

Morse Leads Coup d'Etat

All Marian Succumbs to His Might!

API— Robert “Moose” Morse literally crushed opposing forces in a massive coup-de-etat, overthrowing the former administration and executing former President Marigrace Platt and figure-head King Louis (Gatto).

With masses of loyal underlings recruited from Perc, Morse’s masses stormed the Marian Bastille and threw all former officials into the S.A.C., the dungeon formerly used to imprison and torture dissident slaves from Perc.

After this shocking upheaval, Richard Nixon, who before labelled Morse as “a disgusting and fatbellied semblance of a turnip,” said after the battle... “Bob always has been a great guy. He reminds me of Santa Claus!”

Due to Morse’s powerful support, leaders of various countries have met to discuss possible plans for surrender and instatement of Morse as supreme ruler of the world.

Morse, comparable to Attila

the Hun, demonstrated his utter ruthlessness in crushing his foes during the massacre. Never before in the history of man has there been a more bloodthirsty, barbarous, and savage leader, as he was heard exclaiming from the top of his tank, “The communications media is next!”.....

.....Moose the Great, warm-hearted and kind leader, whom, as the staff of this newspaper feels, is comparable to Mahatma Ghandi, will be crowned Caesar of the United States of Marvin, tomorrow.

All the many members of his ever growing harem, will also be crowned at the ceremony. Tickets are on sale, money going to the Pennies for Moose Fund.


* * * * *

In an interview with Caesar Moose, he commented, “Let me make it perfectly clear, I am Caesar. Friends, Romans, and countrymen, lend me a buck. WAR IS HELL uva lot of fun! Let me thank my mom and my

high school coach for helping me through my formative years. Two score and seven years ago, my forefather brought forth.... Well, it’s off to work city!”


With this new turn of events be rest assured that as our young grow up in the warm bosom of leader Moose Morse, know that we will all find ourselves freer, happier, content.....you better or you will find yourself sentenced to the guillotine for conspiracy against such a generous dictator.

PHINX




MARVIN U.

April 1, 1974



VOL. 39



NO. 6



“All Hail, Moose, the Conquering Hero!” API Telephoto

We, the People of...

Moose, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for his common defense, promote his general welfare, and secure his blessings to us and our prosperity, do ordain and establish this Constitution.

Article I. There will be established a congress, a senate, a judiciary, and an executor in order to maintain balance and harmony within the government.

Amendment. The congress, senate, judiciary, and executor will all be comprised of Moose.

freedom of speech, and the freedom of assembly shall all be guaranteed rights and not subject to congressional jurisdiction.

Amendment. The only religion practiced shall be Mooseism, of which complete freedom to practice will be guaranteed.

Amendment. Anyone speaking in a dissident way concerning their freedom of speech shall be executed.

Amendment. The people shall be free to assemble and actively demonstrate on the birthday of Moose, demonstrating their joy over having his rule.

formation of a militia in times of defense.

Amendment. They can also bear hands if necessary.

Article IV. The people have complete freedom.....Amendment...To obey anything handed down by law.

Thus, Moose establishes this new democracy in the name of truth, justice, and the it’s- obviously American Way.

Article II. Freedom of religion, Article III. The people will maintain the right to bear arms for

Oil Found in Wetlands

Police officials are still making dire attempts to remove “muck” from a yet unidentified Marvin University professor who struck oil at the Wetland Project yesterday.

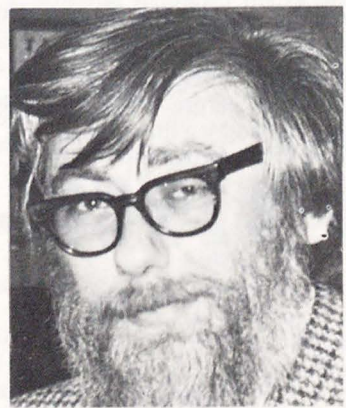
The professor commented, “Hmmm, I was attempting to make my way through the marsh after being told where to hunt for snipes. Naturally, I became too engrossed in its capture to notice that I had dove from my boat, landing head down in the mud.

“Upon extricating my head, I noticed an odorous black substance bubbling from the crater I had formed.”

Investigating possibilities, government officials stated that the professor did indeed strike oil, and had not, as earlier feared, hit a sewer line.

Officials then were dispatched to check out the monumental find, taking with them a crew of scientists who were told by the professor where to hunt for the missing snipe. Unfortunately, they have yet to be heard from.

The professor will be identified as soon as he will stop looking into space and stroking his beard, still talking about the snipe, or as soon as the mud can be cracked off his head.



Unidentified Professor...would you let this man sell you a used car??

Perc to Host Gala Prom

The Marian College Perc will be the site for the grand Putrid Perc Prom. The time for this Triple P event will be between back then and nevermore. The Perc offers a night of delightful forgetfulness in the civil arts as breathless and fascinated ladies and gentlemen swoon to the ethereal atmosphere of nicotine nostalgia. The theme for the show is aptly supported by the gripping physical atmosphere manifested by the Perc. The theme for the event is “When Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.”

Picture the scene. It will be glorious. Misty-eyed maids will dare consider themselves worthy of the sought-after honor. Proud escorts will fiercely avow his one-and-only’s virtues over all the others. But, Alas! There can be but one. Cruel fate will make so many hopes only broken dreams. And countless tears will be shed in such profusion that the floor will be, at last, inadvertently washed.

Picture the tenseness, the overwhelming agony and the culmination of sheer animal de-

light when that lucky one of all in half-a-dozen in attendance will be crowned “Miss Greaseburger.”

There will never be such a night. Couples will be romantically drugged by the sensuous beat of real jukebox magic melodies. They will experience heightened sensitivity of the heart and euphoric release of the soul. On this night of nights you will know bliss. And this for only \$.29 including formal attire and dinner. Who would reasonably expect more?

With its breathless decor the Perc can only make one gawk with wonder. You will move through the spacious dance hall gracefully dodging Twinke wrappers and maitre’d cockroaches and know the thrill of destroying elegant blue jeans and bobby socks on broken table corners.

Come and support. Come and Experience. Experience this once-in-a-lifetime (If you’ve got any sense at all) event, this self-sickening soiree. The Perc Prom. Ah, What a night!

Meditations & Stuff

This college isn't too bad, as long as they keep serving prunes and oatmeal in the mornings at the caf, I am able to lead a well balanced equilibrium (though sometimes I like to splurge and go a little heavy on the prunes).

Yessir, life can be exciting here on Marian's campus. Why just yesterday I found a quarter on the sidewalk, went in, and bought me a candy bar! And you know, that's just what my Chinese fortune cookie had said, "Great things will happen to you." And that's just what happened. Boy, are those Chinese smart!

But I'm smart too. There was this guy in the alley who wanted to sell me a three carat diamond ring, but being as smart as I am, I knew that real diamond rings are worth more than that, but I didn't tell him that and got me a really good deal. I felt kind of sorry for him, though, my taking advantage of him and all; he looked like a really nice guy and he wanted to do me a favor, but only the smart and strong survive they say, and that's me, smart and strong alright.

Just to show you what I mean, some guy "patted" me on the back trying to act friendly in a phony way, and when I entered the MacDonald's (my kind of place), everybody started pointing at me and laughing, so by a clever deduction, I knew he had pasted a sign on my back and sure enough, he had! I got to admit, the sign was pretty funny though; it said, "Kick me." (Though I can't under-

stand why people still point at me and laugh even though I took the sign off.)

Course, some pretty perverted things happen around here too. There must be a nudist colony around here or something cause I saw one of its members get lost and start running around the campus. He was running awfully fast, he must have really been embarrassed!

The dances are neat, too.... maybe I'll get to go to one some day. Sometimes I try to ask girls to them, but I forget to do it before the dance. It's not that I'm afraid they'll say no, cause I'm kind of good-looking (I once heard somebody say, "He's cute for a....." and I didn't hear the rest.) I know I'm not shy, cause once I was on a blind date; she was really surprised I was so good looking for a blind date, cause when she saw me she exclaimed, "Oh, my Lord, you're kidding! I'm going with HIM!" Anyway, I really started getting romantic and kinda scooted up real close to her and just came out and said, "Gosh, you're neat!" She was really surprised, so I came right back with, "I like you more than french fries!" She must have really been flattered cause she just sat there stunned by my frank openness. Then, (I'm kinda embarrassed to say this), I scooted up really close and OUR KNEES TOUCHED TOGETHER! Boy did I have a lot of fun!

I also go swimming here on

campus, and you know what I did! Just to show how brave I am I climbed up to the highest and jumped off! Boy, was I high up! I almost felt dizzy, but I just closed my eyes and went down head first!!

Boy, that slide must have been at least ten feet high!

Well, I just wanted to share some of my deep, heavy thoughts, since I've probably had a lot more experience than most people, and not everybody can be as fortunate as I am, being smart, brave and romantic. It's just like in my favorite movie, "The Wizard of Oz" in which when they first meet Dorothy, the Tin Man has no heart, the Lion has no courage, and the Scarecrow has no brain, yet once they see the wizard, braveness, smartness, and romanticness, they all get it in the end.



What's going on here? by Bob Morse

Welp, I don't want to scare anyone, but I believe it is the right of every citizen to be informed on a subject that could affect him very personally.

Cannibalism is on the rise. Surprised? Don't be. Trained observers have, in recent years, detected foreshadowings of its growth. In some cases, even a glorification of this depraved practice has occurred.

At a college in the East, the school cafeteria was renamed in honor of Alfred Packer, who is the only American in history to be convicted of cannibalism. If that weren't enough, a song called "Timothy," which depicted this extremely anti-social phenomenon, became a hit single a couple of years back.

Then there is streaking. Most behavior experts are preoccupied with what effect it is having on the sexual deviate, while too few have considered what a temptation streaking presents to all the latent cannibals out in T.V. land.

It is about time that the public learn the truth concerning cannibalism before they are grossly misled by a liberal press. First of all, cannibalism is in-

O-BITCH-UARY

Stud

Services will be held to mourn the passing away of "Stud." Stud was a battered 11 year old Chevy Impala Supersport. He played a prominent role in the Marian College Community by providing transportation to Pioneer Printing Service for the printing of the school's major vocal organ, the *Phoenix*.

Stud had led a full life since he was an avid family car and had active social concerns such as excursions to Taco Bell and

variably fatal to its victims.

Secondly, it is degrading to the "dinner" half if he is still alive at meal time.

A typical retort from the hardened cannibal is "don't knock it until you've tried it."

It is generally agreed among psychiatrists that this is a cop-out statement. One school of psychology postulates that cannibalism develops in people because of a lack of love. Another school, however, claims that the cause is a lack of food.

Hell, there's not even a published book of etiquette on the subject!

What can the man on the street do to combat cannibalism? Of utmost importance is the identification of these criminals so the law can keep an eye on them. Identifying them was once easy. A typical police bulletin used to sound something like this: Be on the look-out for man in grass skirt. May be wearing paint on his body or a necklace of leopard's teeth. Last seen carrying an enormous pot. Has a tendency to play rather

Sweetwater Lake.

Autopsy revealed that death ensued after Stud had sustained a serious ice skating accident just two years ago. Colliding with another car, Stud was shaken up and suffered serious internal injuries notably the damage caused just behind the steering wheel. The irreparable harm was diagnosed as a broken heart accompanied by profuse internal bleeding of tears on the dashboard.

Stud is survived by his god-

ritualistically with his food. Extremely dangerous. Do not salt yourself prior to an attempt at apprehending this individual.

Presently, experts claim that these blanket means of identification are no longer enough. They now believe that most cannibals look the same as everyone else around them.

One highly vocal student in the field believes that "modern cannibals are more apt to be smoking the pot than cooking people in it."

All experts still agree that caution must be practiced in dealing with these warped characters. Edith Peepuls, in her book "Toes For Dessert", offers some cogent words on handling them deftly. I quote Ms. Peepuls at length: "If you are approached swiftly by a wide-eyed grinning man with a napkin tucked under his chin, and a knife and a fork poised in his hands, that man might be a cannibal. My colleagues and I are in almost unanimous agreement that the best alternative in such a case is to run the other way."

If anyone wishes further information on this subject, a leaflet may be purchased by writing the A.S.P.C.H.

mother, Becky, and by his studly brother, Monkey Rosebud. Succeeding Stud in the family business is his son, "Innocence," a '66 Dodge Plymouth. To the joy of all the boy has shown inherited qualities from his father which promise to make Innocence a great one. Rust spots, funny groans and an intense fear of icy parking lots mark him as a chip off the old engine block.

The Fate of the Place

Not far in the future
As we will well see,
That quaint thing called smallness
Reduces to pure revelry.

The big monster cities
Grow unbounded and free,
As for the number of people?
A dumb idea, that ZPG.

The immense ring of suburbs
Which encircles the mess,
Is always expanding
From giant growth stress.

But, unknown to most
And existing on a dare,
Was a tiny diploma factory
Quietly gasping for air.

The heads of this college
Called Marian by name,
Beheld the great crisis:
A total absence in fame.

"It's because we don't change,"
The faculty would chant,
The students agreed (amazing)
And continues to rant.

"The system is old-fashioned,"
The learner admitted,
"Policy steering committee
Ought to be committed."

"People say Hi here
And know you by name,
In the age of the non-person
This is our shame."

"It's too peacefully regular
Nuns marching in silent procession,
Mass growth grows stagnant
Elsewhere rising in geometric progression."

"Then we'll be like the rest!"
They all mightily agreed,
And set out to do
This all-conforming deed.

"First we'll make it easy
To get in and out of here,
No entrance exams
No requirements to fear."

"Forget the liberal arts
They make you too complete,
Make education narrow
No effort, short and sweet."

"Cater to every whim
And make them want to stay,
Offer a major in Lincoln Logs
And a sandcastle-building B.A."

"Make school so cheap and simple
No modern scholar could resist,
The Registrar will know no peace
They'll walk over each other to enlist."

For some time things went well
Steady was the enrolled number,
But the beast of drop-out-ism
Without mercy would still lumber.

"We tried so hard!"
The Trustee Board bellowed,
"Our stern rock of mass policy
Has suddenly jelloed."

"We see every day
The number decreases,
The school is deserted
Class attendance ceases."

"The lunch line grows shorter
To the cafe's consternation,
The amount of eaters, like the food
Shows fast deterioration."

When all looked lost
Who came to join the derangement,
But a lowly student suddenly appeared
To advise on rearrangement.

"Your lack of difference should not be the rule
For it was a very bad move,
As for becoming nothing but an advance trade school
What does that prove?"

"Being no different showed obliqueness
Variety would make for no closed door,
The only vital thing needed is uniqueness
From the Perc to the Drum and Bugle Corps."

"I know the world moves fast
People fly by even quicker,
But the school's identity loss?
There's no thing makes me sicker."

"Change back in order to survive
Since you've committed the mass man sin,
With that you'll be able to contrive
A semblance of a college again."

They screamed, they cried, they held him tight
The dark bleak night had found its sun,
"We'll keep our traditional, though, funny ways
Now! Sign this man up for Humanities 131."

But, things grew worse
The school seemed to lose all its chances,
For the only one who showed his face
Was the statue of St. Francis.

"How can you explain it?"
They would heave and sigh,
"How can an institution
Just up and die?"

"Time to dismantle
All has gone to rout,
For the final straw has found its camel
Huff 'n Puff just moved out."

As desks were being cleaned out
And the bulletin board torn down,
The lowly student reappeared
And could only offer a frown.

"All is lost," his educators claimed
Half-dazed and in shock,
"Clare Hall doors will be eternally shut
And not just after 7:00

"No, no. You've missed the point,"
He scolded harsh and brisk,
Belying a pity for his co-sufferers
On the other side of the desk.

"This place's ideal was always correct
Against something very real and scary,
Nobody's soul is a social security number
Or identity, a Tom, Dick, or Harry."

"With the floodwaters of people and places
It's hard not to be drowned,
We're buried something like a gold nugget
Under miles and miles of deep societal ground."

He continued with the lesson
As they gained a sense of hope,
"However, our final problem
Is one with which we can't cope."

"You see, people to people theory
Turns out to be the saving grace,
But here lies our ultimate fate:
You just can't find the damn place."



High Society News with Mel Arnold

Friday, March 15, was Jim Kilps' 21st birthday. It was celebrated in style at the river side cabin of Chuck "The Fletcher" Traylor in Loogootee, Indiana. Also attending the social event were Jer Kretschmann, T.K. Koesters, Mel "the hippie" McLane, "Burnt Out" Billy Platt, Leon Enneking and the Mellow Fellow. Also in attendance were

various guests of the birthday boy and of the host. After consuming varied beverages and many trips to the outhouse all hit the hay for the evening. Waking with the "Walking Dead" we proceeded to Chuck's "Traylor" for breakfast. All in all it was a glorious day in the life of Kung Kilps who said, "This is a birthday I'll never forget!" (sure, Jim)

'White Vignettes' offers poetry, music weekend

Mr. Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Interdependence and the faithful father of many slave children, was asked to produce and direct the National Cast of White Vignettes. The cast, made up of southern crackers, white northern liberals and Klansmen, will be in the Indianapolis area this weekend for a three day performance.

The play, written by Jefferson, includes poetry from slave auctions, slave traders, George Wallace, Curtis LeMay and the Grand Dragon.

White Vignettes is divided into three acts: Yesterday, Types

and Nation Time each of which develops the gradual theme of the play. Showing the whites' advocacy for slavery is "Yesterday" with "Nation Time" relating to the present day racial and riot control techniques as well as the genocidal program for the Black Community. The middle "Types" depicts different types of white people; abolitionist, carpet bagger and slave owner.

White Vignettes offers a preliminary glimpse into the theme of White Culture Year. Throughout the coming year efforts will be made to show the progress of White People in America.

by Curtis Gaur O.S.B.

Colored whispers

Dear Massa,

I real sorry for actin' like one of den uppity coons' cause yall good white folk ben good to me, yeah real good. I don't know why I took a fancy to den dar colored militant leaders. I plum lost my mind, but I have come to my senses and hearby solemnly sware to love, honor and obey you 'cause God, you said, ordained you to be massa and me to be slave, and the Holy Writ says slaves should obey da massas.

I will continue to read and take to heart Booker T. Washington, our colored massa, when he says that it is at the bottom of life we must begin and not at the top. It is far more important to earn an honest dollar than to sit next to you good loving white folks at an opry house. I'm deeply gracious for the opportunity you done given me to attend these fine institutions of learning, but I realize

massa that I still must start at the bottom and a few of us will be used for token sake (that's just so you can tell the world we love our niggers like they do in the U. S. of A. i.e. the Union of South Africa) I think that's a good idea to dupe the world and besides I've gotten used to eatin' scraps from your table.

Massa I said all den bad thangs about you. You can be sure upon my return I'll be a good and loyal servant. I'll be a good house nigger and fight your battles and sware that I'll turn in any of den miggers who dare stray from the truth you done taught us and follow den crazy fool militants. I will never speak of the foul work that exists for whites only—freedom. I'll be back soon, so tell missa and madan hello for me.

Your Faithful Servant,
Uncle Tom

more... O-bitch-uaries

Ms. Margarita

Ms. Margarita, 21, former resident of Clare Hall, was hit and seriously killed this morning as she was attempting to cross the street. Witnesses said that the oncoming Blue Goose traveling at a high speed was unable to stop in time.

Known to her friends as "Bedel" Ms. Margarita is survived by many relatives. The immediate family includes Lady Bug, Bean Beetle and Potatoe

Bug. Funeral arrangements are being made at the Wetland Memorial Gardens. The family requests that only edible flowers be sent.

Ms. Marita Scheidler

Ms. Marita Scheidler, 21, dietetics major here at Marian died from malnutrition after being locked in the Phoenix darkroom for two days. She was

Sinister plot is revealed!

It has recently been divulged that Sister Rosemary Schroeder, alleged promoter and "Do-gooder" for the Marian College Phoenix, has been unveiled. This "exemplar of Christian good will" has deviously perpetrated a heinous crime against sound, reasonable, and responsible freedom of the press. It has been brought out that this "Do-gooder" has instigated a vicious conspiracy to undermine that last remaining citadel of truth and justice, the Phoenix.

Suspicious began to surface when Sister offered cookies of "questionable nature." Upon partaking of this "energizing gift" chief advisor Ralph Tuttle exclaimed, "Wow, these are really rich butter cookies! These can (gulp) make you (gulp) ill if you eat (gulp) too much. Why these are so good that you never want to stop (gulp)" BOOM!

Suspicious were confirmed at that point as Ralph fell to the floor and displayed the symptom of bloated stomach. Other complicating factors soon set in. Complete paralysis of all the area above and below the mouth resulted. The only function this remaining vital organ could perform was to helplessly scream, "More, More!" This conclusively demonstrated the addictive nature of the substance.

Later, as part of her sinister plot, this "friend" presented a ticking contraption which she called a "clock." But, staff members knew better for this "clock" could have proven fatal.

In the presence of the appa-



Sister Rosemary

ratus, the already unstable condition of the editors and the staff was seriously threatened. By being forced to accept the concept of time they were also forced to accept the reality of time's consequence (i.e. "Gosh it's getting late again")

In the face of this ghastly approaching reality, heroine Ruth Merkel courageously threw the apparatus to the ground and proceeded to stomp on it. The "clock" did indeed "burst" in an explosive manner as was feared and expected all along. Illusion was narrowly restored as Ruth exclaimed, "Don't worry. We have plenty of time left."

Charges will soon be brought against this fiendish plot pending further investigation. Un-

til justice prevails and a deserved sentence of life imprisonment in SAC cell No. 11 is meted out this villain will remain free to roam. Incidentally, combined bail of \$.23 was posted by both the Carbon and the Fioretti. This is only indicative of the respectability of these two poor excuses of a valuable publication such as shown by yours truly.

This is a warning and a plea to the community. Don't let Sister's characteristic kindness deceive you. Remember, she is armed and dangerous with a genuine and perpetual smile, lethally good butter "cookies" and a tendency to be generous with clocks that tick menacingly on and on.

Violence erupts



Unrest between the Marian College day students and residents flared up again yesterday resulting in the summoning of the National Guard.

The cooling weather of the first snow storm of the spring season did not cool many tempers. A mixed group of students gathered outside the Administration Building and were involved in a heated debate on student rights. Tempers were getting

short when an unknown person hurled a stale piece of cake into the midst of the crowd striking and seriously injuring a day student girl. Someone behind her retaliated with a hastily-formed snowball and the fight began.

Seeing the situation out of control, campus security guards immediately sent for outside help. Due to internal problems, the police force was unable to respond to the call.

The fight grew to alarming proportions as more and more snowballers joined in. Fearing a city-wide riot, the mayor requested that the National Guard be sent in to physically quiet the mob.

The Guard is investigating the matter to determine whether the piece of cake which reportedly started the fight came from the school cafeteria (pointing to a resident student) or from the Perè (indicating a day student.)

Any viewpoints expressed can be blamed on the school. We are innocent and not responsible.



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Ed. Note * we're not taking credit for it either!

* Since Ruth Merkel, Marita Scheidler and Diana Ryker are so modest, we won't mention their names in the staffbox. But, we want them to know that we thank them very much anyway. (a + j)h

April 1, 1974

Listening with mutt

* * * * *

You may not be aware of it, but mutt goes over every record with a careful, scrutinizing ear, quite contrary to the accusations claiming that he doesn't even listen to the record before making judgement. And now, on with the reviews.....

* * * * *



Alice Cooper: "The Dead"

This young lady is bound to go far in the field of female vocals. After carefully listening to it, all I can say is, she has the prettiest voice in town. a nice **** rating.

Beethoven: "Ninth Symphony"

In all my years of music experience and expertise, I've never heard anything so bad! This new guy, Beethoven, whose record I picked up just to sample some unknown material, will stay just what he is, a nobody. Don't bother getting "Ninth Symphony." (What a dumb title!)

a blah * rating

O.K. Wheeler

This new single disc is definitely heavy, man. It rocks with a sonorous beat as it depicts the

ballad of O.K. Wheeler, a used car dealer. The original artists of this sound hail from Bugs Bunny Incorporated. The group shows an amazing clarity and depth of vision for they reach deep into heavy life itself. The tension created from this lyrical gem culminates as the dark secret purpose of ultimate existence echoes forth. You can only sit back and take in as much as possible when that heavy, heavy message comes: "I'm O.K. Wheeler, the used car dealer \$24 down; You don't have to steal 'er, You just have to deal 'er, Then she's yours to take around." Heavy?

I rate this set of vibes*****In other words (does he know any other words? [insert by typist]) I rate it as Heavy!

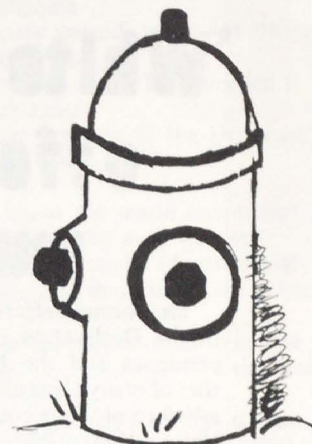
Donny Osmond: "Puppy Love"

The latest by Donny shows the artist's great style for which there is no comparison. Take my word for it as a brilliant music critic.

In the first cut entitled after the album, "Puppy Love", the situation Donny is in is one I can personally identify with. The biting pangs of true love he sings of are torturing Donny, but worse is the fact no one realizes how much in love he really is and shake it off as a puppy love. You can't imagine the surge of peak experience that emanated from my body when Donny so artistically cries, "Help me, help me!" And the symbolic timelessness indicated when a sharp, cracking sound follows and he again cries for help. Yes, he's been crying for 33 hours now, probably the longest cut in history, but by far one of the most meaningful experiences I've ever had in re-

viewing records. As soon as this cut ends, I'll let you know about the rest of the album.

Maybe you could learn a little from Donny, Beethoven. a great ***** rating.



**** Superior album
****Excellent
***Run of the mill
**Sub-standard
*A sure loser

Guaranteed to Hang You Up and Soak You Dry

Gypping Records

"the records that are made to be broken"

Gypping Records

Of High Quality Sound from...

R. I. P.

Hear lies the Phoenix
\$1.55

Born—March 19, 1938
Died—April 1, 1974

New V-ball courses offered Corps Calamity!

Now that the mixed volleyball season is upon us, a new course has been added to the Marian College curriculum. The class will be conducted Monday evenings in the intramural gym prior to the games. It will be divided into four sections with a different instructor for each section.

Ms. Billie Jean Riggs will teach Section A. This will be a basic course in sex education. The purpose is to help players decide who can hit the ball after it has been touched by one member of the team.

Section B, taught by Mr. Jacques Short, will introduce techniques for team rotation and set-ups. The purpose of

this is to prevent a short man from getting his view blocked by a taller woman in front of him. It also teaches team members how to do quick knee bends in order to scoop under those balls which are set up twelve inches from the floor.

Serving techniques, Section C, will be taught by Miss Ann Hitt. A basic course in number counting will be provided along with first aid skills. The latter is essential since it explains how to provide aid for a player who is hit squarely in the back by a teammate's ferocious linedrive serve.

Mr. Ollie Haphazard will be teaching Section D, basic volleyball rules. This includes the fol-

lowing:

- (1) Use only the hands to volley the ball, not your face, chest, knees or other parts of the body.
- (2) A spike is a hard downward hit over—not under—the net. (CAUTION: Opponents may try to spoil your perfect spike by yelling at you or feigning a return spike. Do not let Him/Her scare you into letting the ball drop on top of the net and bounce back into your own court.)
- (3) Above all, be alert. Your teammates may unexpectedly attempt to kill you with the ball at any time.

All volleyball players are urged to enroll in this new and interesting course.

The Marian College Drum and Bugle Corps is being detained in our nation's capital after an unfortunate incident which occurred last Saturday.

The Corps was in Washington for the annual Cherry Blossom Festival and was scheduled to perform before the President. By law, no loaded firearms are permitted in the city, but due to an oversight, one of the rifles was not emptied.

The routine called for Deborah Clay, a gunbearer, to fire a shot into the air at the conclusion of "Hail to the Chief." As she did, an explosion was heard and the President collapsed on the balcony from where he had

been viewing the parade.

Several S.S. Men rushed to the chief executive while others tackled the bewildered Ms. Clay. The President was rushed to Mercy Hospital where it was discovered that he was merely suffering from shock and a slight wound incurred by his fall. His condition is reported as being fair.

Our own senator from Indiana, who was patron for the Corps, was also arrested. He was later released on his own cognizance. At present he is working for the release of the group so they can return to Indianapolis. So far, no progress has been made.



The Stalker

Photo by Jaime Pinto

Track run draws an SRO crowd

Tuesday, March 19, saw one of the most creative innovations in some educational psychology to appear in a long while. This new theory in study motivation took the form of a "streaking" incident which literally packed the library with serious students.

At approximately 8:50 p.m. all the naked truth of the incident developed. The "athlete" appeared on the third floor and made a fine dash downstairs to finally burst out of the front entrance amid the cheers of the maddened crowd. Despite a fine attempt at tight security the streaker overcame the tenacious defensive play and "bare"-ly escaped. The proprietorship of the sports arena has the athlete's pre-game warm-up uniform in its custody. An award ceremony is scheduled in order to present to this star a certificate of Merit and Expulsion. Various comments were obtained from the

wild throng which was made up of the intellectual element of the school plus members of the equally intellectual and intelligent Phoenix newspaper staff. Yes, reporters were on the scene to provide exclusive un-coverage of the event along with collecting the aforementioned evaluations and the critical reviews of this most revealing campus show. Some random comments from the crowd included these philosophical gems:

"It sure makes for a nice study break. I can go back now."
"You girls just out for a walk, Eh?"
"Just another typical over-reaction."
"No, we're just standing out here for a breath of fresh air." and finally:
"I think he's a fool. I'd never do that. It's too cold. I go for indoor sports anyway. You know, things like taking warm baths and showers and going to bed in my underwear."

Uncle Don

We have indeed found Uncle Don. In order to combat his demented condition, we have rehabilitated him through primal therapy, and believe him to be in fairly adequate condition to continue counseling. We again present Uncle Don:

Dear Uncle Don:

For some odd reason, I have an intense fear of hurricanes and tornadoes. Is this a phobia?

Ibble habba doa boo anna....

We apologize, but Uncle Don, due to side-effects of the primal therapy, has regressed to the crucial point in his childhood when he was found in a brown manila envelope addressed to Josef Stalin.

In order to help him, we are intending to write to Uncle Pete in our rival newspaper, Jack and Jill, to see what helpful advice he can offer, having been a school-mate of Uncle Don.

Gossip with Hedda Gabbles and her Annex friends



Did you hear the flash that Jon Randall can now drink a whole quart of beer without getting drunk? How about the fact that Monica Hais has opened a dance academy to show the other Marian swingers what they do wrong as far as movement and rhythm are concerned. I just heard that Trish Baumer went on a shopping spree and acquired her new spring and summer wardrobe consisting of 2 pairs of short-shorts, 1 pair of blue gym shorts and a blue and gold T-shirt saying "Marian is Great." Is this a new fashion trend, Trish? A secret source told me that Pat Arcady decided to celebrate passing her Psych Comps by wearing a dress at least once a week for the rest of the semester. Rumor has it that two weekends ago there was a party at Marvin U. Hey, East Guys, how were the hangovers? From the world of advertising I just heard the scoop that two well-known Marian students, Main Lampkin and Tom Cebulko have been propositioned to sing the praises of Tame Creme Rinse on T.V. Will they accept? Only their hairdressers know for sure. Speaking of Tom Cebulko I have just heard that his

roommate, Tom Koesters, was seen in Doyle Hall for more than half an hour! Is everything O.K. Tom? Again, concerning the world of fashion I've observed that hats seem to be in style lately. Right, Terry B.? Because of the up and coming sexual deviancy reports in Abnormal Psychology Class have it that John Sagarese will be on display in Marian Hall in the near future. Watch the bulletin board for further details. Rumor has it that Lynn Lineback and Len Petcavage are secretly engaged to be married—they've always dreamed of making beautiful music together. The only problem is they've been arguing who is going to sing at their wedding. I'm sure everything will harmonize beautifully. Recently Ron Schmoll's Maintenance Militia was called on to evacuate Main of Doyle Hall because of the stench. I understand a few guys fainted from holding their breaths for such a long time.

Well, this is Hedda Gabbles (get it, Humanities Students?) signing off until next week. Remember, your secrets are never secrets for long when I'm around. See you next week!

SASS

Services and Activities to Sham the Students (SASS) is the title for the page. The purpose is to "pull the wool" over the eyes of the students. A box will be available in the information office for throwing in waste paper you may not want in order to hold down our paper expense.



Dean Out-in-the-Woodsman describing his visions for the future of Marian College and the role he hopes to play in it.

DEAN OUT-IN-THE-WOODS— MAN COMMENTS ON:

The Drinking Policy: "Students can drink as much as they want, right now I plan on installing a drinking fountain in my office to show my support."

Past Phoenix Interviews: "There is no sense in barking if you have nothing to say."

Administration Policy: "Bark!! Bark! Bow-wow!! Bark!!"

Clare Visitation Views: "Owwoo! (pant-pant)."

Declining Food Service: "Whatta you mean! I love grilled peanut butter sandwiches! (I like wild hickory nuts, too!)"

Student Apathy: "I don't care! Hah-hah! That was funny, wasn't it?"

JOB INTERVIEWS

Managerial Position: PhD preferred. Ask for Teddy (no B.A.'s please)

Menial Task Job: Prefers high school Trainee (no B.A.'s please)

Ditch-Digging Assistant: Will accept B.A.'s (but only if male, short hair, 7' 6" tall, 4.0 GPA)

Job described as: "Somebody to carry mah bags and shine mah shoes" B.A. preferred for position, however, there is already an applicant line of 300 B.A.'s so first come first serve basis.

SPECIAL

FEATURE

Fahey Named "Student of the Year" Unanimous Decision Rendered by Judges

by Tom Fahey

Last week, by a unanimous decision of the judges, I was picked as the Marian College Student of the Year.

Because of this award I have been asked to write an acceptance speech. This speech is to explain the reasons why I received the award and to further introduce myself since I am a transfer student.

My award was given to me as much for my achievement previous to transferring to Marian as for my numerous great achievements while at Marian.

It is rare for Marian to receive a student and athlete of my caliber as a transfer student. I felt that I should share my abilities with more than one institution of higher learning so I transferred to Marian. Until I received this award I felt that Marian didn't realize how lucky they were.

Being a playboy and lover has not interfered with my intellectual endeavors in the area of Biology, especially concerning my research on sexual habits in higher mammals. I have published two books on my re-

search: "Sex Made Easy For Beginners" and "Sex Made Easy For Retired People." These are just a small sample of my intellectual inquiries previous to coming to Marian. My lettering in five sports before coming to Marian may also have influenced the judges.

Basketball, football, baseball, any kind of ball, you name it, I am great at it. This may come as a shock but I hide my talent well. I don't want to get too overconfident.

Although I am by far the best-looking man on campus, I don't feel this fact influenced the judges' decision. I think they picked me strictly on my perfect personality and on my intellectual and athletic excellence.

I will admit that I am not the best at everything, I am just better at more things than most people are at any one thing.

Some people may look at my GPA here and think that I am not the best student, but when you are much smarter than your teachers your boredom can hurt your grades. I

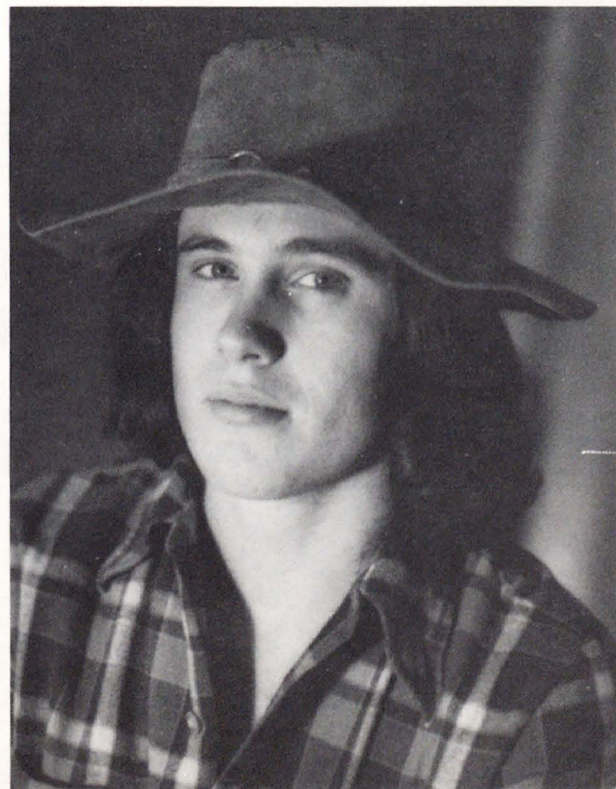
have yet to have a teacher that can compare with myself in brainpower.

I have continued my writing and research and am soon to release my next book which I am calling, "Sex Habits Of The Bigamist." I hope my friends here make it another million-seller.

As the number 1 student on campus I have been asked to give a few pointers on how to become number 1. Since I will be here another year and no one could possibly rival me for my crown in one year of striving I will hold off on my pointers until next year when I win again. My words of wisdom would probably fall on deaf ears anyway.

Just because I am the greatest student on campus does not mean I will be treating the common students badly. I will continue to treat everyone equally inferior.

Again, I want to thank Joe Rea and myself for the correct, unanimous decision of myself as the Marian College Student of the Year. Until my acceptance speech, Good-bye.



Thomas Fahey, "Superstar"
Photo by Jaime Pinto



HAPPY

APRIL

FOOL'S DAY

MARIAN!



P.S.
Are you kidding?
We'd never send this out.

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3 1/2

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