



...As a last venture for the Co-editors of the Circle. (Ed O'Connell and Stuart Gross) . . . We are hoping to start a possible tradition for all editorial boards when their time has ended. At this time we would like to leave you with this thought: "You have laughed at us, now we hope you can laugh at yourself."

## Corruption Rampart On Security Force

The Marist College Campus was rocked by the discovery of "graft and corruption right up to the highest offices of the security force." The story broke when President Milhaus Floy made an announcement to the college community Wednesday. "I am sickened by the discovery" said President Floy. Circle Reporter Bob Bicher was on the scene.

Circle: "How was the alleged corruption able to continue so long unnoticed?"

The President: What?

Circle: Never mind.

When pressed for details, President Floy stated that the entire Security force, right up to Director Arnold Raderhalt was on the Mafia payroll. Floy also stated that 50 lbs of Heroin from previous dorm raids was missing from the bathroom in the Security Office, where it was supposedly heavily guarded. When security Director Raderhalt was confronted with the evidence, he said, "Do you pick your feet in Poughkeepsie?"

It was alleged that the Security Force was supporting a campus "red light district, protecting numbers operations, and advising SAGA food service. Most members of the Security Force could not be found after the story hit. However, Circle reporters were able to find a few. Supervisor Mack Jicena said "Ten dollars for No Parking area, and \$3.00 for no Decal". When asked if he was involved in the alleged corruption, Student Director Clark Kent said: "You know the last guy who asked that got a safe dropped on his head." When asked how he felt Grendan Pill, patrolman replied: "I'll make you an offer you can't refuse." Patrolman Hoe Hugo said: "How far is it to Canada?" All this transpired as Supervisor Robin was last seen heading south with a suitcase filled with small unmarked bills.

With the almost total disappearance of the Security force, widespread looting has broken out on campus. "The situation is out of control," said President Floy. An atmosphere of tension hangs over Marist Campus as everyone wonders if things will ever return to normal.

## Student Gov't In-Action

The meeting of Student Government was called to order by President Bernard Mulligan ("Nard" to all the beautiful people in Gregory House) at 8:00 on the evening of January 29, exactly three weeks late. All members of the Elite Council were present and accounted for, except vice-president and financial wizard Joe Cocopardo. When called on the campus phone, Joe said that he was indisposed, and had to study for an important midterm that was coming up in about two months. The meeting proceeded without the esteemed Cocopardo.

First item on the agenda was the Treasurer's Report, given as infrequently as possible by Moneybags Ranellone, who just bought himself a new car. The esteemed Ranellone summed it all up in a few words: "Summing it all up in a few words, guys, Bernie has got to cut out spending Student Government funds, because we got no funds left." Recording secretary Bob Nelson

Cont. on page 4

## Peace: What Really Happened The Jumble

Eight o'clock hadn't finished its turn in the a.m. lineup on this cold Saturday morning in January. President Nixon sat silently behind his marble topped desk in his private office. He was ironing out a few kinks of the speech he would soon deliver for his inauguration. Fifteen thousand fanatical screaming fans were expected to be on hand for the opening of his second term on the steps of the Capital.

He started to reread his speech. He felt himself nodding off but just before he fell deep into oblivion, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler walked in and handed him a bundle of morning newspapers from around the country. Primarily he was interested in what the editorials had to constructively offer. He would put them into three columns: I AGREE, I DISAGREE, and I CENSURE.

After reading the editorials and the sports pages, he picked up the New York Daily News. Pulling out his Presidential Pen he flipped through the pages until he found the Jumble.

"Damn" he said. "It's that same word. Why do they keep using rerun jumbles?" He was stuck on the first word. EAPEC were the letters. He paced the floor and wrote on the curtains trying to rearrange these letters which had puzzled him for four years. The phone rang.

"Hello, Spiro. What gets you up so early?" said the president as he unwrapped a new pack of Winchesters. He imagined himself with a moustache and a new hat, he wondered why he didn't ask Pat for her resignation.

"Well, Richard, I was precarious in dubilation that you might fall prey to some communistic attempt to induce you to oversleep."

"Ha, ha, ole buddy, Don't you worry about me."

"Did you fix up your soliloquy?"

"Let me say this about that, Spiro. I have tried by best, but I still cannot in clear conscience make up a dynamic interlude. I wish, I wish I could write like J.F.K."

"Who?" Agnew was silent, then asked, "By the way, Mr. President, who will be administering the oath?"

"Warren B. He doesn't give me too many words in a row to try to recall. The last time I got stuck between honor and obey," said the blushing Pres.

This time Spiro's voice became more solemn and sincere, one would think he was trying to do a James Stuart imitation. "I hope you know that 100,000 commie radicals are coming down to violently protest and possibly disrupt your day of infamy."

"I know that Spi, and I don't care. I have ordered air support and a regiment of National Guardsmen to come up from the south. I also will have my close friends, the Redskins, in my row."

"But, Mr. President, quivered Agnew, "Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffmann will also be here and so will the Hell's Angels. I wonder if Jane is going to come. That's why I am warning you."

"They are not the ones I am worried about, so I don't care."

The Vice President found the next words hard to find but finally had to reveal them.

"Mr. President, I didn't want to alarm you but there is a strong possibility that the Marist weathermen may be coming down also." Nixon panicked. "Spiro, I will call you back."

Beads of sweat now covered the President's upper lip. He was shaken by this latest development. Again he picked up his phone. Three - six - one - five - five - five.

"Hello Henry, this is Richard."

"Richard? Richard Who?"

"The President."

"But Richard it isn't even nine o'clock."

"Henry, listen. I am in grave trouble."

"Did Pat leave you again?"

"No, No, No. There are staunch reports that the Marist weathermen are coming down to today's rally against the war."

"OH NO, NO, OH NO, O TELL ME IT AIN'T SO."

"I have called a meeting with the joint chiefs of staff and I want you to fly to Paris after the ceremony and talk to le Duc. I think we better end this war this week."

"Of course, Mr. President. What Marist wants, Marist gets."

"Oh Henry, let me ask you one thing. Did you do today's Jumble in the News?"

"Yes I did, and I had a terribly hard time on that first word. I couldn't get it no matter how hard I tried. I told myself that I had it, I thought it was at the tip of my hand. Finally, I was forced by the janitor to get it."

"Well, what is it?" anxiously inquired the president.

"P+E+A+C+E."

"Peace, I never heard of it before. What does it mean?"

## A Backward Glance

to the class of '73

Four years of sordid episodes have past, and now our parting looms apparent at last. We drop behind our greatest effects. Of idealism, hope, perseverance and neglect. We were to be the greatest of classes, not walk around with our heads in the clouds.

We took our hazing, all the grief and rife, and when we hazed we did it in style. Community, peace, love, these words are now good, where hatred, violence, and tradition once stood.

We fought together against all the issues, at the cost of many thousands of tissues. Anti-war, Nixon, Agnew, and Laird, we voiced our protests, we were not scared. We took to task every issue and item, and now our school disavows IBM.

Our present class is not without peers, to those of our country and men of long years. Lincoln and Nixon and Fillmore and Grover, we find Mulligan, Maneri, O'Connell, and Cloer. What of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Capone, we have Scovotti, DeNara, Freccia, and Simeone.

After four years we look at our teachers, and compare them with the age old teachers. Look at Plato, Socrates, Pascal and Hegel, and now our Teichman, Schroeder, Griffin, and Cagel. There is Marx, Freud, Spinoza, and McLuhan, and our own Waters, Kirk, Pasquariello, and Nolan.

Next to our social scene we turn with glears, to find the fast couples of Marist's long years. I'll be damned if Pancheri thinks life is Divine, and if Tesoro's had one, I'm sure he had nine. How about Mr. Vice President and the girl he calls Nancy, ask Sheehan of Sheahan if Ellen's his fancy.

Now take a look at a monolith of scorn, or that institution Marist calls a dorm. For triads, Tinkers to Evers to Chance comes to my eyes, but try Champagnat, Leo, and Sheahan for size.

Leo was known for the zoo and it's benders, why is the 3rd floor so big on Pokeepsie's bartenders?

Champagnat surely has enough committees to fill, all their greater and lesser house councils still. Boredom's their bane so they created a barn, and be wary of their security or you'll sound an alarm. Sheahan for years we thought of as fags, when in reality they're only big brags.

The smaller houses are known for their cliques, but what do they really do over there for kicks? The Gregory snobs are all too high, I deem, while Fontaine is falling a part at the seams. Benoit's another story you should note with alack, by the lavender shades of their parked Cadillac's.

So, good bye to you all, I hope I've not harmed, just poking nice fun here at the Marist Funny Farm.

Love,  
me

## Apathy Takes Life Of Student

Frank della Kasetta, a third year Police Science major, was rushed to St. Francis Hospital; last night for what doctors call the "most severe case of apathy ever recorded in the Poughkeepsie area." della Kasetta died one hour later. Area health official, K. Lesenko, hoped that the cause which is easily communicable and easily contagious would not spread. Housemaster Pet

linesight responded immediately to the hospitals call where he told newsmen, "I don't care what happens. Who am I to say anything. Leave me alone." Apathy tests have been given around the community of Poughkeepsie, but no college students have been in for the test, even though it is reported my special that this is the place where it all starts. Police believe that students at della Kasettas

Cont. on page 2

# Shaping The Shapeless Into:

Room deposits are \$50 and are due immediately. They are refundable in 8 months with a written request in triplicate. The first copy is to be made out on yellow paper. The second copy is to be made out on green paper. With the third copy on toilet paper.

Then after 17 visits to the appropriate authorities, you're informed they are looking into the matter. After what seems to be forever, you receive the check less interest they charge you for holding your money) and a deduction for vandalism on a room you haven't seen because you live off campus ... But at least you didn't let the bureaucracy get you down. After all you have the check in your hand for a \$1.50.

Campus center hours - Check the Rathskeller.  
The scene takes place in the 'Bookstore'?  
Student: "Bookstores do sell books, don't they?"  
Mgr. "Get to the rear of the line, hand your schedule to the man in charge."

1/2 hr. later: "What books do you have?"  
Mgr. You must understand it's due to the hours a bookstore keeps. Come back later.

Later that day:  
Mgr. not in, refer to time schedule. Time schedule "We are in at our own convenience."

Dean Waddle made a recent statement about marijuana recently. He stated "its a plant, isn't it?"

A Ditty  
Freddie and Pattie they sit right there,  
they practice their vows, do they care?

You walk up to your opponent sizing it, waying the Pros and Cons. You decide to take a chance, reach into your pants pocket and pull out your last 25 cents. You put the coin in the slot and its gone.

Step right up folks and purchase your parking stickers. This handy dandy piece of paper and glue will amaze you. For the unquestioning price of \$3.00 you can be tagged, gagged and flagged. And, you can earn bonus fines ranging from \$10 on up.

Ms. Librarian, could you help me find a book? "Only if its on the first floor, I'm afraid of the dark."

"Hey you wanna smoke some mary-jane?, maybe buy some? Being a suave and sophisticated dope smoker I said: "Let's have a taste first."

I enter his room and he pulls out a pipe and says "This is the stuff your gonna buy so will smoke it." He fills the pipe and I take a few tokes while he blasts his stereo. I straighten out and leave the room having bought a Z of some bad ass weed.. I get to my room and fill my pipe and light it. An odor permeates throughout the room and you wonder "Who's cooking Pizza???"

Amen

## The Phase Three Cook Book

We Americans are a changing people. Married couples are changing partners. Teenagers are changing religions. Wives are changing husbands, and husbands are changing babies. Due to all of this change; many of us seem lost or resentful that the old ways have been cast aside. Without the bulwark of tradition, we are vulnerable to the attacks and immorality of the new guard. We have been proven gullible by the slanted news media that we trusted for so long. Now, we fear a ruthless onslaught at the hand of modern wickedness.

To protect ourselves, we chose a leader we had hoped would be capable of making the most of our weakness, gullibility, and fear -- and capable he has proven! The product of his "making the most" is an odd little creature called "Phase 3". I do not pretend, like so many others, to understand the intricacies of this new plan for stability. However, we can all see some of the far reaching effects. For instance, our weakness has been replaced with the strength of confidence in a new idea. Our gullibility has been converted into faith in our leader and his managerial skill. However, our fear has been replaced only by confusion about what the hell this whole mess actually is and what do we do until somebody finds out and explains it to us.

This column is dedicated to helping fearful Americans caught in the pinch between depressed salaries and inflated prices. For, it was not so long ago that we thrilled to the promise of "a chicken in every pot," and while our tastes have changed somewhat, psychologists tell us that we are still slaves of the

dinner bell. Therefore, in the great tradition of modern science, I say, "Let the bells ring!". While it might not always be chicken, let us follow our leader in making the most of it. Next week's entree: "Steak Surprise". The surprise? It's potatoes!

## Student dies of Apathy

from page 1

school have been teaching apathy to grammar school children.

According to della Kasettas roommate, Stanley Romaneck, the victim had not left his room in three years except to eat, visit the john, and occasionally attend a class. "All Frank ever wanted to do was belch and go to the Pic and Shove." For their roommate Romaneck and Jackson Knag threw all his belongings out of twelfth floor window and ripped his name off the list in the phone booth. Then they both went back to bed.

It was originally hoped that the student would recover but the school doctor, Mr. James Burdick, a graduate of Marist, has never been to the hospital.

della Kasetta was a member of no clubs or organizations although he did sign up for the

# A Marist Fable: Business Office Means Business

Once upon a clear January afternoon, a young dedicated senior, well known and respected throughout the community, wandered innocently into the center of economic activity at Marist College - The Business Office.

"Good Morning, Mam," he saluted. "I'm a little confused over a comment made by the ID card validator. She says I'm not registered here. "Of course I know she was in error so I'd appreciate your clearing this matter up."

"May I see your ID card please," the amiable lady replied. So, the young man thumbed through the cancelled

checks in his wallet and produced his identification. The lady studied the information on the card carefully, looking earnestly at the student, and asked; "Whats your name?"

The student, now slightly concerned about the future of this discussion, cast his eyes in eternal patience to the 1938 Currier and Ives calendar on the wall. "my name," he answered, "is learned by decoding those symbols just below my photograph."

She acknowledged this discovery.

"Now that we have established who I am, perhaps you can clear up my problems."

## A Day In The Life Of The Commuter Union

Tom Farrell, hapless President of the most dynamic organization on the Marist campus, was beginning to sink into the stupor which characterizes the person who has eaten one left-over marshmallow too many from the disastrous Computer Union Marshmallow Roast. When the deliveryman entered our office pushing the giant new IBM computer into a corner, asking whether or not he was in the Computer Union, it was all Tom could do to mumble, "Negative!" It was evident to all of us present that our ebullient leader was suffering from a marshmallow overdose.

Jim Peluso, head of our Social Promotion and Problem-Solving Group, was outlining his plans to make the C.U. office into a topless nightclub when Jim Cioffi, who had changed from a resident to a commuter-to-a-resident-again so often he didn't know where to go home at night, asked Peluso why he'd want to own a nightspot without a roof. Tom Kelly, posing as a token sane person in the outfit, took notes on the encounter and swore that he'd make a movie based on grim events in the office.

Ping Pong tournament. He also placed ninth in the marathon T.V. watch three years ago in Champagnat. Due to his involvement and credentials Frank was nominated for "Junior of the Year."

A special meeting had been called by the Student Leaders in order to curb the spreading apathy in the large lecture hall. All three people showed up for the first time this semester, but one fell asleep and the other two refused to give more than an 'abstain' on any measure.

A service was to be held this afternoon but it appears now that everyone wants to sit in the lobby.

A spokesman for the family, Jim Calcaterra, called Frank an "energetic individual who always wanted to get involved. But this all changed when he went to college. The family knew that the boy was suffering from the disease but he never would speak up when he had the chance or when something was wrong."

Meanwhile, Kathy Scott took notes for her four math courses in spite of all the racket.

In a corner, two people were performing a grisly rendition of "Heartbreak Hotel;" the artists will go nameless because I say so, but the sound they were producing was causing Tom Farrell to start mumbling about "Betty Lou" "Buick Roadmasters" "149th St." and "gonna get coffee for the coffee machine" Man, Farrell was on a bumper trip from those mallows!!!

Joe Duffy was glueing his postage stamp collection to the office wall, saying how artistic it looked, while Frank Martin was moaning about how he'd accidentally spent a 1909-S VDB penny down in the Rat. Fran DiGrandi was playing secretary about this time, and she was turning on all the charm she could muster to get her reflection in the mirror to run down to the Rat and get her a cheeseburger. She wasn't having much luck. Also looking into the mirror, which is a treasured reminder of the days when our office was a barbershop for clean, crew-cut students of an earlier Marist, was Joe Tiedemann, who was trying to inject silicone into the eleven hairs scattered along his upper lip so he could grow a mustache and at last escape the David Cassidy look which he just naturally had.

In a corner, two people were performing a grisly rendition of "Long Tall Sally;" the artists will go nameless because I say so, but the sound they were producing was causing Tom Farrell to start mumbling about "champagne party" "being bartender" "putting mallows in the bubbly" and, well...Man, Farrell was really gone this time.

Chris Wise was in the middle of all this, but she was actually getting some work done. Larry Lasko and Dana Delaware, the Ghosts of Commuters Past, were running around screaming "Repent, ye activists!!! There's more to life than the Commuter Union!!! John Tomkovitch was cooking up money-making schemes, while Tom Farrell was gravitating above the table by this time. Just then, the phone rang...and Arlene Bloomfield was making a collect call.

"Ah, yes," She exclaimed, while thumbing through computer sheets which holds the secrets of the Tibetan Monks, the Pentagon Papers, and the Office Managers laundry list. "Your problem is quite obvious, you are not registered here."

"There was a strange chemical reaction occurring inside the bewildered students head. It did seem odd to him, even though just a few scant weeks earlier he had withstood courageously the rigors of registration, he should find himself dropped from his much desired courses. "Mirabile dictu" he pondered, "I don't feel not-registered, how could this not happen?" "It's really quite simple, therefore I can explain it to you. You have not paid your bill."

"Now, wait a minute lady. I happen to be the proud possessor of a Marist Grant-In-Aid, A New York State Regents Scholarship and a Genesee Pope Memorial grant totaling to \$700.00, How can I not be registered?"

"Did you tell us you possessed these funds?," she parried slyly. "What tell you?," he shouted. "It's in the same folder where you got my address to send me my bill for the courses that I happened to register in."

The lady thought this out, weakened slightly then re-established her determination. With a reaffirmed sense of duty, she lowered the boom upon the enraged student. Her reply was a diabolically clever, "Sorry."

The student was finished. He knew that there was nothing more that could be said. In boiling FRUSTRATION, he ran outside to the back of fontaine hall where he began to pontificate about a shrub.

The moral of this story: "Remember the Business Office is always willing and able to give you the Business."

Are you tired of going to beer nights and beer blasts and specials where the bars serve you drinks and beer at low prices. Then Listen to this.

SPECIAL AT BRANKS, 7 NIGHTS A WEEK: ALL THE BEER YOU CAN BUY. THAT'S RIGHT COME TO THE BAR WHERE BUYBACKS AND COMFORT DON'T EXIST.

THE COICLE Appreciates the following contributors:

- Eileen
- Brian Doyle
- Donald Duck
- Brendan Gill
- Stuart Gross
- Hank Hammer
- Jim Heilmann
- James Keegan
- Gregory Ladders
- Kevin Laffin
- Morna Moore
- Bernard Mulligan
- Robert Nelson
- Ed O'Connell
- John Petraglia
- Mike Peyton
- Rick Whitesell
- Eric Yergan
- The Student Body
- Marist College

Edited by: O'Connell & Gross

# R. U. M.

The Committee for the Representative Understanding of Morality, a subcommittee of the Marist College Council, today ordered an immediate halt to all activities sponsored by Marist College Childrens Theater pending further studies of allegations and charges directed towards the organization by Sister Mary Tabernacle O.P., a teacher at Regina Coeli School.

A source close to the Council revealed to us that the specific content of Sister Tabernacles's 17 page complaint dealt with alleged attempts on the part of Children's Theater to "undermind the moral fabric of my children." The report went on to say that under the guise of the enchantment motif past productions have in fact attempted to "introduce to the children homosexuality, drug usage, adultery and other perversions through the sinister use of subtlety."

At a recent meeting of CRUM the Dominican Nun was summoned to explain her scandalous accusations: In an emotional tirade Sister Tabernacle altered the tone of the session by repeatedly whipping the lecturn with her Rosary beads, declaring that the "final Hour" is imminent, save yourself, Richard Cheechiiiiiaa.

"Awakened by sister screams, presiding chairman T.C. Thomas moved that she form a committee to find the real problem. Refusing to do this the plaintiff went on to cite examples of violations of the second graders souls committed by the Childrens Theater. Sister Tabernacles read from her text: "Wizard of Oz" (1970) Act III scene 5: Upon returning to the Karmas farm in the wake of a tornado the wizard carried the heroine, Dorothy, Half-clothed and unconscious to the farmhouse proclaiming "I got the girl!"

Such dialogue is overtly suggestive and such adulterous behavior is particularly unbecoming a Wizard? Shocked by such revelations the members of CRUM listened attentively.

"Peter Pan" (1971) Throughout the play Peter repeatedly entices the darling children to "fly" with him, constantly asking them "Do you believe in fairy's clap your hands". My suspicions were confirmed upon Wendy's insistence that children are gay, innocent and Artless."

Only more startling was this idea of Wendy living and sleeping with seven little lost boys."

At this point in her fit of anger the dazed Sister Mary Tabernacle reportedly started interspersing her remarks with occasional admonitions of Dr. Zuccarollowitz who she claimed was shooting spitballs at Ed Kissling. Ignoring these deviations by the exhausted nun; the audience sat in anticipation of

further evidence. "Snow White of course is the most blant example of evil allegory. After meditation and prayer it became clear to me that the seven dwarfs were indeed not the cute little men they professed to be. They were drug pushers!! Their names are actually characteristics of the marijuana addict: Sleepy, Happy, Dopey, Grumpy, Sneazy and Bashful. Need I say more!!!!!! Children's Theater Director Richard Cheeeeeeechiiiiia in-

sisted he had no previous knowledge of these connotations and was seen later wandering around campus, sobbing "But its for the children."

In accordance with Sister Tabernacles demands the Committee declared the temporary moratorium on the current production of Pinocchio, promising however that they will discuss the issue further at the next meeting of the College Council, with the schedule for that meeting in the Fall of 1976.

## Classified : Van For Sale



## Paradise

Do You Like ...  
... exciting night life, and orgiastic parties?  
... unlimited "free" eating in an efficient, hygienic facility?  
... a scenic view overlooking a progressive landfill project?

Well, friends, if this sounds like the type of place you are looking for, perhaps you should look into Sheahan Arms. For as little as \$135 a month you too can enjoy all the conveniences of modern living. For this unbelievably low price you receive your very own half of a room (a spacious area measuring 8' x 5'9") Also, at our commodious commode, complete with all of the conveniences of home (clothes hanging from every imaginable place. Sinks full of toothpaste, showers clogged with hair). We guarantee cold running water interspersed with hot on some Holidays.

And, friends, our personal maid allows you to take your

mind off of such bothersome things as having to clean up your room. With one quick sweep of her hand, she will rid you of every movable object in the room.

If it's relaxation you are looking for, Sheahan Arms will afford you privacy (guaranteed less than twenty one interruptions within a hour), peace (providing you have paid up your house fees etc.) and quiet (you are not allowed to play music, make noise outside of the one hour time slot designated as "party time.")

If you are of an energetic type, we have something for you too. Every night you will be sure to find at least four or five people prowling the halls all night, not to mention continuous parties in easily accessible rooms.

All of this and more, can be yours. Stop in or write for more details. Find out what dorm living can be!

## BULLETIN

Poughkeepsie, N.Y. - Another Marist College student died early this morning at St. Francis Hospital. This marks the third student to die the "Green Death" of FAGA Food Services. The first known and reported case appeared when Larry Pyle was found dead in Champagnat Hall. The autopsy confirmed the investigation of health officials when they found strands of hair from Chef Bobz's head. Mild mannered Jim Ladotz, known as Lord Jim to his employees, reported the incident as unfortunate and the Brumski special was off the menu. With not too much left on the menu, victims two and three came as a surprise to all. Both victims were obviously washed away by the "Green Death" as they headed for the local stalls. Officials do not totally credit the deaths to the erotic dinners of FAGA since both victims were reported to be politically anti-constipationists.

# Curriculum Revision For 1973

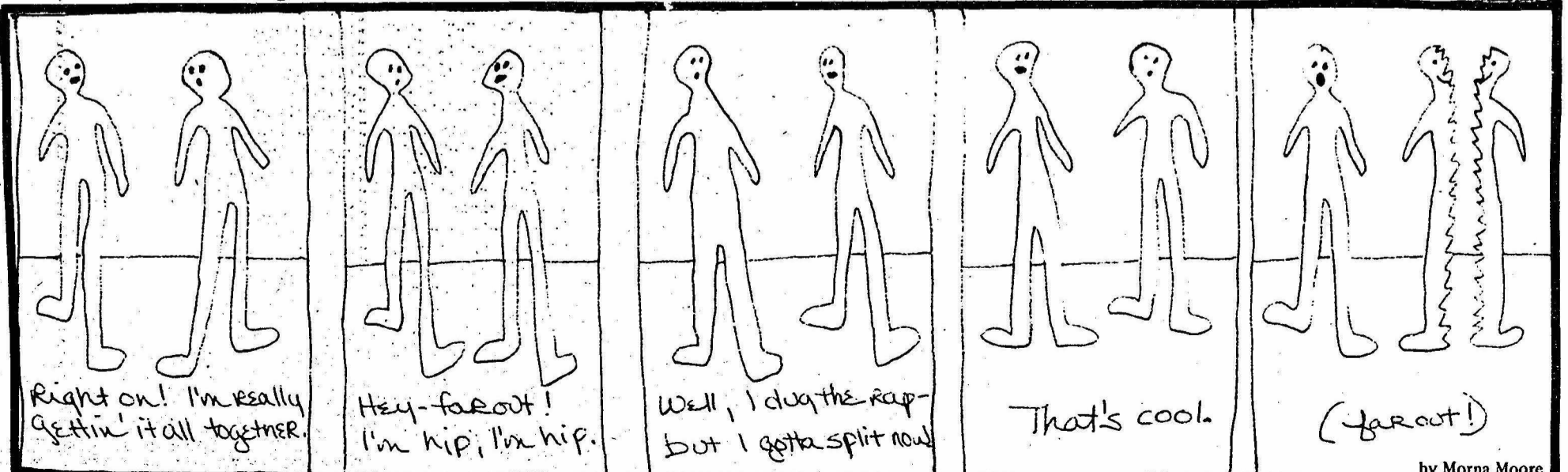
- ART 101 - Introduction to Art I - 3 credits  
The study of crayola crayons and No. 2 lead pencils, will be developed with an emphasis placed on stick-figure drawings.
- ART 102 - Introduction to Art II - 3 credits  
The student will be introduced to magic markers and finger paints.
- BUS 006 - Principles of Accounting 1 - 3 credits  
The student will learn the age old trusted method of counting by fingers to help him in his business work.
- BUS 007 - Principles of Accounting 2 - 3 credits  
The student will be introduced to modern business methods mainly the IBM 941 abacus.
- CMSC 123 - Introduction to Computing - 3 credits  
Addition, Subtraction, Division, and Multiplication with a strong emphasis on the "times" tables will be stressed.
- ENG 234 - Elements of Description - and Narration - 3 credits  
Students will learn the fine art of persuasive writing (ie. "B.S.").
- ENG 178 - Voices of Protest - 3 credits  
A staff taught course on the evils of the college English major.
- ENG 165 - Rise of the English Novel - 3 credits  
Emphasis will be placed on Dickens style and works. Students will develop a 5,000,000 word vocabulary of various articles of speech during the course.
- ENG 890 - Introduction to Communication - 3 credits  
Basic inter-personal communications will be stressed with emphasis on such phrases as Hello! How are you? Drop dead! -!&?!!
- ENG 891 - Comparative Communications Systems - 3 credits  
Blackmail and the grapevine will be studied in detail. The student will be proficient in both methods at the end of the course.
- POSC 167 - Introduction to Politics - 3 credits  
The student will become familiar with the various methods of squandering and deceit so well used by American politicians today.
- FRN 236 - Elementary French 1 & 2 - 3 credits  
The basic elements of French pronunciation, grammar vocabulary, verbs and FRUSTRATION will be taught.
- SPANISH 857 - Intensive Spanish - 3 credits  
A living-learning experience involved with the study of the Spanish passion and the Don Juan concept.
- FRN 866 - The Literature of Revolt in French Literature - 3 credits  
The study of French pornography and other contemporary "oeuvres risque"
- LAT 361 - Elementary Latin - 3 credits  
Your favorite hymns, prayers, and devotions will be studied. Open only to nostalgic Catholics.
- MATH 387-388 - Analysis I & II - 3 credits  
Frustration, boredom and insanity will be studied along with other topics such as functions, limits and integration.
- REST 578 - Marriage and Family - 3 credits  
Couples will be matched by our computer. Course will involve extensive lab work with supervised instruction.
- REST 923 - Contemporary Moral Problems - 3 credits  
An insight into the moral problems facing American youth today. Students will be expected to become fully engrossed in the moral problem of their choice.
- REST 901 - Basic Concepts of Religion - 3 credits  
An intensive study and memorization of the Baltimore catechism. Pre-requisites: 5 rosaries and 9 weeks of Miraculous Medal devotions. Excommunicated students will be allowed into the course with the permission of the Department chairman.

### LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Bibler



"HE WANTS A GALLON OF TH' 'STUDENT SPECIAL' FOR THE CHEM LAB - THEY WANT TO TRY AND RIND AN ANIBOTE."

## In The Lobby



by Morna Moore

## An Interview

# The Prospective Student Athlete

A typical tour given by the Admissions Director of a well-known school in the Mid-Hudson Valley, in the year 1992. He is giving the tour to a famous high school athlete from New Jersey along with his parents.

Adm. Dir.: Good afternoon, my name is Goliath Finn and I am the director of admissions here at MOTH.

Prospective Student: Hi, ya my name is Joey Jock and this is my mudda and my fadda.

Adm. Dir.: Glad to meet you fine people, by the way how is everything down in Jersey. You know, we always get a lot of students from down your way. A fine area of this country, which has really contributed greatly to the growth of MOTH College.

Mr. Jock: Yeah, not a bad place to live as long as we can keep those coloreds from moving into the neighborhood.

Mrs. Jock (hastily changing the subject): My what a beautiful college you have here Mr. Finn, could you possibly show us around.

Adm. Dir.: I'll be glad to show you around, in fact we'll start off right here by going right over to Leonidoff Lake. This is easily the most versatile of all our facilities and as you can see it is utilized by both the football and the soccer teams. It has other advantages, in that, the crew and the sailing teams can also make fine use of it.

Mrs. Jock: Mr. Finn, why are all those cars parked alongside the field like that?

Adm. Dir.: The reason for that Mrs. Jock is purely behind the MOTH College football coach. By strategically locating the

headlights of all of those cars, Coach Napoleon has established the most modern techniques in field lighting. Why high schools and grammar schools from all over the nation come here just to study Napoleons methods.

Joey Jock: What's your gym like, Mr. Finn?

Adm. Dir.: Why, its funny you should ask that Joey. Why just over there, in that empty lot, is piled all the makings for a brand new 3,000 seat fieldhouse. This fieldhouse is a very special project to all of us here at MOTH, especially because it has been in the planning stages since 1966.

Mr. Jock: What do you use for the present moment?

Adm. Dir.: Well Mr. Jock, right over there on the mall, is where we set up portable baskets and electric heaters so our players can play wherever they want. Over there, in that tent, is the office of the head basketball coach, Ron Fuelman. We had to make the best with what we have, ever since the original gym was condemned back in 1974. Part of the problem has been that alumni, you know not that many people come to MOTH anymore. For some reason, these kids don't care, especially with the present political system being the way that it is.

Mr. Jock: I don't understand it either. Goliath, I do think that if every kid played football or basketball, like Joey here, we would have no problems in America. By the way, was that basketball coach, Fuelman, the head of athletics here?

Adm. Dir.: No Mr. Jock, the director of Athletics is a man named Doctor Silverman. He is

By Jim Keegan

also the Soccer coach here at MOTH, and really a fine gentleman.

Mr. Jock: I can't understand why anyone can play soccer, if you ask me it is too European and there isn't enough scoring.

Adm. Dir.: Well, that might be true Mr. Jock, but you should let Joey be the judge of that.

Mrs. Jock: Mr. Finn, what educational value is there at MOTH?

Adm. Dir.: I am glad you mentioned that Mrs. Jock. Why let's just walk over to Linus Hall and look at our fine facilities. By the way, I'll have you know that our A.P.C. is bringing about some fine programs for your Joey. For instance, by next year we should have an Elementary Education Program, A Special Education Program, and even a Nursing Program for any girls who come to MOTH.

Mrs. Jock: Well it sure is good to see some one working hard these days.

Mrs. Jock: You know John, I am very pleased with MOTH, in fact these were the very same programs that we fought for at Marist College in Poughkeepsie back in 1973.

Mr. Jock: What difference does it make!

# The Tourney:

Twas the hour of the tourney and all through the gym,  
Balls kept bouncing and hitting the rim.

The coach home from the Derby and the Doc out on bail,  
Started to pray that the foxes wouldn't fail.

The seniors rode "high" on the dreams of first,  
But the betting went against the "smoke" of Fairhurst.

Coach kept dancing and clapping alot,  
But his hopes were dying of seeing Joe Scott.

When all of a sudden there arose a great clatter,  
Martell had arrived but twenty pounds fatter.

Off the bench jumped a junior in fear,  
Hoping that Larry hadn't found his beer

The cheerleaders were shocked and slang did they cuss,  
When the opposition started to crawl off their bus.

The fans saw them next and became morose,  
They were big and ugly and slobbish and gross.

They showed no morals, teeth nor hair,  
And ripped down the banners that were hung with care.

The visitors wore light blue, silver and grey,  
While J.T. stood helpless to turn the vets away.

I stood in awe of the visitors height,  
And realized the chance of victory was slight.

They dribbled, they shot, no flaw did they show,  
Their coach showed signs only Ginzberg would know.

Over to the scorers table our coach ran in a scurry,  
Shouting to Hart to shoot in a hurry.

"Up Jim," "UP AL," "UP JOHN," "UP MIKE,"  
Or I'll show you a treatment a masochist would like.

His screams and his plans went to no avail,  
For it seemed obvious the visitors would prevail.

And even though we prayed to good fairies,  
The foxes fell to the mounties of St. Mary's.

with apologies to Clement Moore

## Chip Rushin:

# Man Of The Year

There is something about a man who looks toward tomorrow. There is also something unique about a man who can look at yesterday and accept it and only try to improve upon it. Chipster Rushin is neither of these things.

On April 26th at the Jack in the Box in Newburgh, New York, Chip Rushin will be honored as the man of the year by the Brothers of the Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner. For years they have studied him and finally have given up. According to their leader Tim Short, "Chipster has proven to be more animal like and grotesque than anyone we have ever honored." Short denied rumors that Rushin may be a descendant of the ANCIENT MARINER but said "no comment" to any connection between the winner and the Locknest

monster, except that they both live in the water.

There is a quick wit about Rushin. His minds work in computer like fashion. He is well known for breaking doors and blaming it on editors. But what stands out is his sturdy driving ability. He is the first man in the History of the Mid Hudson Valley to make a U TURN on route nine and go back in the same direction.

He convincingly told us that he does not lose his temper, drink, swear or steal although he admits that he does lie on occasion. One has to believe this pathetic looking behometh.

His hobbies include, being gullible, breaking out, eating flies, going on any bus trip to Mount Vernon, throwing ski-jacket fits and eating the right

foods and shaving. He is also well known for sweating and reading books with yellow, pink or blue covers. When asked about the award, all he could respond was, "Hold the Vaitor. Hold the vaitor."

Chip does not know what to do, besides the fact that he couldn't do it anyway. He doesn't look back to yesterday to correct his mistakes. He doesn't remember yesterday, he spent the day passed out.

He doesn't look towards tomorrow as a new day. He knows he won't change. He always was, is, and always remains the same.

That's why there is something special about a man who lives for today, but doesn't know what day it is.

So hail to the winner - the Man of the Year.

## Student Gov't. In-Action

asked, off the record, whether the thing that we had no more of was spelled "Funds" or "funs." After resolving this important issue, the Council decided to discuss the annual Student Government Dinner and the prizes that would be awarded to the members of Student Government. The following awards were decided on: "Most Well-Rounded Student" went to Joe Cocopardo, who by this time had sent a note from his mother saying why he couldn't be at the meeting. The next award, for "Best Management of Funds" (and

funs, too, for that matter) was given to Ralph Ranellone, with special thanks for being so good at "balancing" the books. (After taking two years of accounting courses, Ralph could pull the wool over people's eyes almost as well as the president of IBM). Finally, Bob Nelson was presented with two awards, for "Hardest Worker" and for "Clearest Minutes." "I would have preferred a new typewriter," Bob commented, "since my old one seems to get fouled up with dust all the time. And if anyone has the code book for the minutes, would he please return it?"

But the awards were not over yet -- the Elite Council had reserved a special one for "The Best President We Ever Had" to be given to President Bernard Mulligan for "that aura of majesty," for unprecedented heroism in the face of the College Council (in one of its ugliest moods), and for unrivalled courage and fearless action when confronted by an angry President (of a different stripe) in Washington, D.C. In presenting the award, the esteemed Cocopardo, who by that time arrived, said "Bernie certainly was the best president we ever had. If he ever wants any kind of recommendation, he'll know where he can go for it." With that, the Council adjourned, setting its next meeting for July 4, 1976. "That'll give the Circle enough time to print up the results of the meeting, and I just love a parade," was heard in the commotion as the meeting broke up.

YOUR

ATTENTION

PLEASE !!!!

E.O.G. AND NATIONAL

DEFENSE LOANS

ARE NOW IN AT

THE BUSINESS OFFICE

## Who Is Doing What To Whom

Terry, heard your new girlfriend, is the IBM computer (giving out sometype of figures). Eric, hasn't been seen since the last night in the rat, he was seen running away saying "willard Ben, willard, ben, ah, ah" (note he also had a bottle of wine in his hand). George, how is "refer Madness" coming? Jack L. the Wine houses are flying fine. Jim, what really happend in the previews of carnal knowledge?????? Carla is it true what they say happens at the Cub meetings? "Hey Brian, "How soon can we get that married couple down here to lecture on sex education?" Brian - I guess as soon as we can pull them apart. "Hey Joe Brosan, we are never going to make money on the candy if you keep giving out free candy to every girl

walking down the hall. "And there I was standing on top of a mountain. Naked to the world". What is Pauline talking about? Oh, she is working out a sales pitch for tomorrows trip to the Fantastisks. Bob, I know we are supposed to get students to come to our events, but hiring a topless go go dancer is a bit to much. "Believe it or not, I am not really here." D.A. Drennan. Well, if you believe him, I am alive and well and living in the middle of a six pack - G. Mcalone. For the fifth and last time, as president of the C.U.B., I do not have the power to pardon any traffic violations. Jack. "I can't believe Jack wants me to have all these papers done in a hour". Well use the electric typewriter. "Whats a typer-writer?" Cathy.

This week  
brings  
Significant  
talks,  
Secrets,  
Surprises!  
A foolish  
purchase  
will lead to  
An Amusing  
Encounter.  
GO WITH IT!