Havahd proxy claims draft laws to cause grad school perversion

CPD — Havahd President Napoleon Pussy today lamented the Administration's stand on the drafting of graduate students.

Elaborating on his oft-quoted statement to national news media, he added that next year's graduate schools will not only tax the nation, the male, and the female, and the perceived.

Commenting on what he termed "a year that will see an abundance of factors in the activities of the graduate school," Dr. Pussy predicted that a number of adjournments will be forced on the faculty.

One linguistics professor at Havahd University noted the probability of modified speech "booming with a blend of trenchant jargon." President Karin Fuffer of Grass University seemed more concerned with the probable impact on undergraduate life.

"Paving the way of the traditional role of the off-campus graduate teaching assistant or "prof." is a major liberalization of college administration," he stated, "and die.

Curly student leader and demonstration organizer Curtis Shamer, in an exclusive Trash interview, claimed that it was one of the most devastating ex-

Army calls will hit 'over-26' group; pro's announce will run if drafted

One faculty member, Gene-

EARNIE R. MCGILLICUDDY
Trash Reporter

Reversing an earlier policy, the Selective Service has re-

Army calls will hit 'over-26' group; pro's announce will run if drafted
Khe Sanh bows to student protest

By ERIC SCHREIBNAPP

President Karim Puffer of Grass University today announced the appointment of the new director of the Grass Food Service, Miss Gloria Bacteria. The previous incumbent, Osei, Khe Sanh, was removed from office yesterday following his refusal to student demands concerning the quality of the food which he prepared for them.

A student delegation, led by campus war-monger Shovett Mullover, had surrounded the building and begun lobbing cooking utensils at the main entrance at any car that tried to enter from Grass Boulevard.

Bulled for 3 days and succumbed, these tokens which were flown in from Shovett Hall on carrier pigeons, Miss Khe Sanh emerged on the third day and began lobbing the warnings of her employment into which Miss Khe Sanh emerged.

Miss Khe Sanh, who had previously been employed as an advisor for rolling ice cream balls to Soroya's Cafeteria, had expanded her control when the cooking had gone campus wide, and had taken charge of the six provincial satellite kitchens.

She had previously been employed by Swill Billious' Restaurant, and had enjoyed a city-wide reputation for her ability to open oyster shells with her finger nails.

Mullover proclaimed total victory and credited his year-long campaign of food riots which culminated in what he called his Tit-for-Tat Offensive on the Food Service Building.

Lashed to Complacency

He cited Miss Khe Sanh's admission that she had been lulled to complacency by the preoccupations of the Grass University President. Puffer had told her that the Grass' campus campaign had been weakened by such success, and had taken charge of the six provincial satellite kitchens.

He announced that he would be allowed to leave his post next time he's in town.

Mullover also pointed out that the supposed unification of province chiefs had never materialized, or they had at least judiciously refrained from coming to the aid of Miss Khe Sanh in her moment of need.

United Front

Grass' Puffer, in his announcement which officially removed Miss Khe Sanh from office and replaced her with the Hansin Province Chief Executive, Gloria Bacteria, vowed that food service policy would remain unchanged in spite of the mild setback.

He promised that the University could conquer student unrest while pursuing fiscal responsibility, without diminishing the effort on either front.

Narcos searching for illicit drugs; no more grass for grass puffers

A campus raid early Tuesday patrolled a field of Grass Federal agents, as they arrested a Kne student professor and charged him with flagrant possession of narcotics and other drugs terming "illegal."

"This time we've bagged the big pusher," said one officer, referring to Rankle Fagid of the Rice Chemistry Dept.

Fagid was found with 20 pounds of marijuana, 14 pounds of LSD, .6 gallons of methedrine, 24,000 "pop" pills, and a large assortment of aphrodisiacs.

A string of flowers worn by the suspect was also sent to the police lab for further analysis.

Agents swooped down on the Hansin Coffeehouse at 2 am and discovered a table Complete with audience applause, shrieks, gestures featuring America's newest sing-song sensations — THE MASTERS!

Rummy Crass
L.A. Dodgers
Attraction: washing Main Street Mullton

Narcotics and other drugs terming "illegal" were then added to the evidence.

The raid on Hansin came in response to an anonymous appeal by Fagid's activities. The tipster is believed to be a rival of Fagid, who has recently been unmasked by the police.

Police say that he is a virtual master in his field.

Despite the overwhelming evidence, Fagid still proclaimed his innocence: "I've got a big mistake," he said, "I was just doing my thing."

A blindfold test for beer.

If anybody ever says you can't pick Budweiser with your eyes shut, you can call his bluff.

First, have somebody pour several brands of beer into glasses. Now stick your nose close to the foam of each glass and take a sniff. Notice a difference? The one with the clean, fresh aroma is Budweiser.

Now taste. This gets a bit tricky. But the one beer that tastes like beer without any one flavor jumping out at you (like hops, or an extra sweetness, or sometimes a sour or sharp taste) is Budweiser. That's because Budweiser is mellowed — by our Beechwood Ageing. We want you to taste the beer, not the recipe. If anybody pulls a beer-tasting test on you, now you know how to win. Just follow your nose.
Fowls revolt after Shelrot trade
By CRACKED "BOOT" SLURBY

Twitty Spree

Calam poise reigned today over the ruins of Grass Stadium, the palatial structure which stood for sixteen years as a monument to the great Grass Fowl football teams.

It was the first quiet since the eruption last week following Head Coach Boo Reagan's announcement that he had traded beloved lawnbreaker Bollder Shelrot for a Faggie sweatshirt. Students started the new Trash athletic offices, demanding Reagan's skull or the return of the fabulous Shelrot.

But all was not to avail... alas, Shelrot was gone and Boo, informed by cronies Bob Banomen and Phil Boursch of the impending disaster, had skipped town.

"I loved Reagan in his defense before he fled," said Reen, "What's the point? He's too small to play lawnmower. But a real Faggie sweatshirt... now that's a useful item."

So passed the first day.

Violence filled the air through the night. By morning there was still no sign of Boo, and the atmosphere of destruction lapsed into uneasy tension as the Fowls awaited his return. A few bearded individuals circulated through the crowd, hearing bears, saying, "Grass is Dead."

A legendary Boo Reagan arrived last night at 11:29 pm, Bessiegrful immediately by the mob, he announced that Shelrot had been returned safely and would start at lawnmower in today's spring scrimmage. The crowd went crazy with joy at the news, rushed en masse to the stadium across the campus, and reduced it quickly to a pile of rubble in their glue.

At this writing, representatives of the UI of H-Fakers were knocking at the door of the SWC selection committee asking that they and their wonderful disaster be considered for conference membership.

And Boo Reagan stood in the middle of the madding lot, covered the damage, scratched his head, and wondered aloud, "What's all the commotion about?"

The fury had all but abated two days later when as the second became the history, large numbers of strange creatures appeared, walking around in a haze, muttering about their lost sweatshirts.

"It's making the point that you can own an Oldsmobile, if not a new one, then certainly a used one said a Mr. 67 Oldsmobile 4-4-2 you see here. Or a sporty used Cutlass convertible. Or, even, one of those great Olds Rocket 88s. Of course, Olds dealers also carry a large stock of other brands on their Value-Rated used car lot.

Drive a youngmobile from Oldsmobile. (New or used, it's a fun car to own.)

What's a 1967 Olds doing in this 1968 Olds advertisement?

It's the grass trash... the name, we've just started using one here... it just seems you get a feel more with the grass trash... you just can't open the door to the grass trash.... we put it up with the help of the Barringer Furniture Company. All the grass trash is now at the Barringer Furniture Company."

"What's all the commotion about? Shelrot's too wonderful Disasterdome be considered for conference membership."

"My action was supposedly prompted by reports from Farmer Station, the famous Metro-police of Progress, that the Faggie student body, to a one, had revolted at the news that their honor had been sacrificed for a nobody named Shelrot."

"It was the first quiet since the eruption last week following Head Coach Boo Reagan's announcement that he had traded beloved lawnbreaker Bollder Shelrot for a Faggie sweatshirt. Students started the new Trash athletic offices, demanding Reagan's skull or the return of the fabulous Shelrot.

But all was not to avail... alas, Shelrot was gone and Boo, informed by cronies Bob Banomen and Phil Boursch of the impending disaster, had skipped town.

"I loved Reagan in his defense before he fled," said Reen, "What's the point? He's too small to play lawnmower. But a real Faggie sweatshirt... now that's a useful item."

So passed the first day.

Violence filled the air through the night. By morning there was still no sign of Boo, and the atmosphere of destruction lapsed into uneasy tension as the Fowls awaited his return. A few bearded individuals circulated through the crowd, hearing bears, saying, "Grass is Dead."

A legendary Boo Reagan arrived last night at 11:29 pm, Bessiegrful immediately by the mob, he announced that Shelrot had been returned safely and would start at lawnmower in today's spring scrimmage. The crowd went crazy with joy at the news, rushed en masse to the stadium across the campus, and reduced it quickly to a pile of rubble in their glue.

At this writing, representatives of the UI of H-Fakers were knocking at the door of the SWC selection committee asking that they and their wonderful disaster be considered for conference membership.

And Boo Reagan stood in the middle of the madding lot, covered the damage, scratched his head, and wondered aloud, "What's all the commotion about?"

The fury had all but abated two days later when as the second became the history, large numbers of strange creatures appeared, walking around in a haze, muttering about their lost sweatshirts.

"It's making the point that you can own an Oldsmobile, if not a new one, then certainly a used one said a Mr. 67 Oldsmobile 4-4-2 you see here. Or a sporty used Cutlass convertible. Or, even, one of those great Olds Rocket 88s. Of course, Olds dealers also carry a large stock of other brands on their Value-Rated used car lot.

Drive a youngmobile from Oldsmobile. (New or used, it's a fun car to own.)

What's a 1967 Olds doing in this 1968 Olds advertisement?

It's the grass trash... the name, we've just started using one here... it just seems you get a feel more with the grass trash... you just can't open the door to the grass trash.... we put it up with the help of the Barringer Furniture Company. All the grass trash is now at the Barringer Furniture Company."

"What's all the commotion about? Shelrot's too wonderful Disasterdome be considered for conference membership."

"My action was supposedly prompted by reports from Farmer Station, the famous Metro-police of Progress, that the Faggie student body, to a one, had revolted at the news that their honor had been sacrificed for a nobody named Shelrot."

"It was the first quiet since the eruption last week following Head Coach Boo Reagan's announcement that he had traded beloved lawnbreaker Bollder Shelrot for a Faggie sweatshirt. Students started the new Trash athletic offices, demanding Reagan's skull or the return of the fabulous Shelrot.

But all was not to avail... alas, Shelrot was gone and Boo, informed by cronies Bob Banomen and Phil Boursch of the impending disaster, had skipped town.

"I loved Reagan in his defense before he fled," said Reen, "What's the point? He's too small to play lawnmower. But a real Faggie sweatshirt... now that's a useful item."

So passed the first day.

Violence filled the air through the night. By morning there was still no sign of Boo, and the atmosphere of destruction lapsed into uneasy tension as the Fowls awaited his return. A few bearded individuals circulated through the crowd, hearing bears, saying, "Grass is Dead."

A legendary Boo Reagan arrived last night at 11:29 pm, Bessiegrful immediately by the mob, he announced that Shelrot had been returned safely and would start at lawnmower in today's spring scrimmage. The crowd went crazy with joy at the news, rushed en masse to the stadium across the campus, and reduced it quickly to a pile of rubble in their glue.

At this writing, representatives of the UI of H-Fakers were knocking at the door of the SWC selection committee asking that they and their wonderful disaster be considered for conference membership.

And Boo Reagan stood in the middle of the madding lot, covered the damage, scratched his head, and wondered aloud, "What's all the commotion about?"

The fury had all but abated two days later when as the second became the history, large numbers of strange creatures appeared, walking around in a haze, muttering about their lost sweatshirts.

"It's making the point that you can own an Oldsmobile, if not a new one, then certainly a used one said a Mr. 67 Oldsmobile 4-4-2 you see here. Or a sporty used Cutlass convertible. Or, even, one of those great Olds Rocket 88s. Of course, Olds dealers also carry a large stock of other brands on their Value-Rated used car lot.

Drive a youngmobile from Oldsmobile. (New or used, it's a fun car to own.)

What's a 1967 Olds doing in this 1968 Olds advertisement?