

the buzzard

Vol 72, No. 1

Clemmons Moo-niversity

March 16, 1979

Dr. Ball Batchley: the 'inside' story

Editor's note: A star team of Buzzard investigative reporters spent months investigating Dr. Batchley's background in Missouri before they discovered he lives in West Virginia. This report results.

By Throck Morton
Editor in Grief

Dr. Ball Batchley, recently named president of Clemmons Mooniversity, says he is coming to the job as a second choice.

Formerly a little-league pitcher on the professional New York Giants, Batchley's 16.3 Earned Run Average and .039 batting average forced him to leave town.

Dr. Batchley's wife Pat—who he sometimes affectionately calls "Bat"—said she advised Ball to quit baseball when their son outscored Batchley in the elementary school pitch, hit and run competition.

See related story, Page 19

After fleeing the Giants, Batchley said he had two choices: "I could have become a garbage man or a college administrator. I knew that trash collecting was a lot cleaner, but there's more money in college administration."

Batchley said that his ballpark background prepared him for administration: "I'm used to throwing

hardballs and sometimes if it's necessary, I'll bean an opposing player—and sometimes I'll throw a spitball.

"And, in college, you've got to use a few dirty tricks ..." And, when the Clemmons presidency opened up, Batchley said it was an ideal opportunity. "I hear those Clemmons administrators are better with dirty tricks than just about anyone—I really loved that Flanning Blomax (Stupid Housing Defector.)"

Batchley said he admired stupid government, too. "Gee, those kids are learning a lot—already overspending their campaign budgets. They'll be perfect in government jobs."

Batchley, who had a Tiger paw tattooed on his left arm, explained how he came to love Clemmons. "When I came down for an interview, Adm. McDippit put me in this room on the third floor of Sick hall. All the walls had orange rugs covering them, and the floor and the ceiling were orange.

"Right away, they started playing some sort of song called 'Tiger Rag' over and over. They wouldn't stop it. Then, Adm. McDippit started reading from the will of Thomas Green Clemson. After only about three hours of this, I started humming the alma mater—and then I knew this was the place I wanted to be."

Batchley, asked about future plans, said: "Well, I really haven't given it much thought—except modifying Death Valley into a baseball park."



Photo by NaNu McCoy

DR. BALL BATCHLEY speaks to Bored Chairman Saul McAllister: "Does Moonpie come with the job?"

Stupid government loses leaders

By Snot Funny
Booze Writer

As if anybody really cares, Clemmons students may not have a student body president next year. The recent election has been nullified and two candidates have been disqualified.

According to a report filed, Seedy Tyler exceeded the \$35.00 expenditure limit by slightly less than \$25,000. Student (bogus?) President Mike Airborne said he first became suspicious of Tyler's misdoings two weeks ago when he observed a Goodyear blimp over Clemmons spelling out Tyler's campaign message on its sign. Airborne admitted his initial concern was not with any campaign violations but whether he could get a ride on the blimp.

When asked by The Buzzard how he expected to get away with such a violation, Tyler responded, "I was hoping to give Airborne and Christie Hitler a ride on that thing. I had read earlier where more and more government officials are being bribed with rides on the blimp. If the pilot had been able to spot Clemmons, I would have gotten away with it."

Airborne admitted that a ride wouldn't have hurt. "Ever since I've been a little boy I wanted to ride on the blimp," he said. "In fact, with my experience this year in student government, I'm hoping to either qualify as pilot or fuel."

While Tyler was putting it into the faces of the blind, his opponent, too, was overspending, but in a more imaginative way. Like Tyler, Still Fuzzy took his campaign to the air reaching more than 40 states with his commercials during A. C. Chezley's broadcast of conference basketball games.

The commercial featured a patented Fuzzy shot from the bench with an equally impressive speech of Fuzzy's blaring in the background, "I have been asked what basketball has to do with being in student government. The answer is simple, Sitting on your butt is a way of life in student government, and who has done more of that in three years at Clemmons than me."

Although pleased with the commercial, Fuzzy added that it had been less than effective on the Clemmons campus. "It seems that every game the commercial ran Grainville's channel 40 preempted the

ACC contest with a Fruman High game. As a result Fuzzy was elected for the same post at Fruman while receiving very few votes at his own campus.

Fuzzy, too, was hoping to get away with the violation (his spending reached over the \$30,000 mark) by claiming the television time as a donation. Fuzzy got the idea of putting on the bill "Bills due: none, donation of \$30,000 required" from Stupid Union functions which are free to students who pay a \$3.00 donation.

Airborne said he had no doubts that Fuzzy would have gotten away with the violation if his bill from the A. C. Chezley Company had not been sent to Dean Box' office by mistake. In fact, even after the bill was received it looked as if Fuzzy would not be disqualified.

First, there was the donation issue. Then, according to Airborne, there was the problem of the bill being vague. It seems the bill did not actually state the total of \$30,000 but rather listed 30 minutes of air time at \$1,000 a minute.

Airborne and Hitler both agreed that there could be some confusion over the total amount. "You know and I know that

30 times 1,000 is 45,000 but some of our freshmen may not," Airborne said.

Neither candidate appealed the decision although Seedy first stated such action was coming. "I did not violate the laws or policies set down in the student handbook. The wording is very ambiguous—there is no statement in there whatsoever that says I cannot promote my campaign through the sign on the blimp or that Fuzzy can't campaign nationally. If nothing else, I hope specifics will be added to the handbook."

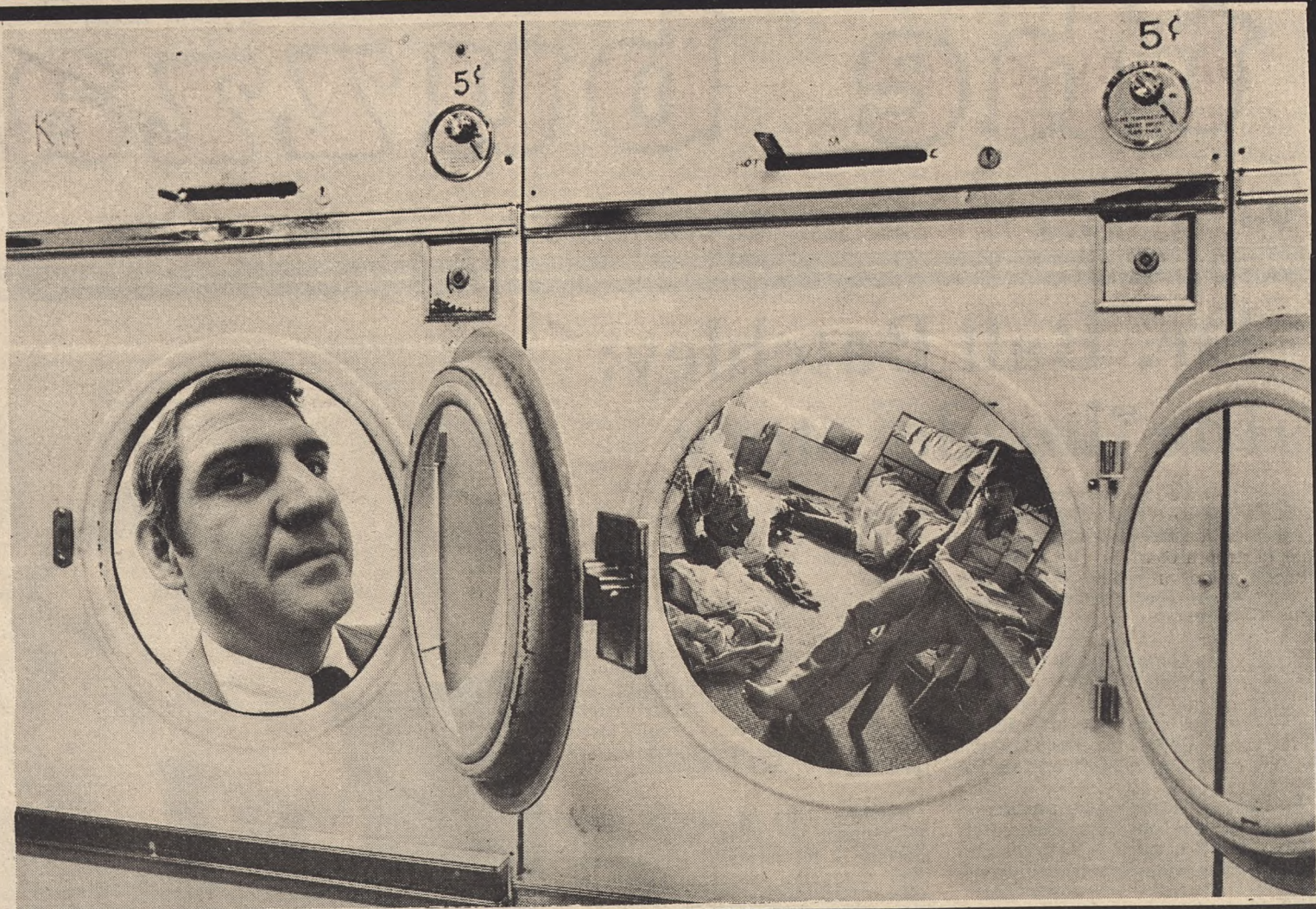
Hitler said such action had already begun, and she hopes the three-volume book will be out next spring. "I think we will have everything covered," she said. "We are going to past presidents to get a list of things they did and got away with."

Although neither candidate will appeal the decision, Airborne made an appeal of his own to The Buzzard. "Please, whatever you do, don't print this story," Airborne pleaded. "If we can just keep this thing quiet we should be able to get away with not letting John Madman know he's president until next year's campaign starts."

Tight Squeeze

BECAUSE THE HOUSING shortage has grown even more severe, students have been placed in dryers as temporary dorm space. Defector Fanning Blomax was shoved into a dryer by angry students.

Photo by NaNu McCov



Blomax bricks windows, student violence erupts

By Boom Boom Bitchards
Booze Writer

Editor's Note: The Clemmons campus has erupted in a wave of student revolt against Stupid Housing Defector Fanning Blomax and his asinine plan to brick up stall windows and cramp three fools into a room like a bunch of sardines. Secret meetings are being held in the bathrooms of Clemmons dorms. Smoke bombs and broken glass are just two of the examples of the senseless, random violence that has plagued Clemmons since Blomax' recent acts of insanity.

In a personal interview that took place in Blomax' home, The Buzzard asked him some senseless and irrelevant questions about this and other current housing problems. We had no trouble finding the residence because it is the only house on

Blueberry Lane that has bricked-up windows.

Buzzard: Mr. Blomax, will you comment on the controversy surrounding the Janestone window incident?

Blomax: Hey, so I bricked up the windows in Janestone. Big deal. You newspaper types are always whining and complaining that we never take the students' opinions into consideration. They wanted windows, so I made Lever into an open-air dorm. I hope those kids freeze their tails off next winter.

Buzzard: Tell us about the renovation on the corner rooms in Janestone that will house three students. Don't you think they will feel a little cramped?

Blomax: You kids are here at Clemmons

for an education - not a good night's sleep!

Buzzard: We understand that it will cost \$2000 per room for the expansion. Don't you think that's kind of a rash expenditure?

Blomax: Hell, the pink brick alone is costing us \$1500 per room! Money is no object. We'll just increase housing costs again - no sweat.

Buzzard: What do you foresee in the way of temporary housing next fall? Will there be a significant number of freshman without rooms?

Blomax: Right now the number stands at 3907, but we can handle it. We're putting 1200 in the amphitheater, 900 in the lower level of the library, 1800 on the upper deck of the stadium, and seven on the crosswalk

to Clemmons House. We should have them in permanent rooms by 1985.

Buzzard: What about the new apartment-style housing complex? Won't that relieve the housing crunch?

Blomax: That's a joke! You remember the sinking upper deck? Well shoot, that whole area's just a bunch of swampland. We could film the "Legend of Boggy Creek" back there. That whole deal was just a ploy to make Clemmons look good so's we could get a decent president. Batchley's gonna' blow a fuse when he realizes what a dump Clemmons really is.

Buzzard: I guess that about wraps it up, Mr. Blomax. Do you have any concluding remarks?

Blomax: Sure. Get outa' here, and I mean it!!!!!!

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Guaranteed to make you grateful for the Clemson academic life. Just give us a call at 656-8565 for more details.

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EARTH**



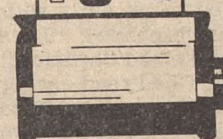
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the buzzard

We want more women

We would like to protest Clemmons' overt policy of reverse discrimination. We are referring to the significant difference between the number of males on this campus compared to the number of females.

For many years before attending an institution of higher(?) education, we were told that there would be girls galore for our personal pleasure; however, we have since found this to be totally untrue. We can't get a girl anywhere, much less in bed.

To rectify this deplorable situation, we would propose to decline admission to any males for the 1979-80 academic year. This decision would allow some 2500 spaces for developed—we mean qualified—females. Just think, 2500 young, innocent and NAIVE girls just waiting to be ruptured—we mean corrupted.

Such a move would also be a big erection—we mean boost—to campus life. We are always hearing how involvement in student body affairs is beneficial to our well-being. And right now our well-being is in pretty poor shape. We would certainly be willing to sacrifice some class time for this type of extracurricular activity.

Halting male enrollment might even benefit the girls, too. They would be able to have the time—we mean education—of their lives. They would be exposed to the larger aspects of life in this world. The girls would also be taught that in real life it is sometimes necessary to take a dominant position. They would certainly be expected to hold their ends up.

We implore—wait a minute—we beg the administration of Clemmons Mooniversity to seriously consider my proposal. After all, with HEW coming (not that way) we wouldn't want to discriminate against anyone.

We're tired of your letters

Dear Writers of "Letters to the Editor,"

We've sat here for the last 12 months and listened to your varied opinions concerning The Buzzard and its validity as a student newspaper. We've let you speak your piece without rebuttal. But we feel that the time to respond has arrived.

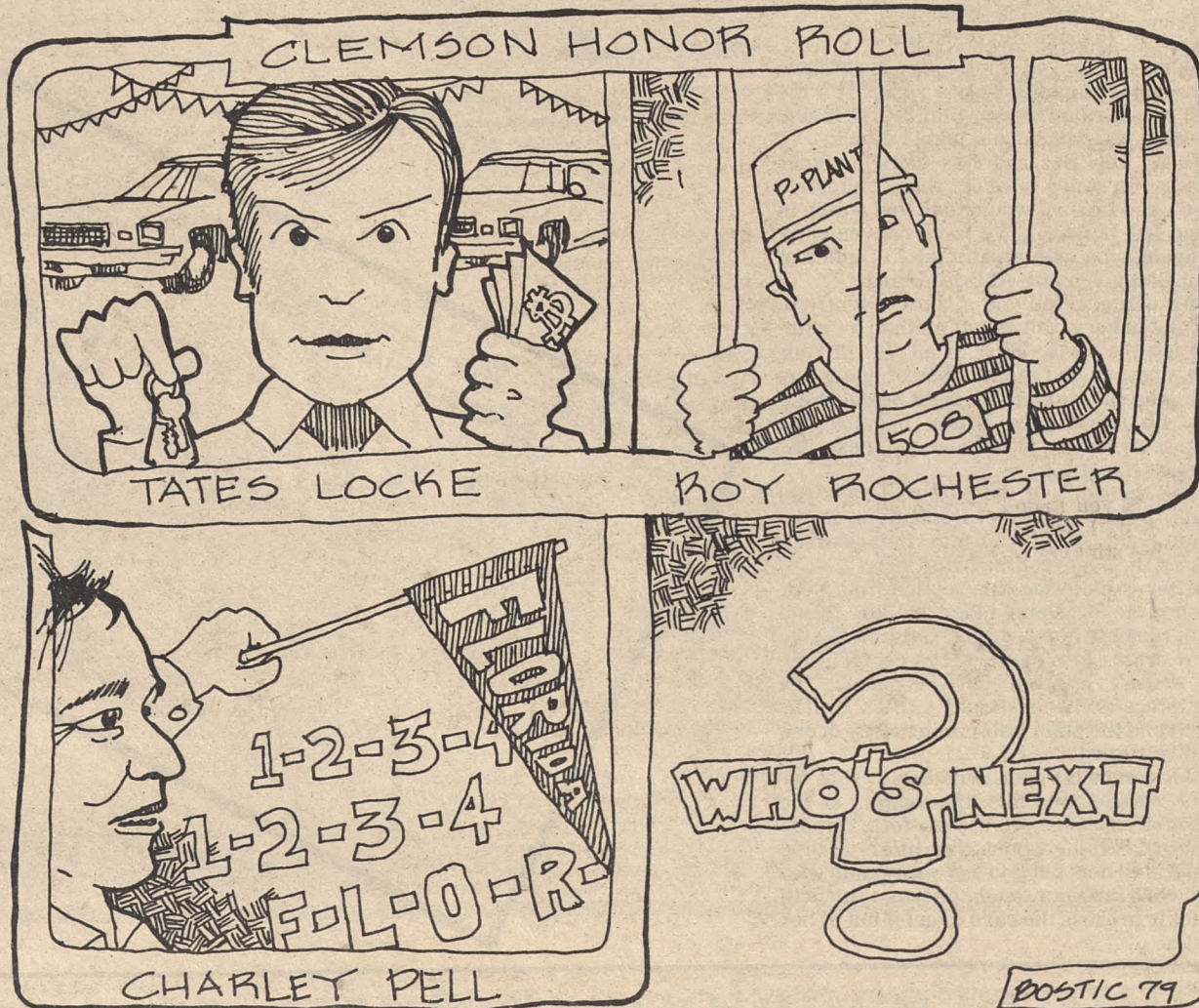
Frankly, we're damn sick and tired of taking your bullshit! You assholes don't know anything about running a newspaper. So what if some stupid little frats sit in a bathtub all weekend long! What does that have to do with the price of beer at the Tokestore? We can't cover every insignificant detail of campus life.

And then you have The Clemson Plotters. The plays they present seem to be written by a five-year-old child suffering from a bad case of venereal disease.

All you people complain about the amount of coverage you get in The Buzzard. But you never do anything worth covering. You're almost as boring as R. C. Deadword's sex life.

After all the work we put into the paper, you'd think somebody would appreciate the final product. If one of The Buzzard reporters happens to make a little mistake, we hear about it for the next five months. Just because we reported in last year's Buzzard that Chief Smack Weed had smoked marijuana in a patrol car, we received complaints 24 hours a day. Weed himself came to our offices and shot our typewriters with his official sawed-off shotgun.

His actual quote was: "I have never smoked pot in a patrol car." So we missed one little word. Geez... Give us a break.



litters policy

The Buzzard welcomes letters from its readers on all subjects. We ask that you merely print each letter legibly and in red crayon. We don't accept chicken scratch; this is a privilege we restrict to our writers. Also, double-space your lines of wisdom, and please triplicate your copies (this way we have more of your letter to pass among us to laugh at).

In the event your letter is blatantly obscene or potentially libelous, we may consider you as a potential Buzzard writer.

Authors of letters should sign their letters and include their address and phone number. This will enable those offended to ridicule you day and night, not us. In letters written by more than one person, all authors will be listed. We love to see mass riots break out.

What's your viewpoint?
Don't tell us
'cos we
don't care!

the
buzzard

misquotes

"I think I have been misquoted more than anyone else, and you can quote me on that." — Clod Rankford, Stupid Senate president.

"Old buzzards never die; they just smell that way." — John Rowntree, ex-Buzzard-in-chief.

"I love Clemson; I never want to leave." — Hardly Hell, now coach at Florida.

the buzzard

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Special thanks to: R. C. Deadwords and Moonpie, Ball Batchley, the Barnicle, SPAT yearbook, Bozzin' Baloney, Stupid Government, Stupid Onion, G Force, M*A*S*H, Zenith TV Company, WSBS-MF, Carnalos Pizza, Ultraman, Speed Racer, the Caped Crusader, and the spirit of the Dauntless Defender of Virtue.

Published occasionally since 1967 by the staff and friends of The Tiger. The Buzzard is the most unusual college newspaper in South Carolina.

The opinions expressed in this paper are the opinions of the idiot who wrote them and shouldn't be construed as the opinions of the student body or the administration. After all, we're always right—they're not. If you should have an occasion to disagree, feel free to tell us. Your view will be discussed and thereafter ignored.

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litters

P-Plant says stuff it

Your coverage of all the scandals down at the Physical Plant has been excessive and extremely cruel. If you bums had never stuck your damn Buzzard beaks in what was going on down at the Physical Plant!

You had no right to investigate "alleged wrongdoing" at the Physical Plant, and in doing so you exercised irresponsible yellow journalism. You jerks are just interested in your rhinestoned awards and caused the P-Plant to lose four very valuable employees.

I think that you should try to be much more responsible in your future coverage of campus problems. If you hadn't written all that carp, I wouldn't be stuck with this stinking Boy Nochester as a roommate.

00-00-69

The truth be known

I am glad that this issue has finally come out. I am tired of reading a yellow rag week after week. I guess you know which rag I'm talking about.

I have waited a whole year for you to put out a newspaper that really puts the whole truth where it belongs in the trash can.

Smack Weeden

Hypocrites anonymous

I am shocked and appalled by your incredible hypocrisy.

All you do year after year is bitch, bitch, bitch because of secrecy on campus. You start defending idle actions like the First Amendment and the Freedom of Information Act.

But, noooooo. Then, you go into a secret, closed-door, smoke-filled room to elect a new Buzzard staff. You complained about secrecy about the selection of a new president of a university, and stupid government couldn't get away with your secrecy.

You hypocrits!

Adm. McDippit
Illegal Counsel

Hip, hip, horrah

I'd like to say something in defense of Stupid Government for once in my four-years at Clemmons. The way those guys have handled the recent "prez" elections is, in a word, unbelievable.

I mean look what they have done for the student voters. The stupid government has given us not one but two chances to express our opinions of the candidates.

And look how easy they have

made the selection process. First we had three choices, and now we have none.

You've got to give stupid government credit. Only they, in their never failing wisdom, can induce such a state of simplicity for the voters.

O great wizard and all you other stupid government people, thanks fr a job well done!

Diamond Lyn
Unsocialable Editor

(Editor's note: The views represented in this letter represent those of the entire Buzzard staff. We mean it; now get out of here!)



The Buzzard staff would like to tell any advertizer who wishes us to put inserts in the paper:

"WE'D BE GLAD TO STUFF IT..."



**NOW
YOU TOO CAN
GET THE FAMOUS**

"CHARLEY PELL DOLL"

YOU JUST WIND

HIM UP AND

HE GOES TO

FLORIDA

**Call Today
656-PELL**

Course established for ticket hungry fans

By Dr. Funk
Booze Writer

The administration moved last week to establish a new Lazy Skills Department course to aid students in learning how to obtain tickets to athletic events.

Last semester's hassle with the distribution of Gooter Bowl tickets led the administration to follow a suggestion from athletic supporters that students be taught how to obtain tickets so that they would complain less.

The suggestion came from IPTAAY (I Pay Thirty Athletes A Year). George Benidiot, the excuse secretary of IPTAAY, explained why the suggestion was made. He said that he and IPTAAY thought that it would be nice to do something for the students since they "take all of the good seats from the students anyway."

The new course has been named Lazy Skills Department \$12 Ticket Hunting. The curriculum guide for the new course has already been developed as well.

The new course will teach students the basics in obtaining tickets. According to Benidiot, "It's always easier to get tickets when you've already paid bribe money." The course will also explain camp-out waiting for tickets. Students in the class will learn how to choose a sleeping bag and how to smuggle in alcohol contrary to rules. Bargaining with scalpers is another part of the planned curriculum.

Stupid Body President the Wizard of Oz said, "I'm very happy that the students welfare is the upmost concern of the IPTAAYs. It would be a shame for there to be a misunderstanding between us and these fine athletic supporters."

Administrators were pleased with LSD \$12.00 as well. Non-academic Dean Victor Hurts thinks that the accrediting organizations reviewing the university will be pleased with the course. He feels they will be pleased with the feature of the class which teaches students to cheat. He thinks that accrediting organizations will like this because students keep a good grade point ratio (GPR).

Hurts said, "The average projected drop in GPR for a student using these methods is a whole point less than that for a student who does not use the methods. Our data is based on a survey done at the Unusually Stupid College (USC) in Columbia."

Clemmons President Robbert C. Deadwords thinks the Department of Harassment, Exasperation, and Worries (HEW) will be pleased with the new course. He said, "It's really a good idea from HEW's point of view. This course really helps balance our discrimination problem. They (HEW) ought to be pleased."

Deadwords explained, "We have very few minorities at Clemmons, and most of them are athletes. Athletes are given free tickets; therefore, few minorities will be in this course. HEW will be pleased that we are treating the minority students better than the rest."

Other details of the course leaked to The Buzzard. The final exam for the course will involve obtaining a student ticket to next year's USC-Clemmons game in the Chicken Coop. According to the established allotment plan, students will only get 3149½ tickets to the game.

Demand for tickets should be great, and this should be a practical exam to weed out the students who have not learned their lessons. Plans also include giving extra credit to students who can obtain more than one student ticket.

The argument for the additional reward is that a college should prepare a young person for a career. Anyone who can obtain extra student tickets with the security

measures the university takes could certainly have a successful career as a scalper.

One unconfirmed rumor reached The Buzzard. The rumor claims that students who fail the course will be the leaders next fall in Clemmons' first-annual reenactment of the Jonestown suicides. The rumor also claims that the punch will contain actual cyanide provided by the Pre-Alchemist Society.

Professor clones self(es)

By Clones 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,...

Recently a Clemmons genetics professor, who wishes to remain anonymous, told a Buzzard reporter that he had succeeded in cloning himself, or should I say, selves.

Dr. Elvis Klone (or his clone—only his hairdresser knows for sure) told a Buzzard reporter, "To clone or not to clone, that is the question—Whether it is nobler in the minds of men to duplicate one's self or to remain an individual."

The Buzzard then asked Dr. Klone's clone to tell about himself or themselves. He informed The Buzzard that he is not the only clone at Clemmons and that in fact there are several.

According to Dr. Klone's clone, many clones remain hidden to avoid persecution and only make themselves known on

special occasions. These "closet clones" do get together with themselves and other clones for secret meetings.

Dr. Klone's clone said that he had recently attended such a meeting. It was the Miss Clone contest. However, Dr. Klone's clone was disappointed. He said the contest was boring since all of the contestants looked alike.

Dr. Klone's clone also said that clones have an underground radio station, KLON, and they play many clone favorites such as "Send in the Clones," "Once, Twice, Three Times a Clone," "Sometimes When We Clone," "I'm a Clone Man," and the sound track from "Saturday Night Clone."

So next time you get ready to say something like "double your pleasure, double your fun," date a Clone. You had better be careful that you are not talking to a clone.

Guys and Dolls Beaver Barbers

For All You Slick Chicks,
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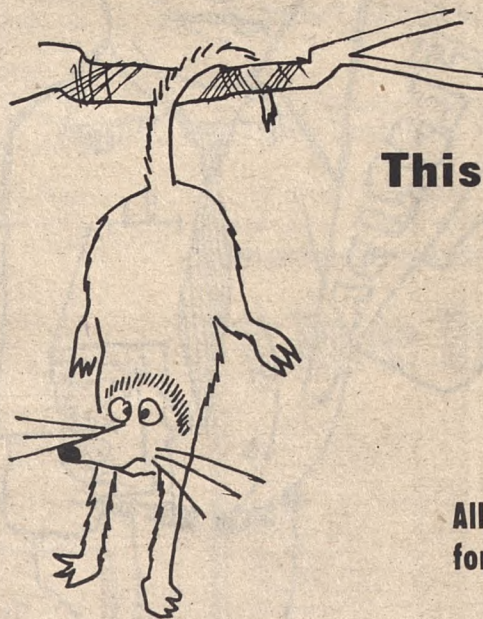
Before

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Inverted Mohawk.

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All you can keep down
for only a buck 2.98.

**FREE MOONSHINE
ON SUNDAYS
WITH STUDENT I.D.**

Capital punishment returns under Viledine

By Lessamon McWomen
Booze Editor

Officials today announced that stealing from campus dining halls has decreased by 90 per cent as a result of the Viledine System which was installed last fall.

The Viledine System is a modern computer system designed to week out anyone not on the mealy plan who is attempting to enter the dining hall. "The concept is really very simple," said Director of Food Services John Bullantis. "Any student on the

mealy program is issued a card. If another student attempts to use the card, that student is automatically rushed to the front of the food line and served a plate heaped with mystery meat, octopus cakes, fresh month-old cake, and water-logged salad. Of course, we used to offer rubber jello, but that was recalled by Firestone."

The Viledine System is also employed at several other schools serviced by Always Ruins the Appetite (ARA) Food Services. Regional officials report that the system has not been as successful at the other

schools as it has been at Clemmons. They attribute the success of the Clemmons system to the quality of the food in Hard-to-Eat Commons and Shitletter Dining Halls.

Instrumental in obtaining the system on campus was Director of Auxiliary Services John Looton. "We're really pleased with the results," he said. "At first, we had students giving us all kinds of crap about the whole thing. Of course, we just told them to go to hell and ignored them (that's administrative policy, you know). Since students have been eating the food over

there, their resistance has tended to drop, and they're acting more like the stupid imbeciles they are."

Stupid government is currently attempting to wake up Senate members and pass legislation to get rid of the system. Stupid Body President Mike Airborne said, "I really just can't believe it. I mean, we've started holding fraternity meetings over in the infirmary. Every time a brother tries to steal food, he gets pushed to the front and has to battle it out with the serving bitches. If their attitude doesn't get you, the food will."

If at first you don't succeed...

By
Booze Editor

Equipment shortages have plagued the efficiency with which both instruction and research—

Equipment shortages throughout Clemson's nine colleges have b—

Serious equipment shortages in several of Clemson's nine colleges have reached the serious state—

Equip—
A lack of sufficient funding has left four of Clemson's nine colleges with a serious equipment shortage, according to several academic deans—
Ohhellnevermind.



Jeans
Khakis
Mousetraps
Rainwear
Hats
Decals
Belts
Knives
Tennis Shorts
Grass Seed

Socks

DOWNTOWN

Nuts & Bolts
Painters Pants
Wood Stain
Shorts
Overalls
T-Shirts
Sweat Shirts
Sweat Pants
Underwear
Tools

ONION CRYER

the vail of tearful events



SPRING CRUISE

-to fabulous Seneca Marina!
-we pay YOU to go
-March 17-April 21
(or until the money runs out)
-sign up was yesterday

Suicide Garden



-all the guns, knives
you can handle
-25¢ a try
-live organ music
-we bury you
free of charge
-Friday after exams
-near Hangover House

The video will not...
be shown this week
because the video
machine has been
stolen again.

CD/CC presents...

Mr. Bill in concert

-with special guest, Spot
-at the Y-beach
-date unknown
-he will be demonstrating
fishing techniques
-time unknown



in Eckerd's: Oral Roberts

-Friday only
-all the beer you can drink
-9pm until

in the Tearoom:

London Symphony
-Saturday only
-special imported show
-English spoken only
-8pm until

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"How to Cheat the
easy way"

-offered one week only
-fash method
-sign up today



"Getting a divorce made simple"

-learn from the experts
-take only one lesson
for only \$100
-sign up soon

In
the
air...



Y-Flick "Pictureless movie on lovemaking" (we
leave the picture to you) June 21 at 5:30P.M.

Gallery Jim Stovall Two: MUD for the entire
semester

Video "One day in the life of a Clemson narc"
-while they're making busts
-8PM until

Free Flick Enjoy the Clemson orientation film all over
again! Saturday, 5-11pm

Recreation

Cock and Tiger Tale

-S.C. gamecock eating
contest
-in Mauldin Hall
-all you can eat
-bill yours to the
athletic dept.
-3 times a week

Fun and Games in the Woods

-survival test
-pick your mate
-tents and double
sleeping bag
provided
-you supply the
entertainment
-limited numbers
-exam week

Alcohol can be Fun

-Play pass-out in
the Rec. Area
-goes on all week
-special double
elimination
-we guarantee to get
you back to your
dorm safely
-prizes to those still
standing up

Frank Zappa Dance Company

-in the amphitheatre
-Friday the thirteenth
-12 midnight until

"you're imperfect"

Mrs. Deadwords pregnant

By Soggy Potato Chip
Booze Writer

Stupid nurses are getting jobs throughout the state because of the way they "score." According to Dean Geriatric LaSlacky, the staff of the College of Cursing is trying to combat the increase by creating problems.

"I'm sick of those bitches doing better than I did!" stated LaSlacky. She had her cursing staff are determined to make sure that all of the stupid nurses fail the state board exam.

First of all, the girls are being programmed with all the wrong answers through the use of a new method (no, not a form of birth control) called Video Void. By using VV the students' minds will become completely devoid of all correct answers.

Second, the college has a new grading policy — no student can receive any grade higher than a "d".

Third, the staff has initiated a plan to get rid of the girls who refuse to "be smart and get the hell out," according to LaSlacky. The plan is called Operation Obliterate.

At least half changed majors already.

According to LaSlacky, the few fools who remain will be used as guinea pigs for lobotomies. The result may be an empty cursing building, but the administration has already thought of what to do with the remains. They will call it "New Dorm". To commemorate the College of Cursing that once flourished there, a marker will be placed beside the depsey dumpster to read:

Geriatric LaSlacky bitched here.

We want war

By Elwood Blues
Booze Writer

With all the bureaucratic moves to reinstate the draft, a Buzzard poll revealed that the majority of the random sample stated directly that they were in favor of the draft. Coincidentally, the same percentage, 95 of 100, included that they were in favor of a war.

"I just want to kill somebody" was the statement of many of those interviewed. Another popular reply was "I want to conquer the world... We have the technology."

A meager 3 per cent were against the draft. One student said, "Like, you

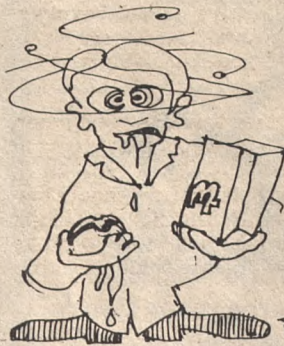
know, man, like, this is a free country, you know? The establishment can't lie, tell me where to go." Another student only stated, "If it comes, I'll be in Canada." The third said, "They can't keep their mascot from being taken by a group of civilian students... I couldn't fight side-by-side with anyone like that."

The 2 per cent who were indifferent were too young to remember the draft.

The random sample consisted of students from third and fourth floors in Tilledman Hall and a few marching on Blowman Field with cute little blue rifles.

brothers'
bicycles of clemson

-MONDAY-
WHEEL CHAIR
REPAIR
CLINIC



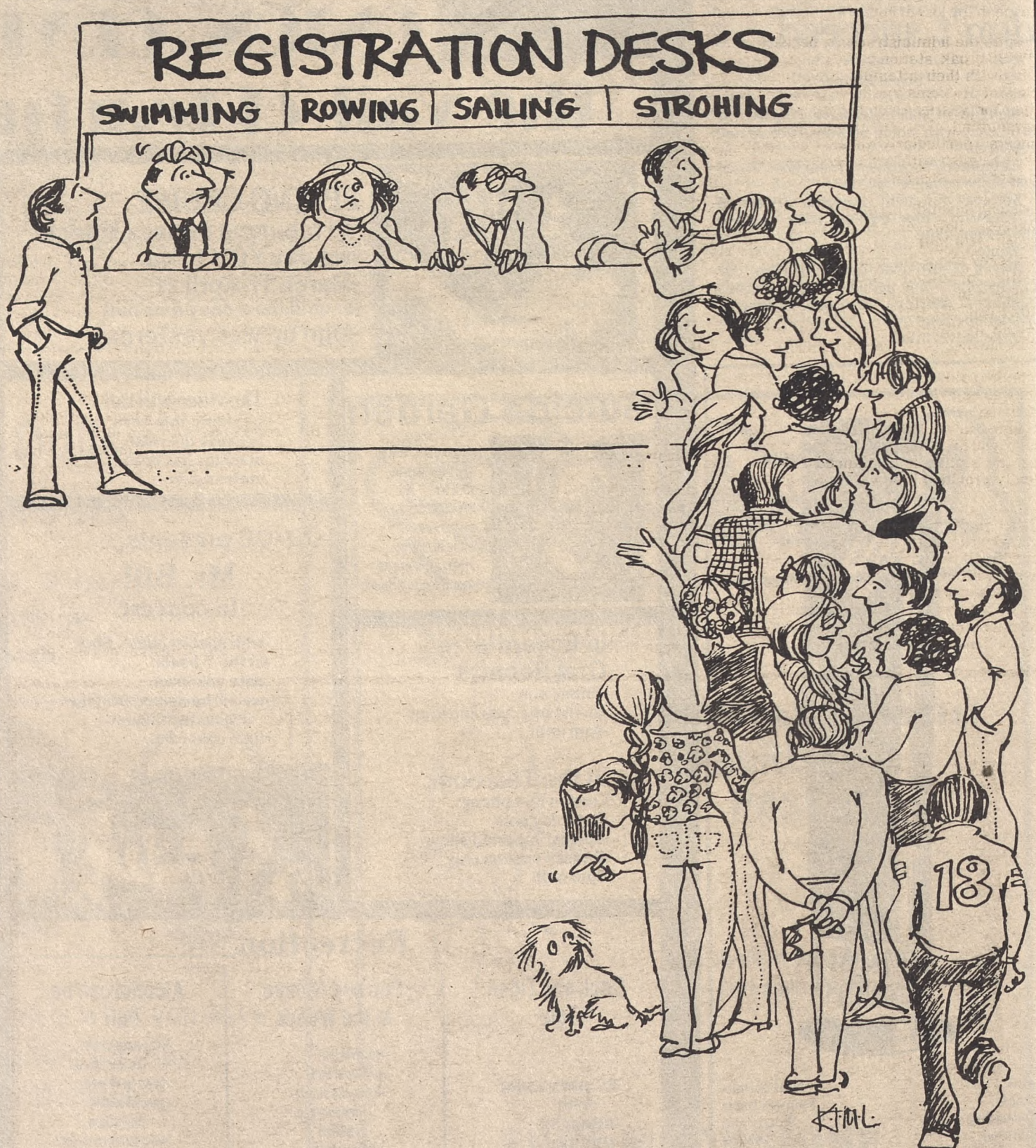
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Pendleton Road



Stroh's
For the real beer lover.

WSBS-MF draws mass disgust- as usual

By Mork Subnut
Booze Writer

Clemmons officials have decided to limit WSBS-MF, the student radio station (We Stand for Bull Shit) to its present operating power output of 10 watts in the hope that the Federalistic Kommunikations Kommissar will kick it off the air.

The FKK recently issued a directive that all "national socialist oriented" educational stations are to boost their broadcast signals to maximum strength for the continued expansion of FKK ideals. If stations don't comply, they have been threatened with "dire consequences." This is presumed to mean the loss of operating licenses.

Despite the administration's decision to let WSBS croak, station personnel are continuing with their attempts to eliminate a variety of problems that have plagued the station for years. Among these are poor programming, poor equipment, poor announcers (particularly those who speak broken English with Aryan accents), and fading broadcast signals.

Kristoph Schmidt, programming fuhrer, disagrees, however, that WSBS has troubles. "Ve haff no problems," he said when asked about the matter. "All off our so-callt 'problems' are merely ze slanderous invention off zat irresponsible Commy rag, Ze Buzzard! Biz-biss iss an excellent example off ein quality broadcasting stazion, mit out any troubles."

Schmidt said that station mechanic Diss Maze was enjoying the fun of dealing with antiquated and generally inoperative equipment in the studios. The automation system which is supposed to play music when the station is unmanned has consistently provided him with much amusement.

"It's really great to watch the machinery running," said Maze. "I mean, what with all the gears and pins and stuff constantly dropping off the equipment, you never know what will happen next. But, I suppose that now that the station has conned all kinds of money out of the student body we'll have to replace some of this



Photo by NaNu McCoy

AFTER "GOING STEREO" last semester, and with the threat of a FKK license cutoff, WSBS student radio station has installed television equipment and is planning to apply for a TV license.

equipment with something new. Or maybe we'll just throw a big party with the cash."

The Automatic Tape Crumpling machine (ATC) that Maze refers to has been used by WSBS since the operation began in the 1950's and reflects the electronic sophistication of that era. "I do get tired of changing out the vacuum tubes all the time," Mays commented. "That and having to wind up the spring-powered drive mechanism are my only complaints. Still, I'd hate to see the old girl be scrapped for some new fangled device."

If WSBS is to eliminate its problem with a weak broadcast signal, a new transmit-

ter will have to be obtained from somewhere because of the incompatibility of the present one with any other broadcasting equipment built after 1959. "Who Chaphands, our transmitter mechanic, will undoubtedly have to go out scrounging for a replacement, just as we did in the early 70's for our present antenna," said Maze. "It came from some broadcasting giant in the area such as WHOG in Hogwalla."

In a WSBS news release dated Nov. 4, 1978, distributed at the time the station had intended to go consistently mono, Schmidt was quoted as admitting that they had pro-

blems. Some of those mentioned were the erratic ATC machine and programming that was so stale that listeners had to stay 10 feet away from their radios in order to tolerate the odor.

He has altered his position now, commenting, "Ve feel here at ze station zat it iss more progress ive to let ze songs play backwards or nicht at alles, as ze ATC maschinen hass been doing all along." He denied that he had ever claimed that the station format was stale, however.

"Ve at Viz-biss deplore ze vay in which Ze Buzzard hass distorted ze facts und abused ze media by using it as a platform for its notoriously - biased misrepresentations. It iss a terrible thing fur a press organization to use ze media fur its own purposes," said Schmidt in a broadcast editorial that used the media as a platform for WSBS' own purposes. When this was pointed out to Schmidt, he commented only, "Ach! Details, details!"

The station is also trying to rid itself of the drug-music image that it developed in the early 1970's when groups such as Cream, Jimi Hendrix, Zappa, and the Mothers of Invention were playlist staples. "We're bringing more of the Manilow-Carpenters style into the format," explained Germ Starvingston, minister of propaganda. "We've tried to do away with our heavy-metal image."

But Piggy Poleaxe, a WSBS announcer, disagrees. "I feel we should play more of the foreigner 'Cold As Ice' - type stuff, and I really don't think that we should ban all the hard-rock stuff. The best way to get rid of the drug image would be to make sure the mike is off before taking another hit."

But whatever action the station decides to take, it will have to be done soon, for the new FKK deadlines are approaching, and presumably the station's license could be jeopardized by the new regulations. As Starvingston commented, "Those FKK-ers are really going to try to make it hard for us for awhile, I'm afraid. Maybe we'll just apply for transition to a television station. We're still mono, anyway."



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AND YOU GET
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SHAFT

'Brother, I can't wait to get out of here!'

What is it about passing gas that gets so many people upset? This is a question that has tainted the air for quite a few years. Everyone knows that poots, farts, flatulations, and squeakers are an everyday part of living, but do people treat them as such? NOOOOOOOOO!! They are evil, nondesirable little characters. Who cares if the pooter, farter, or flatulator feels better afterwards? Not a soul!

Loose Screws by H. A. F. Davis

Now just suppose that you were a little fart and you wanted out. How would you feel if someone sat on you and wiggled on you all day, only to let you out in some deserted parking lot. Ah, this is the epitome of loneliness.

Little do people realize that those little rumblings in their tumblies are really little poots being born. Nowadays everyone is on an anti-abortion kick, but is anyone interested in saving those little future presidential farts or those senatorial poots? NOOOOOOO!! They scream, "Kill them while they're young!" and "The only good fart is a nonexistent one!"

People need to be educated in the art of passing gas. It is no doubt an art in the highest sense of the word, because much practice is needed to become a master of the silent squeak.



There are many places where this ability could be useful. One such place is in church. Everyone knows that churches are so quiet and the acoustics so good that a good fart could disrupt services for a whole year.

In the olden days when beans were high on the Saturday night supper list, church

poots were common, but they were seldom heard because every time a member felt the urge coming he would jump up and shout, "Amen, Brother!"

There used to be quite a bit of shouting in the old days, but better eating habits have slackened the need for so much commotion.

Perhaps the most talented fart hider is the one who can convincingly blame his accident on the other guy. Barf Whiplash is an expert at this trickery. Barf apparently lives on beans, because on a calm day his repertoire of poots has been heard at distances approaching 200 yards.

Once, while talking to Mrs. Sphincter, he had a real burn out and killed all the weeds in the yard then had the gall to turn to me and compliment me on the good extermination job I had done. Mrs. Sphincter agreed and wanted me to work as her gardener.

All bashfulness aside, flatulations are really harmless. The only exception would be to the flatulator standing in an echo chamber. He might suffer some problems, as would the torch flatulator. The torchers can really be dangerous, and many range fires have been attributed to those careless cowboys that had to light up at the wrong time.

As I said, most farts are harmless, but the SBD's (Silent But Deadlies) have caused some consternation among congregations, classrooms, and bus passengers. Much can be said for riding with the windows down.

Just remember, the next little squeaker that you let fly is your own to claim. Joe and Bill don't want it, and the guy down the hall could care less how it smells, so keep it to yourself. Or you can always do that curelist of cruel deeds and go to the deserted parking lot and free the little critter. The choice is yours.

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farce / boredom

Clemmons Plotters o.k. I guess, I don't know

Editor's note—Buzzard drama critic reviewer Bimbo know-it-all was brutally murdered Tuesday night only hours after completing this review. Early reports indicate that Know-it-all was assaulted not once but twice prior to his demise in front of the library.

Apparently, Know-it-all had stopped to watch 451 Monday Wednesday Friday, a stray relative of the Clemmons Chorus, as they prepared for their presentation of "Tannehauser" scheduled for the library reflection pool (more on that in Itsy Bitsy Pieces).

Anyway, all these people ran up and started beating Know-it-all with purses and make-up kits and hair brushes and blow dryers and all this other stuff. Then when the guys left, this bunch of girls ran up, repeatedly raped him, then pushed him into the reflection pool. An expert swimmer, Know-it-all might have survived if he hadn't choked on floating leftovers from Hard-to-Eat Commons.

Know-it-all will be missed by The Buzzard staff, but his articles won't.

I don't know much about drama. Sure, I've been to a couple of plays in Seneca before. Anyway, you should really go see the Clemmons Plotters latest, greatest production. What they did is two one-act plays that was just fabulous. First, they did "The Bible," then they did "War and Peace," by some guy named Tolstoy. I think it was about a tennis game, but I'm not sure. I kinda fell asleep.

Curtains Must Fall by Bimbo Know-it-all

Anyway, both these plays were directed by Chipton S.&M.R.S.V. P.C.3.P.O. Ego. He also designed the sets, costumes, make-up, program and all kind of other stuff, too. I mean, he is some kind of one-man show. I wouldn't do all that stuff if you paid me. Not that I could do it, you unders-

Onion makes March Mess

The Clemmons Stupid Onion has announced plans for the first annual March Mess in response to the demand for a spring equivalent of the November Nonsense.

In keeping with the Onion's tradition of creating the world's largest something, March Mess will feature the world's Largest Mud Pie to be built over the Stupid Government Complex.

Itsy Bitsy pieces by most everybody

The Political Plant has been contracted to provide 400 truckloads of red clay for the event. "This should really be fun. I've always wanted to dump on Stupid Government, and I'm sure most Clemmons students share my feelings, the way Stupid Government dumps on us all the time," commented Onion President Byron "Butch" Baloney (no relation to Stupid Affairs Bean Boozin "Butch" Baloney).

All wet opera planned

The singing group 4:51 Monday Wednesday Friday will perform an aquatic version of Bach's famous opera "Tannehauser" in the library reflection pond at



OUR PHOTOGRAPHER MISSED the play but here are some of the Plotters relaxing after having a good time doing it on stage which they really enjoy when they do it for an audience.

tand. I just don't think it's worth it, do you?

Anyway, all the stuff Ego didn't do, Snooty Nerdies got stuck with. She did o.k., but I think it was a losing proposition to start with.

Anyway, the first play the Plotters did was "The Bible" by Moses, Joshua, Ezekial, Isaiah, David, Luke, Matthew, Mark, John, and Paul (I hope I got everybody). It was absolutely terrific, wonderful, and really excellent. I mean it was o.k. if you like that kind of stuff.

Anyway, Nattie Bunberg did a good job as Eve, Jezebel, Ester and Martha. I really liked it when she was Eve. She didn't have any clothes on. After that, it was downhill all the way, except when she was Martha pregnant with John the Baptist. How did she get so big so fast??

Anyway, WonTon Squirrel was the Ser-

pent, Satan, Baal, Herod, and the High Priest. Boy, what a mean, nasty, rotten, awful gut. Can you imagine having to be that nasty for a week and trying to make people enjoy it? You couldn't pay me (he tried, though).

Anyway, Dicksson Princess was really sweet as Adam, David, and Stephen the Martyr. Princess' bedroom scene with King Saul was really touching, and you could really tell that he was getting into it. Too bad he didn't show the same enthusiasm in the scene with Bunberg as Eve. I guess sometimes you can do it, sometimes you can't.

Anyway, I think Ego got the right kind of guy for the part. Princess was cute as Stephen, when they were all throwing stones at him. You could really believe he was enjoying it.

Anyway, the rest of the people in "The Bible" were pretty good, but I can't remember who they were, and I lost the program I had.

Anyway, after the intermission the Plotters did this thing called "War and Peace." You know, it's funny. Everybody there was so friendly! All during the intermission people kept saying "Aren't they great?" and giving me money.

Oh, I almost forgot. I thought Im-the-best Bitit was wonderful as Mary, Mother of Jesus. I didn't know Mary was British, though. Funny, the things you learn at plays.

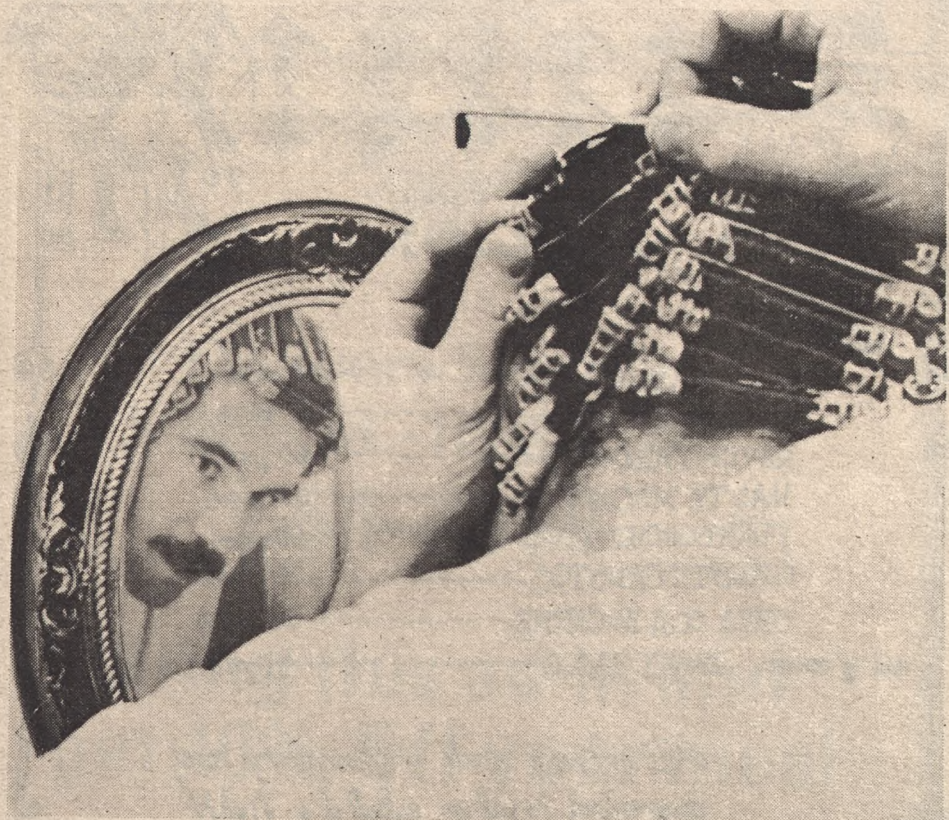
Anyway, back to "War and Peace." See, what was happening was that Lenin was playing tennis with Anna Karnennenna and Doestovsky got jealous so he shot Lenin with his trusty laser pistol but he accidentally killed Tchaikovsky who had just finished a quick squash match with Napoleon. Meanwhile Trotsky was rehearsing with the Dancing Bolsheviks for their show, "The Vulgar Volga," trying to perfect the now famous Bolshevik Kick Line.

What the heck am I saying? I admit it, I fell asleep. It was boring. I mean, the play was great, but it was boring, and when it's dark and you got a nice soft chair you just kinda doze off, you know what I mean? Anyway, if you like that kinda stuff, it's o.k., but I wouldn't waste my time if I didn't get free tickets.

Anyway, next time the Clemmons Plotters do a play, you ought to go see it. They're really crazy, and they like to do it on stage. (They told me to say that. I don't know what it means. If you do, let me know.)

Anyway, I'm tired of writing all this stupid stuff and people are always telling me that I'm stupid and I don't know what I'm doing and all that stuff. If you can do it any better then you can have it and The Buaard and everything else. I mean, if you're so smart, why aren't you rich (why did I say that?).

Anyway, you can take plays and the Plotters and this job and shove it; I don't work here anymore. From now on I'm just gonna sit around and tell everybody else what to do.



SOPHOMORE ARKITEKTURE STUDENT prepares for afternoon lab activities. Inadequate facilities have forced him to use this small mirror in the hall closet.

Records still round, have little hole in middle

It has been a long winter, and just as students welcome the warmer temperatures, so can they greet a new batch of album releases that break the recent dry spell of interesting music that coincided with the cold weather.

A number of these new offerings have come into the grasp of The Buzzard's entertainment staff in recent weeks, giving us the opportunity to examine them at length. Herewith are our reactions to several of the albums.

It appears that Boston was stung sharply by criticism it received concerning the long production time that its "Don't Look Back" album required. Boston has cut the two-year lag between their first and se-

lead vocals. The group has also continued their tradition of several interconnected songs on a side ("Foreplay/Longtime" and "Don't Look Back/The Journey") with a triple offering, "Pre-game/Halftime/Sudden Death." Hard core Boston fans will be pleased.

As on previous releases, the album carries a disclaimer that no synthesizers or computers were used in the production. However, on certain tracks such as the title cut and "Don't Sweat It," the all-guitar compositions fade into a muddy morass of sound that might well duplicate pit row at the Indianapolis 500. Overall, the tune is a typical Boston offering containing no major surprises, except perhaps a more obviously mercenary attitude toward money.

Elton John and Rod Stewart have teamed up to foist a bit of British buggery on the record-buying public with a new one named "Two Single Men." Elton and Rod, who have recently been calling each other Sharon and Phyllis, respectively, for some

obscure reason, have apparently patched up their mock-feud to record this offering.

Elton has again dumped his collaborator, the one-album only Gary Osborne, as he did Bernie Taupin, for a new lyricist, Reginald Marlin, and the result has been interesting, to say the least. Add to this Rod Stewart's rasping vocals and you have a unique final product.

Much has been made of Elton's proclaimed bisexuality, and several tracks off "Single Men" will undoubtedly fuel the fires of the gossip columns. Some of the selections are "Saturday Night's Alright For Flirtin'," "Don't Let Your Son Go Down On Me," and "All the Girls Love Alice."

A really strange ditty is the Stewart-Elton duo on "Kiss Me my Dear," which contains the chorus: "Kiss me my dear/for I am hot./I've something here/that you have not." This will cause

speculation about the artists' working relationship as they alternate verses as if in a conversation.

Stewart contributes such selections as "Attractive Female OR Male Wanted," "Faggy Mae" and "Cut Across Shorty Short-Arm." All in all, this is one of the weirdest albums to come along since Devo's "Are We Not Men?"

The Bee Gees are back with their "Saturday Night Fuhrer" follow-up "Nerds Having Flown." As usual, falsetto vocals roll forth from the stereo in such quantity that the listener begins to wonder when the Brothers Gibb attended the Al Green-Spinners School of Music.

The Brothers Goat are another group who aren't messing with their recipe for success. Just as "Jive Fever" and "You Should Be Talking" sound like any other track off the "Night Fuhrer" album, so do the new songs fit their standard disco formula. They pay homage to the disco craze that has made them chart-toppers in "More Than A Paycheck" and recall the early period of drudgery before superstardom in "Lonely Days, (Lonely Nights—Can Anybody Find Me a Job?)."

But they've thoroughly exhausted their variations on these heavy-beat, soaring voice compositions, and one begins to find hidden meanings in their oldie "I Started a Joke." The closest they now come to reality is in their latest AM release, "How Can You Mend A Broken Eardrum?" Enough, already!

Review copies of albums obtained through Midnight Requisitions, Inc., from WSBS-FM.

Take off the Record by Mork Subnut

cond efforts to slightly under seven months, as their third record was released three weeks ago.

Titled "We're No Fools," this new offering reflects Boston's unparalleled success at selling millions of records despite constant panning by the critics. The group has found a formula that the public eats up, and they haven't diverged from it on "Fools."

Tom Scholz' soaring guitar solos on "Anything Free is Worth What You Paid For It" interplay nicely with Brad Delp's

Concert Notes by Richie Crooks

May 1 - The Beatles - Tillman auditorium - \$2.50 at the door
March 28 - the Singing Wombat and his Seven Weird Holy Men - tickets \$21.83, two for \$6.95
Easter Sunday - Jim Jones and the Jonestown Trio - Founders Memorial
Auditorium, Bob Jones University - tickets \$6.66 - Kool-Aid reception afterwards
April 8 1/2 - Queen, AC/DC, Village People - Flamingo
Fred's Disco Bar
March 31 - Billy Jole - Bob's Esso Club
March 27 - Polly Darton - Frog and Brassiere Tavern, Columbia
April 29 - James Brown, Commodores, Donna Summer, Earth, Wind & Fire
KKK for George Wallace Benefit, Greenville
April 1 - Blues Brothers - Daniel Auditorium
April 3 - Heart - Lansing, Michigan

April 19 - Bee Gee Gee's - Cairo, Egypt
March 31 - Olivia Newton-John - Teheran, Iran - tickets one barrel of crude oil
May 15 - Kansas - Kansas (all over Kansas)
April 22 - Dead Boys - Nick's
May 11 - Dick Chiles' Guitar Army - Carnegie Hall
April 15 - Parliament/Funkadelic, Bootsy Rubber Band, Brides of Funkenstein - Kampala, Uganda
Feb. 17 - Sid Vicious, Jimmy Hendricks, Jim Croce, Terry Kath, Janis Joplin, Keith Moon with Lenny Bruce, host, all live in concert on the Titanic at its new location in Tombstone, Arizona.
How To Get Tickets
Listen, we told you where everybody (and I do mean EVERYBODY) is going to be, so why should I have to tell you where to spend your money. I mean, don't you people ever read the newspaper?

A M'P'EH TO REMOZIRP the buzzard

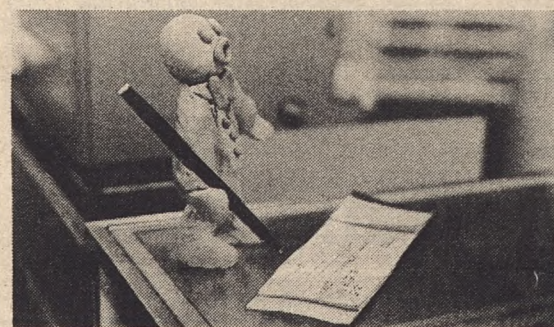


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OOH NOOOOOO
I'M ON THE
BAD CHECK LIST





A picture's worth about 130 words

The column says "Shitterbug by Na Nu McCoy," so you probably think Mr. McCoy writes the column. Well, think again.

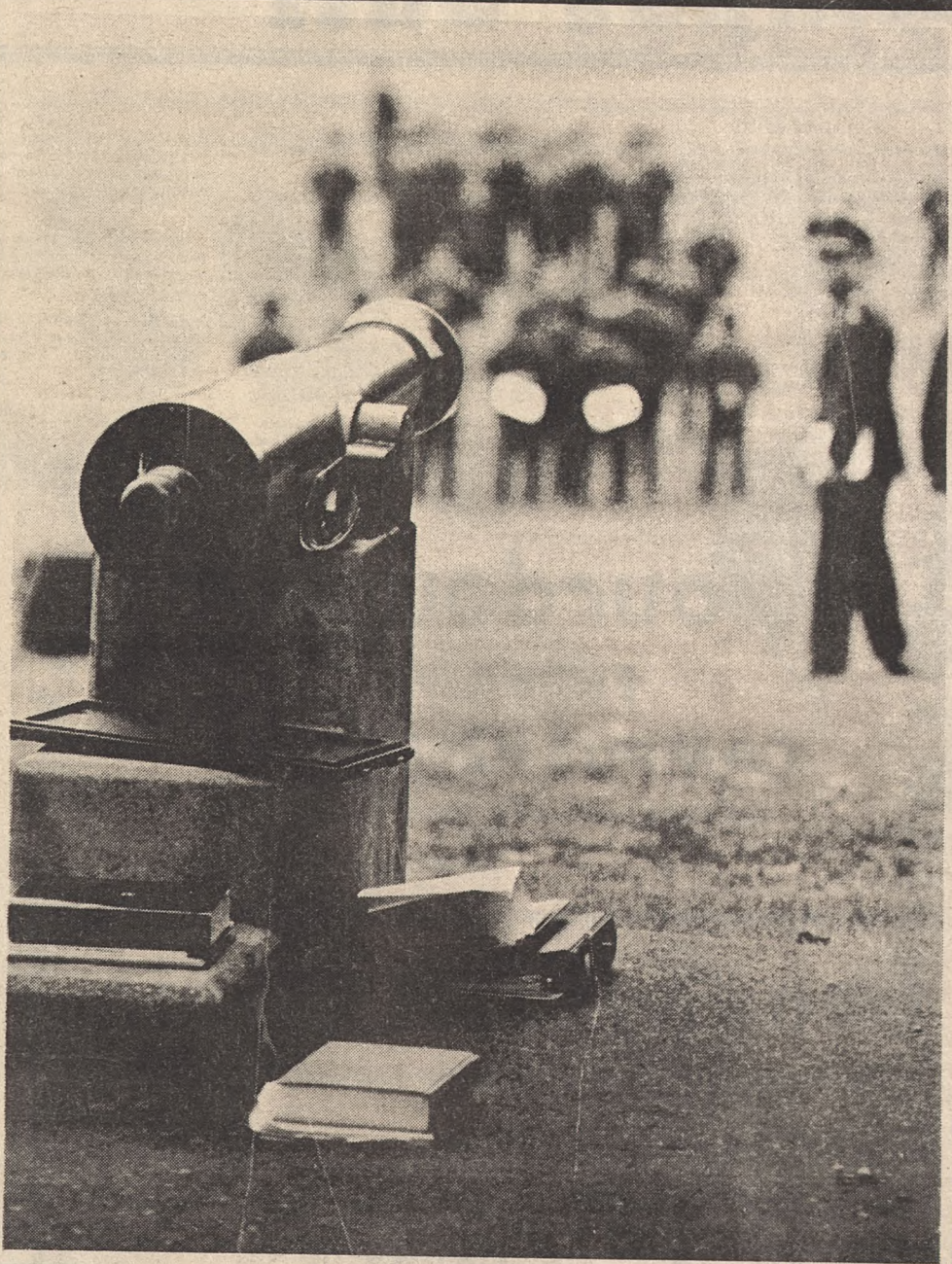
Shitterbug By NaNu McCoy

All he does is go out and take a couple of lousy shots on his camera and hand in two or three out-of-focus pictures each week. He doesn't write anything, mainly because he can't write.

Then, he expects me to come up with 15 lines of copy each week. Mr. McCoy doesn't give me any idea who's in the photo, what it's all about, where it was taken, or when it was taken. Then, he has the gall to expect me to write about it.

Now, this week the Stupid Union didn't have an event and he got lazy, so it's Wednesday night without photos for Shitterbug. So what do I do? Well, I drag some 20-year-old shots out of the dregs of our photo files.

Anyway, I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it anymore. I quit.



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**Bring this ad in and
get 10% Off your meal**

6:00a.m. til 10:00p.m. Monday-Thursday

campus bull

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sigma Mu (SM), the Society for the Advancement of Sado-masochism, will have its weekly meeting in the dungeon of Strohs Tower. All those attending are asked to bring their own chains and whips.

The Good Sportsmanship Club will meet this Monday night at 7 p.m. The guest speaker will be Woody Hayes.

The Clemmons Rugby Club will conduct a blood drive this Saturday afternoon at 2 p.m. on the rugby field against Georgia.

The Forestry Club will hold its annual spring cookout and bonfire Saturday, March 33. They will prescribe burn 20 acres of the North Forest, and anything found on the premises will be served.

The Society for Microintelligence is selling stupid looking T-shirts. If any fool is interested, call Scott at 2222.

The Biochemises Club won't meet ever again. I took the money to England.

Hey brother, Do you feel real dumb? Do your profs laugh when they hand break your tests? Come to Daniel Hall on Monday nights so we can laugh too - Sigma Tops Ooppsilon.

The twelfth annual Pixie Divers Scrapeup will be held March 25. If you want some good, practically new skydiving equipment, drop on in.

Are you having problems with your homosexual marriage? If so, call the Cowsling Center at 9tag and ask for Bruce; if he can't help you, nobody can.

CLASSLESSIFIEDS

If you have a problem and need information or assistance, don't call Hopline. We have enough damn problems of our own.

Help: I ate mystery meat at Hard-to-Eat Commons. I could have sworn it barked! If you have any idea what it was, please call me at 9130 and ask for Corn Cobb Oxface.

Exotic jobs! Fantastic tips! No experience necessary! For more information, call the National Association of Circumcision Surgeons at 656-OOPS.

For Sale: 1 ounce of Acapulco gold. Call 656-NARC while out on bail and the Clemmons jail after the trial.

For Sale: Used box of Trojans. Call the Interfraternity Consul now at CON-DOMS.

Wanted: Clemmons Mooniversity's Athletic Department has announced that it presently accepting applications for the position of head basketball coach. Job requirements: beating the Cocks, refusing to co-host a Sunday afternoon television show with Dim Fillups, winning games against any and all dip schools from Merryland and Virginia (especially NET games with schools like Over Dose University), being able to use time-outs wisely, and promising to never use the "Paws" against anyone.

Lost: One small black dog last seen going into Hard-To-Eat Commons.

Lost: In the vicinity of Mauling Hall, my virginity.

Found: One case of V.D. in the vicinity of Mauling Hall.

Found: At the entrance to Hard-to-Eat Commons, one black fur coat. It is small, so it must be for a little girl. To identify it, come by C-799. Wally Harbanger.

PERSONALS

Dear Mad Cloner, You have a foot fetish? Mine are better than Boom-boom's - The Knock Knock Girl.

Dear Wild Man, Have fun in Jazz Town. The bathroom walls are better at The Maison Bourbon.

Dear Dr. Nap - We bored to DEATH! Is there LIFE after your class?

Dear Idi Amin, You radical snow-bunny, you. Said "Hi" to any nice highway patrolmen lately?

R.C., Would you please come home? Moonpie.



Sourdough's

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'SPECIALS' THIS WEEK ONLY! Scratch & sniff seats are \$2 off and you can get your bottom bracket repacked for only \$1.95



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downtown
clemson

THE MAD ARAB WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD ON THE DESERT WITHOUT HIS CLEMSON NIKES, 'YA KNOW?

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sports

Thank God he's gone

Clemmons lost its football coach to the University of Florida, but before he left the entire team gave him their blessing.

In probably one of the most profound events ever witnessed in the history of Clemmons football, the team blessed Hell and gave him communion in the locker room before kickoff.

The service was a brief one, and the preacher was the famous R. C. Deadwords, who delivered the stirring message that "even though Hell has left, Cadillac is left behind." Deadwords was referring to new Clemmons coach Fanny Cadillac.

To close the service, the team said a prayer wishing Hell a safe trip and Cadillac the blessing of not swallowing his chaw on the sidelines. They then all stood and sang a chorus of "Onward, Clemmons Soliders."



Photo by NaNu McCoy

Clemmons team overdosed; crowd falls asleep

The Clemmons Mooniversity Tigers fell Wednesday night to the fighting Hypdermics from Overdose University. It was an exciting game from the start to the finish of the Tigers.

Trailing the Buzzard CormcobbOffice

Overdose U. came out on the court with no men over 5'10", and the Tigers countered with several players over 6'10". But the Hypos managed to smash the Clemmons players in the knees so they could claim victory in the National

Everything Tournament game.

For the Tigers it was just another crushing defeat in a sea of few happy thoughts. Clemson students felt personally ripped off by the game.

"I thought I was going to see a game, but all I saw was two teams beating the hell outa' each other," commented one student. Some people at the game claimed to have seen several penalty flags thrown during the contest for clipping, holding, and stupidity. The Tigers, who led the league in stupidity several times during the year, once again showed why they led the ACC (All Chokers Conference) in gut failure, the illness of no emotion.

Overdose injected a pressure defense that had Clemmons gasping for breath. Sobby Ronroad, watching the ball while he dribbled behind his back, thrilled the crowd with his sky-high passes and air-ball shots. The crowd cringing in pain was just a fabulous sound, one similar to that of a three-legged dog in heat.

The end for the Tigers came swiftly as

they held the ball for over 30 minutes without taking a shot. Then Barry Fance creamed an Overdose player with just a little time left to sink the Tiger fortunes.

"I knew they would do something stupid like that if we stayed back. Clemmons cannot hold the ball for more than 10 seconds without making a mistake," commented Overdose head coach Soider Web.

"I ain't fouled that man," said the incoherent Fance. "He got ball, I wanted ball, so I hit him. Me not know it illegal. Me been doing it all year long."

Clemmons head coach Fill Boster, commented between pukes, "My stomach feels just like we played-rotten. We wanted to keep the ball away from them because it was ours and they would have gotten it dirty."

The offense, if you can call it an offense, is called the "Tiger Pass-Out." In other words, the Clemmons team passes its way out of the game.

"It has been good to us," Boster said. The "it" he was referring to was a

Balleycat sitting in the corner asleep after watch the Tiger passing. After their NET loss, Clemmons officials announced next year's basketball schedule. On the slate are Southwestern Northern State, the University of LaLa Ladudu, and don't forget the thriller with Chicken Fet College.

Bangall babe denies charges

Lulu McLeevan denied charges Thursday that she seduced 10 Clemmons recruits, nine coaches, eight male cheerleaders, seven administrators, six professors, five garbage men, four resident assistants, three canteen workers, two student senators, and a partridge in a pear tree.

"It is not true," said Lulu. "I haven't been here long enough." Secondary to all of the excitement was the signing of all 10 football recruits.

Furor over football

Do you recall the 1978 Clemmons football season? Well forget about it and sit down and enjoy the new long-boring, long-playing, sleep-inducing album "Saturday Afternoon Furor."

Thrill to the moans and groans as Coach Hardley Hell announces his resignation

Sport Snorts

from the greatest (?) coaching job in the country.

Squeal with delight at the play-by-play highlights by Slim Pillups as he reviews quarterback Feve Suller carrying the ball with one hand, Warden Ratface fumbling, and up-to-date hospital reports with the offensive line.

Have a fit over the 10,000,000th playing of "Tiger Scrap Cloth" by the Rubber Band and the not - ready - for - game - time - cheerleaders as they try to lead the student body in a counting cheer.

That's right. All of this can be yours for the low, first - time - ever, never - offered - anywhere - else price of \$36.95. That's right. Hard to believe, isn't it. But it is true. If you order before midnight tonight we will include a lifesize poster of R.C. and Moonpie suitable for covering any bedroom wall of generous proportions. So send your check, money order, foreign bonds, savings bonds, life savings, travelers check, coins, or cattle today. AB-

SOLUTELY NO STAMPS, NO STAMPS PLEASE. ANY IDIOT SENDING STAMPS WILL BE DRAWN AND QUARTERED AT DAWN.

Send now. Operators are sleeping — I mean standing by.

Nice Attacked

Jim Nice, all-stud outfielder for the Boston Dead Rocks, was attacked late Wednesday afternoon by 12 members of a "Y" little league squad.

Nice was giving one of his clinics and talking about himself at the same time. While he was demonstrating how to shag flies, a ball hit him on the head, and Nice attacked the 12-year-old boy who allegedly threw the ball. Immediately, the boy's teammates took up for their friend and began to pelt Nice with Coke bottles and rosin bags.

"He has no right to do that," commented Sonny Subble of the "Y" squad. "Nice even rolled up his shirt sleeves when he came to hit me."

Nice commented, "That was a cheap shot by that little kid. I am worth a lot of money on the trading block. The management always told me to play with my head, but I like to play with the other end on the field. I always seem to hit some wet ground, slip, and fall down in the field. It's not my fault; it is the groundskeeper who isn't doing his job."

None of the little leaguers were hurt in the incident but Nice was hospitalized with a swollen head and major inflation of the brain.

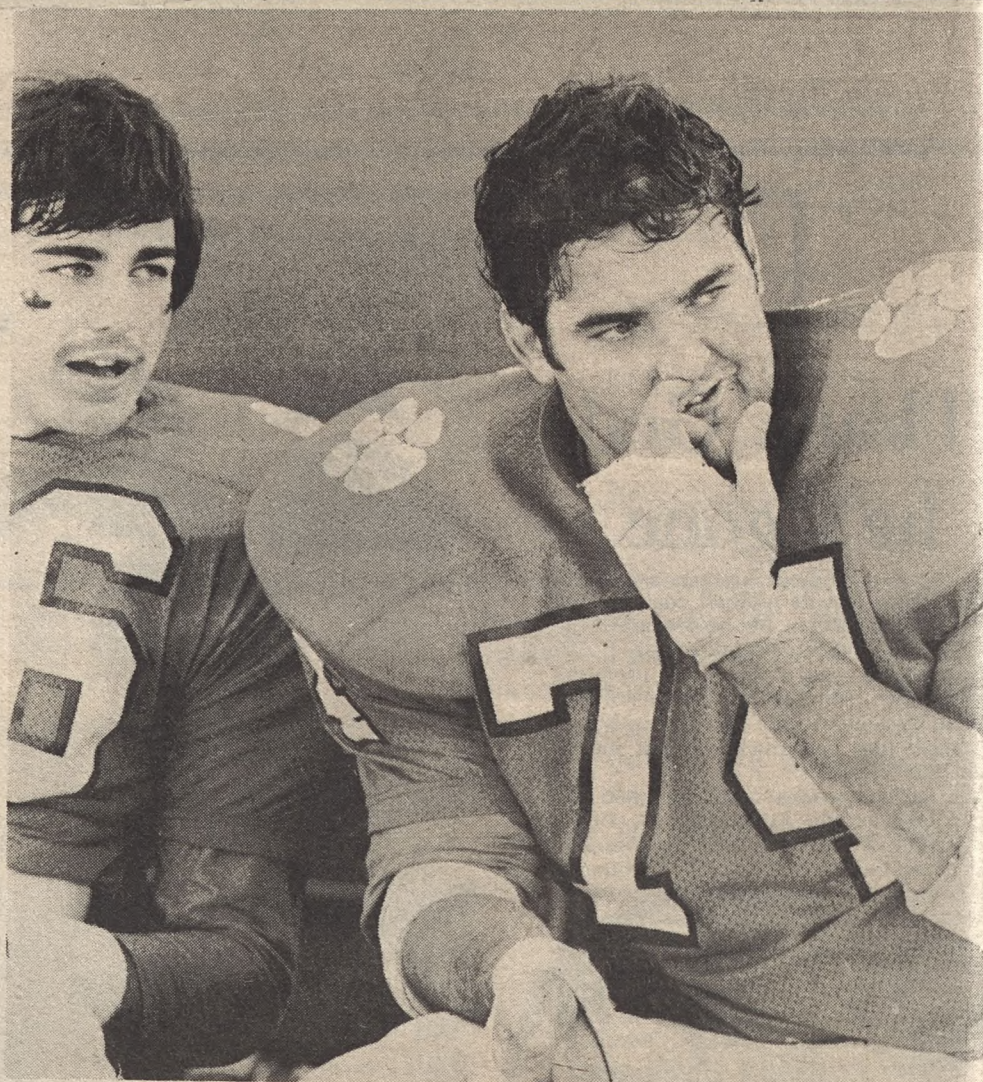


Photo by NaNu McCoy

RIPPED LAY TELLS Silly Studson he wishes he could pick off passes like Silly picks his nose.

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Friday Pickens County & Student Bond Night
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Saturday Disco All Night (\$1.00 Cover)

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