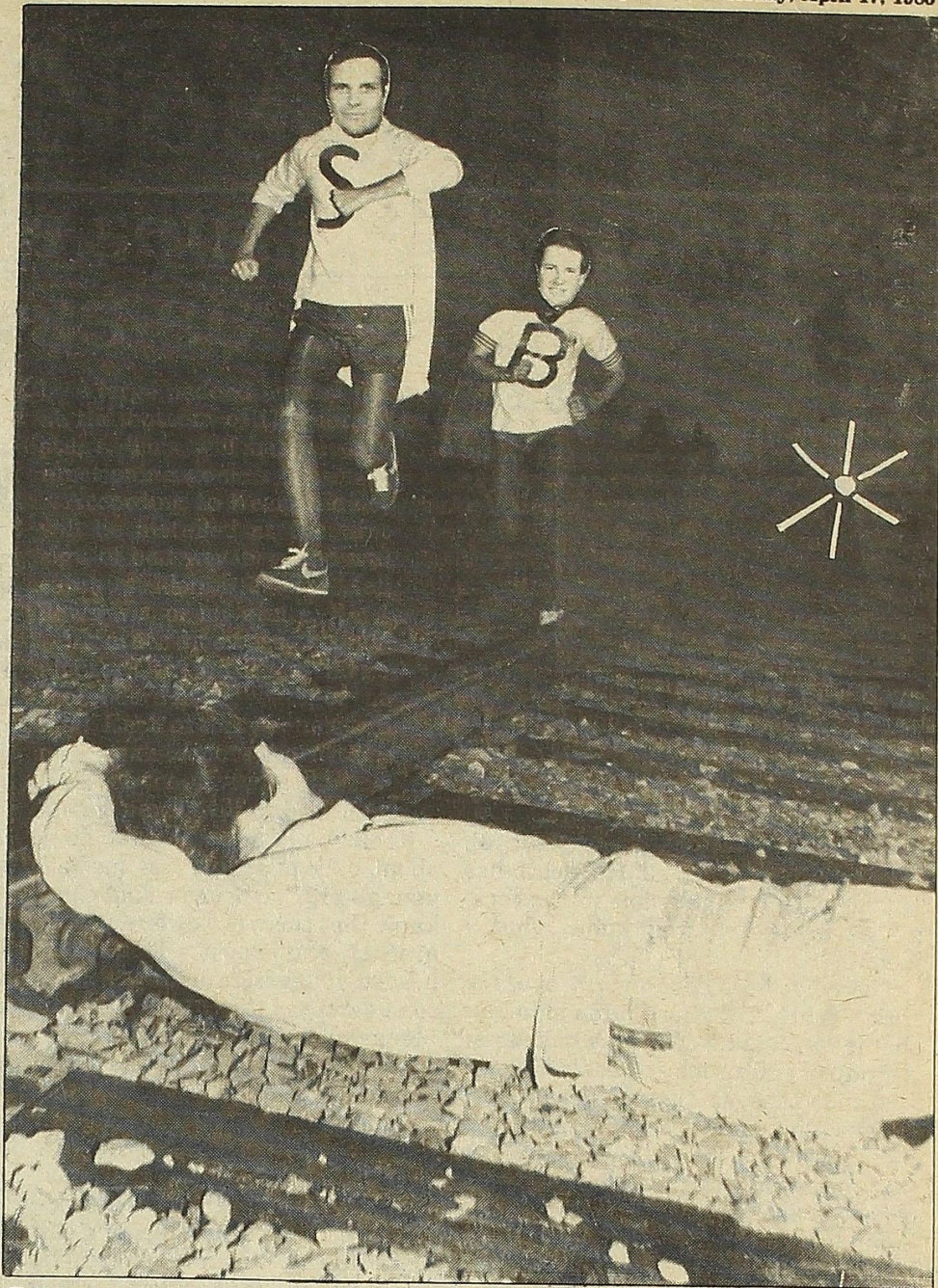
Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Spengle Man!! During the past several weeks, the campus has been blessed by the appearance of this strange, wonderful being. Spengle Man has flown into the clonage scene with all the fervor of a quart night gone wild.

Car thieves beware, pregnant women breathe easier, this man from the planet kreepton is our saving grace, protecting truth, justice and excellence with relevance.

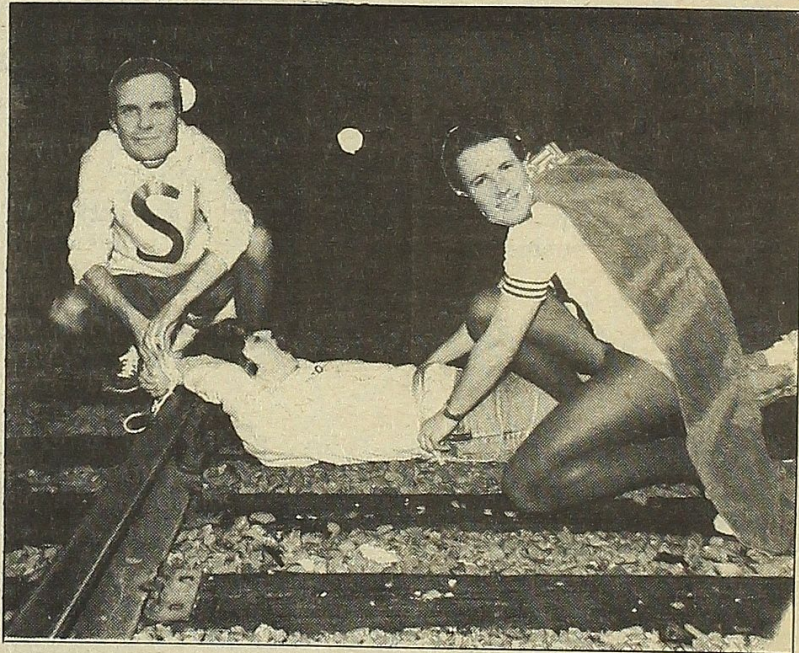
This reporter was granted a rare and inspiring look at 'A Day In The Life Of' Spengle Man. I was priveleged enough to follow him and his sidekick, Boy Boyer, as they charged through a night's work. The Albanian Enquirer was even lucky enough to obtain a rare photograph of Spengle Man as mild-mannered Bright Sparkler.

Of course the appearance of Spengle Man has created a paraphernalia craze of campus wide proportions. It was the end of the interview, so I asked Spengle Man to comment on this. His reply? Bif! Bam! Zowie!

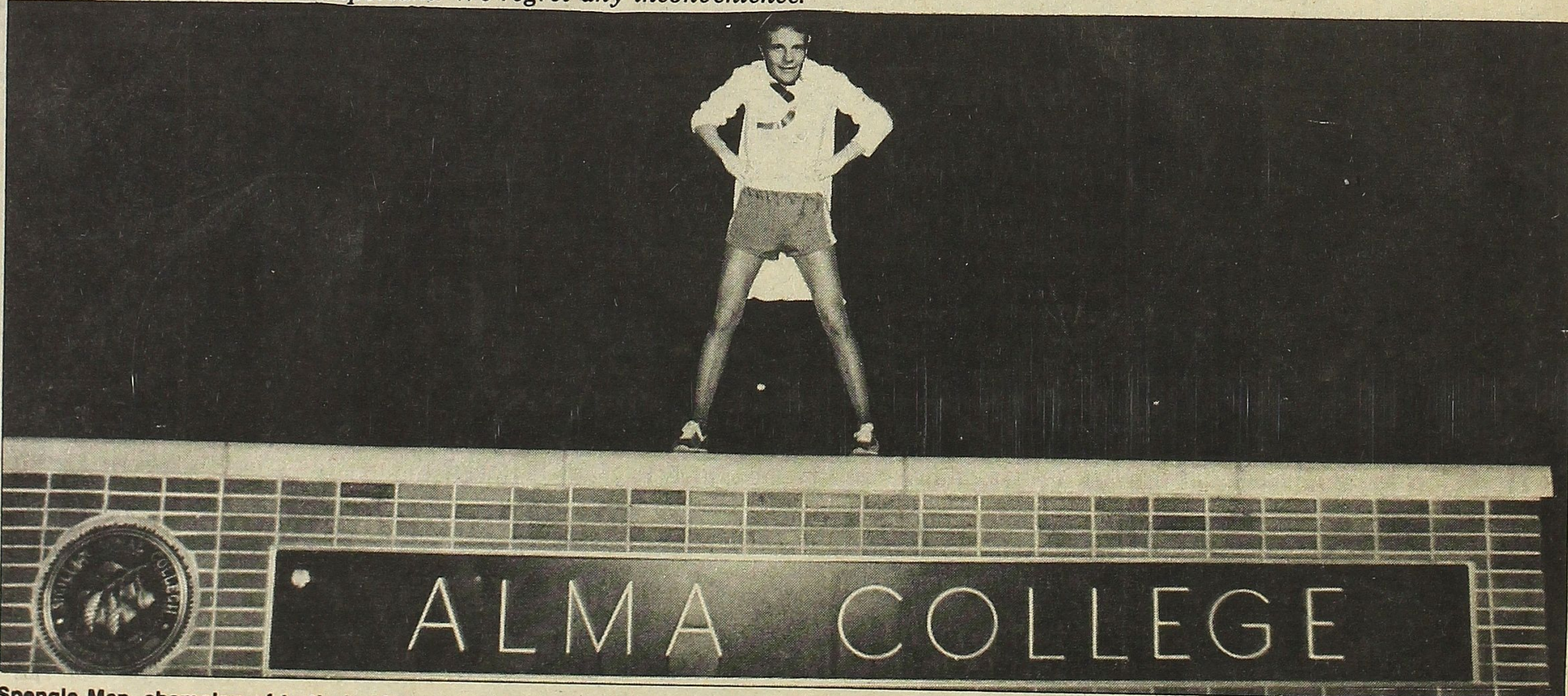
Editor's Note: We apologize for the day's delay in distributing this newspaper. Person or persons unknown broke into our office and stole the paper in a vain attempt to keep the secret identity of Spengle Man hidden. But we brought the paper out anyway because the public's Right to Know is more important. We regret any inconvenience.



To the rescue, faster than a speeding locomotive.



My hero!



Spengle Man, champion of truth, justice, and excellence with relevance.

Dead Alumni contribute to Domed Stadium

The Scooters performance has earned them a bid to the Tropic Bowl, playing against the Bolivian Amazons. This women's football team has played American-style football for two months and play on a 60-yard field of moss.

Creatures

Broncos destroy landscape

Innocent plants annihilated

"Looks like the Boys'll be forming their own union soon," mused Director of Physical Plant Robot Rover during one of his many inspection rounds of the campus. "Then there'll be no stopping 'em."

Rover was referring to the infamous Boys in the Broncos, those half-crazed maintenance employees we've all seen tearing up the grass and soil, along with the snow, at least three feet on either side of the sidewalks.

"You can't blame 'em, really," Rover commented. "You'd be ready for some mild vandalism too after endless hours of coffee breaks. This may be their only release."

"And they're going to keep this release," Rover continued. "They've gone so far as to create a whole budget for care of the lawn spaces three feet on either side of the sidewalks."

Somehow, a ridiculously high amount of money has been set aside to be used for grass seed and sod. Only by continuously digging up and replanting the lawns can these funds be depleted. "And they knew we wouldn't want to save any leftover money," Rover commented.

"Heh, heh—yep, we really got 'em," chuckled one of the Boys, who wished

to remain anonymous. "You know all those Bronco snowplows?" he grinned. "We don't need 'em all—not even most of 'em. But we sure love to use them!"

"Yeah, it really warms the heart to see all that grass torn up every winter, just to be replaced in the spring," continued another one of the Boys (confirming the long-held suspicion that the Boys always roam in pairs).

"Besides, what else are we supposed to do with our time? Why else would we all have been hired? How else could we prove that we should remain hired except by performing meaningless tasks? We gotta do something," he continued.

Yes, and this destructive "something" appears to be just the meaningless task they've been looking for.

"Think about it," the Boy said. "We plant the landscape in the spring, fertilize it in the summer, mow it in the fall, and dig it up in the winter just so we can do it again. It's so completely ludicrous and self-perpetuating, it's beautiful."

It appears that the administration has bought into this beautiful little scheme, because, for time being, it seems that there is no stopping those wily Boys in the Broncos.

Tag Team Ballet



Iron-toed Cindy Z. takes a cheap shot at Choreographer Psyche during last Friday's semi-finals of Championship Dancing. The two were involved in a double disqualification and square off again this Friday in the Match of the Century. Tickets go on sale at the box office of air conditioned Dow Auditorium at 7:30. Don't You Dare Miss It!

Guess that Greek

Well now that we have a house we can through real parties. We are glad to have our new brothers including Oh He's Redundant. L.B. we had fun. C.J. thanks for being there. B.N. where's your pants. J.C. how's A.N.'s bra doing. L.L. party time. (Why the hell do we only use initials. Because we don't know how to spell). In jock.

Welcome to all the new Gammy (isn't that just the cutest word you ever did see) pledges. We broke even on those new members and those leaving, way to go. Thank God we are national now, I don't know how much longer I could stand those obnoxious polyester grey skirts.

Well, our last Africa Fellow auction is over with, and we have nothing left to

do but to say goodbye. No more service for Alma Clonage, maybe we should have tried to be social too. You other fraternities are doomed to hell for your evil, non-service ways. Well here's a milk and cookies toast to us all.

We decided this week to write what we mean instead of using secret little codes, that should really screw all of you up, huh? Remember pledges the higher you go the better you are. Auf Leben (Does any body know what the hell that means, I just write because we have been doing it for so long).

Greetings once again pleasure seekers. Shoe is ugly, Pitt is not, Hank is cold but Dags is not. Jomo's short, and Siggys tall, Don is boring, but so are we all. I'm not sure why we only use these stupid little names. It must be

because there are so many of us we don't know the real names of everybody. Phi Alpha shits.

Congratulations to our new pledges. We hope that you will stay in the group for a while. Good luck too all our graduating seniors, and to the one that is still active. Purple all the way (God, that's an ugly color, but at least we stand out).

We are national now and we are very excited. Too bad we couldn't get a house, but at least we have a quad and a room (Now that I think about it, did we gain anything by this? Not really. now we have to live in the same dorm as Mouthy Mallahan) We look forward to a full year of being a national.

Congatulations to our new sisters. How many does that give us now, I can't count that high? One more week to party, after all isn't that why we all came to clonage. The Sig Slime of the week goes out to all of us, because we are all slime.

Good Luck to all the seniors leaving. Great job catching that car thief. We won Intermurals again. Too bad about the house. But we are strong. We write these short sentences for a reason. We don't know how to write long ones. But we won Intermurals.

We are having another flower sale this week, and we hope that you all will buy some. Why are we having the sale you ask? To sell all the flowers we have gotten stuck with from past flower sales. Remember service comes first.



Dorm Calls: How to deal with that pesky prof

All clonage students have the same problem. What do you do when you wake up on the morning of an exam with the sniffles? Or worse, what do you do if you just don't want to go to class?

Well, there are a number of preventative measures students can take to avoid such a predicament.

Some reasearchers favor the hypochondriac approach. This treatment requires that the student set up the prof in advance. At the beginning of the term, tell all your profs, "I have chronic seizures which impair my ability to write."

Medical verification of such an ailment can be obtained by telling your doctor that you've had the shakes lately. This method is especially effective for smokers and drug addicts who can fake symptoms by quitting for a day or two.

This method also has an advantage of getting extra days off throughout the term. You can't just miss exams.

A second method, which is more feasible for many students, involves appearing ill for about a week before all exams, just in case. This makes it much easier to explain how your illness just took a turn for the worse.

If all else fails, and you do have explain why you didn't take an exam or go to class, do your best to appear confident, but ill.

For example, "But Dr. (cough, cough) Beeker, (wretch) I'll take the exam (feel you head for fever) now, I've been studying (sneeze) since Tuesday (cough)."

If you have to, take the exam or go to class, then blame your poor performance on illness and a cold-hearted prof, instead of the party you went to the night before.

Thanks to both of you who came to Amo-Te this year, I hope you had fun. Congratulations to our 21 new pledges wear your pins with pride. Don't worry they are not as heavy as they look. Besides it makes your back a whole lot stronger.

ΑΓΔ	ΖΣ	ΣΑΕ
ΑΖΤ	ΘΧ	ΣΒ
ΓΦΒ	ΚΙ	ΣΧ
ΓΣΣ		ΤΚΕ



On the Steeple: Chimes produce musical fiasco

"Spiritual Rock"
The Chimes
-★

This is musical production fiasco. Unclear tones and overly loud playing characterize the enter composition.

From the first number "Ding ding my ding-dong" to the final piece "Senior prospect: bong, bong, bong," melodies continue to echo on and on.

This overplayed, overpriced, synthetic "music" rudely awakens the listener and continues to irritate even

the hardest music fanatic.

The more complicated meoldies appear to have been dubbed using a home tape recorder. Low levels of technical control contribute to the downfall of "Rock."

The chimes claim that "Rock" is widely misunderstood. They consider it to be their "most beautiful work yet."

If you're really willing to submit yourself to this torture, you can purchase this abomination for about \$9,000 plus a hidden packaging and shipping cost of an additional \$9,000.

Conservative Corner

Dead rocks don't wear paint

The spirit rock is dead. An integral part of our campus spirit is gone, murdered by a group of traitors who are soon to leave the relevant ranks of our clonage. Because of the actions of these heartless few, there will be no more late-night paint parties by the rockside; no more shocking green beauty to greet us on our daily walks; no more grafitti. It's all gone.

Yet the spirit grave has received no respect. Even after such a poignantly tragic experience, apathy remains.

Not one flower has bedecked the poor rock's grave; there is only course and loosely scattered dirt. Grass hasn't been planted, nor are there indications for such action in the future. Those who should mourn simply shake their heads and walk on by.

The spirit grave marker has been unexplainably removed. What is this attitude saying? No one seems to care.

Dead rocks don't wear paint, but they deserve respect. Something that was once such a beautiful part of this beautiful campus deserves a truly heartfelt and beautiful exhibition of respect. Help us to renovate the spirit grave. Bring your flowers. Bring your own refreshments for the wake. Give some dignity to the death of a loyal clonage rock.

But seriously, folks...

The staff of *The Albanian Enquirer* would like to thank the following people for ideas and support on the lampoon issue and throughout the year: Dr. Eugene Pattison, Mr. Timothy Sipka, Joy Miska, Dan Roo Erik Mowgli Ball, Leslie Bauman, Dave Sherwood, Jimmy Collins, Tony Trupiano, Ann Foy and the Newberry Hall staff, Charlotte Schmidtke, Cathy Lombardo, Pizza Sam, Dan Breidinger and Gerri Huntoon of Mid-State Printing, and Alice Stout of Graph-Ads Printing.

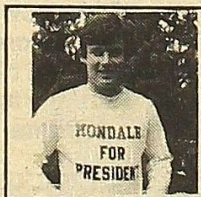
Confessions of a closet liberal

My fellow students:

For the past seven months, I have had a very troubled soul. It has only been within the last two weeks that the source of my anxiety has come to light. You see, I now wish to confess that, despite all previous actions to the contrary, I am actually a lib-, a liberal Democrat. (My analyst says that public admittance of such a fact is most difficult.)

I further submit that my devoted admiration of Ronald Wilson Reagan is nothing more than a cruel deception. After roughly four years, I have arrived at the same conclusion as have many of my liberal cohorts: an antiquated senior citizen who co-starred with a chimpanzee in pre-World War II B-grade movies simply can not be taken seriously as President of the United States.

Instead, my quiet worship is reserved for the uniquely charismatic Walter Mondale and, in addition, the uniquely qualified Geraldine Ferrarro. My respect for Mr. Mondale is based upon the presumption that any candidate that can promise everything to everyone and actually hope to deliver upon such promises deserves the utmost respect of



all American people.

As for Ms. Ferrarro, she is an ideal candidate for public office. She is a typical American woman (her words); the fact the most average American women do not lose almost \$40,000 in income tax should be overlooked as irrelevant. While on the topic of irrelevancy, her ignorance of foreign affairs should also be considered trivial.

My most ardent support of a liberal ideology, however, is reserved for Democratic policies. For example, I loudly applaud the Democratic goal of appeasement. The Soviet Union, that "atheistic empire" in the words of our president, is really a peace loving nation. It is the hawkish conservatives that create the illusions of Soviet wrongdoings: Afghanistan, Poland, KAL 007, Army Major Nicholson, numerous and documented treaty violations, and an unparalleled military build-up.

I take my liberal ideology

Pale Barfin

Outta my mind on Tuesday lunchin'...

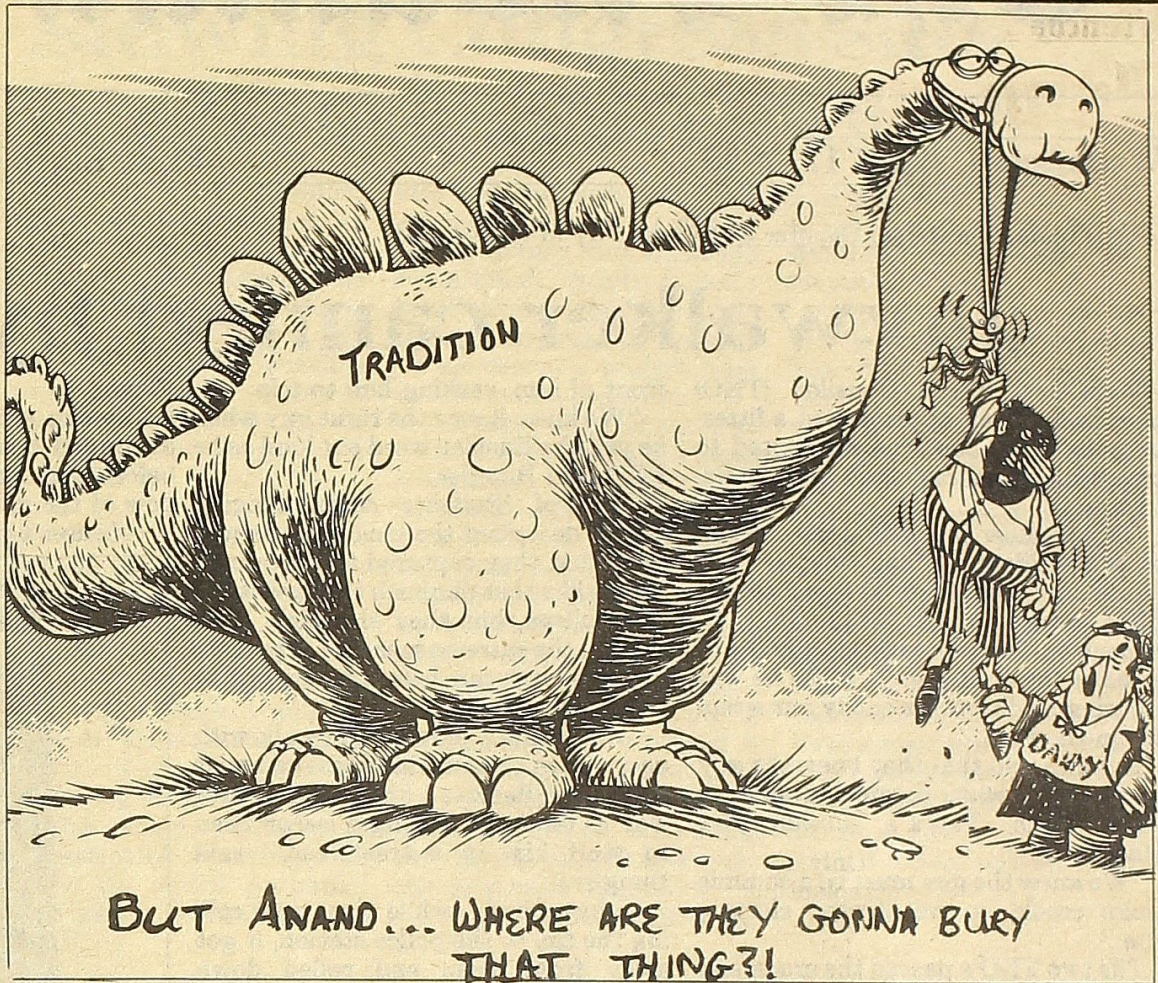
...Graduation Day is almost upon us and I just can't wait. Not too many things I like better than hearing "Pomp and Circumstance" played by a really good band. You, too?

...I just love listening to those weekly radio messages

seriously on the domestic front as well. The Republicans are elitists, seeking a return to a WASP society. The Democrats, on the other hand, are truly concerned with the well-being of all citizens. Every possible constituent or special interest group is courted. Everyone deserves a handout, despite the curtailing effect on the economic incentives.

My bleeding heart truly rests in the camp of the liberals. We liberals are heavy into symbolism: nuclear freeze petitions, ERA, protesting in front of embassies, etc. So what if the effect is mathematically insignificant, our actions sure look good. Why don't you join me in confessing my liberal beliefs? All of America would be the better for it.

Finally, I pledge my support to Edward Kennedy in 1988. Thank you, and I profusely apologize for any inconveniences my misleading conservative tendencies exasperated.



Graduation, Ronnie and Archie

P. Louis Whiner



from Ronald Reagan. About time we got a president who's willing to show the Russkies who's boss. And such a good actor, too.

...I don't know about you all, but I'm tired of hearing about all this famine in Africa. It's just plain depressing. Besides, it's their own fault. Have they tried—I mean, have they really tried—to make it rain? I don't think so.

...And how about those feminists. Don't they just make you tired? That stuff

about Gloria Steinem sneaking in as a playboy bunny. I don't even think she's that good looking.

...What do women want, anyway? They got the vote; you'd think that would hold them for a while.

...“The Star Spangled Banner” is one of my favorite songs. Yours, too?

...“Wall Street Week” with Louis Rukeyser is fast becoming my favorite TV show, even more than old “All in the Family” reruns.

...I still love it, though, when Archie digs into Meathead. Bunker is one guy who sure knows which end is up.

...You know what this campus really needs? A William F. Buckley Fan Club, that's what.

The Albanian Enquirer

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The Albanian Enquirer is intended to be a humorous reflection on the events and memories of the past year. No offense is intended in any item contained herein.

The staff of the Almanian hope that you've had fun this year. Sit back and enjoy, this all begins again in September.

The Albanian Enquirer

Wednesday, April 17, 1985

First Sixth Page

Page Six

Once again, it's Bright Bungler and Flake Boy to the rescue!

Jaywalker canned by TKO vigilantes

Two Tow Keepa Oupsilon (TKO) members Friday apprehended a litterbugging jaywalker who attempted to cross Superior Street at an unauthorized zone.

TKO member Bright Bungler explained the incident. "Flake Boy...er...and I...um...were on our way over to the TKO house about 4:37 a.m. to remenisce. Then we saw this guy try to cross at the wrong spot. While he was crossing he dropped a candy bar wrapper in the road."

Bungler said that they knew the guy was a crook when he started quoting lines from Marx's *Communist Manifesto*.

"We knew the guy must be a commie pinko crook, so we started chasing him."

The two TKO's passed the crook and hid behind a tree to wait for him. When he arrived they threw themselves in

front of him, causing him to trip.

"We knew it was the right guy when he yelled a Russian word out loud as he fell," said Bungler.

Dean of Students Anda Dinging Chime described the incident, "It was good that they captured this criminal, people like that diminish the 'spirit' of this college, but they shouldn't have gone to the extreme measure of putting him in a trash can, before taking him to the police station."

"We couldn't just let him walk with us, you don't know what these commies might try. Besides I know of no better way to teach a litterbug a lesson than to stuff him in a trash can," said Bungler.

Unfortunately, while they were rolling the can to the police station, it got away from them and rolled down Superior uncontrolled.

"We just lost control of the can," said

Flake.

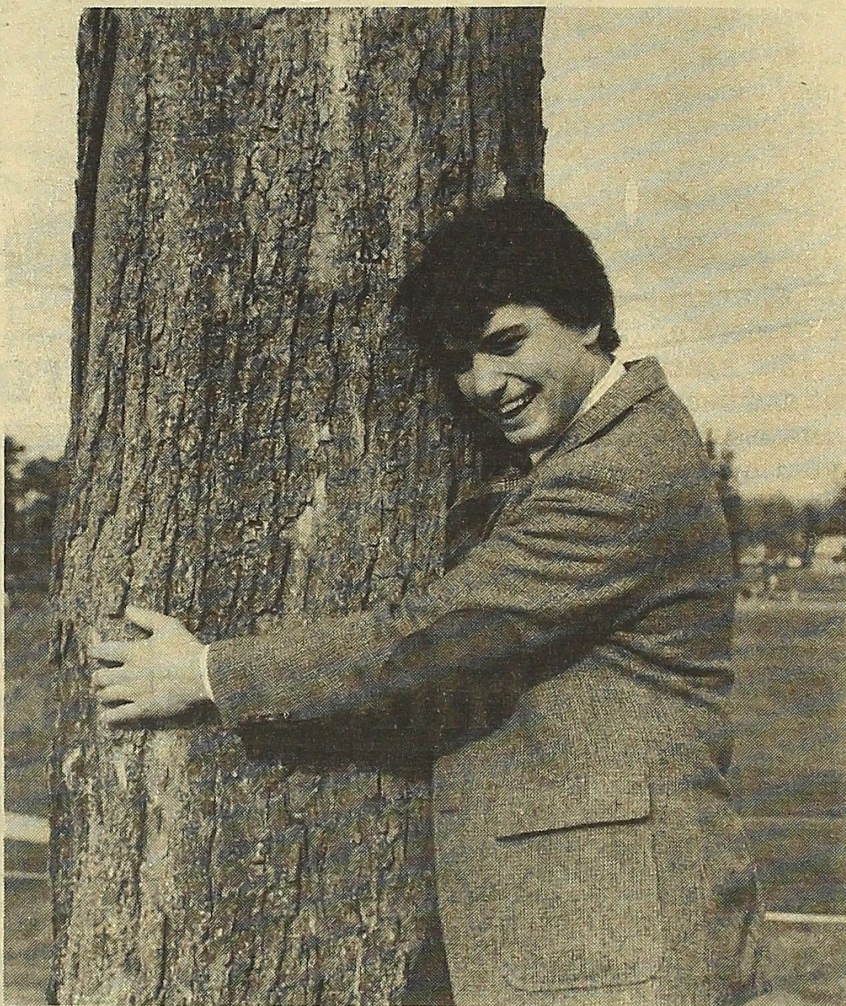
The can sideswiped many cars and continued bouncing down the street, before it went crashing through the window of the police station.

"We aren't vigilantes just honest, car-

ing American citizens," said Bungler.

In describing the reaction of the police, Bungler said, "He (the Chief of Police) was happy to catch a commie criminal, he wasn't so happy about his window."

Getting to Know You...



Next year's Stewing Congress President Ralphing Fettucine warmly greets one of his new constituents. "The plants of this campus have been ignored far too long," Fettucine said in a recent speech. "It's high time we told our follaged friends how much we really love them." Fettucine was rumored to be under extreme exam stress while delivering the address.

Trustees caught hazing

The testimony of three unidentified Associate Trustees has led to the prosecution of several Alma Clonage Trustees in connection with incidents of hazing.

Long suspected of being a secret fraternity, the members of Tau Rho Sigma Tau (TRS-T) have sported small rectangular lapel pins since their founding in 1886.

Associates claim that TRS-T officers made them enter the "trust-t" meetings through back doors, answer phones during meetings, memorize the minutes of meetings, and stand at all times.

Further claims include forced consumption of wine and cheese and forced attendance at "hell weekend" meetings.

One victim stated, "It's horrible. They make you think that this is some kind of an honor or something, then

they make you wear cheap polyester suits."

According to one Associate TRS-T, the pain goes beyond meetings, "Your peers think you've betrayed them, even if they did elect you. You're no longer a student or faculty member, but you're not a big guy either. Everyone wants the inside information from you though."

TRS-T officers claim that the incidents are "misunderstandings" claiming, "We haven't done anything wrong, the Associates just want more power."

One of the most blatant incidents of hazing is the \$10 fee that TRS-Ts charge one another for not wearing the fraternity pin.

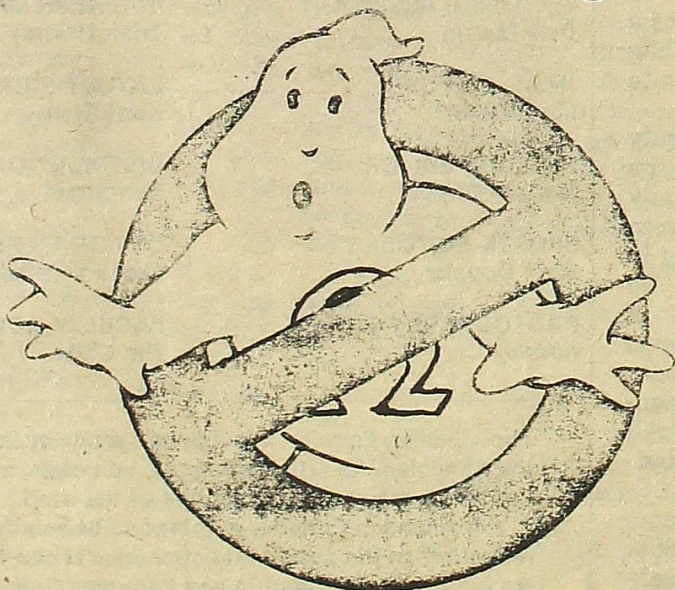
Officers argue, "The money goes into scholarships. Besides making people wear pins gives the clonage publicity."

The case is scheduled to go to court May 23, 1997.

Now playing at a college near you

Greekbusters

Bustin' makes 'em feel good!



Coming to save the world from the evils of alcohol.

Anon Dinging Chime

Tacky Clonahan

Dan Boring

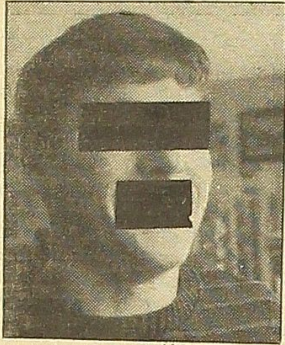


Nosey

Off-campus comment

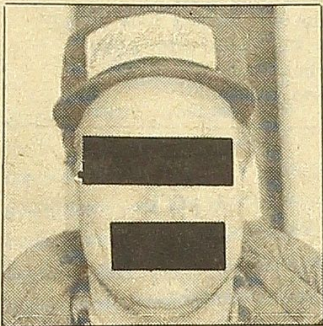
Q. What do you think of Alma Clonage students?

A. John Doe: "They handle themselves pretty poorly, actually. Other than that there's not much I can say."



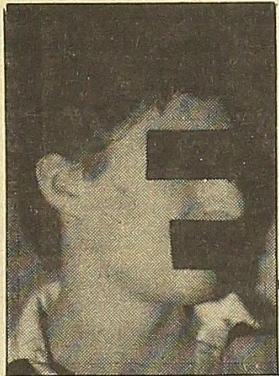
A. John Doe Jr.: "They're rude. I've worked here for five years, and they've never given me a moment's peace."

A. Mary Smith: "Some of them are arrogant."



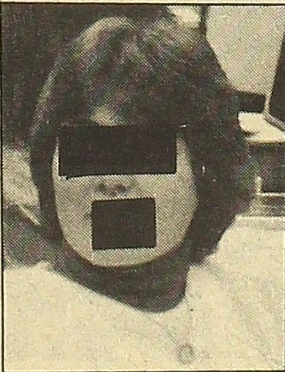
A. Mr. I. M. Obtuse: "Holy cow, that's tough, well, heck, gosh, they're real swell."

A. Don Juan: "I think they're a liability to the college community. They're mostly so darn liberal, and just too crazy for me. Okay, I live up by the college, so I know they party down (like on Fridays), but... well, they're just too crazy for me."



A. Dora Bore: "I've traveled around the United States quite a bit, and the consensus seems to be that many people know about Alma College and its students. And the people who knew of Alma College would not go there in this lifetime... or the next."

A. Ittsa Bubble: "What students? College? Where? You mean in Alma?"



A. Daffie Dill: "The college's intramural field is in back of my house, and in the fall there are just hundreds of kids back there—it must be the whole school. I wish they would go away. They eat anything I have in the garden."

A. Mrs. Watta Lotta-Deralicks: "My nephew goes to Alma College. We haven't let him in the house since he was a freshman."

A. Ura Jerk: "Having contact with Alma students really makes you appreciate kids from MSU."



A. Ralph: "Urmph, arfff, urg. Woof (slobber) urmph (drool) arg arff."

Stewing Congress sets concrete goals for 85-86

Following years of conflict regarding the achievement of its goals, Stewing Council has developed new, tangible goals for the 1985-86 school year.

According to Council Big Guy Not-so Keen, "Council is proud of the work I've done in the past year but they feel we need more concrete goals for the centennial year."

The first goal to be completed will be in the form of a football endzone, complete with goalposts. This project will be undertaken in conjunction with the construction of a new sports complex. In keeping with college tradition, however, the endzone will not be part of the field, but will serve only as an eye-pleaser.

"The endzone project is aesthetically pleasing but serves no useful purpose," Keen said. "Council got the

idea from the newly renovated common area."

Council veep Katy Lumbago commented, "Students don't benefit from the college's projects, we thought it was time we sponsored a project from which no one benefited."

The second goal of the next Council will be to build a giant basketball hoop and backboard above the spirit rock. Plans include painting the spirit rock orange.

Keen commented, "Since Council didn't accomplish last year's intangible goal of eliminating student apathy, students don't care about the spirit rock. It was intended to provide an outlet for student spirit, which no one seems to possess anyway. Therefore, the only logical step is to make the rock more attractive."

The third and final goal will

be a large padded hockey net at the bottom of the library stairs. This will be the only functioning goal.

According to Keen, the net will be installed at the first sign of bad weather, and will catch students as the fall down wet or icy stairs.

In other business, council elected to build a large scoreboard in the center of the mall. Each of three panels will post updates on the attainment of the new goals.

One panel will record how many people ask, "It's nice, but what's it for?" about the football goal. The second will have a one digit record of how many people paint the spirit rock. The third will keep track of how many people are caught safely on the library steps.

Trustees caught hazing

Keeping in line with tradition, Alma Clonage has reinstated the age-old institution of hazing freshmen and Greek pledges.

The program, slated to begin symbolically in the clonage's centennial year, will bring back the traditions of freshman beanies, respect for upperclassmen and faculty, hell week and burlap underwear.

According to Overseer, Dinging Chime, the program "fits right in with rocks and chimes in restoring a sense of tradition to students at Alma."

Although final plans haven't been made, Dinging Chime elaborated on some of the details of the plan.

The program will be instituted in one's freshman year. Freshmen will be expected to check in and out of dorms, address upperclassmen as "Mr." and "Ms.," open

doors for seniors and carry textbooks when asked.

Regarding faculty and class conduct, freshmen will be required to address faculty members respectfully, speak only when asked, and must sit at the rear of the classroom unless asked to move by a member of the TKO fraternity.

Freshmen will also be subject to public humiliation in the commons and whenever possible.

Hazing will continue in the second term as freshmen are coerced into joining Greek organizations.

Upon joining a Geek chapter, the affairs of students office will ignore any incidents of public humiliation, physical and emotional injury and/or buffoonery.

Somebody, Anybody, Everybody president Paid Arson says he's happy with the reinstatement of hazing, "Now

we can do legally what we've been doing anyway."

"I'm really excited," said Almost Ata Cow president Dinga Ling, "We no longer need to make excuses for our polyester skirts or side door policy."

Enigma, Why? president Bobby Barnyard was equally excited, "Our pledges have been begging us to haze them since the founding of our charter organization, I am a Guy. Now we can give them what they want."

Dinging Chime said he was pleased with the positive response. "I think this will really restore a sense of pride in both the clonage and the individual chapters. Besides, hazed freshmen might paint the rock."

He's hip.
He's now.

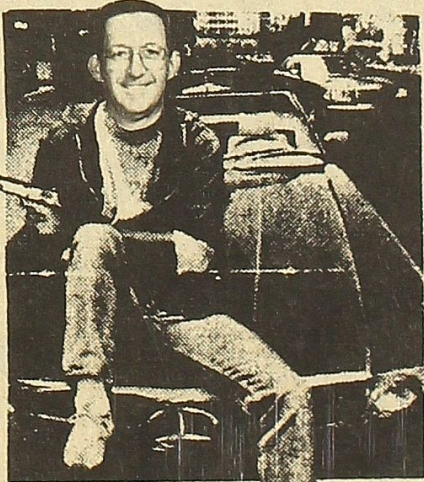
He square
dances.

He's a Detroit pro-vost
on vacation in Alma.

BEVERLY HILLS

Kapp

R-



Wanted:
House to Haunt
Until fall 1986

Quiet TKO seeks
Greek organization
with house to served as
temporary guardian.

Occupants must
tolerate, preferably
enjoy, stange behavior.
Arrangements must be
made for the visitation
of family members.
Agreement will cease
upon completion of
permanent home.

Interested?
Call Al 7782

Declassified

To The Deviants,
Well gang the last of us are going
into the world to become even more
deviant and we must keep in touch.
For the sectret morse code ask the
Original to knock it out, I heard she
has it storied within her head.
The Social Deviant

DG,
This was just a joke, yah sure ha
ha!!! I will see you friday!
Guess Who

Nan C,
Well it has been four years do you
think that we can still sell our
values for the same cost?
A Snowmobile instructor

Dinging Chime,
Well if you thought that I would be
too artistic for an RA wait until I
get my own hall.
The Artistic one

Pine Cone People,
Well have we spent four years
breaking the concepts. I know
where some of those pine cones can
be stuck.
Preterm 1981

To Fellow Naughtons--
Now is the time we part ways with
Joe, Bill Ed, Amy, and Karon-good
luck to you all! We also bid a fond
farewell to Dan Roo and look for-
ward to welcoming Lovey back.
Have a great summer!
EX Love,
Elly

P.S. The Naughtons: the African
Dynasty Continues...

Mom,
Hurry back, the Spanards have had
enough, it's our turn! I miss you
and love you lots!
XOXOX Joy

Twinkles,
Thanks for being such a super Kid!
You've made me very happy and
proud!
Love, Mom

P.S. How's your Paradise coming
along?

Paul,
Since you missed it last week, I
decided to send you another one.
These past few years have been
great!?! I'm sure you will do ex-
cellent at B.U.-Don't forget to
write! No P.D.A. aside, S.W.A.K.
(always).
Elyse

To my Goo Pho Boo Sisters:
Thanks for being such a special
part of my life. I love you all, you
are the greatest!
Love and hugs, Sis

B.
I may be closer to you than I think
but not CLOSE enough for my life.
Let's Go for it!
The Wild One

B.B.
Hang in there, Love you lots.
Me.

CONGRATULATIONS
TONY TRUPIANO



On the new business ven-
ture. With love, Bob and
the rest of the Albanians.

karen
i love you
christa

Wad more can I say, but KI wear
overalls.

C.
After graduation things will be
there, and I will be here.
Not my brother or my father

Rona,
Don't worry, someday we'll both
have lots of money!! I will not miss
that special day next spring-I'll be
there with you and George. I can't
begin to express how much your
friendship has meant to me. You
understood when no one else could
understand. I know we'll always
keep in touch no matter where we
end up! Good-Bye's are not an end,
only a beginning...
Love Ya
Kerri

Annie
Well I've I had fun being your ma!
Through thick and thin we've built
a pretty strong relation-
ship...snowballs and all!! I'm going
to miss that smile. Don't worry
about the future-you'll go far,
where ever you want to go actual-
ly!!! I'm going to miss ya. Oh no
empty nest syndrome-or I could
follow tradition and adopt Wiester!
Well, take care of yourself. I Love
You Kid. You're special!
Ma

Ex Madame Pres., Swampwoman,
Kay-Baby and Wacky,
You've all made housie living quite
an experience. Thank you many
times over for all the support and
hugs you've given me to help me
get through this year, especially in
these last few weeks. I wouldn't
have made it if you weren't around.
I can't believe you guys are
gageating!! Good-bye's are only
followed by hello's... I Love each
and every one of you. The future
holds many bright surprises!!
WAD

Dear Third and Long Shower
Sisters,
What would 3rd and long have
been without you? Just "Plain"
women may have been scarce... but
"real" women were there. Thanks
for the fun, the water fights, the
showers, the beer, the pimps, and
above all your friendship. You
helped to make 3rd and long in to
the legend it is today. You're the
best. We Love ya.
The men of 3rd and long.

We Love you, Seniors! Make us
proud!
Your Adoring Fans

Class of 1985,
Well, I have had the nerve to bare
many things, and now let our class
go on to bare our consciences and
do some 'real'
good in this world.
Be Good at whatever you Do,
M. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmms

FRIDAY is the day for asking
questions.

Patti,
Well, we shall meet again some day
and maybe next time the feelings
will be different. After all how
many close friends have kick
glasses together.
A Safe Driver.

Maybe now is the time for me to
show all, the heart, sole, and
knowledge that I have.
1983 Yearbook Exposee

Some people give direction to
leaders while others lead the
direction.

Menu

	Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
Tuesday	Sticky clumps of apple covered with partially baked doughy junk Mixed up, soggy, yellow eggs Potato chunks with onions added	Broth with minimal turkey, noodles Thin dried meat patty on stale bun Lasagna ruined with spinach Green or burnt chips of potato	Leeky potatoes in soup form Roast beef sans jus Under-cooked, cold spaghetti with hamburger and tomato paste glopped on top Potato doorstops
Wed	Hockey pucks with ink spots Saturated foreign bread Slimy, gooey stolen eggs Heartlessly charred potatoes	Vomit-like mushroom goop "Let-us-have-some-bacon-with-our- tomato sandwich!" Unidentifiable meats over ice tray Shriveled green peas	From here on, who knows. We can only guess. It won't get much better Our predictions are...
Thursday	Round dough frisbees w/syrup Flying saucer shaped, mucous globules Patties of gristly meat	Broth with minimal chicken, noodles Stuck-together noodles with cheese and red stuff thrown in Dough, tomato paste, and whatever we can throw on	Real turtle soup Roast beef sans jus (again) Ham and broccoli craps Sliced potatoes with milky cheese, slightly warmed
Friday	Boring waffles Plain donuts Medium and hard eggs Bagels w/out cream cheese	Onions with broth Stale bun (if you look closely, you might see some ham) Carbohydrate surprise Nixed vegetables	Yugoslavian rubber-cement soup Battered fish Crumby pork chops Partial corn kernels "Homemade" (sure) bread
Saturday	Coffee: if you are still here, that's all you'll want this morning.	WHO	REALLY
Sunday	CARES	ANYWAY?	IF
Monday	YOU'RE	STILL	HERE
Tuesday	YOU'RE	EXTREMELY	IGNORANT.

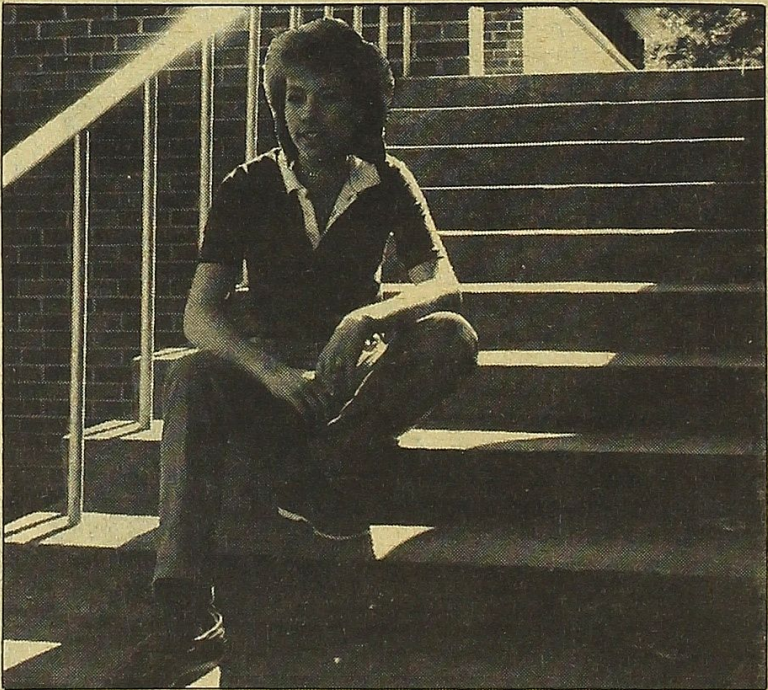
To All my friends and teachers,
Be Good at whatever you do.
MJM

Sometimes I need a hug too.
Mr. Bunny

It is with sad news that we have to
announce that Opus has hung
himself from the ceiling. His death
resulted because an extreme
psychotic compulsion with the
Beatles. His burial will take place
after being wrapped in four year old
clean toilet paper. (HAP B-Day old
friend)

Alma Clonage:
Please try not to live up to that
name. Make yourselves proud.

And in the end, the love you take
is equal to the love you make.



"Now that I won The Barlow, nobody will play with me."

Are you having trouble financing your Alma educa-
tion? Could you use another \$500 to \$800? Do you
know someone? If so then apply for the "New and
Unknown"...

Volunteer Admissions Scholarship

For more information contact any mustee, alumnos,
or Payid Graff at 7832.