

# All the news that shits to print

## Campus biggies make list

Compiled by Poison Pen Peggy and Barb Wizensheesitz

Forthwith is the official campus shit list of campus notables. We have not looked far to find those who have, in our estimation, performed the shittiest acts. We have spared no one in the compilation of this list so sit back and enjoy it (unless you're on the list):

1. **Happy Jack Mulka**—for claiming to be in only an "advisory" position to the BNE Committee and also saying that he has no power in deciding who gets complimentary tickets—all the while having them locked in his desk drawer where only he and Ann McFunn could get at them.

2. **Ann McFunn**—for having an impeccable stream of logic. Ann was misquoted as saying to the Campus Voice staff, "You didn't cover BNE last time so we're not giving you any tickets this time; but we still expect top coverage."

3. **Ben Kolinski**—for having the most extensively-edited letter in the Campus Voice. Editor's note to Ken: Don't think that we edited your letter just because we didn't like what you said; we needed to make an example of someone and you happened to come along at the right time.

4. **Dr. Roberts**—for making that cheap shot to the Voice about "artless collegiate journalism." (We never claimed to meet collegiate journalistic standards. We'll go along with being called "artless", however, we will not put up with what you implied in the rest of your comment.) Also, for writing numerous letters to the editor in defense of your position and signing students' names to them. (Burpeck, Purse-strings, et al)

5. **Stan the Man (The Polish fireplug) Toczek**—for possessing extraordinary qualifications to carry out his role as BSNS's CGA President, such as: three years of dedicated service on the slop line and student manager in the Scranton Commons; placing in the Elwell Hall Wrestling Tournament (see picture); for

being one of the guys in an esteemed campus fraternal organization (affectionately known as Tappa Kegga Day); and not to mention (but we will) his severe "lack of interest" due to his "not knowing anything about anything" concerning all CGA matters (right from the horse's mouth, huh, Stan?). You'd really rather be playing basketball, now wouldn't you, Stan?

## Cutbacks in poor taste Retrenchmouth

by Enoch Schlue

This semester, BSNS is faced with the problem of retrenchmouth (cutbacks because of the quibbling of ill-qualified mouths), and the possible loss of various services (or a cut in services at the least). In order to avoid the problem, an attempt was made to stretch the budget but it ripped. The only solution therefore, is a cut in services and personnel.

After much bickering, lollygagging, and the temporary halting of talks because someone had to go to the sandbox to contemplate on the hopper, Plan X was accepted. This plan will be put into effect unless something unforeseen, such as a solution, occurs.

The plan is as follows:

1. **Food service economies**—No more meals will be served in the Scranton Commons.

2. **Retirement contributions**—This little item will result in a slight reduction of 100% in payments to the State Employee's Retirement Fund. However, the former employees will receive a complimentary enema bag to compensate for the loss.

3. **Reduction of expenditures on buildings and structures**—Work will be halted on the new women's dormitory, Lycoming Hall. The partially constructed dorm will be used as a target area for the ROTC program on campus.

4. **Increased room fee for**

resident students—Resident students at BSC will see an increase in room fees during the next year of \$72 plus the signing over of their first-born male child.

5. **Alteration of college printing schedule**—It was found that much could be saved if the Campus Voice was no longer published, therefore, it was decided that the entire staff of the Voice will be eliminated by forcing them to sit in on a trustee meeting resulting in their being Board to death.

6. **Closing of the college laundry**—This move is necessary because of the extreme cost of water, heat for dryers, and young Chinese males.

7. **Reduction in off-campus housing**—A way was found to reduce the cost of off-campus housing while retaining the same luxury that is present today. Instead of apartments, wigwams will be constructed by a local Indian tribe for peon wages.

8. **Cutbacks in the athletic department**—Because of high cost, eliminations will be made in the athletic department such as equipment for teams, water for the pool, and Cruex for the itch.

9. **Cutbacks in faculty**—Since it will cost many pennies to fork out to the profs, the entire faculty will be layed off.

10. **Cutbacks in students**—Because of lack of faculty and lack of interest, the student body will be cancelled.



## Your ROTC program at work CGA meets again Nothing relevant discussed

by Diane Geshundheidt

Bubble gum, housing, and bricks were the main attractions at the CGA meeting held on the seventh Sunday of last November.

CGA moved to allocate \$100 to install bubble gum machines on campus as a part of campus beautification. These new machines will also be used to help initiate a new course called "Cavity and Shoe Repair." Another part of this project is to finance a personal appearance by Euell Gibbons in order to raise \$50,000 to plant the trees he needs for his family reunion picnic. This picnic is to be part of Winter Weekend next year.

In order to secure better off-campus housing for students, CGA plans to build an airport with the funds from the investment committee. Members decided that the vibrations and noise from take-offs will destroy all existing houses, and the townspeople will be forced to rebuild. The airport would cost approximately \$100,678,543.23. The only problem with this plan, according to Ron Toy, is that instead of CGA vehicles, CGA will have to buy planes.

CGA passed the motion to back CAS in not only withholding money from the Commonwealth, but also taking back what was already spent. Unless the legislators improve our financial status, the students are to tear down the new administration building and sell the bricks back to Harrisburg one by one. Not only will this raise money, but the state won't be able to collect any money from the students without their business office.

As a recreational idea to keep more students here on weekends next semester, Stan Two-check proposed setting up certain times when the tri-level could be used for ice skating. The problem exists in getting enough hot air to melt the ice so the cars could be returned. To solve this, the next CGA meeting will be held on the ice. Another three-hour job should do it.

A workshop was held on the CGA constitution, so more people would be familiar with CGA policies, and less people would be out of order. It was a huge success—two faculty members showed up. Another meeting to discuss apathy was cancelled due to lack of interest.

Representative Louis Hunt-sinker made a motion to allocate \$20,000 to Radio Station BSC so they could buy President McCormick's house where they could expand their facilities. Hunt-sinker claimed that in a few years, BSC will put WHLM out of business. His proposal was unanimously ignored.

The Campus Voice requested \$10,000 from CGA. The money would be used to send the staff to Florida until hell freezes over. Instead, Stan Two-check added an amendment that stated that any person with pen and small notebook seen on this campus be removed immediately. This will be discussed at the next meeting.

When cornered after the meeting, Two-check refused to answer any question for fear he would be quoted. If you have any questions, write them on a sheet of paper and hand them to Stan.

Bloomsburg State Normal School, Bloomsburg, Pa. 17815

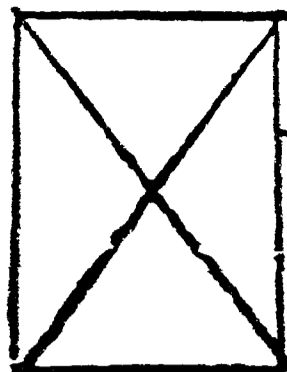
# THE CAMPUS NOISE

VOL. LIV  
No. 15

A Publication of the BSNS Intelligentsia Report



# EDITORIAL



## The Spotlight by K.A. Choo

### "Nothing's important anyway" (30 pt. Bodoni Ital.)

I hate New Year's resolutions. With this in mind, I have decided to turn over the proverbial new leaf and cite the changes that will be seen in me starting next semester.

I do solemnly resolve:

A) To leave C.G.A. alone. I'll ignore Ann McFunn and Ann McToy as they doze off during C.G.A. meetings...I'll ignore the profound statements of such notables as Ron Toy and Ferry Teeters...yes, I'll even ignore Bob Morton, et al as they show the council the "right" side of things.

B) To make the Campus Voice the epitome of artful collegiate journalism. To do this I will fire my staff of collegians and respectfully hire any person on the faculty, administrative or janitorial staffs.

C) To edit all necessary sentences in letters to the editor and to only print letters that I like.

D) To expound upon the fruits of the Bloomin' Hospital. (That won't be hard as there are a lot of fruits over there.)

E) Never to write another editorial since I lack the insight into real student issues. (see Litter to the Editors, page 3)

F) Not to adhere to any present or past New Year's Resolutions.  
GOOD NIGHT AND GOODBYE FOR NOW. SEE YOU IN A FEW WEEKS...KEEP THAT CARD AND LETTER COMING IN, FOLKS!

Barf Wizencheezits



### Need a break?

Applications for student sabbatical - with academic credit - can be obtained from Dr. Pick-It. See page 13 for more details.



## Conventional elections

by Name Withheld

With the coming of the 1976 Presidential Elections, we the people will once again be subjected to both the Democratic and Republican National conventions. For two whole weeks this coming summer, we must sacrifice hours of intelligent, meaningful prime-time television viewing, to watch thousands of crooked political schmucks parade around with signs and make speeches.

Don't we as voters and taxpayers have a choice in what will be aired? How stupid do they think the American viewing public is?

There are constant complaints of trash being aired on television. These, you know, are total exaggerations, but they could come true if the conventions are aired again. Do you want your family viewing, the violent and chaotic atmosphere that reigns at these affairs - shouting, screaming, name calling and mudslinging - I should think not. Furthermore, hands of unruly long

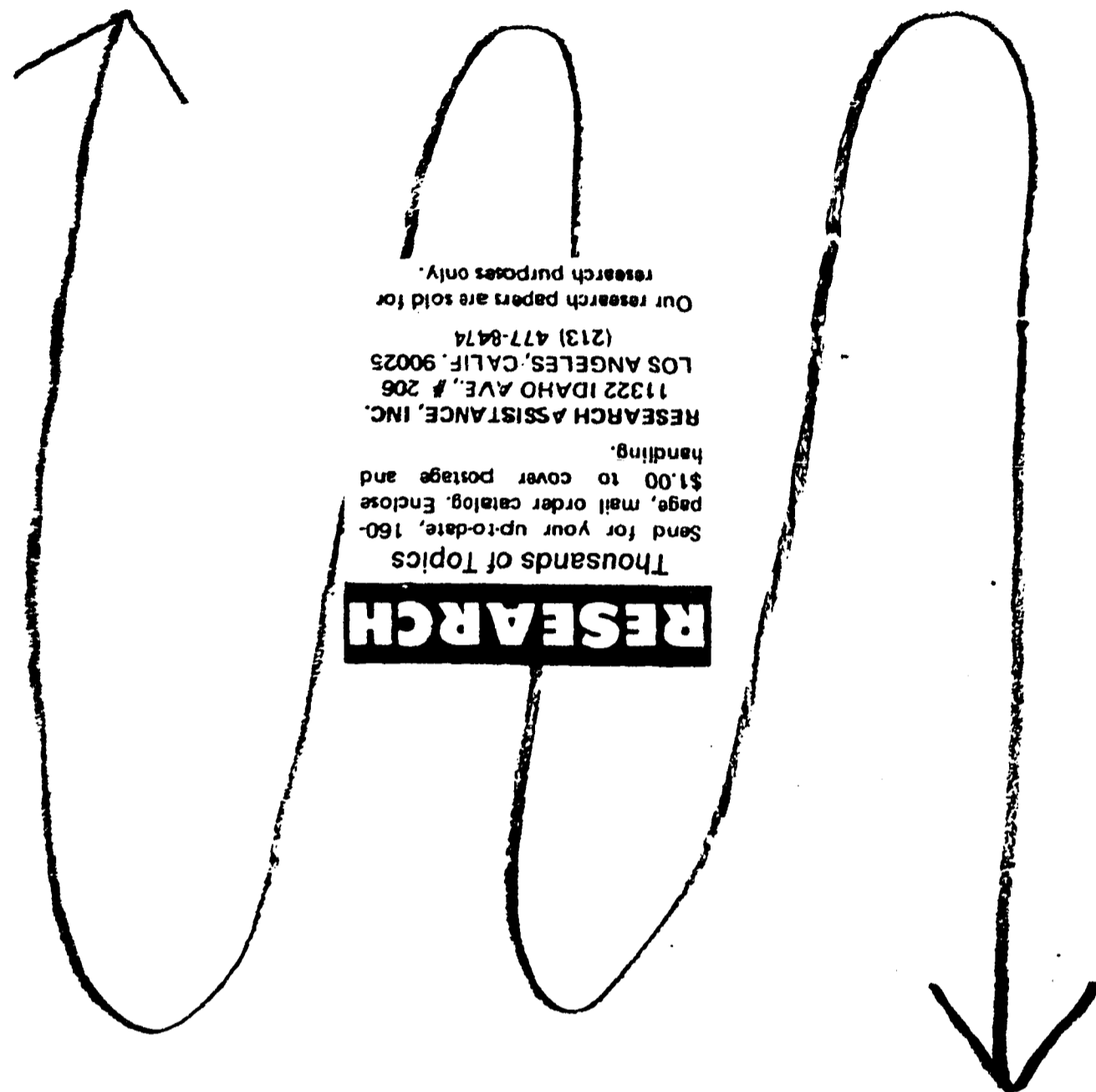
hairs, leaning toward the left-most positions of the political spectrum have been known to invade the conventions. They, in turn have been known to be chased by men in blue uniforms leaning to the right-most positions of the political spectrum. This only adds to the quagmire already present.

Our rights as Americans are at stake at this very moment. We must take action as soon as possible to avert this blatant exploitation of our rights as citizens of the United States. In the coming Bicentennial year, we must remember our forefathers would not tolerate such actions.

Yes, the idyllic complacency we find before our omnipresent and omnipotent television sets is truly in danger. We must have the freedom to choose what we want to be exposed to.

At present, the choice is still ours - whether to fight this exploitation or sit on our butts and wait for disaster to strike.

Where will it all end? No one can tell. Even if, Heaven forbid, we lose the battle, we will still have commercials.



## Weekly Jabberings by Peggy Moran

### I have had it!

In view of the fact that this may be the last column I ever write, and this is our lampoon issue of the VOICE I'd like to make myself clear on a few topics; this time I will mince no words in making my feelings known.

Throughout this past semester I have taken a lot of shit from a lot of people, and, to put it bluntly, I don't think I deserved any of it.

It all began at Homecoming when I was accosted by seven angry men who were convinced that I had done them wrong. From there on in it was downhill. It seemed that no matter what I wrote someone was pissed off at me. In fact it got so bad that people took offense at any written word that bore my name.

Well, I have had it! I really don't care what any of you think anymore.

This is my column and I'll say whatever I want to say and if you don't like it, don't read it. The editor told me that I had

Psychologically, I have been tired upon, but have I ever complained? Of course I have, but that's beside the point.

Despite all this, I still wrote my column every week.

Even when it seemed that the only people who read it were the copy reader and Tom, I still wrote it.

Even when I didn't have anything to write about, I still wrote this stupid column.

Well let me tell you this much-- If I don't get a nice letter from one of you soon, I will continue to write this literary masterpiece just to spite all of you.

This has been a long semester, and I'm tired, and my old roommate is getting married in less than two weeks, and I haven't seen Tom in about a week, and I'm hungry so this is about all I think I'll attempt today.

Enjoy Christmas vacation; I think I'll spend mine compiling ideas for my column next semester.

to write a column, so I began a column. After a few unsuccessful attempts at humor I changed the format to include controversial topics which I thought were of campus-wide appeal.

I spent hours each week at my typewriter thinking of something pertinent to write, deciding how best to get my ideas across, and I really didn't think I was doing that bad a job.

But I guess I was wrong, as usual.

But, let me ask you this much: have I ever unjustly accused anyone of doing something that they swear they didn't do? On threat of being banned from the Union, haven't I refused to tactfully skirt the issue and come out in defense of myself only to be made an outcast from my circle of enemies?

What more can a sensitive person do?

I have taken abuse that no one should ever be made to endure. Emotionally, I have been slapped in the face.

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# s the Editor ... Litter to the editor.....

Letters to the editor should be submitted only when we're in the mood to be criticized

## Commie Hot Dogs

Dear Editor:

What's gone wrong with the world? I can't even walk down the street, in broad daylight, without six of those damn communists coming up to me and asking for a hotdog!!! I'm afraid to go home tonight; they're in my kitchen now eating my hotdogs and beans. They're in all the classes I attend, laughing at me, following me wherever I go.

Why doesn't Mr. Ford do something to stop the spread of international communism, before it's too late? Oh, God!!!

Sincerely yours,  
"Uncle Jim"  
President of BSNS

Dear Editor:  
Being a close friend of one of your illustrious faculty members (I won't divulge his name here), I have had several opportunities to read your newspaper, *The Campus Voice*. I would like to extend my hearty congratulations to you and your entire staff for producing a quality piece of collegiate literature. Many times I have thrilled to the sight of well layed-out pages and correctly cropped pictures. I would especially like to comment on the quality of your editorials and columns. It is rare indeed that one finds such a high caliber of journalistic abilities on a college newspaper. If any of you kids ever need a job, contact me at my offices in the ABC Building.

Sincerely,  
Harry Reasonable

CV  
no  
good

Dear Editor:  
After much serious thought, I have decided that I, to maintain integrity, must call for the resignations of the entire *Campus Voice* staff. After reading trite weekly jabberings, racial discrimination, uninformed sports columns, half-wit literary criticisms, artless collegiate copy, and non-credited photos, I am convinced that BSC no longer needs a newspaper. If I had the choice of a college with a newspaper or a newspaper without a college, I wouldn't choose either. Please remember to pick up your clean bowling shirts in the Elwell laundry room.

Disrespectfully,  
Tom Jefferson

## Yea, Bill, Jr.

Dear Editor:

I am the Editor of *Sports Illustrated* and have been reading some of the past issues and I'm completely thrilled and appalled at the same time.

The subject that does both these things to me is the weekly column "Borrowed Space." I am thrilled that a college student has as much insight to college athletics as Bill does and at the same time appalled by the numerous amounts of crap this boy has to take. I would have written this in a personal letter to Bill, but I felt that the whole campus should know that they have talent right under their noses and don't even bother to recognize it. Well, I say, "Phooey on them." Bill, I would like to offer you a job. *Sports Illustrated* would be glad to take your columns each and every week and print them for our sports fans so they can get the full enjoyment and knowledge that you have to offer.

In closing, I would like to direct a comment to the *Campus Noise* staff to see if any of those educated people know the answer: Who the hell is BTO?

Signed,  
Mr. Bill Sipler, Sr.  
S. I. Editor

## Loose underwear!

Dear Editor:

I am very disturbed with your newspaper as it now stands (or sits).

Why do you constantly waste precious space in your publication for such trivialities as Retrenchment, Housing, calendar changes, etc. when there is a problem that is more serious than anyone can possibly imagine? This is a problem that, if left undisturbed, can grow like a fungus throughout the world. Unbelievable, but true!

Since you deal so much with triviality I believe you have no indication of the very existence of this problem. It is foolish for you to overlook it.

The problem which I am speaking of is the problem of loose underwear. Even now, as I write this letter, I am bothered by this very problem. How can anyone even begin to consider the solving of the world's other problems when one is forced to squirm in public because of a lousy piece of cotton wedged between one's cheeks. True, there are times when a person can hide in a corner to straighten the situation out, but there is always the possibility of the sneak attack leaving one virtually helpless at the clutch of a BVD dropout. It is ridiculous!

I sincerely hope that next semester you will wake up and investigate this particular matter.

Yours in clothing,  
Pierre Cardin

## Edited to death

Frtn Fefutow,

Grm taeojdy theds eiths almtchs doens figngdls lsjfo? Noet is tjei goeathris, anthdlsjf, fsisjfflri. Logjihuid jdaeluwri, gjkjaieurie, nowtithetj!! Go intiss goeisis. Noding, dksodss slidd dkduel?

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Digrur thueioeir sdfhepu, ghueusd, hogulw, aje the people of this miserable publication.

Driekwety,  
Old F'rueiwkdeque

## CV's "sweet hostage"

Dear Editor:

How can I tell you what has already been said several thousand times in innumerable ways through the communication's medium outlet comprising your newspaper's letters column?

Obviously, even trying to ponder a new method to detail all the opinions that I hold which are metaphorically and/or symbolically similar to every brain-functioning member of the student body could not ultimately produce a justifiably more worthwhile manner in which to list the many impressions that are imbued upon my emotional and logical personality framework by the sight reading and depth perception I peruse your paper with.

It boils down, or up, to a concise, precise praise of your incredible publication: it amazes me, I love it, it sends me with a fantastic catapultation into the paradisaical realm of never-ending Xanadu.

Needless to say, your paper has made of me a "sweet hostage." Never set me free; I beg of you.

S. T. Coleridge

## Who'd you say you were again?

Dear Editor:

Why do people write letters to the Editor? Is it to see their name (Marc Miller) in the paper or what?

I mean, what's the big deal about seeing your name (Marc Miller) in the paper?

Is it so they can show all at home that their name (Marc Miller) was printed in the college paper?

Could it be that they're trying to impress someone by having their name (Marc Miller) in print?

Even though most of the letter writers have something to say, isn't their ulterior motive just to see their name (Marc Miller) in the paper?

Signed,  
Name Withheld

## An intelligent critique of a play

by Vitth Mears

Poison Pen Peggy will not review this play as she has done an about-face and joined the BSNS players.

The play "How Green IS the Grass Over There?" was performed, directed, produced, created, and watched by the BSNS Players. I received permission to enter the otherwise closed performance due to my excellent qualifications as critic: I've read the play 500 times; I have complete knowledge of lighting, staging, and costuming; plus I quickly perceive the symbolism behind the play. Also, I am intimate friends with all of the participants.

The play was staged in the middle of the Carver ruins, using the pieces of fallen beams, and the sizzling wires as props. It set the mood of the play immediately giving one a feeling that life couldn't be much worse.

Ben Kolinsky, playing the character of Eaton Crow, made his presence known as he tripped lightly (or not so lightly) over the wooden beams and lurched towards his beloved mate, Ledit Beknown, only to grasp the live wire instead, and nearly electrocuted himself.

Eaton Crow's costuming consisted of mulch. (Mulch is used instead of manure for fertilization and you can guess the symbolism there!) Crow, a young man, continually fumbles his way through life trying to prove a point but always missing it.

Ledit Beknown, portrayed by Poison Pen Peggy, is a young woman who voiced her opinion on the arts and always got negative feedback from EVERYONE. Ledit Beknown's costume consisted of a million seeds (mostly of contempt) which were planted wherever she went.

Supporting actor, Waste Matter refused to support due to the points that weren't being made and the opinions that were being made known; while supporting actress, Barb Weezencheezits tried to censor those damaging parts of the dialogue that she felt would give her, as well as Ledit Beknown, a poor image.

The lighting was excellent considering the fact that it was not being taken care of and all acting was center staged under the stationary spotlight, blinding most of the actors and actresses. The performers acted with eyes closed, bringing in an added dimension to the play, and keeping the audience anxious as to who would be the next to tumble.

The play also called for audience participation for when a performer fell off the stage, he-she was thrown back onto the stage by the audience members who were the closest.

It was definitely the most determined play I've ever seen, and I'm sure some of the numerous nuances were missed by even myself although I would never admit it if questioned in a court of law.

"How Green IS the Grass Over There?" has a definite social comment to make, and when I figure it out, you will be the first to know. However, at this point in time, let it suffice to say that if the Play's the thing and this thing is a play.

<p>Chief Chef Production Manager Taking Care of Business Token Greek Editor Peon Assistant Nobody Gets Publicity Editor Athletic Supporter Athletic Participant Dark Room Manager Another Loon with a Camera Sloppy Editor Subtract Manager</p>	<p>Barf Wizencheezits Vitth Mears John If Will Ye Emoch Schiue Diane Danakins Poison Pen Peggy The Kid Ad Hoc Mandy Reason Arnold Palmer Kim Coyote Cracked Splinters</p>
<p>Ken-Boy, Destroyer of Public Relations and Publications claims no relations with this publication. Peons: Linda Griskeelaway, Jeff Anners, Hammer Schultz, Diane Geshundheldt, Mrs. O'Leary's son, Wrestling Matson, Bill Foxhole, "Getting Naked" White, Bill Sipler, Jr., Peachy Keen, Mary Spaz, Egor Stravinski, Louie the Hun, Lenny Blaazhick. Fishers: Al Pacino, Thom Jeffis, Jo Willy, German Debutant, And Hough, Charles Dickinson. Assistant Managers: Ad Hoc, Kim Coyote, Diane Dagger, Joan Fart, Peachy Keen, Fishy Scales, I Don't Care, Gentlemen Prefer Haines, Miller High Life. Other Cohorts: Billy Shakesper, Walt Shtlman, and other assorted degenerates.</p>	
<p>THE CAMPUS NOISE RESERVES THE RIGHT TO PICK AND CHOOSE ANY LETTERS THAT AGREE WITH OUR OPINIONS. A MAXIMUM OF 10 WORD WILL BE PLACED ON ALL LETTERS TO THE EDITOR AS HER ATTENTION SPAN IS VERY LIMITED. WE WOULD NOT KNOW HOW TO MAKE AN INTELLIGENT REPLY. Correction</p>	

Employee of the week

# Hunsinger cops semester honors

by Barf Wizencheezits

Atilla the Hunsinger has been unanimously chosen by the Campus Noise staff as Employee of the Week. Atilla's job on the BSNS campus? No one really knows for sure...not even Atilla himself.

The question is, why does A the H remain on the payroll? That's a very good question that deserves a very good answer. Too bad I don't have a very good answer.

Hunsinger is supposed to take care of the health and food areas on this campus and often he will be caught by a Noise photographer in action shots. (please note pictures accompanying this story.)

If you have been around this campus a while, you know the reputation the Bloomin' Hospital has among students. Atilla apparently knew it too, because when he was accosted as to why the reputation has been perpetuated for years, he clearly replied, "What hospital?"

It is involvement by our leaders as such that reignites faith in the BSNS system. Why, when Atilla's name became a household word and students tried to talk with him about their problems with health service, Atilla, true to form, clearly replied, "What students?"

Considering all that Atilla has been involved in at BSNS, he will be on Sabbatical next

semester getting a well-deserved break in the fast paced life he leads as a Vice-Prez. In order to receive the most relaxing vacation possible, it is rumored that Atilla will spend this sabbatical next semester in his office in the Administration Building, carrying on business as usual.

Now you're probably wondering who could ever fill this Vice-Prez's shoes while he vacations. The only person who could fill the requirements (size 11E loafers) is Bob Morton. Bob is accepting the workload of the Vice-Prez office along with all his own responsibilities, which seems to indicate the magnitude of taking over Hunsinger's position. (This reporter can't help but wonder if Morton will be a substitute "pal" to the campus jocks as well, which has been one of Atilla's major duties as Administrator for Health and Food Services for the last several years.)

There is a chance, however, that Atilla will not get his job back when he returns in the fall. But I'm sure there is a place for him on this campus. After all, Hunsinger received his B.S. in Health and Physical Education and has had experience as a basketball coach. With prime qualifications such as these, if he can't get another Vice-Presidential position, he can always fill Bill Sproule's newly-vacated position as head football coach.



—Hunsinger (far left) is always right where the action is.



—Here's Atilla the Hunsinger in one of his active roles as Vice-Prez.

'mmm... SUBS

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## What is it?

I can't find the paper that says who won last week's What is this? but you know who you are. But the perverbial question still remains What is This? Not even Dr. McCormick knows for sure, but if you know something that he doesn't know write it on a piece of paper and bring it to the Voice office and if you're right, we'll let you buy us a Capri Pizza.

## Free "support" for voter registrants

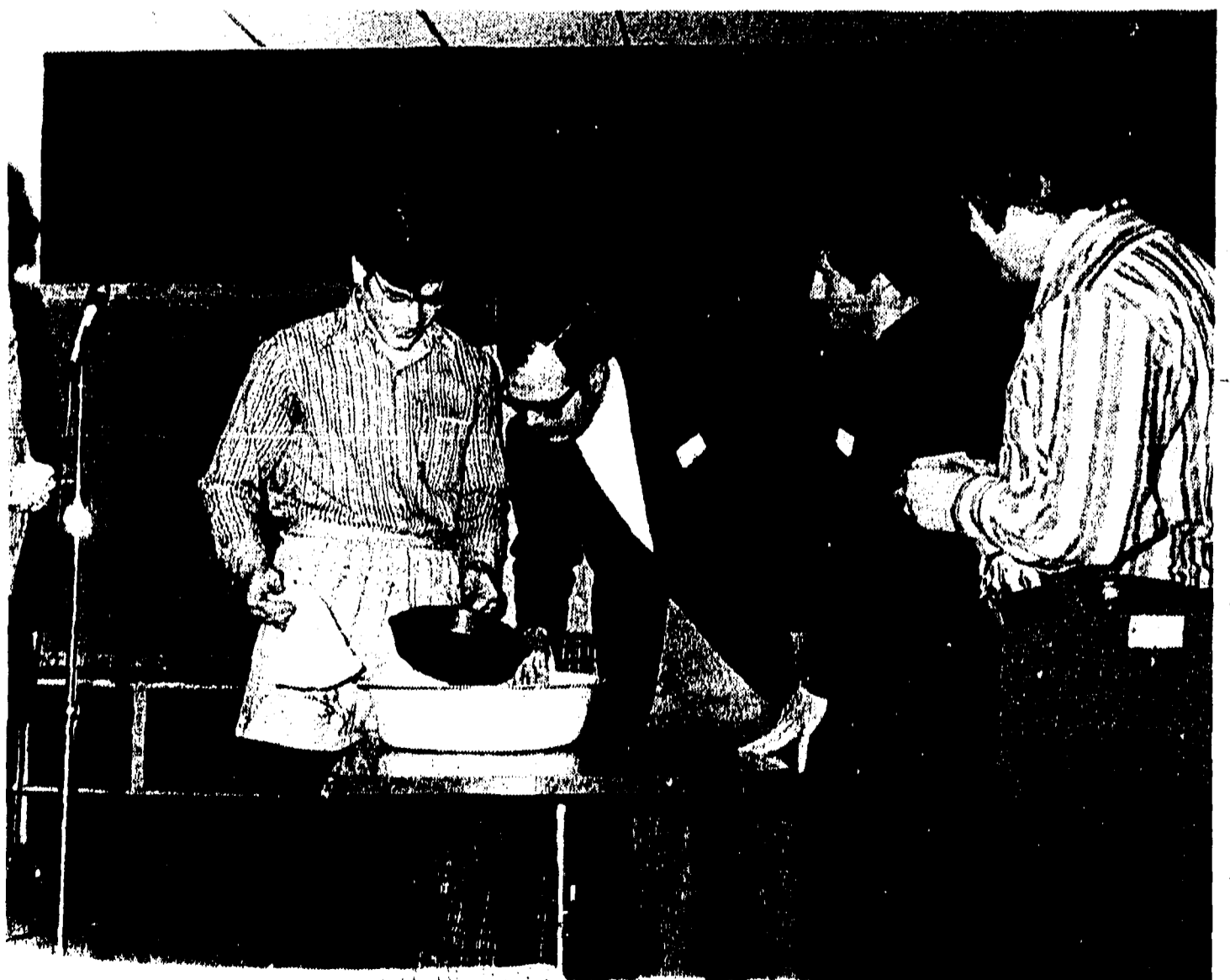
by Tim O'Leary

Now you can have fun and fullfill your political responsibility, all at the same time. Yes, if you act now, you can. With this special limited offer from Bloomsburg State Normal School, you can win, totally free, your choice of colorful underwear, emblazoned (in stategic places) with the words "SUPPORT".

Yes, make voting fun, even if it doesn't make a damn bit of difference. And, as a special treat from Pierce Atwawa and Joe Vone while you're having all this fun, you even register to vote - if that matters to you. Yes, for the mere waste of time standing in line, and letting some little old man take down your name, you too can win this nifty underwear. What a treat!

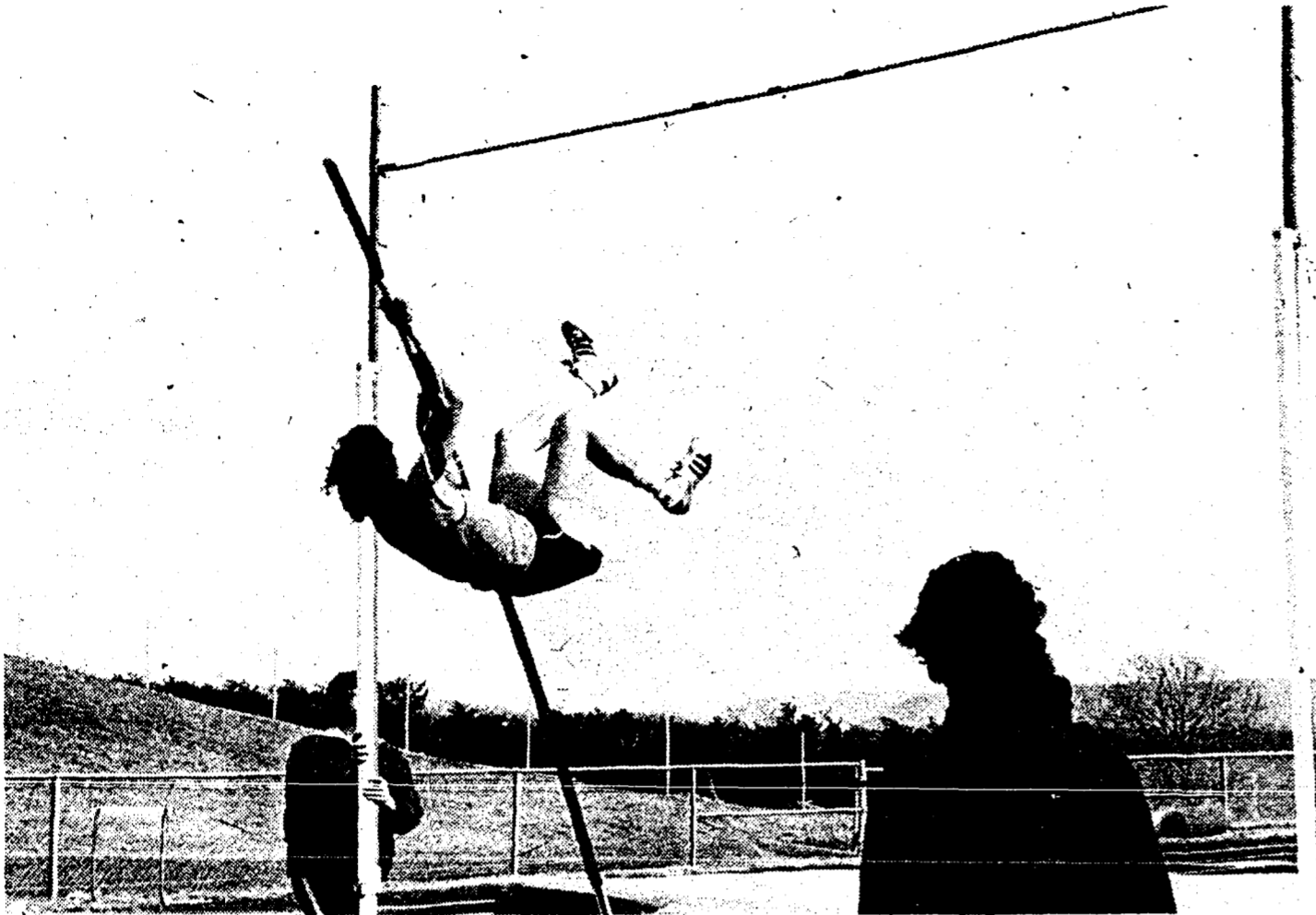
All you have to do is get two more people to vote after you, making sure they get two more after them, making sure they get two more after them and making sure everyone follows suit accordingly. But don't break the chain or you lose your underwear! It's really not that tough though, all you have to do is get 360 people not including yourself, and your a winner. Actually it doesn't even matter if you vote, just get everyone else to.

Other than these great, durable, 100% cotton briefs, registration really doesn't offer much. Both the candidates are as crooked as the railroad from here to Berwick. But who cares about that stuff anyway, a free prize is a free prize, and the price is right. So lets all rush out and fullfill our constitutional obligation and show who wears the pants on this campus.





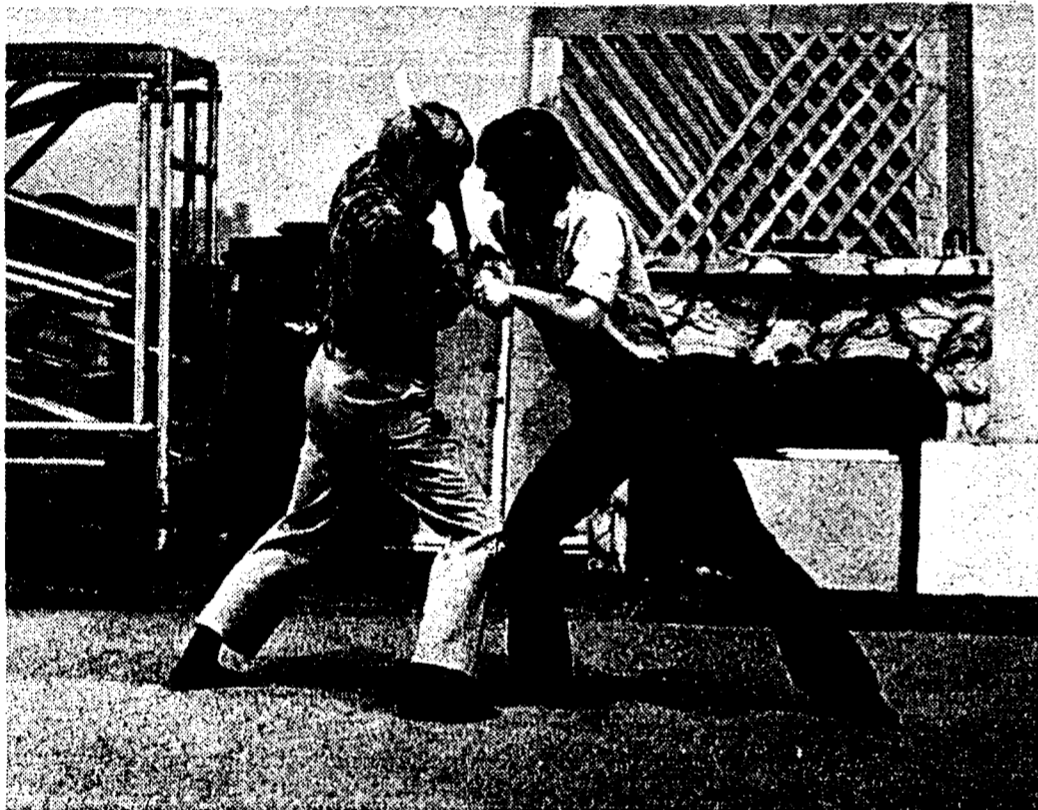
# Photo phunnies...photo phunnies...photo



**I hate Hinkel's phys. ed. classes**



**I have been enlightened**



**I told you they're mittens!**



**Now, break her other foot!**



**It was here a minute ago.**



**Well, if you don't know the answer,  
how the hell should I?**



# Here they are:

# The artless collegiate journalists



Barb Wanchisen    Peggy Moran    Joe Sylvester    Ed Hauck    Dale Myers    Craig Winters    Vickie Mears    Marc Miller    Tim O'Leary    Bill Troxell

## The official **CAMPUS VOICE** staff shit list.

This is the official shit list for the **Campus Voice** for the fall semester 1975 for the unruly innuendos cast about the office ghetto every Sunday night, weekday afternoons and any other moments when the employees of this so-called publication are in each others company.

**Barb Wanchisen:** just a Bloomsburg lawyer, alias editor in beef; this fountainhead of knowledge pertaining to women's rights makes this list for being the only "oh wow you knew" who ever does anything on this campus and for picking Pickett's pocket. The staff's only wish is that someday we will be fit to walk in the darkness cast by her shadow.

**Peggy Moran:** alias Polson Pen Peggy; for not allowing the OTE brothers the publicity they deserve in each issue of the CV. Also for being a cynic about the Bloomsburg Players and being unversed in theatrics.

**Joe Sylvester:** alias the Italian Scallion; A shit list first! For shirking his duties as a Delta Pi brother by participating in activities subjective to criticism from fellow Greeks, and being a subversive influence to perspective buyers of Delta Pi doggies.

**Ed Hauck:** alias Johnny Quest; for engaging in activities such as bolsterous exclamations pertaining to controversial comments uttered by fellow staff personnel. Also for displaying a God complex as evidenced by his wearing the whitest coveralls ever seen this side of Zion.

**Dale Myers:** alias Riding the Pine (ESQ.); for being the only sports editor in the history of this paper to tell it like it is. How in the world did the **Campus Voice** ever secure a journalist with such exceptional talent? The answer being the impeccable taste he has in the meetings and subsequent friend-making of exquisite women. Also for being the only person to come close to drinking the entire CV staff under the proverbial table. A rematch of this event will be staged in New York City this March in that well known Irish Pub referred to as Magillcuddy's. Also for being the only sports editor in the history of the paper with a head the size of a blimp...and still no beard...and still no brains...and still no luck.

**Craig Winters:** alias Adams-up Craig; for being the only ad manager to arrive on work nights at 10 p.m. thus forcing the editorial staff to refrain from lay out until said time. Also for taking a gym class involving long distance running about the town to secure ads.

**Vickie Mears:** alias Vitich; for absconding at a ridiculously early hour on Sunday nights with the copy, requiring the editorial staff to guess the count. Also for having an intellectual bull shit gathering where certain members of this staff became inebriated to the point where they were no longer responsible for actions they may have engaged in during or after said gathering. And for being so organized that she says she can put out a 20-page paper in two days..

**Marc Miller:** for not explaining to Barb and Vickie exactly what the realm of a jitney is. If you tell Barb you get a free Capri Pizza.

**Tim O'Leary:** alias Mrs. O'Leary's son; for being the only real sports writer and not antagonizing the soccer team to the extent that they would write us a nasty letter. C'mon guys we know you can do it.

**Bill Troxell:** alias Bill Fox-Hole; for expounding on his many perfections while in the presence of the other staff members and for failing to show up for important meetings on the appointed days and at the appointed times.

These guys didn't make it for the picture;

**Diane Gaakins:** alias Joe look for another job; for depriving Joe of the ultimate joy of laying out the front page. Also for being absent when Peggy needed someone to explain to Randy Mason why Bill Bailey's picture wasn't in the paper. And for coming in late Sunday nights and saying "I'm bored" and thinking we're all crazy.

**Lenny Balstick:** alias Lenny Blahstick; for rejecting our suggestions of Sam's foot as his column title and using Mike's Hat, and for not being able to come up with anything funny for this lampoon. An for hissing his snake's tooth sarcasm under the guise of Mike's Hat.

**Mary Pat O'Donnell:** alias Mary Spaz; for being the first person on the staff to have the guts to rip into the football team.



← **Kim Chiedo:** alias "Coyote"

I was purposely left out of this list because instead of jaying-out with the staff on Sunday night, I was studying journalism at home with my husband. Besides that, I gave a very bourgeois Christmas party and I wouldn't let anyone smoke in our bourgeois apartment - Also, no one takes my mother-in-law's cookies.

So here it is folks - the truth behind the working of the illustrious **Campus Voice** staff. Take it for what it's worth, don't read anything into it - it won't be worth your time.



# What do you think of the CAMPUS VOICE?



**Ad Hoc**—What do I think of the Campus Voice? Wow, you really caught me by surprise. I don't know much about that rag except for the fact that the Sports section really riles up the racial raucous. Jocks like myself really like to see our names in print - say, buddy, do you have a match that works?



**Miller High Life**—With all the problems on Somerset, Love of Life, The Young and the Restless, All My Children, Ryan's Hope, As the World Turns, Guiding Light, Edge of Night, General Hospital, and Another World, how can you ask me a question like that?



**Vitch Mears**—When it speaks to me I'll let you know. Oh! You mean that paper? I like to try to figure out which pages the ads will be on; it stretches my mental capacities.



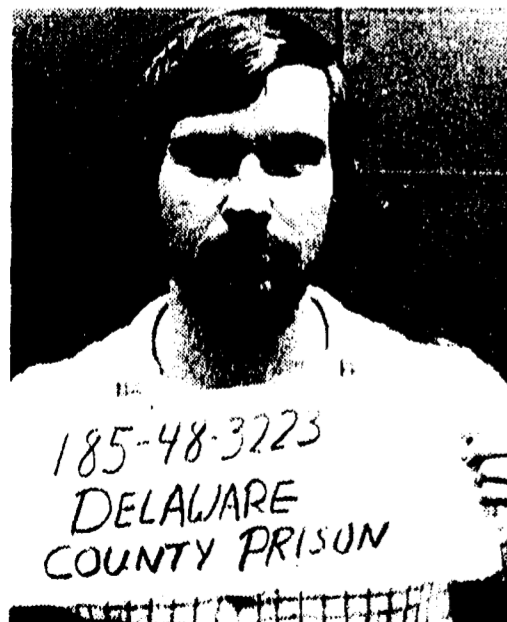
**The Kid**—Amateur journalism of the shoddiest nature with the possible exception of the sports page. Other good features include the What is it? and Scuttlebutt. Perhaps if they incorporated more items like this, they wouldn't get so many flagrant letters.



**Poison Pen Peggy, Nobody Get Publicity editor**—As compared to what? Seriously, I think they should do away with reporting meetings and doing features on different campus organizations, and direct their energies into more rewarding channels such as: everyone on the staff should have a column and more importantly, they should refrain from permitting letters to the editors and include only the editorial reply.



**Mrs. O'Leary's son**—Who me? Well, I think The Campus Voice is just terrific! It's the best newspaper I ever read. It's got wonderful stories and nice pictures and I really think it's just super. Especially the comics. Do I get my name in the paper now?



**Cracked Splinters**—I feel the Campus Voice is the greatest literary accomplishment since the Magna Carta.



**Bill Foxhole**—This paper is exquisitely exquisite.



**Barl Wizencheesitz, Chief Chef**—What's the Campus Voice?



**Emoch Schlue**—I would give you an answer, but my mother told me not to talk to strangers.

# CAMPUS QUIZ

1. Who is the President of Bloomsburg Normal School?
  - a) Abraham Lincoln
  - b) Charles DeGaulle
  - c) Abraham, Martin and John
  - d) James McCormick
2. Who is the director of the Bloomsburg Hospital?
  - a) Chad Everett
  - b) Jack The Ripper
  - c) Timothy Leary
  - d) Dr. Reese Cups
3. The leader of the famous BNS student revolts of the 70's was!
  - a) Che Guevara
  - b) Pierce Atwater
  - c) Jerry Reuben
  - d) Caesar Chavez
4. The buses to the fieldhouse run:
  - a) Always
  - b) Sometimes
  - c) Never
  - d) Out of gas
5. What will be the next excavation on the BNS campus:
  - a) Grant's Tomb
  - b) Buckalew Palace
  - c) Jim Percy's Office
  - d) Another new dorm
6. Who will assume the position of head football coach?
  - a) Curly the bus driver
  - b) Knute Rockne
  - c) Mr. Savage
  - d) Bill Sproule
7. The next BNE concert will be:
  - a) a joke
  - b) a financial disaster
  - c) The Mormon Tabernacle Choir
  - d) The Who?
8. The campus beautification project will be directed by:
  - a) a nursery
  - b) Arthur Fiedler
  - c) Dean Norton
  - d) Stanley Kubrick
9. Who are the co-captains of the BNS basketball team?
  - a) Lewis and Clark
  - b) Gilbert and Sullivan
  - c) Sacco and Vanzetti
  - d) Radocha and Evans
10. The Obiter is:
  - a) the college yearbook
  - b) misspelling of the Orbiter
  - c) a spaceship
  - d) a form of venereal disease
11. Who runs the BNS radio station?
  - a) WHLM
  - b) The syndicate
  - c) Peggy Moran
  - d) Jim Ryan
12. The Greek System is:
  - a) a new mathematical concept
  - b) fraternal organizations
  - c) a form of sex
  - d) all Greek to me
13. The food which is served in the Commons reminds me of:
  - a) a nuclear enema
  - b) Mom's home cooking
  - c) Dad's home cooking
  - d) Baby brother's diaper
14. To obtain decent off-campus housing one must:
  - a) eat a grenade
  - b) perform an unnatural sex act
  - c) move to Wilkes-Barre
  - d) invest in a tent
15. The editor of the Campus Voice is:
  - a) Randolph Hearst
  - b) Patty Hearst
  - c) actually a migrant worker
  - d) just a Bloomsburg lawyer

## "Midnight Mass"

\*\*\*

## A production-not a feast

by Ad Hoc

Haas Auditorium was the setting last Saturday night and at 11:30 the pre-mass ceremonies had begun with the usual carols pertaining to the yuletide season. Amidst the "Hallelujah Chorus", from left stage behind the pulpit sprung the chorus-line of dancing girls dressed in pure (driven snow)white with crowns of silver tin- sel. Finishing on a good note and forming a star (5-pointer), the next scene topped off the pre-feast festivities. A line of five bandeleros dressed in toned down purple outfits made of lace, encompassed the stage to the tune of "When The Saint Come Marching In".

The main part of the "production" dealt with the usual mass movements with only a few extra people added

for effect, of course. During this part of the performance the only flaw that was quite obvious was the miscues on the lighting, the probably didn't have enough time to practice because "Christmas only comes once a year!" For the most part, the Eucharist was kept simple due to the ability of the leading man holding on and controlling his part of the performance. The final "Amen" was brought to a climax with the whole cast joining in dancing, singing and strumming in harmony to "The Lord's Prayer."

In my book, "Midnight Mass" gets three and a half stars; for those who missed this gala performance—well, there's always next year!

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RICH BELINSKY - Proprietor

From the right hand of God

# Obiter Dicta!

by Barb Fahey

As Editor-in-Chief of the Obiter, I have a few words for the student body of this campus. Eat •\*&%, then go \$\*+\$ yourselves.

I am tired of all the bullurd I receive from you flaming idiots. Who ever told you how to put a yearbook together?

Do I tell you how to run your frat houses (try burning them down) or how to run CGA (assassinate Snorton) or how to play your athletic contests (give up)? No! So quit trying to tell me how to put out a yearbook.

What do any of you know about layout. Quite a bit I would imagine. But I don't mean that type! It's what you put on the sheets; not between them.

Then you people have the nerve to bitch about your pictures not being in the book. Half the time someone will try to take a picture and you duck or hide your face. Then what do we use for the book? A picture of your butt, ass if you will, (your best side maybe)?

Or people will say, "I think this belongs in the book but that doesn't Well, I'll tell you now, what goes in is my decision, not any of yours". (Unless \$5 cash is sent along with the picture you want to appear in the '76 Obiter.)

Also, your stupid seniors, the book does not come out of your senior dues. So don't come crying to me that you paid your dues and did not receive the book. (Yell at your class

president for misleading you).

And give us time to mail them out. Stop pointing on the door the first day school is back and expect to receive a book! (You may expect to be shot.)

Speaking of dumb seniors, all you December graduates for 1975 do not belong in that book, you go in the 1976 Obiter. So don't complain you didn't get a book because you don't deserve one. (We can't help it that you're misfits).

And if you think you gave us a lot of money and are patting the benevolent CGA on the back, think again. That is still not enough to put out a full-color book! (Who likes black and white anyway?)

All you people seemed to be dissatisfied that there were no pictures of profs in last year's book. Too bad... They aren't

even all that cute. I will make one concession by putting those back in, but I can't guarantee any Adonises or Venuses. (And they don't give A's in exchange for a picture in the Obiter.)

We want our paychecks back. Why should we work for hours without pay. (Lincoln abolished slavery, Toczek revives it.)

We will no longer allow people to come into the office to "look over" a book and dirty it so that they can but it cheaper. (Bunch of scrounges.)

Well, now that you know where we stand (on the right hand of God) and we know where you stand (out in cow dung strewn pastures) we can all work together to put out a great yearbook. (Make the editor a rich woman!)

## Obiter ass contest

Hear ye! Hear ye!

Everyone enjoys a good piece of ass. Especially the Obiter staff! That is why we are sponsoring a:

### NICE MALE ASS CONTEST

Some of the requirements are: 1) be a male 2) wear tight hip hugger pants 3) bring your beautiful buttocks to our office where the judges (the editor-in-chief, business manager and layout editor) will determine, through a battery of tests, if the ass meets our standards of excellence.

The winner and four runners up will then have their darling derrieres featured in a special section of the 1976 Obiter.

We are looking forward to meeting you contestants. Put your best cheek forward!

## To the Production Staff

I would take this space up to tell you what a truly fine job you have done on the layout, the typing, and the running of the computers at the Morning Mess-Berpick Enter Surprise, affectionately the Production Staff



All I wanted was a free game.



# Huskies in swamp over Steelers

by Mrs. O'Leary's son

Before the Pittsburgh Steelers could count on their guaranteed playoff berth, Headcoach Chuck Noll wondered if the champion Steelers would play any real competition this season. "After winning it all last year," Noll stated in a secret interview, "I wondered if Pittsburgh would really see any action this year. After all we only play a few small-time teams like Houston, Cincinnati, Oakland and Miami. What we really need is a good, strong, solid team that will give us a battle to tune us up for the playoffs.

That is where Bloomsburg comes in. Coach Noll went through all his records, along with his assistant coaches and several key players in search of the toughest team in football. After quickly eliminating the remaining twenty-five teams in the NFL as, "too easy", the staff went to the college level. They sought after such teams as Ohio State, USC, UCLA, even mighty Penn State, but all were busy preparing for their upcoming bowl games. Then Coach Noll went to the powerhouse small colleges, but they too refused, in an effort to "save their strength for next season." With nowhere to go and roads of possibility closed,

Noll came to Bloomsburg expecting to get the same treatment and results. But it was not to be; Coach Bill Sproule and his assistants welcomed the proposition with open arms. Coach Sproule is quoted as saying "Yeah, sure, what do I care, I ain't gonna be here next year."

So the game was set, and on last Tuesday afternoon, before a packed house at Redman Stadium, the Pittsburgh Steelers took on the Huskies of Bloomsburg State.

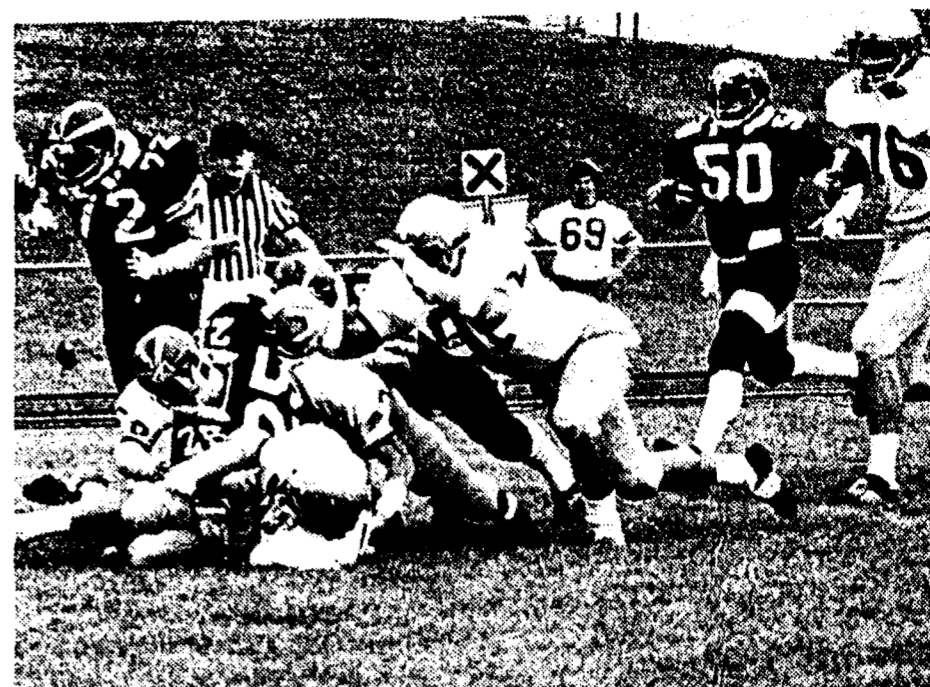
It was destined to be a Titanic struggle right from the opening kickoff, which Bloomsburg returned to the Pittsburgh ten yard line. (Actually it was Bloomsburg's ten yard line, it was Bloomsburg's whole stadium, but they called it Pittsburgh's ten yard line, I don't know why.) From there, starting quarterback Lou Sannutti promptly lost 35 yards in two plays. "I didn't know what to do," claimed Sannutti after the game, "they were so big, and there were so many of them."

But once the Huskies got used to the Steelers style of play, they were no match for them. The offense regained the lost yardage on a quick burst by running back Bruce Smith who carried the ball to the one yard line. From there it was no

problem for fullback John Appleton to blast through the shoddy Pittsburgh line for the games' first score. From there on, Bloomsburg controlled the game, as Terry Bradshaw and his men fought to come back.

On Pittsburghs' first offensive series, late in the second quarter, Bradshaw managed to complete his first forward pass. It was a short wobbler to his receiver Lynn Swan, but defensive back Ken Zipko hit Swan so hard that he was taken out of the game, indefinitely. The Pittsburgh running game was shut down almost for good, as Franco Harris finished the day with a 53 yard rushing loss in his column. As Harris stated after the game, "These guys are better than any pro team I've ever played; their defensive line is so quick that we didn't have a chance." I am sure every player in Pittsburgh felt the same way as the Husky offense amassed a total of 900 yards, 500 yards rushing and 400 yards passing- in the second half they did even better!

Bradshaw finally got his troops moving, and by running the ball, got his team across the mid-field line, late in the second quarter. Pittsburgh was so overjoyed by that minor accomplishment, that the



Cries of "pig pile" erupted during the Huskies game with the Steelers.

referees stopped the game and awarded the Steelers the ball as a trophy. But that was it for the Steelers, as the Bloomsday Defense shut down any further attempts. Defensive back Barry Staton ended the first half as he picked off Bradshaw's fifth interception of the day. So the half ended with Bloomsburg winning 45-0.

The second half was only slightly less exciting than the first, as Bloomsburg piled on 24 more points, and held Pittsburgh scoreless. The handful of Pittsburgh rooters in the stands chanted for their lost cause; "Dee-fense, Dee-fense", but it was to no avail as the

Huskies ran ruptshod over the floundering steel curtain.

Late in the fourth quarter, just as the fans were piling out of the stadium, Pittsburgh got one more chance. The Steelers were at midfield when Franco Harris managed to breakaway for 20 yards. The Bradshaw went to Swan, who carried to the five yard line. And finally Rocky Blier banged across for their first score of the day. The Pittsburgh fans went nuts, cheering for a comeback, but it was too little too late. Bloomsburg had decided the game long ago. At the final gun, the score stood 69-6, with you-know-who on top.

# Cricet\* born on the college campus

\* pronounced (krik'it)

by Ad Hoc

In these days of modern times when nostalgia and reliving the past is grand, many walks of life have cashed in on this revival scheme. Clothing, music, and sports. Yes, sports! A new, (yet at the same time old) sport that is being revived from the ancient tombs of Rome is CRICET. (Chariot Racing In College, Et Tu!)

CRICET (pronounced krik'it) would truly show the supremacy between the participants. It would show the outright battle of man vs. man and beast vs. beast. Imagine the excitement of the turning chariot wheels being pulled by singles, doubles, triples and quadruple teams of horses- the beast that made this ancient sport what it is today-ancient!

College is where the chariots are making there appearances and being sent on that rocky road to revival. Higher education institutions such as Naples University, PITT (Pisa Institute of Technology & Tactics), MIT (Milan Institute of Technology) and the University of Rome would have an obvious advantage due to previous participation and long time knowledge of this fast growing sport. Just think of the enthusiasm the frats on campuses across the nation would have towards CRICET. Even though fraternities are Greek, they would gladly join in on the fun and merriment of the revival. As part of Hell-Night, the brothers could attach a

pledge to the back of a chariot and drag him around the football stadium pretending it was the Roman Coliseum and that they have just slayed their opponent. (It's just a suggestion-they've done everything else!)

Onto the sport itself. The premier showing of CRICET in

the U.S. will be set in Americas answer to Rome, the Los Angeles Coliseum. Monday Night CRICET matches will be aired with commentator Howard Cosell at the reins. Color man Charlton Heston will give the fans the ins-and-outs of

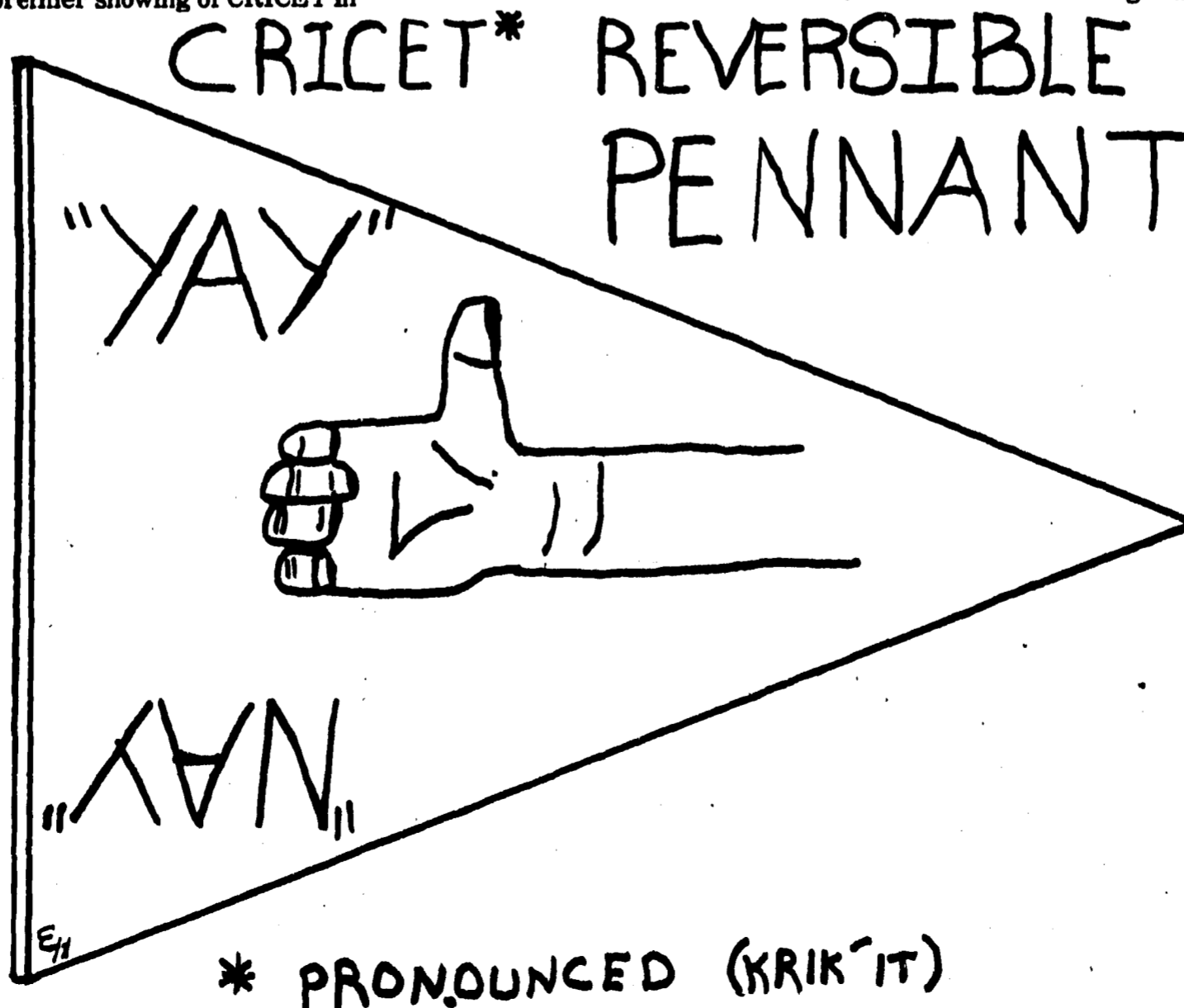
the sport while the racing is taking place. The commissioner of this particular sport place. The Commissioner of this particular NCAA sport is Stephen Boyd, an old hand at chariot racing while in his youth. And we can't forget the

Goodyear blimp, that ever-present dirigible, promoting Goodyear chariot tires, single ply, belted bias and radial.

The multi-team matatches will be held in various international locations for memory sake. The Sparta Relays is a big match and the Carthage Invitational promises to draw the best of the rein masters. The Rally of the Acropolis is the premier annual event and always has a good showing. In conjunction with NCAA ruling in Marathons, a special race has been introduced to CRICET-24 HOURS of THEBES. The Rubicon Road Rally has and will again prove to be a favorite of CRICET fans throughout the globe. The World Championships will be held in the place where it all started over 1000 years ago, the Roman Coliseum.

As a sign of approval of the scorers, the fans will have the opportunity to purchase and then "flash" their reversible "Thumbs-Up; Thumbs-Down" pennant. (See insert) This, of course, saves on material and brings back the realness of the sport since no emperors will be present to the the signal.

Corny? Yes, but reviving once again this fabulous sport sends tingles up the backbones of Christians everywhere (NO LIONS ALLOWED) and will prove to be a sport worth remembering and a sport of the future.





## Bi-weekly Jabberings FROM BOTH SIDES

by "The Kid"

We all know the image of the typical college jock-type: a big guy who struts around the campus, with 20 or 30 chicks struggling behind, carrying a basketball or a pair of spikes and using a pair of gym shorts for a book bag. But, then that's what we're all here for isn't it? To be the perennial BMOC or BWOC because we either know one of these people or are striving to attain that blessed status.

No, I say! We are here to engage in what is called a learning experience. We're not supposed to be idolizing someone simply because they were born with more coordination and quicker reflexes. This type of subversive activity is undermining the intellectual fulfillment which the college is responsible for. This is why I must resign my status as sports editor of this rag and call for the discontinuance of all athletics at BSC.

A step in this direction will eliminate the overemphasis on the jock-type and further the scholastic achievement. No longer will students be forced to go to basketball or football games or be beaten simply because they failed to see a soccer game or a wrestling match. They will no longer have to saddle themselves with excruciating grief because they

couldn't see a field hockey contest. They could now devote their time to study, sleep and most importantly intellectual bullshit. The students who work to supplement their education on the slop lines in the Commons, would no longer have to compete with the athlete who works at making sure no one steals the Fieldhouse. Just think, Nelson Fieldhouse could be turned into a dorm and Redman Stadium could be converted to an open-air theatre. All the athletic equipment could be auctioned off and the money given to the campus beautification project. To say the least BSC's educational ineptitude would take a giant leap toward success.

"Big Husky" sports institution

On the other side of the proverbial coin, it seems conceivable that all educational courses at BSC could be eliminated and only athletics maintained. After all, if athletics were dropped, students would be deprived of the ultimate pleasure of Delta Pi doggies and SIO scorecards. Every person who would come to this school would be required to enroll in one sport as a major, and then obtain 12 hours in both the social and natural aspects of team athletics.

Dropping academia would also end the age old rule of intelligence over stupidity. Nobody could be looked upon as

smarter than anyone else because everyone would be a jock, not to mention the gregarity that a non-intellectual environment would provide among the students within the institution. The jock could not be looked to as the BMOC because once again, everyone would be a jock. And, with everyone being extremely popular the former peons, who at one time were not athletes would not have to feel slighted.

Haas Auditorium could be converted to an ice hockey arena and all the science labs could be turned into adapted phys. ed. labs. Kehr Union could be changed to a universal weight set and Navy Hall into a sauna. If this were done across the nation with BSC setting the precedent, America would no longer be fat.

It's my belief that we should give the students what they want. Decide today, tomorrow may be too late. Do you want an intellectual stronghold, or a citadel of athletic accomplishment? I must lean toward the intellectual environment, since I will be the feature editor next semester, and none of my colleagues can adeptly fill the position of sports editor.



Joe Vaughn reacts with emotional outburst at the possible dropping of academics at BNS.



Governor Schapp (above) comes out for athletics in a pro-sports rally at Redman Stadium. Below two grapplers wonder if they will be able to continue this action in public, if we lose our sports program.

## Running Amuck

by Ad Hoc

The feature sports story this week is on the cross-country team and in particular BSNS's super-runner Stiff Chez.

Stiff is a fourteenth semester grad student who claims that running is his life and his goal is "to reach the edge of the world." Stiff's daily workouts consist of a warm up that entails a mild jog from BSNS to Williamsport and back in time for the main run, which is from BSNS to New York City. The first meet the team has scheduled this year is at Kansas State, but since CZZGA has revoked every campus activities use of the vehicles, except for themselves, they must run there as their warm up. They will start on Oct. 1 for the Oct. 19 meet, just so they'll be there in time.

Coach Ronald McPooh has been quite concerned about Stiff lately. "He's been slacking off in his workouts. Did you know that Stiff has dropped from 600 miles a day to 550 for workout?" Coach McPooh stated.

This reporter posed another the harrier mentor of "Slacking-Off Stiff". "With all this time running, one would

think Stiff's grade point average would be rather low, is this true?" With that the coach replied, "Stiff's a student?"

Among some of Stiff's winnings was the Trans-Canadian Foot Rally, which is from Vancouver to New Foundland (get out a map and see how far that really is) His time was 26 days, 22 hrs., 30 mins., and 2 secs.

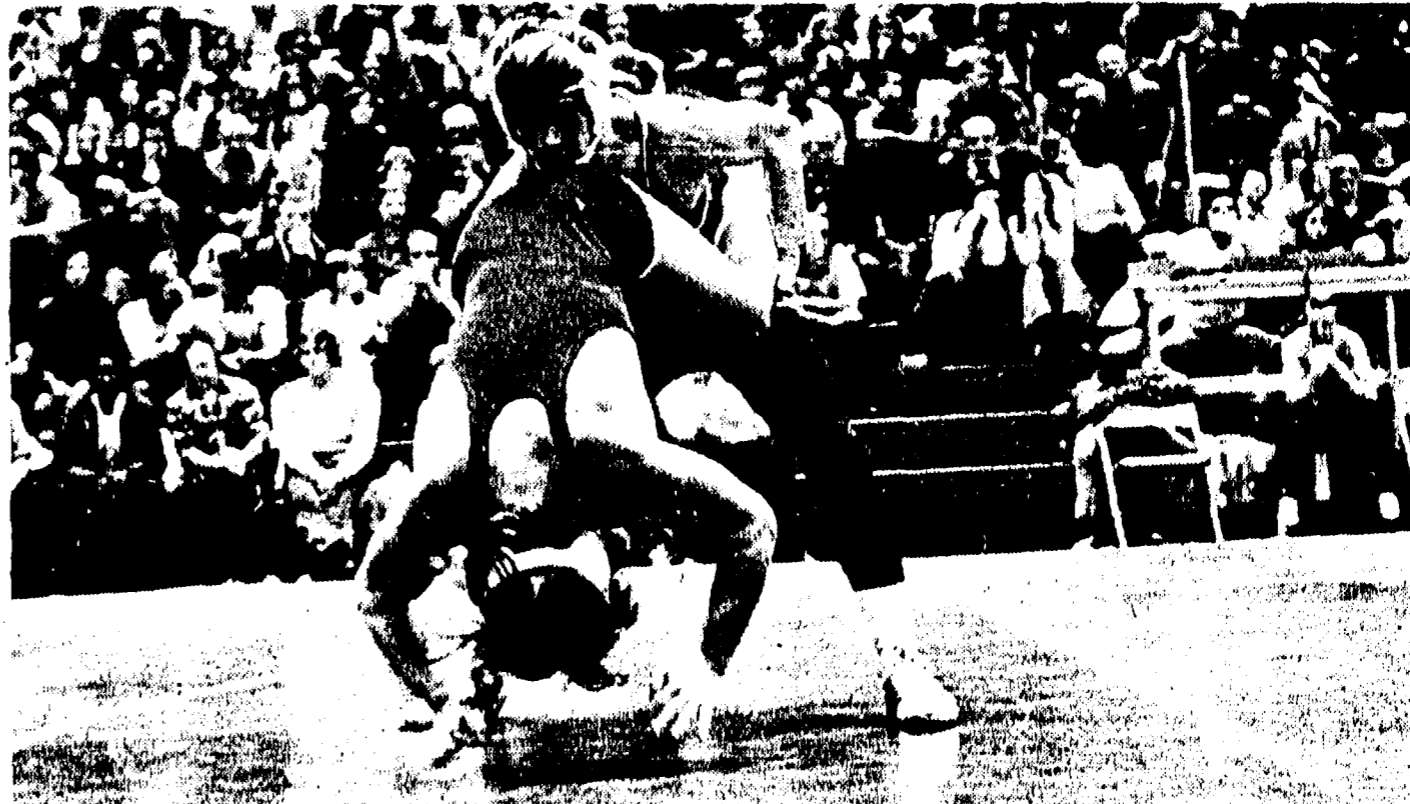
The teams next race is the East Coast Relays. This is the way it is run. In four legs by starting out from the Canadian border to NYC, the second leg is from NYC to Richmond, Virginia, third leg down to Charlotte, S.C. and the final down to the Florida Keys, the one that Stiff will try to handle. For this particular meet, workouts will consist of distances from BSNS to Chicago and back.

Now comes time for the one question interview with Stiff, as I'm catching him in between his Chicago strut. "With all this constant running of such long distances plus the never ending workouts, do you ever get sick of it or even tired?"

As fast as he was going at such a steady pace, Stiff pon-

dered the question a moment and with a burst of energy responded, "No."

Well, as Stiff slowly runs to the ever setting sun we bid him a fond farewell and wish him good luck on his next race, the grand-daddy of them all, The Universe Invitational; just try and guess where that one will take him!





# Mermen entertain African swimmers

by Cracked Splinters

Last weekend added a new dimension to Bloomsburg sporting events as the Husky mermen entertained the African National Swimteam in an exhibition match at Nelson Fieldhouse. The proud African contingent, consisting of 11 swimmers, three divers and three gorillas, swam all the way from the coast of Africa to compete in this special occasion.

Thousands of ecstatic townspeople greeted the tired crew as they emerged dripping wet from the Susquehanna last Tuesday. Bloomsburg mayor, Richard Nixon, presented the team captain Tarzan Ubunga with the key to the city and a souvenir tape recorder as the squad piled into a '56 Plymouth and were escorted up Market Street in a traditional ticker tape parade.

The unusual competition featured such events as the dead man float, ricochet diving, and a marathon swim to the death.

In order to make out visitors feel more at home, two schools of piranha were imported from the Amazon basin and placed in the pool.

Husky Coach Eli Not Walkin was also inspired by the special match as he increased his recruiting efforts to meet the challenge of the powerful African squad. Following the national anthems and the introduction of the athletes and foreign dignitaries, the meet opened with the 100 meter freestyle. Competing for the Huskies in this event were Lou Starvin', Marc Spitz and Buster Crabbe. Competing for the

African squad were Curly, Moe and Larry. In what had to be one of the most exciting events of the night, Starvin' out dueled the three Africans despite losing his left leg to the vicious piranha.

The Huskies continued their dominance early as they piled up a quick 37-0 lead. However, the wily visitors were not to be denied as they dumped two crates of quaaludes into the Huskies gatorade. The quick move paid off immediately as the Africans captured the 100 and 400 meter relay events as both Husky teams drowned. Realizing his teams plight, Coach Not Walkin dumped a tube of Ben Gay into the athletic supporter of each team member. With this psychological support the Huskies regained their form and plowed through the murky, crimson water to gain a 173-21 lead going into the diving events.

The Huskies again dominated the diving events as Don't Falter captured the 1 meter dive, and also ran the 73 - dive. Falter held the crowd at awe as he followed his opening belly flop with a 32 somersault cannonball. Alsoran's clinching dive in the ricochet event was a four cushion job in which he entangled himself in the American flag in a marvelous imitation of a burial at sea.

A slight controversy arose when one of the African divers lay on the bottom of the pool and refused to surface until the judges raised his score.

The meet now academic the two squads settled down and competed in the remaining marathon swim and dead

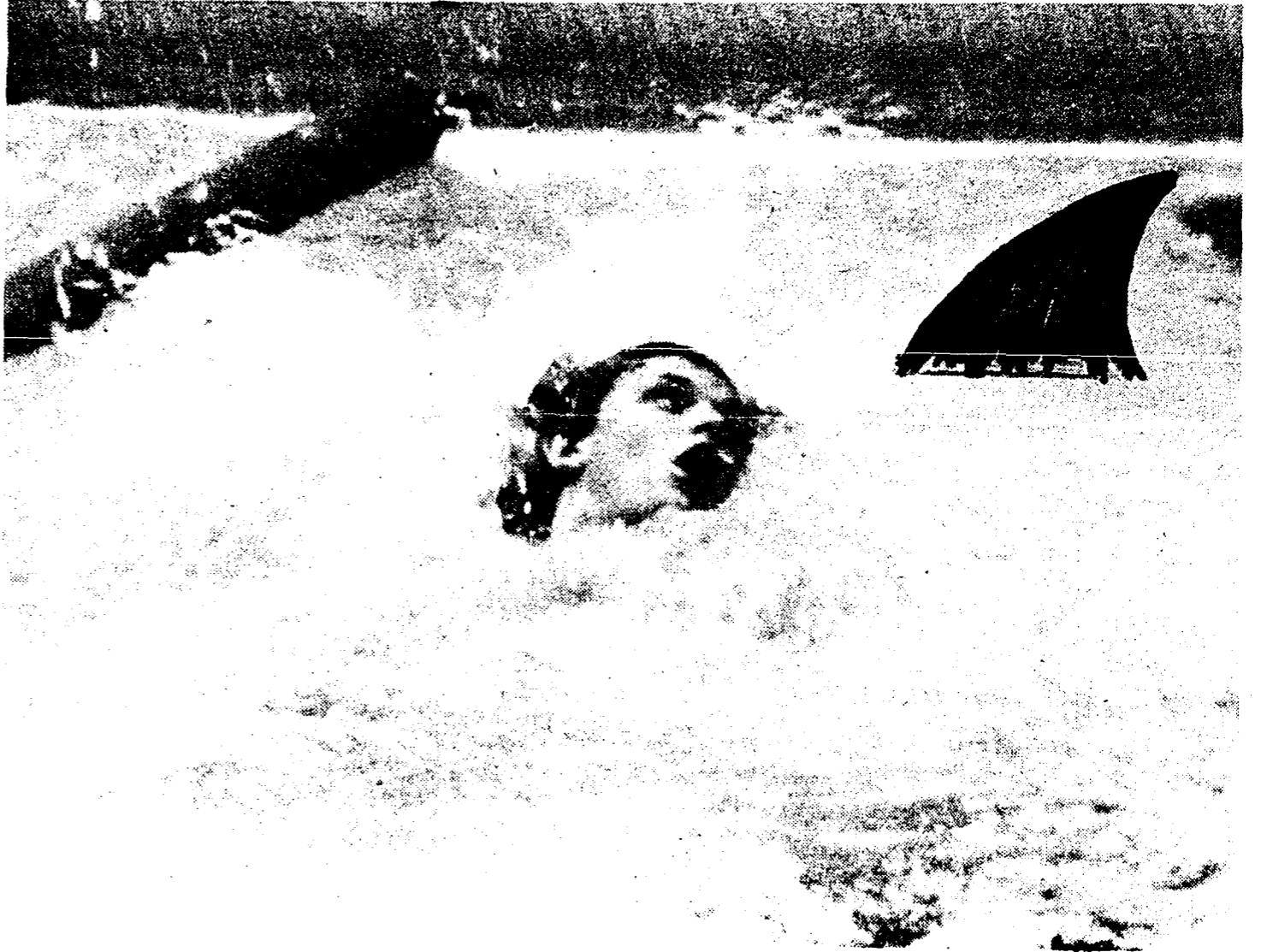
man's float. The latter event is a real crowd pleaser as five members of each squad float on their backs until only one survives. Bill Fuel captured this event with a last gasp effort over Solomon Shickshinny of the African squad. The State Police are currently trolling the pool for the remains of the other competitors. Due to the lopsided and smell of rotting flesh

the marathon swim was cancelled. Husky team Captain Fuel was awarded the most valuable athlete for his amazing victory in the dead man's float. Fuel is listed in satisfactory condition at Bloomsburg hospital.

Following the lopsided 233-34 victory in which the Husky squad lost nine team members to the elements, Coach Not

Walkin felt that the match was a good experience to the survivors and added that he will fill the large gap in his squad by an intensive recruiting program over the Christmas break.

The meet helped tune up the Huskies who open their season with a dual meet against the Latvian all-stars to be held in the Dead Sea January 10.



A member of the African swim team engages in some post-competition activity with a BSNS female.



A member of the African swim team engages in some post-competition activity with a BSNS female.

## What is a half-time?

by Mary Spas

Touchdowns and fieldgoals! Surely no one goes to a BSC game to see this sort of crap, 'cause if they do, they aren't going to see it on this campus. I'm not trying to be sarcastic, but it might help if the coach would please explain to the team the main objective of this sport. He seems to be coaching the team incorrectly. Most definitely the fruitball coach is Jewish for his only destination throughout a game is to get the quarter back. How cheap can one man get?

There is no doubt about it. We need some excitement at half-time. Listening to a band full of students marching onto the field wearing monkey suits is certainly no type of interest.

What we need is some real half-time sport to keep the fans awake long enough to watch the second half of the game.

Now I'm not saying half-time has to be violent but a few broken bones, smashed ribs, and crushed heads could not

harm half-time in the least.

Surely the students who have managed to remain awake during an entire fruitball game understand how upset one can get watching these jocks in action. Most students have seen the team make more passes, more interceptions and definitely score more at one weekend party than they have throughout the entire season.

I see nothing wrong with the fans constructively protesting against the team's performance. Surely with the protection of the security guards it would be cake to rip out the goalposts on the BSC side since obviously our team doesn't seem to make any use of them.

After the first half of this action-packed game all fans should be allowed to congregate on field and show some real athletic ability.

When entering the admission gate, the Bloomsburg Band would definitely receive a much greater profit by selling

sets of 8" cold steel rather than the 1" by 1" pamphlet pin-ups of the mighty Huskies. Rather than selling those Delta Pi doggies, all frat brothers should invest in peddling Delta Pi drum sticks—sure way to beat the opposing team since physical violence may be the only way we will remain in the winner's ring. At the sound of the buzzer all students would march out on the field ready to support their team. At this time viewers may see the fruitball field tackle done by a BSC student this season.

Even though our fruitball team did not make the top of the state fruitball rating, they did try their best to score (during the game) at every They should be commended for a successful and well-played game in the tough competition that we ran into, despite the sarcastic comments I have made.