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in this issue ...

— Health Center to dispense heroin

— Amelia Earhart found- here!

— Frats to go co-ed

— The Grubby Week

— Caddas out as coach

— and other exposes

The step up from writing parodies is
writing on the wall above the urinal.
—Ernest Hemingway

Pacific



Lampoon

Volume I No. 1

University of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif. 95211

Phone 946-2114

April 1, 1976

McCaffrey in Senate race

In a momentous 11th hour decision, our own president Stanley E. McCaffrey announced his candidacy for the U.S. Senate seat now held by John V. Tunney.

"I've looked over the field," said McCaffrey in a press conference Tuesday.



STANLEY MCCAFFREY

"and I think I can whip 'em all."

McCaffrey, who is basing his campaign on his nearly flawless record as president here at UOP, failed to disclose his party preference.

"I refuse to say that I'm a Republican," he commented. "I guess I'll wait to see which party I stand the best chance with."

In commenting on the quickness of his decision, McCaffrey said, "I've considered running for some office or another for the last two years. I was going to run for Mayor of Stockton, but I decided that that wouldn't be much fun."

Dean Barr, who is serving as McCaffrey's campaign manager thinks that Stan has a good chance of attain-

"The people of Nevada love Stan, and they know where he stands on issues. There's no doubt in my mind that Stan could be the greatest Senator Arizona has ever known."

President McCaffrey has vowed to continue with his duties here at Pacific during his campaign. Said McCaffrey, "I think that I'll be able to find time during the campaign to get some things done. I could never turn my back on all of you great people at College of the Pacific."

When asked how he thought his chances were, McCaffrey replied, "Well, I've already ordered the Washington license plate 'UOP'."

Editor admits hoax

Everything in this paper is a lie. That was the comment made by Pacific Associate Editor Anthony Bryant.

"The entire paper is merely a joke," said Bryant. "I did it to test the student body's sense of humor."

The paper is not the first of its kind. It was done at Pacific a few times some years ago. A similar hoax newspaper was put out by the students at Berkeley as recently as last fall.

"I enjoyed doing it," said Bryant, a junior who has never been held in high regards by anyone, not even his friends.

"He's the biggest asshole I know," says one of his closest friends, Roy Stone. "A scandal sheet like this is exactly what I'd expect from that idiot."

Bryant is currently hiding out somewhere in Northern California, dodging subpoenas.

"I am well known as a columnist on the issue," said Bryant. "I was only the good ones."

Bryant continued by saying, "Constructive criticism will keep me alive. My goal: writer for the National Enquirer."

Miracle grant lowers tuition

Tuition has been reduced to \$80 a semester. This has been made possible by a loan to the University from Ewell B. Sorri.

The announcement was made by President Stanley McCaffrey Sunday night at a "Wonderful World of Disney" review party in the Gold Room.

McCaffrey also said he will cook hamburgers for the first 600 students who register for Fall semester.

"He will have to clean the grill," said Mrs. McCaffrey.

Sorri was not available for comment as he had to return to Chicago to attend a business meeting.

His wife, Shirley, known as Queenie to close friends, said he had to sign some important papers and checks before the first of April.

As she passed out suckers to the crowd, which included the Bored of Regents, she said, "Hubby wants everyone to be able to attend college and rape the benefits as he did."

Sorri is well known around the world for his generous gifts to the poor. Last Christmas, he gave silk dresses to welfare mothers and chocolate cake to the poor children of Chicago.

The loan, the exact amount is un-

known, brought a sigh of relief from the administration. They have been under the personal financial difficulties due to a computer break-in last month.

The culprits had changed the code and certain administrator's salaries were reduced to \$1.

Sorri made certain stipulations in regard to the loan.

A landing strip for his helicopter will be constructed on top of Knoles Hall and completed by June.

Students must take mandatory field trips to the San Francisco Mint and Lake Tahoe.

A Ewell B. Sorri Day will be started and observed every April 15. This will be in accord with his friend, S.O.L. Downtheroad's birthday.

It will be mandatory for students to take at least three business courses from among the following to qualify for graduation.

Courses are: Inside the Welfare System; How to Whitewash Mistakes; How to Dazzle Your Friends While You Pick Their Pocket; The Essentials of High Interest Loans and Income Tax Hints; and The Perfect Lie.

Tigers to host Thumb Wrestling tournament

sports



THUMB'S UP
Two of the top thumb wrestling contestants vie.

cede to grab the opponents thumb and pin it down without losing grip.

San Diego's Menoff is expected to be the thumb to beat. Aztec coach Freddie "Thumhna!" Knuckleguber commented, "I feel that Jack will have little problem in defeating his PCAA opponents. Jack has had much of the experience with the sport plus the fact he is also a championship tidlywinks player which helps to strengthen his thumb muscles."

As for Pacific's hopeful, Gaybar will be busy limbering up his wrists and knuckles in order to use the famous "slip technique" to gain extra points to put the pressure on the already "fat-headed" Mehoff.

Gaybar commented on his chances of winning, "Well, my father was a flank machine gunner in a B-29 bomber during the second world war and I inherited his strong thumbs that used to fire those 22mm anti-aircraft guns so I feel that I have at least an 85 per cent chance to take the tournament."

Tickets are available for the tournament starting at noon today. Tickets are priced at \$8 for second row folding bridge chair seats, and \$10.00 for front row, Corinthian leather covered bar stools, or free if you present an ASUOP card with a picture of yourself smiling on it. See Suzzie in the UOP ticket office in the gym for further details.

Caddas canned

Yesterday, Dave Schoonover, the sports information director at Pacific, released the surprising news that head football coach Chester Caddas will be dropped from the coaching staff effective immediately.

Some students may recall seeing Oakland Raiders coach John Madden here on campus a few weeks back. As it turns out he was not here looking for a cool spot for training camp after all. It seems that after numerous seasons of just missing the AFC championship title, Big John wants to settle down with a real winning team and show the football world that he can build the tigers into a championship squad.

Aside from the usual UOP benefits and landslide salaries, Big John has already signed contracts with Mentera Datsun and Chase Chevrolet to advertise their automobiles with a Tiger grid punch line that is expected to boost the present value of future ticket sales.

After a brief interview on the phone, Big John had these words to say, "Pacific has great potential. The veer option style of play should prove to an essential building block in our three month summer training program."

As for Caddas, he was seen last checking up on a potential job as assistant football manager of the Kennedy Jr. High School Cougars located in Cupertino, California.

The Grubby Week

Your weekly dining hall menu provided by UOP's smiling dietician, Charlotte Bicycle.

MONDAY

Breakfast

Something Unspeakable on an English Muffin
Eggs Lucrezia Borgia
Last Week's Urology Samples (Courtesy Cowell Health Center)
Locks and Bagels

Lunch

Flaming Fairbrook
Joan of Arc Shish-ka-Bob
Jello Mold with rat feces
Scab salad

Dinner

(Food Service instructs students to go out on Knoles Lawn and graze)

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Momma's Little Children (Dead Babies) Omelette
Toasted Kotex
Kosher Bacon
Lox and Beagles

Lunch

Phlegm and Bean Sprouts on Rye
Creeps Suzette
Candied Ram's Bladder
Stuffed Green Beans

Dinner

Two All Beef Patties
Special Sauce
Lettuce
Cheese
Pickles
Onions
Sesame Seed Bun

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Bill Barr on the half shell
Hash Blacks
Scrambled Ovaries
Locks and Breughels

Lunch

Pemmican
Chili con Crisco
Ketchup and Vaseline on Whole Wheat

Dinner

Smegma Surprise — Quiche Lorraine
Ethel's Meatloaf (Ethel got too close to the grinder yesterday)
Tuna/Marshmellow Casserole
Fortune cookies containing interdenominational Last Rites

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Ham
Sausage
Bacon
Trichinosis
Leeks and Bevels
Lunch
California Salad (Dug up near Fresno)
Solar Prestige au Gammon
Stewed Berlitz Dictionary
Baba au Rambler

Dinner

Chicken ala Newcastle Disease
Sweetbreads ala Jack the Ripper
Peas, Water Chestnuts and the occasional Rhesus Monkey's Gonad



Abolish Freedom of the Press!

The freedom of the press is a dangerous tool. The press, when put into the wrong hands does not serve the purpose it was intended to. That purpose is to inform, or in some cases state a point of view. If we continue to allow laymen and idiots to run newspapers, then we are asking for blatant yellow journalism, or scandal sheets. This paper is an example.

Taking this into account, the editorial staff of the Pacific Lampoon is taking an unprecedented stand: we are calling for the repeal of the first amendment to the constitution. Freedom of speech is obviously some kind of practice which the colonists thought up to spread their propaganda during the 1700's.

As a journalist, and a person with common sense, I ask that the senate act and act fast. We must be protected from filth like the Pacific Lampoon.

editorial



Pacific Lampoon

Written by

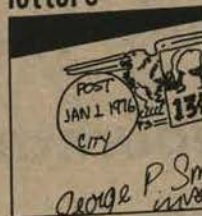
ANTHONY BRYANT
MARK VON CULIN

The Pacific Lampoon is a special issue of The Pacifican, which is a publication of the Associated Students, University of the Pacific. The Lampoon is being produced in the spirit of college humor magazines and newspapers, with no malice intended whatsoever. None of the stories are intended to be true.

Stories contributed by

JOSEPH GOLDEEN
JAMES MEADE
BILL CROSBY
SUE ANDERSON
JAN KLEVAN
TIM BUNCE
LAURA URSENY
DAVID SOLOMON
LARRY FABBRO

letters



Dear Editor,

Look, I don't know which of your brats took it, but I want my dog back. Last time they took it they ran it through the washers in the basement of Grace. I've been nice about it so far but I've been jogging alone for a week now and I'm terribly lonely without little Buffy. Also, will you PLEASE keep those little monsters from taping the "Kick Me" signs on the backs of my suits. The regents are really starting to giggle. I'm not kidding Jess!

Sincerely,
Stanley E. McCaffrey
president

Dear Editor,

I'm innocent... I'm innocent... I'M INNOCENT. DO YOU HEAR ME??? I swear, you'd better lay off or, so help me, I'll have all your scholarships cancelled. How the hell am I supposed to know how the ballot boxes got stuffed and all that crap about the morals charges in Cupertino are lies. ALL LIES!!! (If you'll check the records you'll see that I was paroled early for the other charge). If I make my silly attorneys stop wearing those pimp, "Judd for the Defense" suits, will you set me free. I can get you a good deal on some dyno Thai sticks if you'll just do me this little favor. Come on, be a buddy. Need a new computer... Okay, it's yours... I HAVE THE POWER... I CANNOT BE STOPPED!!!

Sincerely,
Guy Frank

Dear Editor,

Let me use this space to announce the implementation of a new policy by security regarding marijuana use in the residence halls. Security details will be touring campus dorms at fifteen minute intervals, 24 hours a day. Any officer who smells smoke he thinks could be marijuana will enter the room the smoke is coming from and shoot the occupants. The officer will fire two shots; one in the head and one in the groin area, making the symbolic gesture that you can't fuck with security. Thank you for your cooperation on this matter.

Sincerely,
Leslie A. Smith
Chief of Campus Security

Dear Editor,

I'm Jewish.
Sincerely,
Fr. Robert Silva
Director, Newman House.

TRUE TO LIFE

By Chris DuVal



Dear Editor,

My staff and I have finally taken to heart all the comments about how this university will accept anyone. We have discovered that our reputation as a prestige school has greatly suffered because of our lax admission policy. I believe we have found a solution. We have decided to accept a maximum of twelve applications for this fall's freshman class. This number will increase a maximum of five percent over the coming years to an absolute maximum of 100 students for each freshman class. Also, we have decided to accept no more of those disgusting minority students. Let's just see what those fancy pants eastern schools say about this.

Sinc
Yours truly,
E. Leslie Medford
Dean of Admissions

Dear Editor,

Those bees. Those awful bees. That's why I've been so grouchy lately. It is really getting tough working with all those bees living in my hair. Hmmm. How do you think I'd look with a Dorothy Hamill haircut???

Love and kisses,
Judith M. Chambers
Vice President for Student Life

View from the Shit

Look, you guys think it must be easy to come up with some brilliant shit every week—well, think again, beaver breaths.

You know what I was reduced to coming up with this time? Cockroach jokes. That's right, cockroach jokes. Okay, hell, what are you gonna do when you're chained to the frigging typewriter with absolutely no idea what you are gonna contribute to this rag this week, and one of the little roachy bastards comes along doing the Hustle over the keys. At a time like that it's inspiration. I mean, it's been pretty funny lately, what with the ladies down the hall jumping up and down screaming as they're cornered by one vicious, snarling roach who needed only to wave his feelers at them to produce soul-crushing shrieks.

Of course, before the exterminator came, the little buggers were forming conga lines in the halls. One unfortunate young woman made the mistake of sitting on the floor to use the phone, with the result that she got the treatment equivalent to the old anthill torture.

Hell, when you think about it, there isn't anything very funny about cockroaches—fruit flies are a lot more cuddly, and fleas perform tricks better and the rats around here are much more intelligent.

But still, there's this damn roach sitting here staring at me, which is the most eventful thing that has happened this week. Now, all of a sudden he's jumping down and hitting the keys, one by one. Good Lord, he's writing out a message—says he's the reincarnation of a Pacifican columnist. If there's anything I can't stand, it's a smart-ass roach.

So, anyway, here is the sum total of the humor I could come up with for this mess. Pretty hard, up, right? Well, like I said, it ain't easy to come up with winners all the time. I mean, how long can you survive on lines about rubber products, Patty Hearst, tequila or the mental disorders of roommates? Maybe one could get some hysterical one liners about waitress service in the Redwood Room.

Hell, this is a parody—who says I got to be funny? You guys are expecting humor, right? Well, you can sit on it and revolve, as far as I'm concerned, all of you. April Fool, you schmucks—I'm not about to herniate my mental processes just so you can all have something to read while you're sitting on the john this afternoon.

If you want to be entertained by this issue, I suggest you cut paper dolls out of it. I'm not your servant, dorks. I've earned a vacation, if only from spending time up in North Hall with the building fossilizing around me. In fact, I think all of us up at this publication need a long rest, before they find us one day curled up in dark corners in the fetal position, humming to ourselves.

There—I've gotten it out of my system. It was either this or invite a Girl Scout troop into performing various illicit acts. Now, you all can use this to paper the bottom of your birdcage, for all I care. Best regards, you all.

using dog meat?

Charges dropped against Rathskeller

Charges have been dropped against the Rathskeller for allegedly

do, a small labrador retriever who claims he was chased around the University Center for several hours by a Rathskeller employee carrying a butcher knife.

"Ruff! grr! art," said Fido, referring to his buddy, Spot, who reportedly could not outrun his pursuer and was used in a roast beef sandwich.

Commenting on the situation was Food Service Director Paul Fairbrook. "I've been eating lunch in the Rathskeller (Rathskeller) all week, and the food there tastes no more like dog meat than the food in the Redwood Room."

During his comment, Fairbrook's stomach growled the whole time.

Fido's owner, Henry Berker, a student in the School of Engineering stated, "If Fido says he was chased, I believe him. I detest the idea of a bunch of students whom I don't know eating my dog. I was saving Fido to eat myself on a special occasion."



FIDO

serving dog meat to its patrons. The allegations were made by H.

Mighty Calaveras Calendar

Today—April Fool's Day

7 a.m. Campus alarm clock buzzing for 1 hour. Dorm Rooms.
8 a.m. Campus-wide toilet flushing.
8:02 a.m. Community showers Burns Tower.
9 a.m. Breakfast with Tony the Tiger Dining Halls.
11:40 a.m. Smoke out-President's Dining Room.
Noon Rally for the legalization of pot-Anderson Lawn.

1 p.m. Nude Relays-Swimming Pool.
3 p.m. "Deep Throat"—UC Theater.
6 p.m. Fur Burgers and Tube Steaks Dining Halls.
7:30 p.m. Montrose/Who/Fleetwood Mac/Stories-Conservatory.
10 p.m. Gang bang-Raymond Common Room.
11 p.m. Signing of Free Tuition Bill #183-Finance Center.
Midnight Free drinks, pot, men, women Your Place.

Student reveals RAPE experience

It was another of those long and lonely Friday nights. Not even a hint of being asked out for a date. I thought to myself that I would end up watching some dumb movie on T.V. as I had done so many times before.

But not I was destined to have some action.

I thought of who I could go visit. How about that squirrely little guy with freckles and glasses down the hall. Sounded good enough in view of my other alternatives.

I turned off the T.V. and headed out the door. But just as I was leaving I thought to myself, I can't do this. I hate that ugly creep.

So I returned to the idiot box, the crazy commercials and the loneliness. At my side there lay an old copy of the Pacifican which I picked up and started reading.

One story about the indecent exposures and questionable rape incidents at the Calaveras Bridge excited me so

much that I read it three times.

Then I thought, why can't I be one of the lucky ones to get raped, or at least view a member of the opposite sex.

So I stomped my foot on the ground and decided to head over to the Calaveras Bridge. But this time I dressed up for the occasion. With my taise eyelashes, high heels, wig, finger nail polish and napkins stuffed into my bra I was sure to be a prime target.

"I didn't even hesitate while going through my door. I knew that I had to do it or be horny as hell until I went to sleep."

There I was, walking towards what I hoped to be a night that I would never forget. As I was walking, I envisioned the way it would be if I were to meet the man I was looking for under the bridge.

As I got nearer and nearer to the bridge, I repeatedly thanked God that the health center was just a step away, for my heart was pounding with such intense excitement I thought it would burst.

I walked up the ramp to the bridge very slowly. I didn't want to be missed if

someone was around. Grasping the iron rail forced my heart to pound even greater as my imagination symbolized the rail with what I was looking for.

I walked until I reached the other side of the bridge. Unfortunately not even a hint of someone being around. Then I turned around and walked back across, this time hoping even more desperately that someone would see me.

Then it came. A voice. "Hello there, sugar." I quickly responded with "Where are you?"

"Under the bridge," responded the long-awaited voice.

I quickly walked under the bridge. But not too fast to scare away the voice. And then I saw him. He stood about five feet tall and was wearing a dark overcoat. I could see empty bottles of booze

laying on the ground.

Then to my amazement and enjoyment, he opened his overcoat to unveil his naked body.

He embarrassed me by taking off my clothes. But not I said to myself. This is taking too long. So I turned myself away and undressed by myself.

By now we were both very excited and we began to embark upon the task of relieving our anxieties, frustrations and emotions.

When we had both exhausted our bodies to their limit, we both gathered my clothes and the fragments. Unfortunately, they were just as "dirty" as I was. But that didn't bother me now. All I knew was that I had had my wishes fulfilled.

As I walked slowly down the ramp back to my room, I thought to myself that there was always a better way than

Health Center to dispense heroin

Cowell Student Health Center is planning to dispense heroin to all patients suffering from hay fever and other allergies, Doc Morrison declared today at a press conference.

"It's an idea I have been toying with for some time," Morrison revealed. "This ought to wipe out those nasty snifflies."

The program was thought to be the first of its kind to be put into practice. Opponents to the controversial plan cite drug addiction as a main drawback to the proposal. Morrison commented on that allegation.

"Yea, I guess that will be a problem." But he added, "You have to take the good with the bad. Let's face it. It's better to have a monkey on your back than in your sinuses."

Morrison has asked the student

body not to overdo their medication. As an extra precaution, the doctor insisted on a warning.

"Each and every hypodermic will have a label reading 'MAY CAUSE DROWSINESS. USE CARE WHEN OPERATING A CAR OR DANGEROUS MACHINERY.' So all you health nuts, get off my back!"

When asked what the response was to this program, the doctor replied, "Just fantastic! It was more than we dared hope for."

Morrison was asked if there was any particular group of students utilizing the program.

"Yea, come to think of it, there have been more Conservative students than any other group. It's funny. We never have had so many music majors bothered by allergies before. That's Stockton for you."



TAKE YOUR MEDICINE SONNY

Doc Morrison injects heroin into hay fever patient



AVIATRESS FOUND

Professor Jan Timmons revealed she is really Amelia Earhart.

Amelia Earhart found — A dean at COP

Dr. Jan Timmons, associate dean of COP, announced to a stunned press conference last night that she is really Amelia Earhart, the famed pioneer of aviation.

Ms. Earhart told reporters she changed identities because she was tired of my image and desired a more fulfilling life.

Amelia, the first woman to cross the Atlantic Ocean, was thought to have been lost over the Pacific in 1937.

"I was lost all right," Amelia said. "But it wasn't over the Pacific. My compass was malfunctioning and when I crash landed, I found I was in Stockton. That's probably why I was never found."

When asked why she did not make contact with the outside, Amelia smiled and thought for a moment.

"I was tired of cockpits. Stockton was a nice change."

When asked if she had told anyone of her true identity, Earhart replied, "Only President McCaffrey."

When questioned, McCaffrey said, "Yeah, I guess she did say something about it, but I don't know, the name didn't ring a bell. Boy, is my face red."

Dr. Duns, chairman of the communication arts department in which Ms. Earhart is associate professor, was very surprised at the revelation.

This explains a lot of her odd quirks she had. For example, she always wore an old aviator's helmet to the faculty meetings. She also spent a week trying to put a wind sock on Burns Tower."

George Cartwright, now a communication arts professor, was very relieved to hear of Earhart's reappearance.

That property, once lost, did not come begging the help out of me.

Amelia was asked if she had any plans to resume her flying career or maybe work for the aviation industry she helped develop.

"No, I could never go back. I made my life in Stockton. If the world knew they know where they can find me."

Fraternities to go co—educational

Fraternities and sororities on the UOP campus will be coeducational beginning in the fall.

According to Dean William Barr, the drastic change was made for two main reasons. First, opposition to the closing of open bars is expected to die down because of the change.

"Since the living groups will be coeducational, there will be no need to open the parties to the rest of the university and the Stockton community," Barr stated. "Hopefully, the fraternities won't be so opposed to the open bar shut-down and will resume cooperative communication with the administration."

The second justification of the change is that recent pledge classes have not filled the house's quotas. According to Barr, Phi Kappa Tau pledged only 40 new members last week and Delta Delta Delta gained only

29.

"If substantial pledge classes like this were to continue, the houses could easily become financially unstable," he said. "I believe coeducational houses would stimulate more interest in the Greek system."

Placement in the individual houses will be determined by a mass lottery on Knoles Lawn next Wednesday morning; no person may remain in the house next year that they were in this year. According to the administration, this should allow more variety in the students' lives.

Those students drawing the numbers one through 50 will be housed in Alpha Chi Omega in the fall; the next 50 will reside in Alpha Kappa Lambda and so on down the list of Greek houses in alphabetical order, ending with Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Those students who draw the very last numbers, and for

whom there is no room left in any of the houses, will be housed in the Health Center. A new lottery will be held each semester.

Before moving into the houses in the fall, a physical examination by Doc Morrison is required.

"This is only a precautionary measure," Morrison said. "You never can tell what these immoral Greeks will do."

Sleeping arrangements in the houses will remain primarily the same: coeducational. However, the sleeping porches will be divided by sex with steel bars and a 24-hour guard. Applications for guards are now being accepted in Knoles Hall. The only requirement is willpower.

Most Greeks questioned are in favor of the change.

"I think it would be nice to have guys around the house," stated a petite

blonde sorority member. "But I don't like the idea of the sleeping porch being so divided. Its never been that way before."

Another comment from a sorority member was that the new system would be of great help during rushing periods.

"It's so hard for us to build and carry around those heavy props," she said. "And everyone knows you can't have a good rush without impressive props."

"I think the change can be very beneficial in the long run," a husky fraternity man commented. "Some of the guys get really frustrated in a single sex house."

One fraternity member was disappointed that shower raids will become obsolete under this new system.

"Now that we'll have communal showers, it won't be a challenge to throw the girls in anymore," he complained.

One Omega Phi Alpha member was overheard to shyly say: "Does this mean we'll be living with real live girls?"

UOP goes Aggie!



HE'S ARRIVED

No bull, this is one of the study aids for our new "aggie" college

In its ever-increasing effort to meet student desires, the UOP administration announced formal plans to open a School of Agricultural Sciences by September, 1979.

departments and other colleges will be offering courses related to agriculture beginning in the fall.

The idea was seeded when COP Senator Kirk Strangeland, a known farm

boy from Patterson made an off-hand remark at a November senate meeting about seeing classes such as animal husbandry offered at UOP.

The discussion ended very quickly when public advocate Gary Janzen said, "Hey, Kurt, uh, Kirk, you know they offer a course in human sexuality."

"Yea, but it's not the same thing," End of discussion.

Meanwhile, someone in the ivory tower read the minutes from that meeting and started the ball rolling. However, no one will take credit for the new program.

Departments within COP will be offering various courses, such as: Agrinomics in economics; Agrimatics in math; Agriigion in religious studies, and Mini-Agriculture for pre-ministerial majors.

Tentative I & I (information and imagination) courses for freshman will be offered, including You and Your Agriculture through the department of physical education and recreation, and Man's Inhibitions Expressed Throughout the Agricultural Realm in the communication arts department.

Callison students will receive 32 units for spending their sophomore year working in rice paddies throughout the Far East.

Raymond's effort in establishing the study of agriculture at UOP will be aimed at a course entitled "The Agricultural Writings of Hemingway, Steinback and Butz."

Foreign students at Elbert Covell have offered to stay at home for a year, in locations such as Acapulco and Colombia, and cultivate their own crops, which they would harvest and bring back to UOP. Cambodian students are urged to take this course.

In order to receive academic credit, students upon returning must take the week long course in the School of Pharmacy, Natural Drugs.

The new school will be housed in a multi-million dollar complex situated in the heart of the South Campus, now a vacant lot.

The university will not be putting up any money for the expected fifteen buildings which will comprise the complex. A source close to the eighth floor said two brothers who run a Modesto winery came forward with the money.

Thunderbird Hall will house the administration. Two other tentatively named structures, the "E" Building and the "J" Building will house a library, laboratories, grape vines and an experimental barn.



Security cracks down; arsenal to be issued

"The punks around here have had it too soft for too long."

With these angry words, Security Chief Les Smith announced a tightening of security around the university. He has also issued new orders as well as equipment to his men.

"We are devising strategic offensive maneuvers. But like my daddy used to say, 'It don't matter what you call it, it's still shoot to kill.'"

Asked to comment on the types of new equipment, Chief Smith replied, "Oh, a bunch of 44 caliber magnums, a couple of M-16's, some grenade launchers and a little baby that can fire

incendiary devices as high as that tower over there. But this isn't just fun and games," Smith added. "We were hired to enforce the laws and that's just what we intend to do."

Smith was asked what type of criminals he was tightening down on.

"Late registrants, mostly. And of course overdue book holders. But the biggest offenders are those illegal parkers. God, they piss me off."

Smith was asked what sort of punishments he saw fit for those guilty of illegal parking.

"Public executions," he replied tersely.



PINNED

Callison professor Sheto Hachowa shows how the natives took target practice.

Callison professor back from Africa

Professor Sheto Hachowa returned to Callison College after spending three years among the Latube Tribe in Africa. Hachowa, on sabbatical, lived and worked with the Latube colony, an ancient people whose only weapon is the blow gun.

"It was generally an enjoyable

experience," Dr. Hachowa told reporters. "Of course it did have its drawbacks."

He described how he was accepted with no questions and was even given a specific role in the tribe.

"My job was to help the warriors prepare for the hunts. My name was 'wamolaakeci' or target."



ON HIS WAY TO PLAYBOY
Pacifican editor-in-chief Joe Goldeen relaxes before heading to Playboy.

Hefner appoints Pacifican editor

Joseph Goldeen, present editor-in-chief of the Pacifican, announced Monday that he has been hired by Playboy magazine as a staff writer. Goldeen will take the position following his graduation in May.

"I always admired the high quality of writing exhibited by Playboy. Opposing views are always explored and a very liberal attitude is taken on most subjects. I like the non-restraint of intellectual ideas that Playboy exemplifies," said Goldeen.

Goldeen hopes to widen the scope of Playboy journalism to include a university perspective. By emphasizing the role Playboy takes in the lives of college students, he intends to make the editors more aware of their university audience.

"If the editors are more aware,

maybe they will do a concentrated study of the areas in which students have interests," Goldeen preferred not to elaborate on these areas.

"The readers can analyze and understand those areas by reading my first article which will appear in the August issue. The article will be published that late because of the length of research time."

Goldeen added that the article will delve into the behavior of modern college students, with an emphasis on appetite and emotion.

Goldeen believes his liberal stance as Pacifican editor sparked Playboy's interest in him. "All those computer problems created frustration and frustration creates... The Pacifican parties were only one form of release."

BOB DYLAN

will not appear

TOMORROW NIGHT 8pm
CONSERVATORY

Lampoon Editor in suicide

An unidentifiable Pacific Lampoon staff editor is believed to have committed suicide last Wednesday night while working on the paste-up of the paper.

The body was found slumped over the varityper machine, and a suicide note was found on the floor near the body. It read, in part, as follows:

"I, a Pacific Lampoon Editor, have lost my mind and want to end my misery. I am fed up with the greasy Rathskeller pizza and am tired of demonstrating the viva towel commercial on it every Wednesday night.

"I am fed up with the unpredictable waxer machine; we have determined that it is possessed by the devil. I am fed up with the unreliable computer that periodically prints stories in type resembling Greek.

"I am fed up with the fact that the

heat in North Hall is turned off every evening at 5 p.m., forcing the staff (human popsicles by 10 p.m.) to paste up the paper in sub-zero temperatures.

"And most of all, I am fed up with the boring staff parties, even though I cannot remember most of them."

The suicide was committed by repeated stabbings with an exacto-knife, used in the paste-up procedure.

Funeral services are scheduled for next Thursday morning in the Tracy cemetery near Devel Vocational Institute. Remaining staff members will serve as pallbearers, and the staff of the Tracy Press (printers of the Pacifican) are presently forming a chorale group to present a medley of appropriate songs. In lieu of flowers, the deceased requests you to send money to the remaining staff members so they can have a decent party for a change.

Fetus found in DG incinerator

The fetus of an unborn male child was found in the incinerator of Delta Gamma sorority last Friday morning, by Randall Decker of maintenance, who was performing his weekly duty of emptying out the incinerators.

In an exclusive interview Saturday afternoon, Decker described the discovery as "quite a shock. It (the

child) had blond hair—I didn't think none of them girls was a natural blonde."

from Delta Gamma made the following report: "This has come as a shock to a great many of us. The sister involved has been severely reprimanded by the panhellenic council, and has been fined \$75. We are sure that she is sorry for her actions."

.... and this just in

Randall Decker, a maintenance man, was severely injured last Monday, as he was weeding in front of Grace Covert Hall.

He was found lying on the lawn unconscious, with several bruises and scratches across his face. Doctor Morrison is doubtful that he will ever regain sight in his left eye.

In an interview, the heavily seditious

ted Decker recounted the incident: "They took me off incinerator duty, see? So I was just minding my own business pulling these weeds, when I hear this girl behind me cry out: 'You! Because of you I gotta pay \$75!' And then I don't remember much. She must have hit me."

Details of the incident are being investigated.



FETUS
This photo shows the fetus in its early stage