Eastown Mafia Plot Revealed

By N. ITRATE
Aquinas President Dr. Rube Norby had a rude awakening on Saturday morning, March 31. While taking his usual early morning walk with his dog, "Buffy," Dr. Norby experienced a Sunday kidnapping perpetrated by four Aquinas students.

Norby recalled, "I bent over to tie my shoe and Buffy's leash slipped from my hand. She started to run by Wege Pond toward the Hickory Lane traffic gate. I heard her bark wildly—which is unusual, since she has a degree in obedience training from Dog World University. Then I saw four camouflaged figures with a red baseball cap grab my darling pet. I'm shocked."

Captain Phil Crunch, head of the Department of Campus Anarchy, stated in one of his classic press releases, "We have clues on the crime. There's a few leads. I'm really positive that this dog-napping crime is part of an Eastown Mafia plot. The Eastown Mafia hires Aquinas students to kidnap neighborhood dogs—then the gang sells them to Yesterdog for a dirt cheap rate. This scandal has been brewing since May of 1982. I wasn't sure of this until I found a Hartz flea collar on one of my Ultra-dogs that summer. Then I found a few sources, and some facts, and now it's just a matter of putting the pieces together."

"Buffy is a mixed breed of golden retriever/spaniel roots. The dog is very special to the Norby family. Norby said, "I miss that crazy mutt. If anyone finds her, please drop her at my house or even at my Holmdene office. You know, I'll even take the person out to Yesterdog as a reward."

By S. USHI

Aquinas cafeteria manager, Oscar Mayer, announced some improvements in the fall 1985 menu. Mayer enthusiastically discussed the upcoming changes. "Yeah, this place is going to be high-class. I mean, people will start waiting in line, to eat at Aquinas instead of going to the 1918 Room downtown. No more pig slop for the masses—this place will have some decent food."

Through exhaustive planning meetings with Western Foods Consultants, Mayer was able to arrive at a definitive list of nutritional foods for the busy Aquinas student. Mayer is most excited about a new integrated approach to eating that he discovered in a Japanese cookbook. Mayer confided, "There is this unique way of eating in downtown Tokyo. The attitude is 'eat as you go.' People will stuff their faces with salad, fish, and tea from a treadmill conveyor belt that passes by them. Since they're eating while standing in line, restaurants have plenty of space for maintenance people. The Japanese have revolutionized the food service industry with this idea. It'll catch on in America soon, I think. Of course, the maintenance people are the key part of this plan. Can you imagine the mess people will make eating from a conveyor belt?"

The AQ low-cal diet plan will include Tofuti ice cream, a cholesterol-free product derived from soybeans. A sushi bar is scheduled to be in operation by the end of September 1985. Mayer commented that the days of the "fast food spectacular—big juicy chunks of ground beef, greasy, zit-forming fries, and fattening Hudsonville Ice Cream are over."

Mayer grinned as he shouted to this reporter from the cafeteria dishwashing room. "Ha, if they want junk, the people can go to Baskin-Robbins or the candy store. Let 'em eat tofu. This place is going organic."

From Aquinas College, Dr. Rube Norby had a rude awakening on Saturday morning, March 31. While taking his usual early morning walk with his dog, "Buffy," Dr. Norby experienced a Sunday kidnapping perpetrated by four Aquinas students.

"I bent over to tie my shoe and Buffy's leash slipped from my hand. She started to run by Wege Pond toward the Hickory Lane traffic gate. I heard her bark wildly—which is unusual, since she has a degree in obedience training from Dog World University. Then I saw four camouflaged figures with red baseball caps grab my darling pet. I'm shocked."

Captain Phil Crunch, head of the Department of Campus Anarchy, stated in one of his classic press releases, "We have clues on the crime. There's a few leads. I'm really positive that this dog-napping crime is part of an Eastown Mafia plot. The Eastown Mafia hires Aquinas students to kidnap neighborhood dogs—then the gang sells them to Yesterdog for a dirt cheap rate. This scandal has been brewing since May of 1982. I wasn't sure of this until I found a Hartz flea collar on one of my Ultra-dogs that summer. Then I found a few sources, and some facts, and now it's just a matter of putting the pieces together."

"Buffy is a mixed breed of golden retriever/spaniel roots. The dog is very special to the Norby family. Norby said, "I miss that crazy mutt. If anyone finds her, please drop her at my house or even at my Holmdene office. You know, I'll even take the person out to Yesterdog as a reward."

Godless, Drunk Students Prepare for Orgy

—See DRINKFEST, P. 3
Confrontations of a Closet Radical

I had been down, bored, and needed a change of pace. Nothing seemed to work—Perrier, the Ivy League and Izods had lost their charm. Mom took away the Jake's card when I had a fender-bender with the Porsche. Depression was at a high. I needed a quick fix. Call Flopsie, I thought. She's been a bit different lately but she's always ready for fun. What was the number? Oh yes, 555-RICH.

"Hello, Holmes darling, is Miss Flopsie at home? Jail?! Protests! Yesterday's paper? The new car? Don't you know what to do with those "dangerous types" that drive her daddy wild. Jail? Jail! It's a sick joke."

I called the car around and waited.

"Dobbs, to the, um, jail, wherever that is."

"Which one, Miss Lydia?"

"I don't know, get yesterday's paper."

"Here it is, Miss."

"That's drive, Dobbs."

The place was repulsive. People's names were carved in chairs, guards stared through glass windows, and the facilities were nauseating. A sudden thrill rushed through my blue-blooded veins.

Finally I got to see Flopsie. I picked up the little phonograph and heard her through the plastic bag. The Guess jeans, angora sweater and penny loafers were replaced by reject doctor scrubs and little booties. They were quite becoming.

Without thinking, I blurted, "Give me the whole story. I'm trying to know."

"The phones were hard to hear through but I picked up words like "peace, nuclear war, starving people, Nicaragua, Big Chill Soundtrack, mind-altering drugs, shopping at Goodwill and becoming a vegetarian."

My mind whirled. I had so many questions.

I started quoting Gandhi and asked me to send Merton's poems in my letters.

"Letters? Are you staying? Won't your daddy bail you out?"

A tranquil smile passed her lips as she said, "The point is not to be bailed out. It's to serve your time, get public coverage, prove your point, show that you are serious and collect your mind."

Wait a minute, collect your mind, I thought. Why didn't she start collecting it before she chained herself to the Federal Building, in the rain no less, holding a sign that said, "Blessed are the peacemakers?"

I asked her if all the people in the SAC office were like her.

"Mostly. I'm a bit of a rookie, though," was her reply. "It's all about learning about inner peace and the best thrift shop in town, the guard opened the door. My time was up."

"What a relief," Flopsie whispered.

I went to the car.

"To Goodwill, Dobbs, and then on to Aquinas."

---

Emily Space
By Christine the Demented

I've Seen the Light

Dear President Reagan,

I'm sorry for interrupting you and Nancy right in the middle of the MX victory celebration, but I hope that you can spare a moment in your busy schedule to read this letter.

Sir, I have a confession to make.

Now I realize that I did some scandalous things in the past. I espoused gay rights and the ACLU, not to mention sexual equality. I mercilessly ridiculed that modern saint, Phyllis Schlafly. I was unduly critical of your marvelous policies. I signed nuclear freeze petitions, and yes, I even voted for Walter Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro. In other words, I shamelessly flamed my liberal lifestyle.

But no more. I've since realized the error of my ways, thanks to your kind associate, Jerry Falwell.

It all happened rather suddenly. I was flipping the cable dial back and forth, looking for, of all things, MTV, when suddenly I caught a glimpse of Rev. Falwell standing on a podium, American flags rippling in the breeze behind him, praying for the souls of depraved, lost liberals such as myself. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was playing in the background. I couldn't tell you how moved I was. Then it happened. I realized what a fool I'd been, and I fell to my knees and begged God to forgive me of the sin of liberalism.

I have since started to mend my ways. The first step of my self-regeneration program was to join the Eagle Forum, the National Rifle Association, the John Birch Society, the Moral Majority, and the Guardian Angels.

I've burned my Kurt Vonnegut Jr. books, trashed my Culture Club albums, and pulled the plug on my MTV. I've sent Ms. notice that I'm cancelling my subscription (along with a letter urging Gloria Steinem to repent, get married, and study Oriental cooking).

I have just finished reading Marcel Morgan's modern masterpiece, The Total Woman, and am taking up a campaign to send required reading in every school in the country (for girls only, of course). When that goal is accomplished, I hope to marry a nice, conservative, ex-royal. That's a perk, you have plenty of money invested in good stocks. We will then move to Jenison and raise a dozen children.

You may be interested to know that I have prayed to the Rev. Falwell, asking forgiveness for my hateful slurs against him, and asking him to baptize me.

I'll be delighted to hear that I am starting a new local organization known as the Sons and Daughters of Joe McCarthy, which will ferret out communist sympathizers in the Grand Rapids area. This town may have a conservative reputation, but there are plenty of limp-wristed, bleeding-heart freemasons here who are trying to keep a lid on the discards. But don't you worry, sir. You supply the MX's, and we'll do the rest. You and I both know that the only thing that the Russians understand is force. This nation must prove its manhood.

In closing, sir, allow me to ask your forgiveness for all the unkind, unpatriotic things I have said about you. I wish to say here and now that if you need to cut student Continued on Page 3

---

Students Say 'No More Pink Buildings'
By A. Magnus

Acting "for the mental health of the student body," the Community Senate Tuesday called for the repainting of Albertus' decor.

"The undersigned have suffered extreme mental anguish over the pink-painted panels on the outside of Albertus Hall," began the petition. It prompted the Senate resolution. The 380 signers, all male, feel that taking classes in a pink building is "sexually diminishing," according to biology major Fred Deadhead.

"I knew something was wrong when I lost interest in my girlfriend," said Deadhead. "At first, I thought it was sniffing the formaldehyde from my fetal pig, but then it hit me one day as I passed Alber­tus. It was the pink paint!"

According to shredded records pasted together by the campus Health Center, the Health Center has treated some 20 science majors for "psychological impotence" caused by Albertus' decor.

The impotence problem was limited to day students, according to testimony at the Senate meeting. "I guess the night students missed the hideous panels in the dark," said Senate Chairperson Jeannine Dietcokes.

"The next step is repaint­ing," commented Deadhead. "I'm not going to tangle with Campus Safety and possibly hurt them if they challenge us," he said, clutching a copy of the petition. "But it comes down to the students' health in the end."
Drinkfest:
A Falling-down Good Time

By BUD CANN

The Community Senate, at a meeting on April 1, voted not to hold the Spring Outdoor Concert (formerly Bowl Party), and will hold the TGODrinkfest instead. The Drinkfest, said Senator John Zagnutbar, who introduced the motion, "will solve the problem of illegal drinking that plagued Outdoor Concert. This way, students won't have to break rules, because drinking will be promoted and in the open."

Events in the Drinkfest, a weekend-long Olympics-style competition to be held on Friday and Saturday, April 19 and 20, will include an opening speech on "Famous Alcoholics Throughout History," presented by a Stroh's Beer representative, two days of various drinking bouts, and a closing speech on hangover cures, presented by a spokesman from Bayer Aspirin.

"This event should have a good turnout, unlike other Senate events," said Zagnutbar. "Falling down drunk is always students' favorite activity."

Yin-Yang the Clown, who will make balloon animals out of inflated prophylactics at Drinkfest.

DRINKFEST SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Friday, April 19
- 2:00 p.m. Opening Ceremonies
- "Famous Alcoholics Throughout History"
- Blood Alcohol Counts Taken
- 3:00 p.m. Beer Chugging
- 4:00 p.m. Everclear Snorting
- 5:00 p.m. Blood Alcohol Counts
- Preliminary Leaders Announced
- 5:30 p.m. Pretzel, Potato Chip, and Dip Dinner
- 6:00 p.m. Drink Mixing Contest
- 7:00 p.m. Beer-bonging
- 8:00 p.m. Puke and Call it a Night

Saturday, April 20
- 10:00 a.m. Warm Beer and Cold Pizza
- Blood Alcohol Counts Taken
- 11:00 a.m. Stroh's Shotgunning
- 12:00 noon Blindfolded Drink Mixing
- 1:00 p.m. Final Blood Alcohol Count
- 2:00 p.m. Award Ceremony
- 2:30 p.m. "Hangover Cures" speech

DEMENTED RAMBLINGS from Page 2

loans, I am only too ready to make the sacrifice, all I ask is that you grant me the honor of cutting my loan first. I still have to pay half the flag, motherhood, McDonald's, tax shelters, and corporate expansion.

God bless you!
April Fool!
Christine M. Bichler

SLASH-INGS

Dear Slash,
Hey, how are you doing, pal? Summer is just around the corner, remember. There must be a method to this madness somehow.

Anyhow, have you heard that new song by Madonna, "Material Girl?" Isn't it so deep? I mean, Gandhi would be proud.

"We are living in a material world And I am a material girl"

Truly the stuff of rock and roll legends. Peter Townsend, Phil Collins, Sting—you guys better watch out, Madonna is really writing the memorable stuff these days. Look for her at a day job record store near you.

I've found a way to make tons of payola, Slash. The product is as near as your local Grand Rapids faucet. Yes, sirree, let's bottle that precious Amwayville water. The stuff will sell like hotcakes. Perrier is no comparison. Grand Rapids is great for hair problems, intestinal diseases, and allergies.

Slash, the greatest party is always in your mind, ok. Oh yeah, please renew my subscription to the National Review for another year.

Signed,
An Adolescent
Can you name this sharp-dressed College administrator? "Dewey Defeats Truman?" Newspaper people have a way of calling the shots wrong, after all.

**AQUINAS COLLEGE**
**COMMUNITY SENATE**
**PRESENTS:**

**CENSORSHIP IN A FREE SOCIETY.**

BOOK BURNING RALLY
SPONSORED BY THE COMMUNITY SENATE AND THE MORAL MAJORITY OF MICHIGAN
WEGE MALL, 8 PM TO 10 PM
THURSDAY, APRIL 4
BRING THE KIDS!!
KEROSENE PROVIDED

**YOU CAN**
**SAVE YOUR COUNTRY...**

...AND HAVE A PARTY DOING IT!
You’ve probably seen the movies about the Army. Flicks like “Red Dawn.” And old John Wayne films. And “Bridge Over the River Kwai.” Films that make the Army look glorious, and also make it look like hard work.

The truth is, the Army is one of the crappiest jobs that you’ll ever have. But the good news is, it’s also extremely easy. Most jobs in the Army are designed to be performed by someone with a sixth-grade education. Someone like you.

The Army. Think of it as “Stripes,” not a Dirty Dozen movie.

Army  “I wanna party with you, cowboy?”