

4-1-1991

Stagnant, April 1, 1991

University of Missouri-St. Louis

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Recommended Citation

University of Missouri-St. Louis, "Stagnant, April 1, 1991" (1991). *Current (1990s)*. 44.
<http://irl.umsel.edu/current1990s/44>

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CAMPUS REMINDER:

The campus will be closed down Monday for asbestos removal. Please remain at home unless you want to glow in the dark.

Atheletes discovered with greasy fingers and other body parts in Baseball scam.

See page 6



Just a bunch of words to fill this space...just a bunch of words to fill this stupid box...just a bunch of crapola to keep you morons occupied.

STAGNANT

Issue 1,432,568.95

Slow Learners University Of Misery

sometime in April

Aliens Found During Might Fail Construction

by Drink Allbeers
of the Urine Staff

Destruction workers preparing the ground for the new Might Fail railway system were startled by a shocking discovery late Tuesday. Crew Foreskin, Peter Cutoff, said, "It was the damndest thing I ever seen. We was cuttin' right through this big phone cable and all the sudden there was sparks 'n' shit flyin' in the air. Seems we was trying to cut through their bipolar nuclear predator repellent."

What the destruction workers thought was simply another phone cable was, in reality, part of an intricate defense system of a buried alien space craft. "Yeah, we sees them all the time around here," said Cutoff. "Why just last month I found one of them while diggin' in Valley Park that was twice the size of this sucker."

While buried UFOs do not seem unusual to Cutoff, the newly crowned dictator, Blanch Mole Hill, was not pleased at all. "God dammit! They say that son of a bitch has been here for over a thousand years. By my guess, I'd say that's at least \$25,000 in unpaid parking stickers. I want my money, dammit! I want my money!"

Mole Hill then instructed police chief Butt Pickers to have his officers start writing parking tickets for the vehicle around the clock. "If there's any intelligent life forms in there," said Pickers "they better get an extension on their Visa limit. And damn quick."

We're running out of frickin' ink."

When Urine reporters first tried to confirm details of this story, Pickers replied, "I ain't admitting shit. If you print this, you know what I'll say? I'll say, 'Liar, liar pants on fire, hangin' on a telephone wire.' Or a bipolar whatever the hell they call it. I aint talkin'!"

Experts on unusual life forms were called in from around campus. President of the Formaldehyde Cocktail Club, Dr. Charles "I Like My Women" Stranger said, "What we have here is an amazing discovery. I mean, here is vehicle that has existed in downtown Normandy for centuries that still has all its hubcaps." Stranger went on to note that more shocking than the uncovering of the buried craft was the discovery that chief Pickers was wearing a women's brassiere. "He bent over real far. I know he wanted me to look at it. I know he did."

"So I wear a frickin' bra. What's it to ya?" exclaimed Pickers. "I don't care who knows. It's silk and it's got a little butterfly in the middle. My wife gave it to me for our anniversary for Christ's sake!"

Just as the police officers on duty began to chant "Pickers is a pansie," a rumbling was heard from inside the entombed space craft.

"Oh shit!" exclaimed Twice Chancellor of Prudent Affairs Handle MyCane. "That mother's gonna blow! Run away! Run away! Shoot it somebody! Shoot it!"

"Sorry sir," said an officer on duty. "We're not allowed to discharge our weapons unless



INTELLIGENT LIFE FOUND ON CAMPUS...Might Fail workers unveil first intelligent life seen on campus in 25 years when space ship is unearthed.

it's at students."

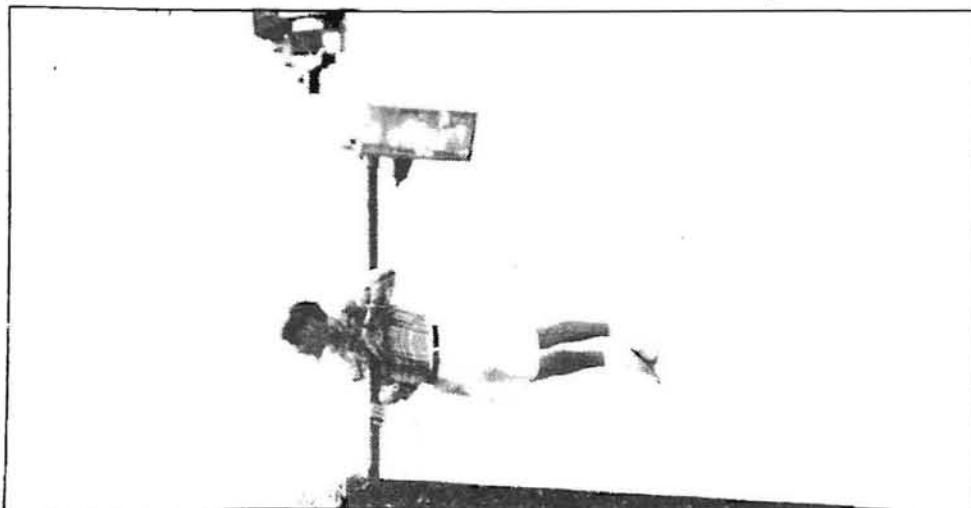
An immense light radiated from the top of the craft. Out of the ship stepped none other than Frank Tushy. "Hiya guys! How ya doin? How ya like me now?" he said.

Tushy later admitted that after losing the

election for president of Shitheads Gone Awry, he was so depressed he had consumed a fifth of diesel fuel and walked the streets aimlessly. In his confusion, he had constructed the craft out of spare parts in his garage and tried to

See BUTT, page 4

Stars And Stripes Hung Out To Dry By Remodeling Effort



STIFF...Unsuspecting student is coerced into becoming a fill in for the United States Flag. (photo by Jo Jo Dancer)

by Jo Jo Dancer
strip tease artiste

Students are in a rage about the 12 percent tuition increase to take place next fall. Supposedly this money is to go toward better education and to improve the campus. However, in expectation of the increased funds, the Slow Learners University of Misery (SLUM) menstruation has taken it upon itself to allocate these funds toward better bathrooms in Hoods Hall.

They have already begun the remodeling effort by installing a beer tap and large disco ball in the fourth floor men's room. The menstruation also has big plans for the women's lavatory as well. Blue prints show wider stalls, including a Bidet in each stall, a full working salon and a jacuzzi that seats 54 with male towel boys working around the clock.

Due to this outrageous spending binge SLUM will no longer be able to afford a real American flag for the campus. They have substituted Old Glory for volunteer students who have an innate power to defy gravity. Chancellor Blanch Mole Hill feels that by recruiting flag boys it will increase student involvement.

"Most of them have nothing to do with their time anyway. Now they can feel like

they are part of a club or something, besides I have always wanted my own Bidet," said Mole Hill.

There are currently four flag boys and the menstruation will start a recruiting campaign in the fall. They are accepting applications starting next week. According to Mole Hill, the volunteers are more than willing to imitate the stars and stripes. However, according to the current flag boy, Dave N. Thewind, he was tricked into representing the brave and the free.

"The Chancellor said she would give me some candy if I got up here. Once I did it she said that since I was now a flag if I fell to the ground I would have to be burned. So now I have to stay here another twelve hours until someone comes to fold me up into a little triangle," Thewind said.

Apparently the menstruation is considering starting a training program for incoming flag boys.

"It takes a stiff man to fill this position," Vice Chancellor Handle MyCane said of the flagboy job. "It takes training and a lot of time to get them up there."

It is unknown where the flag boys go after they are folded. Apparently after they are worn out they are donated to the Salvation Army.

In This Issue

Calendar/ Classifieds. where they always are
Campus Briefs. none of your damn business
Editorials. who cares anyway
Features. There ain't none, stupid
Sports only dorks read this page

CALENDAR

THURSDAY,
APRIL 25

AIRPORT ETIQUETTE: The Hewman House is sponsoring a seminar addressing appropriate actions for Hari Krishnas in airports. It will also discuss the latest in flower arrangements and hair styles. The meeting will be held from noon to 3 p.m. Next week, the Hewman House will hold a lecture entitled, "Pagan sacrifices: It could be you". Don't miss it!

FRIDAY, APRIL 26

DO-SI-DO: The Caucasian Cultural Center is holding their annual square dancing festival. Senior members Mark Slime and Terrance Balls(or "Small Balls" as he prefers to be called) will demonstrate the newest and innovative square dancing moves. The excitement will begin at 6:30 p.m. and will last no later than 9 p.m. in the University Center Lobby. Be there or be square!

MONDAY, APRIL 29

CUSTODIAN DINNER SERIES: The Custodian Dinner Series will feature the music of classical Kazooist, Hanz Blowhard. The concert will be held from 5:30 p.m. to 7 p.m. in the Blue Metal Building. Bring a sack dinner and enjoy.

HAVING TROUBLE GETTING IT UP? The Men's Center can help. Dr. Richard Head will give a lecture entitled, "Impotency: Is It Getting You

Down?" Dr. Dick Head specializes in these issues and will share some of his experiences as well. He will speak at the Men's Center from noon to 1 p.m.



CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE

French poodle for sale that was dropped into a bucket of red dye. It is now a light pink color. Bites children and wets on rug. \$100 or best offer.

1934 Ford in excellent shape. Doesn't run but makes wonderful conversation piece. \$2500 call 555-5555.

Home in Barbados. Thatch roof and dirt floor. Will sell or turn into time share. Beautiful view and outdoor plumbing. For more information call Jip Real Estate at 1-900-FOR-SALE.

Four disturbed children that I just can't handle anymore. Three are pody trained and one is hopeless. Please get them out of my hair. I'll pay you and give free delivery.

Are you satisfied with the way you look? I am willing to rent out my body for use to wimpy men who can't get chicks on their own. Exchange is no problem because I have metaphysical powers. Qualifications: Body Builder, member of tanners anonymous, dark hair, dark skin, dark eyes, dark eyebrows, dark nose hair and dark earlobes. Good rates, I sell or I starve. If interested call Rusty at 1-900-BIG-MEAT.

HELP WANTED

Anyone that is willing to do my homework for the rest of my life please contact Lola Philana at 333-4564. Willing to pay anything. I am desperate.

Learn to fly without a plane. New age technology has developed wings for humans. Requesting volunteers to try new Aero Flyers above the Grand Canyon. Must be alive and probably fairly stupid. No education or experience is required. Send body dimensions to Jobs For Absolute Idiots. P.O. Box 00000 Airborne, AR. 66666.

Housekeeper for 55 extremely lazy slob who don't work but just bang on the drum all day. Home is a two bedroom duplex in Dog Town. Please call 532-436545834. Pay is minimal as we usually spend all our money on beer.

Personal secretary needed to follow me around incessantly to whichever classes I happen to

stumble into. Must be able to take notes, make sure I am not woken up in class and be an early riser to catch the classes I am attending telepathically from my bedroom. 348-5849.

Personal love slave needed to watch over some of my 2000 body parts. Must be limber, ambidexterous and like LEVER soap. 34S-ICKO.

MISCELLANEOUS

Car Pool—I am looking for someone to carpool with that has a car. I've got the pool.

I am interested in ending my life but don't want to go to court because suicide is against the law. Looking for someone who is willing to accidentally body check me in front of a moving Greyhound. Contact me at 445-6958. But do it quick before I get to the kitchen knives.

I am looking for 53,000 frozen Beef Patties that contain at least 75% soy bean extract. If you have any or know someone who does please call Tony's Really Really Classy Joint at YO-BUBBA.

Prophylactic Recycling Center needs donations. Top dollar paid for used condoms. Call 553-U-CUM.

PERSONALS

Looking for woman who is strong, can lift heavy objects and clean fish. Need someone with a boat and motor. Please send photo of boat and motor.

Lovey, I just can't stop thinking about your sexy body. Please don't push me away. You know that what happened was wonderful. I can't wait until next time and I promise I will buy the large size.

IT'S BS...I saw you in the bar and have lusted after your body. Don't worry I'm into this. By the way how is your car?

Little short man, I hate you, I'm going to shoot you.

SWM, 21 years old, damn good looking, modest as hell, big dick, firm balls and always have a good hair day. Looking for a woman who can handle all of me and more.

SWF 22 years old, even better looking than that clown, dark hair and shit water brown eyes. Looking for man who is willing to pose for nude photographs while sitting in my entertainment center. Will provide free prints of photos and much more. If interested, Call Jo Jo Dancer at Striptese-R-Us.

Rob, I want you so bad I can taste it. Please take me away to never, never land. The chemistry is right on, babbby! Love, your mystery lady

To any woman with a pulse: I need to get laid really bad! Call Tom at 553-5316.

Lovey, Rollerblade, Farm Animal and Jo Jo Dancer, You need to control your habits of throwing ice. Remember, stay out of those bathrooms because we don't do that here.



SLUM AD Club

presents

"Stress and the Changing Work Force"

Guest Speaker Mr. Real Dumb of Already Dumb (AD)

April 4, 1991, 126 J.C. Penney

*All meetings begin at 1:30 and last approximately one hour unless otherwise announced. The locations for the April 4, April 11, April 19, and April 29 meetings will be posted on the AD Bulletin Board in the 4th floor hallway, next to 489 SSB. Semester dues are as high as you can count and should be paid by the end of the second meeting, February, 8. Membership is open to any SLUM student with .001 GPA. The purposes of the SLUM AD Club include giving students an exposure to various dumb jobs that don't take any brains to perform, career opportunities that lead no where, and meeting people in AD practice.

Slum Faculty Makes Scene at Bar

by Nibor Oyam
Dyslexic insomniac

Last seen at SLUM's bar and grill, otherwise known as O'Whalie's, were a few of the faculty and staff, who were taking it easy after a hard day's, what's that word, oh yeah, work.

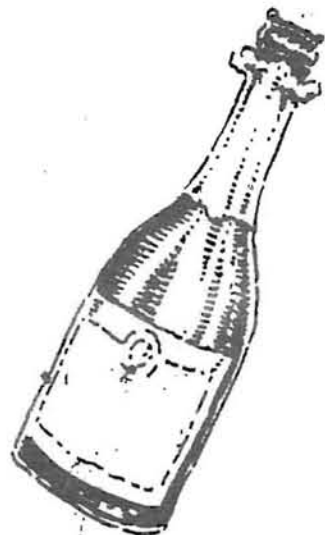
Ronald Pantyshields strode in with his buddy Clark McFelon, both had just come from the communications department where they informed the secretary that all their advisor appointments for the day were to be rescheduled. They headed toward the back with a carton of cigarettes. They were going to smoke non-stop, 24 hours a day, in protest of the soon to be no-smoking policy on campus.

McFelon appeared to be in a daze. He had in his hands some notes from a lecture in his 9 o'clock class, which seemed to make sense only hours earlier.

Pantyshields was off in his own world, mumbling something about fantasy themes and tri-squares.

Judi Landfill, L. D. Rapman, and poet None Toosweet from the English department were at the big round table in the center of the bar, casually looking over the menus.

The food had arrived and the girls were giggling amongst themselves, when they looked up and noticed Slurry Slureth at the



bar, trying to order.

"Bartender," Slureth said suavely, "I thay, I thure would like a futhzy navel. Pthanks, thee you thoon." It was rumored that Slureth had a hot date with Blanch Molehill, and that he was sleeping his way to the top.

Molehill, who had been in the bar for three hours, making it 12 noon, had only this

to say, "It's delightful." Molehill was on her 18th beer.

McFelon and Pantyshields were busy seeing who could smoke the most cigarettes in a 10 minute time period. Pantyshields had just lit up his second, while McFelon was still on his first. The loser had to go and hit on one of women faculty, preferably the ones at the round table. McFelon took his second cigarette, sucked the daylights out of it, and lit a third. Pantyshields began hacking furiously in the middle of the second cigarette, and had to stop. McFelon had won.

Pantyshields sauntered stealthily up to Judi Landfill and said, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Landfill replied, "Don't you know anything? In any opening line you need the five W's and H. Now get the hell away from me!"

Landfill slapped Pantyshields in the face and kicked him where she knew it'd hurt.

She and the girls quickly finished their food, slammed their beers, paid the check and left.

Shocked Pantyshields, rejected again by the female gender, walked back over to McFelon, and then they joined Molehill and Slureth for a tequila shot of Jose Cuervo before the leaving the bar for a staff meeting at 2 p.m.

Award Winner

(THC)—The International Non-Poetic License awards banquet presents an award to the all around goofiest poem of the year.

Poems are selected on the basis of insanity, incorrigibility, insignificance, incomprehensibility, imbecility, ignorance, and any other i words we could think of.

Being that we only had one entry, it wasn't too hard to pick the winner. Try as they may to reach the same standards with a like poem, the panel of judges was not able to bring itself to write anything that was even partially subliterate, leaving no decision but by process of elimination to pick our winner of the year, Delilah Doolittle, for her poem, "D".

*Pocketful of money, Dylan went to town
To buy some food, all on his own
Far, far, far from home.*

*Passing an old, hobo-type fellow
He seemed, quite, rather mellow
Then threateningly, he started to bellow.*

*"Look me in me good eye!"
Dylan sobbed, and began to cry.
"Give me your money, or die!"*

*Stifling a tremendous tear
Dylan's mind anywhere but here
They'd saved the money all year.*

*Reaching for a sharp, shiny blade
Once again, Dylan feeling afraid
Was life ending at only one decade?*

*What could he do? He fled.
He had to bring home the bread.
How else could his parents be fed?*

*Suddenly, a slashing slice to the head
Dylan went down, and screamed as he
bled
Smiling, rich, wicked man, Dylan now
dead.*

Stagnant Hears All And Tells All

Police Beats
by Matilda Verde

News Flash: Karol McClaw was caught by the university police with her 'birdie' where the sun doesn't shine. She will be serving two years of community service cleaning up bird droppings.

Dr. Stranger was brought up on charges for rolling a stone when he won an academically acclaimed award for sexual frankness in

class. He will appear in court on June 21. He is pleading guilty by reason of temporary insanity due to overexposure to the game "rotate the sperm."

Rott Hensen, vegetarian, was acquitted of eating fish after proclaiming that meat was not his forte. Hensen said he has to eat fish occasionally because every member of the Chicago Cubs eats seafood. Hensen will continue to teach "Carnivorous Living" at SLUM.

Sid "insert name here" Saliva was honored at a banquet for giving his son the best gift of all — a palace to write his next manuscript. Later discoveries revealed that the palace was actually owned by two Chinese shoguns and that Saliva was only house sitting.

Math professor Shalka Patterson was caught in the English Department trying to convince an English teacher to explain why she mispronounces the word "parabowla."



Slum
Faculty Looking For Pay
Raise



Artist's rendering of the new
SLUM dorms.



**JERRY
BOOGER**

Student Government Starts Baby Boom

Hats Off to SLUM's new commander-in-chief **Blanch Mole Hill** who stepped up on April 1. Blanch said of the new ranking "I'm delighted. It's totally ponderous." She's been serving as pseudo chancellor since ex-head boss, **Margurita Burnedout**, checked out last fall. . .

Kudos to the new little **Mykoochy** who bowed in earlier this week weighing 13 pounds 1 ounce. The proud parents, **Paw and Julie**, SGA big wigs, said they had been trying for years but couldn't keep it up long enough. Julie, ex-Sweatsandperspires, is the daughter of Italian king pin **Ialways Sweatsandperspires**.

LET'S GO BOOGERING: After at least 15 years of courtship and hammering out press releases, word comes from afar (in Ethiopia) that SLUM professor **Judy Landfill** and **Bob Trialoffer**, chief SLUM public relator, have eloped there and are running around looking for a typewriter, to make their lives complete. . .

Patrons at the Underground (in U Center) were agog Tuesday at noon. That's when **Always Prudeandantsy**, SGA president, strolled in with her new love of the world, Chief of Police **Butt Pickins**. The relationship flourished after Pickins special favored Prudeandantsy by remedying her parking tickets. . .

Cheers for **Handle MyCane**, twice chancellor of prudent affairs, who was awarded the annual Anal Hygiene Award. The plaque and coupons to Al Barkers were bestowed on him from **Scot Pecker** on behalf of the Department of Criminology and Criminal Justice, for his outstanding help in body cavity searches at a local lock up. . .

The glass pyramid by the TJ Library was the focus point of everybody and anybody Monday morning when **Mark Grimy** and **Frank Tushy**, candidates for next president, proceeded to have it out once and for all. Opposed to fist fighting on campus and purposely altering each other's mugs, the two decided to pour honey and blueberry syrup on the pyramid, strip themselves of any clothing, and see who could make it to the top first. At this writing both were still only about ten feet up yet bound and determined.

BOTTOMING OUT: Can a column that begins with the great and ends with the not-so-great be all that bad? Don't answer that now, even if you are one of the few around here who can speak, because I'm winging it to Arnold for a month-long fiesta. Gimme that roll and I'll see you around!

**NO
JOKING**

.....

It's A Space Type Of Thing

If you tied 9,548,269 condoms together they would stretch around the moon four and a half times. They would wrap around two times if not stretched.

Life Savers have been the most popular candy since 1902. If you took the holes from every Life Saver that has ever been eaten and made a tunnel out of them it would stretch between the earth and the moon three times.....and that's a fact Jack or Jill. (No honestly this one is true. Look it up if you don't believe us.)

Chancellor Serves It Up To Night Crowd



WHAT? NO TIP?... Blanch Mole Hill gets a night job at Lenny's restaurant to support her fashion fetish. (photo by Jo Jo Dancer)

by **Nowyaseeme Nowyadont**
Somnambulist

Along with the tuition increase, comes not one raise for any faculty or staff member of the University of Misery campuses. All faculty and staff pay has been frozen for this fiscal year.

Our very own "home grown chancellor", **Blanche Molehill** has had to take a second job in order to support herself and her rigorous lifestyle and keep up her fashion habit.

"I didn't see any other way around it," Molehill said, "you have to do, what you have to do."

Molehill started working at Lenny's the week after the bored of dictators passed the 12% tuition increase and it was announced that all pay was to be frozen.

"I was afraid they wouldn't hire me, and I was so frantic until finally five days after I applied they called me. They said I was underqualified, but they'd hire me since I had such a good personality," Molehill said.

Molehill's lifestyle has drastically changed since she started her second job, but she says it doesn't wear her out too much.

"I hardly have time to shop for clothing, sometimes I go on my 30 minute lunch break from Lenny's. Imagine what Newman Farcus must think when I buy a **Fiz Claybirth** outfit for \$450 and I hand the clerk my American Distress card in a orange and green plaid shirt, and green apron with Lenny's written on it. Once one woman had the audacity to call store security on me, why I never!" she said.

BUTT from page 1

bury himself alive. "I tell ya it was a harmless little prank," said Tushy. "They were way out of line in slapping those cuffs on me. They were real tight too. See? They left a little mark."

Tushy was whisked away to the campus police station where Pickins was going to throw him in a holding cell. But on arriving at the station, Pickins realized he was just the

On an average day, Molehill says she wakes up at 6 a.m., and leaves her house by 7:30, drives to SLUM and does the "chancellor thing". Then 5 p.m. rolls around and she gets ready for her night job.

"I usually take the bus to Lenny's. It's only 85¢, and I feel my car is safer up on campus. Y'know how those parking lot dents and dings occur," Molehill said.

Molehill started as a hostess, but just last week was promoted to waitress, and she can now earn extra money in tips.

"I like being a waitress better, but I get pinched in the behind a few too many times by old geezers, but if they're young and handsome, I don't mind as much," Molehill said with a blush in her cheeks.

Molehill said tips really supplement her Lenny's income of \$2.04 an hour.

"I guess you can know who the worst tippers are, Yep, college students from SLUM," Molehill said.

Molehill said it doesn't bother her too much when SLUM students give meager tips or none at all.

"Just wait until the increase hits. Then they'll be paying out the wazoo! Hah! Hah! Hah!," she said cackling.

It was 12 a.m. and Molehill's shift was almost over. She had to get home and lay out her wardrobe for her job at SLUM the next day.

Molehill was adamant about supporting her fashion habit with a second job.

"You gotta do what you gotta do, by george," she said.

chief of a rinky-dink college police force, and that they had no holding cell.

"They made me sit in a corner," said Tushy. "It was humiliating, I tell ya. My dad's lawyer is going to hear about this."

Tushy was later sentenced to thirty days of spit-polishing Mole Hill's combat boots and had to promise to never again snort asbestos from U. Center elevator shafts.

CHAOS by Hamadeh Shuster & McKinney

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• Delphina had inadvertently defiled the tomb of the mummy of Damkilim and had brought a curse upon her first born.

The *Stagnant* is published weakly, or whenever we get around to it.. Advertising rates are available upon request by contacting the *Stagnant* business office. Space reservations for advertisements must be received before publication

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Editorials expressed in the paper reflect the opinion of the editorial staff. Articles labeled "commentary" or "column" are the opinion of the idiot that wrote them.

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La Bear
Editor in Sheets

Gimme that Roll
floozees editor

Matilda Verdee
associate floozes

Quick-Draw McGraw
spurts editor

JoJo Dancer
deep in furs editor

Darlin' Nickie
photo boss

Echeshimel
photo ass

K.C. Barks
creative consultant

muckrakers-at-large
Nature Boy Bucket
Nibor Oyam
Cupez Doll

Drink Allbeers
tight-wad director

Smelly Steinfoeber
business ass

Dr. Sex
tie department

Scooter Gettin Hitched
whipped constuctionist

Copy Cats
Noah Count
Mint Graham Crackers
Jan Poisoned

sellers
Squished Bugg

foto grabbers
Ed Apple
Davister Q

Smoker Protests New Policy

Dear Editor:

I am writing to you to protest the new SLUM smoking policy that is effective June 1, 1991. I can speak for all the smokers here when I say your policy is nothing by hot air. Therefore, I am forming a new organization on campus called CHEW.

What the hell do you think this is? Catholic High school. No this is college, where we pay (now an additional 12 percent next semester) fees. The bottom-line is that we make choices: choices to attend class, choices to drop/add classes and

even the choice of going to college.

Yes, the Surgeon General has said smoking is hazardous to our health. OUR health. It's my choice to die at a young age. And those studies that say non-smokers are more at risk than smokers and nothing but a group of people who probably advocate SLUM's policy. They probably don't smoke.

But SLUM will get its way. Therefore, I urge all smokers to chew tobacco and spit if you need to. And we are not full of hot air when we say this.

*Puffing away forever,
Smokey the Bandit*

It's His B.S. - Vanity

Dear Editor:

The other day I was driving around campus and noticed those vanity license plates. And you have to wonder about these people. For instance, ITS BS. Now what does that mean. Are you saying that your car is full of BS. Or are you full of BS. Or are you getting a Bachelor of Science in BS??? You have to wonder about this type of person.

Or about OHH-YAA? OHH-YAA what? Are you a cheerleader or are you are trying to come up with a new name for a cereal.

Z-END. Are you having a problem with life? Are you thinking about ending it all by driving that nice car into the ditch. Come on dude, life's not that bad cause it's BS.

And what about JUST-DIT. What did you just do? Finally come to terms with yourself that SLUM is the best place

to go if you want to graduate in seven years. Or did you just do it with a member of the opposite sex.

And this one really kills me- EMBA. Now come on. You're not shooting for a Master's in Business. I think your degree is in a language. EMBA, EMBA. I just can't come up with what EMBA means in any language. If anybody knows, write or call this newspaper.

Now there are a few on plates on campus that are sane. For example, JOBABE. We know your name and we know you are attractive.

MATH-BA. Enough said.

So if you see a dumb vanity plate, write a note on a piece of paper and leave it on their windshield, telling him/her what you think their plate should read.

P.S. The best one I have seen is CUNAYL.

Sincerely,

Vanity Viewer.

Who Is Mr. Opinion?

Dear ed-it-or:

Just who's Mr. Opnion? Is it the ghost of the Thomas Jefferson Library? Or are you the guy that sits by a computer in watches scantron sheets go in 'n 'out? You're probably the ladder (I mean the last part of the last sentence) 'cause you ain't got nuttin better to do with yer life.

I been readin yer letter about How to Save The Nation in the April 18 issue of the Urren. And frankly, yer right. Bureacracy is very wrong, cause the average human bein can't understand life 'cause of the inadiaquencies (Sorry, don't know what Webster really is) due to a lack of communication in the system that y'all exist in.

(For all you SLUM students out there, ol' opinion was writin' about how ther's way two much red tape in the system)

Well don't you know that red tape is

good for the soul. I mean folks, you gotta get out there and raise a little hell some-times. You no what I mean?

Ask my good friends on the CB, especially on Channel 24. All yer have to do is get to go the thriv' businesses out there on Natital Bridge and look for the local CB shop (That's the one with all the entennas (I swear-what is a dictionary??) and buy yerself one.

Then go crusin' around the campus and argue with the top SLUM heads here on the Channel

Hold yer horses. I just finally figured out who Mr. Opnion is. If he/she ain't got nuttin' better to do, it must be an SLUM cop! But make sure y'all out ther don't be tunin to the ol' smokey channel. You just might be the first SLUM student to get locked in ther cell.

The real Mr. Opinion.

LETTERS POLICY

The *Stagnant* welcomes letters to the editor that praise the works of the yellow journalists. Letters insulting the *Stagnant* will be rejected and used for lining Sunny's cage. The writer's student number, phone number, age, weight and marital status must accompany all letters. Non-students must also include their phone numbers. Letters should be no longer than two typed, double-spaced pages. Letters written in crayon are encouraged.

The *Stagnant* reserves the right to edit all letters for space and style and content.

The *Stagnant* reserves the right to refuse publication of letters.

Baseball Team Members Caught Greasing Equipment

by Eilein Dover
and Ben Dover
Stagnant staff

Members of the UM-St. Louis baseball team are under suspicion of foul play for greasing up their equipment. On March 30, sports information director, Jeff Kuch, said he saw baseball players in the locker room stroking their balls with petroleum jelly.

"Yea, I saw them in there with Vaseline rubbing real hard. . . I overheard them saying they bought the Vaseline at Sam's at a bulk rate. . . They all chipped in and bought it," said Kuch. "I sure wish those baseball players were more like the basketball players. . . you would never hear of Chris Pitz rubbing his balls."

As Kuch stood in amazement not knowing if he should join them, many of the players finished up and exited with smiles on their faces. Little did they know Kuch stood behind the door taping their conversations and clutching his camera. He took three pictures without them noticing and kept quiet behind the door.

Kuch said that many members of the team say they play better after some good pregame strokes.

"I think that my performance in the game has improved 100%. I no longer wonder who will be greasing my balls. . . I have it all right here in the palm of my hand," said pitcher Rob Dixshard.

Kuch said that the freshman players were even getting into the greasing action. Centerfielder Donnie Jackiff along with other freshmen say that they feel that equipment greasing brings the team closer together.

"I never looked at my teammates the way



CAUGHT WITH THEIR PANTS DOWN: SLUM baseball players allegedly greasing bats and balls in Mark Twain locker room. (Photo: Jeff Kuch)

I do now. . . I feel special around them," said Jackiff.

"It really does the job for me," said freshman catcher Bill Strokeman. "I'm not thinking about girls during the game. . . I'm thinking about how to toss my balls better."

Pitcher Tim Cochand expressed his deep feeling of relief and pleasure while leaving the locker room saying "I'm beginning to love every game more and more. I don't even look

forward to pitching anymore. It's the pregame stuff that gets me aroused."

Pitcher Chris Meathard has a slightly different view towards rubbing his own balls.

"I really don't like the thought of doing my own. I feel guilty. . . so I always ask my friend Mike Handnundrwer," said Meathard. "I have grown closer to Mike since we begun this whole thing."

Head coach Jim Hazy denies the fact that

his players are greasing their equipment. Even when color shots of his men in action were flashed before him, he said, "My men may be waxing their sticks with pine tar, but not that damn petroleum jelly. My men are good BALL players. They keep their hands on that bat and ball at all times."

Athletic director Chuck Smit said, "A little jelly never hurt anyone. . . besides we all have little things that get us up for the game."

Cameras Can't Step Into A Boat

by Mint Graham Crackers
copy cat

At the age of six my mother took me to my first movie. No, that can't be; my mother didn't have a daughter when she was six. That same day we went shopping. There was a piano for sale by a woman with carved legs. Poor woman! She had watched the maker carve it with astonishment. (Was the maker astonished or was she?) Another piano was sold in an antique shop that was out of tune. Hmm, I didn't know that a shop could be out of tune.

Avoid dangling modifiers. You don't want to be caught dangling, do you?

Check your writing and think about your speech so that your message is clear. Sometimes you may simply have misplaced (meaning put in the wrong place and not lost) an adjective or an adverb. Misplaced modifiers describe nouns or pronouns other than the ones they are intended to. Wouldn't you have to wonder if you read (or heard) any of the following?

Burned to a cinder, I could not eat the toast.

I was thrown from my car as it left the road; I was later found in a ditch by some stray cows.

Stepping into the boat, my camera dropped into the water.

While weeding my vegetable garden, a garter snake startled me.

Since breaking my leg, my neighbors have helped with my farm chores.

Twisting my ankle rather severely, the trainer helped me off the court to the bench.

I saw the band of Indians coming over the hill through my binoculars.

Stuck in the nearly dry coat of varnish, I found several gnats and other small bugs.

I was on my way to the doctor's with rear end trouble when my universal joint gave way, causing me to have an accident.

Having waited on the park bench for nearly an hour, the bus finally arrived.

Swimming at the beach, Mary's contact lenses were lost.

A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.

Sometimes, as is the case of filling out (or is it filling in?) insurance claims, people purposely arrange words so that they can escape blame. But when you have nothing to hide, properly arrange all parts of your sentences.

Don't give your message a ludicrous meaning unless you intend it. Remember that quite often, you will not be present to "back yourself up." Although it is usually unlikely that others will respond by acting ridiculously to your poorly worded sentences, nevertheless, sentences with dangling modifiers in them can cause momentary confusion.

Because writing is different from speaking in that the people are often not present to clarify what message they intended, they need to write so that there is absolutely no doubt in readers' minds as to what is intended. You never know; some century from now your writing may be discovered, and because you will not be available for questioning, you will probably anger someone or several people who never even knew you. And if you are not "worried" about the future, at least be considerate of those with whom you now communicate.

ROLL OVER THE WHAT?



We sodomly swear to discriminate against gays in the ROTC (Roll Over The Cueerz) program and kick them out of school when they dare come out of the closet. What you do behind closed doors is our business. dammit! It's incom-

patible with the military. We sodomly swear to come after your ass and make you repay the \$25,000 in schlorship fees. The Slow Learner's University of Misery doesn't discriminate but we do! (photo by Stormin Doorman)

TERANCE MINISCULE

Dear Terance;

I don't know what to do. My husband left me in February and I've been on the edge ever since. I can't even afford to feed the cat. I lose my kids every now and then and I can't sleep at night. I tried going to a therapist, but it doesn't seem to help. All he could suggest was to put my kids on a leash and to drink a bottle of NyQuil. What can I do?

Problemated woman

First of all, you should try patching things up with your husband. If that doesn't work, try what your therapist told you to do. If that doesn't work, you and your cat should jump off that edge your on, maybe even taking your kids with you.

Dear Terance;

HELP! I'm in a class with a teacher that I have had in the past and I know what it takes to get and "A," (if you know what I mean). Lately he has been asking me to grade papers with him late at night, at his house. Lately he has been very aggressive. I don't know whether to play along for a good grade, or to tell him that I'm not that kind of girl. What do you suggest?

love, the semi-slutty one

What are you crazy? You don't even have a choice to make. There is only one solution. Go to bed with him, get the "A," then go on with the rest of your life. That's how I got through school. It's probably even the same teacher. Now go be happy.

Dear Terance;

I've lost my shoe and don't know where to find. Can you help me?

forgetfully, Shoeless and suffering;

I stole it you stupid asshole now leave me alone.

KIDNEY OMAR

NOTE: Horoscopes are based entirely on scientific research.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Your hole week is going to suck, stay in bed.

LIBRA (September 23-August 22): Put romance on the back burner, and make that trip to the VD doctor. They lied when they said they were a Virgo.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Keep plans flexible. Don't eat anything made out of leather. Ar-ies plays dominant role.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): Don't get involved with a Libra.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): The planets are in line for you this week. You may, however, trip a few times. No injuries of course. You will dine with a Taurus

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): You should take a vacation now that summer is here. Your friends need it.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): Hope you don't have it.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 19): For God's sake, go to the dermatologist! Sagittarius plays role in zit popping.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Good news! Your first final has been canceled because the teacher has cancer.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 18): Watch out for spurting pus!

VIRGO (August 23-September 22): You won't be a virgin for long, because the lion is going to come roaring.

PISCES (February 19-March 20): Sexual orgy cuming your way. Let loose, be free, and don't worry about protection-you're sterile.

TWO STAR SINGLES SERVICE

"The singles service with class"



"I'd like to meet a nice young virgin. I'm only available nights. I like girls with long and lovely necks."



"I just wanna classy kinda guy. Ya know, someone who'll spend some dough on me."



"I want a woman who drinks Stag beer and can do the two step."



"I'm looking for a white yuppie who drives an expensive car. He must like purple and black for the wedding party."

For more information on how to join, dial 1-800-LON-LEEE. We are a 24 hour service.

The **Stagnant** Presents the 1991
I Take My Self Too Seriously

Award

Each year the Stagnant recognizes the achievements of deserving individuals. This year's recipient has displayed time and time again the uncanny ability to create controversy where it never before existed. A master of disguises, this individual while campaigning, has a chameleon-like quality. When addressing groups of people, he tells them what they want to hear in order to blend in. A rugged individual, this person serves no one but himself. His future success is guaranteed, because of an animal like instinct of knowing which butt to kiss. This person possesses excellent communication skills, due mostly to his unique ability to talk, while his foot is inserted out of both sides of his mouth. As with all leaders, sometimes his methods and motives are open to question. While his nose may be stained, one needs to look no further than his resume for the answer.

The behind the scenes deeds often go reported. Therefore, with deepest gratitude, the Stagnant will erect an eternal flame in thanks to

Paw Mykoochy.