

Voting, Voodoo, Variety, and the Varn

Let me begin by informing everyone that my column of last week began with the word NEXT! The first half of that piece of journalistic amazement was written by an independent band of reporters with whom I have no communication. Thank You.

Some early leaders have emerged in "The Ugliest Man on Campus" contest. Gordon Pierce, well-known photographer at large received the very first vote. Dave MacRae, intellectually stimulating but physically lacking editor of this paper, horded some early votes from members of the Cadre staff. Gar Rankin got one very stern vote. Bob Palmer, orgeish freshman offensive tackle on the football team achieved a semblance of notoriety by being the first to receive a block of votes. And Dick Young received one vote, submitted by his wife. Voting ends on Friday so keep those nominations coming in; final

results next week.

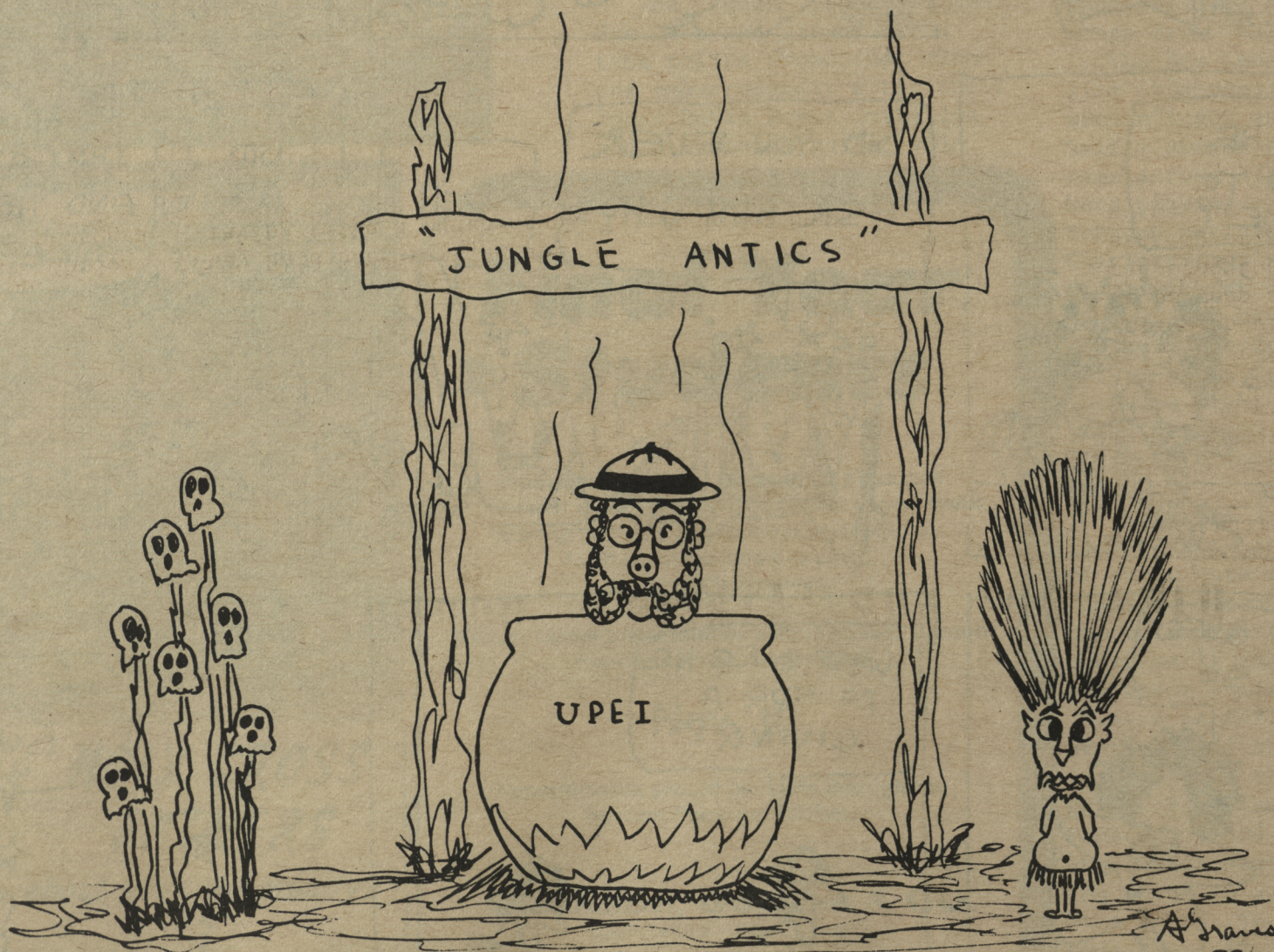
Word has it that some influential members of the Student Union have obtained a voodoo doll in the likeness of Mike Hennessey, station manager of CIMN. Mike, a somewhat repugnant but highly energetic fellow, is really quite entertaining when pissed. Judging by the way he's been ranting and raving (like a punch-drunk madman) around the station recently, apparently the Student Union elite have been inserting the pins and emasculating the doll, most likely in the head region. In any case Mike has stated unequivocally that he will not kiss the proverbial ass of the Student Union. With an attitude like this he may find himself up the proverbial creek. Give 'em hell.

Have classes become more boring this year or is my imagination deceiving me? I recall in particular a savagely boring place where the

monotony was broken only by crude attempts to draw the instructor's likeness or by the utterance of a natural biological noise. Professors should realize that a normal person (students usually fall into this category) can not sit and listen to an insipid drone of useless facts for 50 minutes. Now, if classes were only more relevant such as: Human Sexual Relations, Getting Rich Quick, Abnormal Sexual Desires, or Obtaining the Big Three (Money-Booze-Sex); then one would see increased enthusiasm of both students and instructors, plus a much better attendance record. This would be wonderful. The pure essence of scholastic achievement and thought. Future historians would look back at the 1970's as the enlightenment period of higher learning. It could change the world. Hmmm. I must submit this to the Aims and Objectives Committee.

A few words about this year's edition of the Barn. The food seems O.K. but the flies breed like locusts. I found a hair in my french fries the other day. However the milk shakes are excellent. One can be rather selective about the company one keeps when at the barn because of the random cross section of people who frequent the place. Girls, both beautiful and ugly, jocks and fags both intelligent and feeble (two Bernadine girls believe feeble-minded men are in abundance this year). The Barn seems to attract everyone and its a good place to rap. So go over and give them the business. Also the Barn features many flavors of coffee; from bad to worse. But one thing you can say about the Barn coffee - it's always hot. And the beer has an easily recognizable consistency.

Chow,
Kip



AND YOU THINK RACIAL DISCRIMINATION IS BAD BACK IN THE "STATES".

Adams
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