

KEFAUVER



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Third Edition

Gratis

From The Editor

Dear readers,

Unfortunately, this is the last issue of the Kefauver Pantagraph that we will be able to bring to you. The response that we have received from you has been quite encouraging, and we would have continued bringing you our "unique" sense of humor if it had not been for one thing. The federal Food and Drug Administration has found the Kefauver Pantagraph to be a cancer causing agent in laboratory animals. Therefore, we must suspend publication until further research has been done to establish the safety of our publication. We now join the ranks of sachharin, red dye #2, asbestos hair dryers, and corvairs in our final hour of glory.

We hope that you have enjoyed our writing and that the spirit of our paper will live on at Stevenson. Above all, we hope that whether we end up being rich and famous, or selling aluminum siding in Fort Wayne, you will remember the message of our paper, which is to relax, take life easy, and enjoy one of God's greatest gifts, laughter. Or to sum it up into just a few short words-coined by the infamous Chuckles the Clown- "A little song, a little dance, a little seltzer down the pants."

Abbie Hoffman

SHROUD OF PRAIRIE VIEW

KPI-Prairie View, Ill.

Scientists, theologians, and thousands of the press corps from around the world have been pouring into the small town of Prairie View, Ill., a suburb of the sprawling metropolis and cultural center of the midwest, Half Day, Ill., for the last 24 hours. Preliminary reports have it that a "Shroud of Prairie View", much like the famous Shroud of Turin, has been found in the Adlai E. Stevenson High School archives.

Mr. Tall N. Skinny, a former teacher at Stevenson, reports that he found the Shroud while looking for a drop cloth amongst mounds of other worthless Stevenson memorabilia at the high school. He said, "I'm working part time as a house painter now. I was running low on drop cloths, so I stopped by the school to see if they had any extra material laying

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BEAVE CAMPAIGN IN FULL SWING

It appears that the "Belive in The Beave" campaign is already in full swing. In an unprecedented move, Edward Haskell, The Beave's probable choice for Secretary of State, flew to Egypt, allegedly to enlist the support of President Anwar Sadat. In an informal meeting with the President and his wife, Mr. Haskell in his usual suave manner, was quoted as saying, "Good afternoon Mrs. Sadat. My what a lovely dress you have on today."

Mrs. Sadat, touched deeply by Eddie's comment, then replied, "Why thank you Eddie. Why don't you stay for some milk and cookies?"

Eddie gave her a polite no thank you but invited her and the Begins to a barbecue at the White House as soon as Beaver is elected.

In other events in the Beaver camp, reporters questions about the nature of the candidates name met with a puzzled response from June and Ward Cleaver who stated, "Doesn't everyone name their children after semi-aquatic mammals."

Although this blunder may slip past most voters, outrage has already been keenly expressed by loyal Don the Snake Prudhome fans who have threatened to withdraw their support from the Beave's campaign.

LAWN FLAMINGO FEST

The Kefauver Pantagraph has donated a larger than life pink lawn flamingo to our school to help lend an even more dignified air to Stevenson landscaping along side our tastefully designed lighted sign. We hope that our gift to the school can enhance the sophistication of the grounds only half as much as did the beloved Patriots sign. It's time the administration realized we have to do away with the unobtrusive decor our school once had in order to adopt today's contemporary philosophy that "Too much is never enough." Hopefully, if each graduating class continues to contribute to the beautification of our beloved Stevenson in the manner of lighted signs, pink lawn flamingos, and perhaps a giant nude on velvet painting for the upper lobby, someday Stevenson may be able to resemble Wheeling High School, or better yet, maybe we may someday even look as nice as the Venus Adult Bookstore.

EDITORIAL PAGE

Butt-Rebutt

Dear Editor,

I am outraged at your latest of attempts to undermine the feminist movement through your poorly written chauvenistic rag. The most recent edition of your paper was riddled with both blatant and subliminal sexist propaganda. I feel that it is my duty as a woman of the female sex to let your readers know what you are doing.

First of all and foremost, I object to your use of such outdated words as "spokesman," "Tinman," and "Tigerman." Not only do you insist that women are incapable of being spokespeople, tinpeople, and tigerpeople, but you also imply that only men are tourists. In your

"O'Hare Airport-Vacation Wonderland" article, you continually refer to the vacationer with the masculine pronoun, "he." Next thing, you'll be telling us that God isn't a woman.

Your defamation of women unfortunately doesn't stop there. The use of sexually derogatory terms, like "chick" and "broad," is truly an indication of your journalistic irresponsibility.

The same is true of your endorsement of Beaver Cleaver for president. No one should rightly vote for a candidate whose mother was portrayed on television as a stereotypical doting, self-sacrificing housewife.

So far I have only exposed your blatant sexism. On a subliminal level, your publication makes Playboy look like Jack-n-Jill. Phallic symbols like "banana", "road", "missle", "popsicle stick", and "candle" are all too common in your paper. Attempts like these to foster the dominant male image must end.

As another example of your cowardice in making covert sexist statements, I found "N-O E-R-A" spelled out by taking the 15th, 17th, 48th, 64th, and 66th lines of your "Reefer Madness" article.

It really amazes and disappoints me to see a paper work so diligently for the freedom of the oppressed people of Puerto Rico, yet be so narrow-minded in its treatment of women, an equally oppressed group.

Kim Steinem

Dear Editor,

My mind boggles when I try to imagine what news may be uncovered as graduation approaches. Will the Kefauver Pantagraph go even further underground--say 6 feet or so? Will ghost writers take over in 1980-81? Will Griff Powell become the hope of the 80's? For the answers to these and other questions I look forward to the May edition of the Kefauver Pantagraph.

Best of luck to the Kefauver Pantagraph staff. Estes would be proud of you. Of all the people I've known, you are some of them.

Cheers,
Marilyn Hoekstra

Butt: by Cy Cotic

The problem with America today is that there's not enough capital punishment. By God, if criminals didn't get off Scot-free every time they get in trouble, we wouldn't have all the problems we have today. Fry a few degenerates!! Then we'll see the crime rate drop. And why stop with murderers? Let's kill all the lousy scum bags who are terrorizing America. I'm sick of people parking and taking two spaces up. Kill 'em all.

One of the arguments those lily livered pansies who are anti capital punishment use is that, "It's not right to take another life, only God can do that." Well to that I say, "God gave us electricity, let's use it."

We don't need those degenerates and we don't need to pay taxes to keep them comfy and cosy at the "Joliet Hilton." It would cost a lot less to do away with them and thus alleviate surplus population. Capital punishment is good. I like to see people die.

Rebutt: by Ima Pansy

I think capital punishment is wrong. It's not right to take another life, only God can do that. We shouldn't kill criminals, we should help them. By killing them we are merely killing ourselves. Capital punishment is just the way society attempts to bury its problems instead of facing them and making society work by erasing the need for crime.

Criminals shouldn't be killed, they should be helped. They are just innocent victims of society. It isn't their fault they committed a crime, it's society's. John Wayne Gacy, Richard Speck, and Charles Manson are probably all very nice people. We will not win by killing them in an effort to hide from ourselves the evils of society.

Sure, I'll be the first to admit that the 33 young men Gacy killed were unfortunate, but what good will killing Gacy do? It won't bring them back. Instead of punishing criminals, we should help them. We don't need capital punishment, we need more parole.

Dear Editor,

Your paper is the greatest thing since sliced bread and plastic tipped shoelaces. You are the most brilliant writers ever to grace Stevenson High School. We get down on our knees every day and thank our blessed maker for bestowing on us the incomparable talent of your staff. We know you are destined for greatness and pray that somewhere, someone with money coming out of his ears is reading this and wants to give you his entire fortune. That way you won't have to end up selling aluminum siding in Fort Wayne. God bless you Abbie Hoffman.

Eric Kizer, Scot Potenz, Noah Shlaes, John Kochendorfer, Tom Lutz, Frank Felsl, Mike Lutz, Eric Janssen, Jim Carroll, Kurt Janssen, Tiny Tim, God Bless US Everyone

K.P. FINDS SPEAKER

It's nearly June, and that means that the class of 1980 will soon be holding its commencement exercises. Besides the usual pomp and circumstance, this year's graduation promises to be a bit different. Unlike previous years classes holding graduation exercises in the Stevenson gym, the class of 1980 has planned to hold its at Ravinia. This, however, is not the only change scheduled.

As at any graduation, the appearance of a guest speaker is a focal point for the entire evening. Usually this means that a local business man, banker, or politician will speak to the young graduating men and women, but this year all that has changed.

Through a series of blunders, it began to appear as if there would be no speaker this year to send the class of 1980 into the world. Somehow there was a foulup in communications. First there was no speaker to be had; then there was one which was fine. But in the meantime, unbeknownst to one, there was a second which was not so fine. Then once again there was none, and this was even less fine.

Such was the situation when the Kefauver Pantagraph stepped in to straighten things out. Now, thanks to the hard work of Abbie Hoffman, the 1980 graduation ceremony will have one speaker. He searched and searched until he could find the perfect person to ready students for entering the world. He searched for

the symbol of all that we value and today. He searched, and he found the living, breathing symbol of what our society is. He searched until he had given up all hope, and then he found her. Yes, he found Rula Lenska.

Rula Lenska, known only for her appearances in hair spray commercials, said that she was, "extremely delighted to be able to speak down to such a promising group of young people who will someday grow up to be big consumers of thousands of useless articles they've been brainwashed into thinking they need." She added that "as the living symbol of hollow achievement and materialism as opposed to love and humanism," she was, "pleased to send another group of hundreds of youngsters with great potential into a brainless society that will eventually sap them of all idealism until they are a scattered group of disillusioned cynical adults who have lost sight of life's important qualities." Ms. Lenska also said that "I know they will succeed in life by grasping at the empty goals society sets before them," adding that she, "hopes they will all foster another generation of children out of whose backbones society may suck the marrow." Rula said that, "the message I want to give them is that above all, the vast majority of Americans must never learn to think for themselves or the world as we know it will cease to be." Ms. Lenska's interview ended not with a bang, but a whimper.

EDITORIALS CONT'D

Dear Editor,

I am sick up and fed of this country's bumbling military incompetence. The failure of the commando mission to free the hostages was a disgrace. They never should have turned back.

First of all, they should have had more than eight helicopters go in there, and more importantly, they should have used better helicopters. By God, if I was commander, those helicopters would have gotten there. Besides, what if we did lose a few choppers? We could have gone on anyway. So what if we couldn't have fit all the hostages in the helicopters anyway? At least we could have killed some Iranians that way.

Secondly, how did Carter ever let that plane and that helicopter crash? What incompetence! If I was there none of that would have happened. Hell, I would have sent the entire 6th Fleet right into Tehran. Then we'd watch them Iranian pig suckers croak when we blasted them with a few broadsides from the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk. I've seen the Battle of the Bulge, Midway, Iora Tora Tora, The Dirty Dozer, The Raid on Entebbe, McHale's Navy, Abbot and Costello Join the Navy, and every episode of Hogan's Heroes. I oughta know how to win. If I was in charge, all our boys would've been at home with their moms on Mother's Day.

Disrespectfully Yours,

Just another of the millions of sudden military experts who could've carried the mission out successfully

P.S. Cyrus Vance is a pansy.

Precious Metal Prices Soar Crime Hits Everyone As A Result

Sam Underhill of Prairie View and his visiting cousin Frodo Baggins recently were arrested for the sale of stolen items. Mr. Baggins, who was in town for his uncle's 111th birthday, suggested that he and Underhill, both farmers, should head for a seminar on agriculture and the idealistic life it fosters compared to the evils of the insidious aspects of industrialism.

On their way over, they were approached by a man claiming to be a wizard. He wanted them to take some stolen jewelry for him to be melted down into pig ingots. The boys took the assignment and enlisted the aid of a coalition of dwarfs, elves, and sundry other creatures, who specialize in the fencing of just such merchandise. The business was running along smoothly until the entire ring was busted up by Prairie View Police Department's "Operation Dark Lord", a special task force recently set up to control such illegal actions.

A spokesman for the force said that all items were returned intact. He also commented that the crushing of this notorious, dangerous band of thieves was a decisive victory for the dark forces of creeping industrialism over the reactionary adherents to agrarian idealism.

Both boys were released and placed under the supervision of parole officer G. Ollum. Officer Ollum said that the boys shouldn't be treated too severely because society got back its "precious" and they would never do such a thing again.

CY OUT, ED IN

News from the State Department shocked the entire nation when Secretary of State Cyrus Vance resigned in protest over President Carter's military attempts to free the hostages in Iran. In his place, President Carter has appointed Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine.

Mr. Muskie, besides being washed up politically on a national level, is also known for his hot temper. Mr. Carter has chosen this sort of man to guide our foreign policy at a time when international politics are like a dried unswept prairie in the sweltering heat of August, just waiting to be touched off by the slightest spark. Mr. Carter said that he thought Muskie could fit in with his policy better than Vance, whom he likened to "that wimp William Jennings Bryan."

Mr. Muskie admitted that he was "in the dark as far as foreign policy goes." He added with a chuckle that "The whole problem manifested itself strangely a few nights ago when I punched a button in the Oval Office but the lights didn't come on."

Reactions from around the world have been mixed. The Far Eastern nations generally report that they are pleased with the appointment of Senator Muskie. The troubled nations of the Middle East, however, have expressed some reservations. Europe, unfortunately, could not be reached for comment due to the fact that it had been obliterated in a nuclear holocaust only a few hours ago.

HEY TAXI!

Yesterday saw an enormous turnout for the Pepper's Waterbed Grand Opening in Half Day. The star feature of the day was the Flying Wallenda family, who were kind enough to perform a combination Seven Man Pyramid/Taxi Plunge. The trick was successful, resulting in immediate death for all seven Wallendas. In fact, the trick was so successful that it inspired all of Karl's fans to leap head first from their chairs onto the parking lot, resulting in 7 broken collar bones, 12 concussions, 20 broken necks, and some other nasty cuts and abrasions.

The following is an interview taken with Karl just moments after his death.

K.P.--Karl, what kind of gum do you chew up there?

Karl--

Candidate Beave Announces Plans For Welfare Reform

Presidential candidate Beaver Cleaver has taken a daring step in the 1980 Presidential Race by proposing drastic plans for reform in the welfare system. The welfare state has always been a very important issue, thus it is surprising that any candidate would come near the problem. Mr. Cleaver, however, has had the courage to do so.

At a press conference held recently, the Beave said that his plans weren't really very radical, but were instead merely an attempt to better define the system of wealth redistribution in this country that already exists. Here is an excerpt from his comments.

"First off, before anything else, to reform this insti...instillation... this thing, we gotta change the funder... fudamonkel...we gotta change it. We gotta make people think of theirselves and this country different like. Got it so far?"

"This country needs to feel like it's pulling together instead of some people feeling like they're working hard just to feed lazy people who won't get jobs. And the people who can't work shouldn't feel dependent on the grovelment like they do now.

"My plan is to make Americans feel like one giant corporation, working together. This should releivate the entire mess. Once again, first of all, before anythig else, the average worker already spends at least one-third of his pay each year in taxes. This means we now work four months out of the year for Big Brother and Uncle Sam. It's ridiculous for Americans to even think they're working for private enterprise anymore. Make everybody feel they're working for the government, cause they already are whether they know it or not.

"Secondly of all, which is after first of all, which is before anything else, the people who are now on welfare shouldn't feel like they are dependent on the grovelment inymore. They shouldn't feel looked down on because that's not good for Americansto feel bad like against each other. Instead, they should be designated "shareholders" in the government so instead of collecting welfare payments and food stamps they will be collecting the earnings that are being payed out of their stock dividends.

"Thusly in this fashion, they will gain respect and self dignity. The welfare state, which the Republicans depa... deplode...hate will be gone. And the Democrats will be happy cause of everbody will still get took care of that is underpriveledged still. There, h-how bout that, huh?"

PANTAGRAPH POETRY

The bird sits	Gibber gibber
On the bush that's	Squwak and talk
burning brightly	I say nothing.
It's wings ablaze	No sentence
Our grins show	Structure.
Slightly.	Meaningless nothings
It swoops and	I say in writing,
Dives like a shot	Hoorah for our
Down plane	Side I'm in
As it smashes its	Creative Writing
Head on	
Mullberry Lane.	

SHROUD Cont'd from p.1

around as they usually do after the spring musical. I was told that there was an old piece of cloth, formerly used as Senator Stevenson's seat cover in Congress, packed in with the other Stevenson memorabilia which I could use."

Mr. Tall N. Skinny then reportedly left for his painting job and began working. While he was working, he casually glanced at the ground and saw a very strange image on the cloth. "This happened," said Mr. Tall N. Skinny, "just as the sun passed through a rare rectal eclipse." Realizing that he had made an important discovery, Mr. Tall N. Skinny immediately picked up his phone and dialed the "Hotline to Bernie" (overseas operator, #089-84-31-11). Within hours the news was out to the world and "I have seen the Shroud of Prairie View" T-Shirts were rolling hot off the presses.

The Reverend Ernest Angely and a team of scientists from around the globe, headed by Robert Leaky, Professor of Anthropology at Oxford, entered Prairie View and began intensive research. After hours of exhaustive study, Leaky read a prepared statement to the press, saying, "This image was definitely not caused by sweat or by years of wear. The image had to be produced by an enormous amount of electrical energy being emitted from the senator's body at one moment. We've carbon dated part of the seat cover and found that the image must have been produced on or around the date of one of Wilbur Mills' famous Capitol Hill parties featuring the nude dancing of Miss Fanne Fox." Mr. Leaky refused further comment but offered to sell T-Shirts and souvenir genuine imitation combination Shroud of Prairie View/dish towels.

Religious World Responds

Reactions to the Shroud from the religious world have been mixed. Here is what some of the top religious leaders of today have had to say.

Billy Graham: "The whole thing is a fraud. However, if I can figure out how to work it into my benediction at the next Super Bowl, you'll hear from me."

Rev. Ernest Angely: "Yay!! I have seen the Shroud and I raise my voice and praise, 'Hallelooyah!' Now go ye and get ye thine 'Stevenson for President' bumper stickers and press ye them to thine cars. Or, if thoust does not have one, then send me a check or money order for \$5.95 and get ye thine own 'I have seen the Shroud of Prairie View' T-Shirt that has been specially blessed to cure you of the gout and sundry other diseases (warts, hangnails, etc.)."

Pope John Paul II: "I don't see anything funny about it. Want some wine and crackers?"

Ayatollah Khomeini: "It is obviously merely another American Imperialist plot of Carter's to overthrow the great Iranian revolution. It signals another great victory of Islam over the evil Americans. Now leave me alone, I'm watching 'Leave it to Beaver' reruns and eating Fritos with my toes."

Oral Roberts: "I don't know what sort of religious significance it has, but once you're done with it I'd like to have it. I've been looking for material with which to recover my Lay-Z-Boy lounge chair for months and that's just the right color."

Maharishi Bernie: "Always remember- every Shroud has a silver lining, and boy am I ever gonna cash in on this pig."

Rev. Sun Yung Moon: "This just might be the thing I need to get back into O'Hare. I wonder if Hari's heard?"

Rabbi Ishmael Sdrawkcab: "Could be betta, could be wise."

Jonathan Edwards: "O sinner! Consider the fearful danger you are in; it is a great furnace of wrath, wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of God...You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it and burn it asunder...Oh I love to eat it every day and if you ask me why I'll say...Allakazam and metcha kapoola, bibbity, bobbity boo."

Are You In "Tune"
Or Do You Deserve To Be Ostracized?

"Boston; Don't Look Back. Rush; Permanent Waves. Led Zeppelin; Physical Graffiti. Kansas; Point of No Return. If you don't know what these words mean you are either in space or just plain out of touch with today."

Thus begins another journalistic masterpiece published in the STATESMAN (May 2, 1980, p.5). This article by Tom Walsh surpasses even the recent gum chewing expose in its depth and brilliance. It reflects the true mentality of some of the students at this school who seem to put their mouths in drive and leave their brains in park.

Mr. Walsh goes so far as to say that "You could say the above words are a way of judging a teenager. If a kid knows what they mean and he likes them then he's fairly cool. If he doesn't know who they are or doesn't like them, he's not even worth talking to."

This has to be one of the most brilliant statements ever printed in the STATESMAN's illustrious history. It certainly is relieving that Mr. Walsh has presumed to establish criteria upon which to judge others; where would we be if he hadn't enlightened us? Why, we might still be talking to someone who doesn't like Rush: God forbid!

Why don't we just set up "Teen Lepper Colonies" for those who don't conform? Surely anyone who listens to classical or jazz music must not be worthy of today's teenager. If anyone dares to disagree with the status quo, "he's not even worth talking to."

It's also nice to know that all "normal kids" lives are ruled by rock music. We take this to mean that if a "kid" isn't preoccupied with rock music every moment of his life, he isn't normal. According to Mr. Walsh, if a "kid" is out of school and not "buying an album, listening to an album or the radio, or going to a concert or planning to go to one" then he is abnormal. That's a pretty depressing thought for he who isn't engaged in those activities, but why worry about him? "He's not even worth talking to."

Mr. Walsh chose to cite some very interesting examples as to the influence of rock music on our culture. He chose his bus driver who "blasts WMET on our route" as one of his prime examples. Hopefully Mr. Walsh will someday aspire to a place of such prominence in our society. Being a bus driver would be the ideal place wherein he could truly utilize his unique insights on humanity for the bettering of all mankind.

Another prime example he cited, was of a University of Illinois Circle Campus student "with a tape deck blasting out some Rush." He reported seeing him

several times during the course of the day, noting that each time he saw the student "there was a crowd following him listening to the music." He also noted that "It was like the Pied Piper." Presumably Mr. Walsh realizes that the Pied Piper is most well known for leading rats to their deaths.

Finally, Mr. Walsh announces that "When I'm depressed, I just go up in my room and listen to an album and it brings me right back." He never fully explained whence he came, but in this instance it would have been much better if his mouth hadn't returned before his brain.

(By the way, the Kansas album referred to is "Point of Know Return." The use of the word "Know" instead of "No" as Mr. Walsh incorrectly indicated, was meant to have special significance. It looks as though he has already failed his own morbid test.)

CASTRO SWIMATHON

For runners the ultimate test of one's endurance is the Boston Marathon. It is a contest that drives every competitor beyond the limits of his endurance; it demands everything of a runner, yet still asks for more. In contrast, this struggle is no match for the grueling, torturous ordeal of the Fidel Castro Swimathon.

The Fidel Castro Swimathon spans the enormous distance from the Bay of Pigs in Cuba to Miami Beach, U.S.A. Although this is just the second year of the swim, there are already over 60,000 people of all shapes and sizes waiting to enter.

Diana Nyad, all-star jellyfish eater and a pro at smearing Vaseline all over her body, said that she owed last years victory to the fact that, "I was the only one in the race." She did report she expects to win again this year, though, "thanks to the eight foot waves which might make things a bit tough for the old and crippled competitors."

Stiff competition, however, is already on the way. The Boston Marathon's top female finisher, Rosie Ruiz, is already reportedly steaming down to Cuba in her '74 Coast Guard cutter preparing to enter the race.

The race's sponsor, Fidel Castro, said that, "The mass exodus of 60,000 people from Cuba is evidence of the continuing strength and unity of the workers revolution in my country."

Castro, when questioned about the sinking of a Bahamian gunboat by Cuban patrols recently, replied, "The safety and well-being of the swimmers is first and foremost in my mind. The Bahamian gunboat was in the way, endangering the lives of many of the competitors. There was no other alternative than to blow the craft out of the water. After all, when's the last time you saw Bill Rodgers run over in the Boston Marathon?" Castro also said that "in an effort to prevent any other such mishaps, we are temporarily 'annexing' certain strategic islands along the course."

K.P. TALKS TO BEAVE

The following is an interview with Presidential candidate Beaver Cleaver conducted by Pantagraph reporter Ernest Douglas.

K.P.-Well Beaver, how's the campaign going?

B.-"P-pretty good Ernie. Of course a constitutional amendment allowing four year olds to vote would mean a considerable gain in the polls, according to my P.R. expert Bud Schmidt."

K.P.-Gosh, that's swell Beave. You know, there's a lot of controversey over President Carter's recent military attempt to free the hostages. What is your response?

B.-"W-w-well, I don't think first of all that the helicopters oughta been allowed to get busted. Then probly none of that junk probly woulda happened. I don't think they should use force though. M-my dad says you can always talk things out."

K.P.-But Beave, my dad says talking wasn't getting us anywhere anyhow.

B.-W-well g-gosh Ernie, that's easy to figure out. The Ayatollah is such a bully cause his underwear's too tight and President Carter frozed all shipments of Mad Magazine to his house."

K.P.-Golly Beave, I never looked at it that way. What do you think we should do?

B.-"Well, m-m-my mom is already knitting him some size 38 briefs, which oughta improve his distemper. And also besides that we're gonna invite him to a barbeque with Ox Baker and Dick the Bruiser."

K.P.-Gosh Beave, that's great. I gotta go now though, cause Uncle Charlie says he'll twist my arms off with his Captain Whizzo decoder corkecrew par-knife and can opener rendering me limbless if I don't make my deadline.

B.-"Okay. See ya Ernie. Say hi to Chip, Robby and the triplets for me."

VOLCANO ERUPTS

Mt. St. Helens, a large mountain just outside Portland, Washington, throbed with explosions and belched gas and volcanic ash four miles into the air, petrifying local residents and sending a convention of etiquette experts into convulsions. The volcano, dormant since 1857, has become quite active in recent months. Early Saturday morning the volcano erupted again, causing quakes averaging a three on the Richter Scale. Dense clouds shrouded the volcano most of the day, hampering scientists trying to observe what was happening. "The scientists can't see very well" said Sam Frear, a spokesman for the United States Forest Service in Vancouver, Washington. "They don't seem too worried right now, but they're afraid that if the eruptions continue, the etiquette convention will become a total disaster. The sporadic belching of the volcano, along with the rotten-egg odor of sulfur around the peak, has already put one conventioneer into a coma." Scientists, in an all out effort to control the volcano, have borrowed a book titled, "How to teach anyone proper manners in 5 easy lessons" (Random House, \$12.95).

Was it Really Adlai?

Whoever managed to form the image on the "Shroud of Prairie View" had to do so either through unexplainable natural causes or through some advanced technology. While Mr. Leaky is still standing by his explanation previously given, other scientists have begun to dispute his findings. Jim Carroll, an avid science fiction buff and author of

"Tarzan Meets the King of Saturn," said that, "Mr. Leaky's statements are totally erroneous...That image had to have been formed by nasty little space men with no sense of modesty." Mr. Carroll said he also hoped to meet the aliens himself because he was "always interested in fostering more intimate relationships between man and other species." His dog, Sexy Sadie, was not available for comment.

Eric Kizer, who some regard as leaning just slightly to the right of Atilla the Hun, said he believed that, "It's all a plot by the Democrats to steal publicity from the Republicans...and John Anderson is probably in this too."

Uncle Martin, AESHS P.E. department head, commented, "I think the whole thing's great. Hopefully they will keep finding more of these things, and eventually we'll be able to conquer the towel shortage here at Stevenson."

JUMBO SHRIMP

Big people have it worse cause they're bigger than little people who are less big as they are and they lack the benefit of big people which if they had would make them tall themselves which they don't and are therefore possessed with smallness. And that is why tall people have it worse because they have more stature in their size than those of less heightability. There, I have my minimum requirement in Journalism this year.

Tom Mulberry

No, you are wrong, Mulberry breath. Just because we small people are less big than the shortest of tall people, it doesn't mean we are smaller than you big people who just depend on your height to be tall. If you were as short as me, you'd be the same height as I am which is of less height in stature than you since I am not so tall. We didn't stop when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor so we shouldn't start now. There, I have my minimum requirement in Journalism this year too.

Nancy Yoyo

Poll Says Most People "Believe in Beave"

- 1.) If the election were held today, who would you vote for?
- 55%--Beaver Cleaver and Wally Cleaver
 - 20%--Ox Baker and Dick the Bruiser (they could wrassle them Iranians any day)
 - 5%---Ronald Reagan and Bonzo
 - 5%---Jimmy Carter and Fritz
 - 5%---John Anderson and anyone else stupid enough to run with him
 - 10%--Don't bother me, I'm watching Ernest Angely's Revival Hour
- 2.) Since the media is responsible for creating presidents in this electronic age, do you think Americans should change their system of elections to favor big stars who would be more qualified for the job since they already have the qualities the media is looking for?
- 25%--Yes
 - 40%--I don't care, I never exercise my right as an American to vote anyway. I'd rather just gripe about politics than do anything
 - 25%--No
 - 10%--Don't bother me! Ernest Angely is about to cure me of the gout
- 3.) If the media is creating our presidents today, this would require a major overhaul of the election process. How would you change the system?
- 28%--Elect the president by Nielson Ratings
 - 62%--Combine it with the Emmy Awards so that the Preidency goes to the nights top winner; that way most Americans could finally say that they actually took part in an election
 - 10%--Don't bother me, I'm trying to order a set of Ernest Angely's "Redwood Crucifixion Patio Furniture"
- 4.) If you were to vote for the Beave, why would you do so?
- 75%--G-gosh Wally, I dunno
 - 10%--I'm sick up and fed of Amy Carter and I'd vote for anyone to get her out of office
 - 5%---I won't say, I'm waiting for Ernie Douglas to throw his hat in the ring
 - 10%--Leave me alone, it's time for Bible Scrabble to begin
- 5.) In your mind, what are the Beave's major assets that put him ahead of the other candidates?
- 35%--He's less naive than Jimmy Carter
 - 35%--He could get more work done than Ronald Reagan because bedtime for Beaver is later than bedtime for Bonzo

20%--The Beave has pigmented hair, John Anderson doesn't

10%--Don't bother me, Rock of Ages is on (I wonder if it's anything like Don Kirshner's "Rock Concert")

- 6.) Are there any dangers you could see in changing our system to electing media stars?

65%--Yes. We could inadvertantly elect a president who is ignorant of the political process in Washington, who is dangerously unaware of the world situation, and who is incapable of handling our economic system. Then we could be stuck with him for four years only to be faced with the threat of having him re-elected through some fluke in circumstances

25%--No. There's no way things could get more farcical than they are right now

10%--Don't bother me, Channel 38 just signed off and I'm going to bed

ADVERTISEMENT

Did Uncle Sam rip you off this last April 15th? Do you find yourself headed for the poor house before you've hit the prime of life? Or are you simply one of the millions of Americans who would just rather not give Uncle Sam a red cent? Well, now it is possible for you to do exactly that.

Have you ever noticed all those clergymen who don't pay a dime of income tax on all that they claim to be church expenses? Well ya say, "I don't have the time nor the ambition to become a priest or rabbi, and frankly, there's some things not worth giving up to avoid paying taxes."

Thanks to the First Amendment, the one great tax loophole in the U.S. Constitution, you need not become a minister of any legitimate religion to reach tax exempt status. All that it takes now to be able to deduct your entire income, home, and property, is 10 minutes of your time, a \$25 check, and a 15¢ stamp. Hard to believe? Well, just send your name and address and that \$25 check to Bubba's Seminary of Encino. You will receive, in the mail, a certificate of ordination which declares you an official minister of Bubba's World Wide Church of Self-Deities. Don't hesitate. Every minute you waste is another tax dollar down the drain. Send that check to:

Bubba's Seminary of Encino
666 Seminary Ave.
Encino, CA 66666

Tell 'em Bubba sent you.

W.C.

Locker room attendant Jack Cronin has been missing from the Stevenson scene this year. The student body misses him terribly and hopes he'll come back. If you know of his whereabouts please report to the P.E. department. Reports have it that Mr. Cronin was last seen installing a pair of "Odor Eaters" just before his disappearance.

Quite a ruckus was caused during the NHS/Awards Assembly May 7th, when Dave Dungan rejected the National Math Exam award, presented to the student with the highest score on that test. Dave refused his award, saying, "it is impossible for me to accept this award in light of the horrible treatment of the American Indian." Dave then threw himself into a war dance, whooping out a blood curdling war cry, and then launched his plaque into the audience, severely injuring an usher. Mr. Dungan was removed from the ceremony by a team of paramedics called in to extract him from the band pit after he impaled himself on an entire section of clarinets.

Mr. Dungan's outburst was not the only flaw in the ceremony. During the Candlelight Induction ceremony, several of the participating sophomores, inducted this year under a rule change by the Kizer administration, edged too close to the Juniors in front of them, setting them on fire with the candles. This resulted in the instant cremation of half of this year's crop of inductees. President Kizer, when reached after the ceremony's completion, expressed sorrow and the deepest sympathy for the families and friends of the dead. He said, however, that the loss wouldn't harm the chapter significantly because, "we really had to many of those snot-nosed little buggers anyway" and that "the surviving members can easily take up the slack."

In related events, Mr. Kizer commented on the National Honor Society's first year as an active organization. He said, "I understand that I have upset many student leaders at this school because we never made it our prime objective of the year to plan a dance. I guess that future members can only learn from our mistakes and try to plan some dances in the coming years. Hopefully, we haven't caused any irreparable damage to the NHS by attempting to serve our school and community. I think that with a lot of hard work next year's officers can erase the black mark left by my administration and become the dance committee that the NHS was truly meant to be. I wish that I could stay and direct the building of the NHS in this new, positive direction. Unfortunately, I regret that I have but one senior year to give for my high school.

Recently released information has it that the Who and Pope John Paul II will unite forces on a concert tour this summer. Promoters and managers hope the combined draw of these two super powers will produce several record-breaking performances.

The Kefauver Pantagraph has announced that it is establishing the "Carolina Ramos Continuing Education Fund." The scholarship will be given to the student who shows the most potential for remaining a high school student until he/she is at least 25. The prize will consist of \$25 and a free AMBASSADOR Year Book for every year the student remains in high school.

Word is out that Mr. Teefy's replacement is Mr. Oedipus Rex, known as Oed to his friends. He will be moving into Prairie View with his mother this summer. He is a graduate of Thebes U.

Moll Flanders

Dear Moll,
I never thought I'd be writing to you, but then again I never thought that Beaver Cleaver would ever be elected President either. My problem is my boyfriend. Somehow, I get the feeling he just hasn't found me that attractive since that night at the drive-in. I want to regain his attention; what am I to do?

A Jilted Junior

Dear Jilted,
Why don't you try an alluring new outfit. Buy a pair of skin tight electric blue Sassoon jeans, a pair of Candies "Lady of the Evening" pumps, and the slinkiest blouse you can find. But if that doesn't work, don't be upset; it won't be a total loss. Dressed up in this outfit you could easily put in a few hours moonlighting on Rush Street while still fitting in with high school fashion.

Dear Moll,
I don't know what to do. I've been trying so hard to be accepted by the "in" crowd all my life, but nothing will work. How can I make them accept me?

Coke Bottles For Glasses

Dear Coke,
Yours is a very ticklish problem indeed. Being popular and accepted is the most important thing in life; without conforming and fitting in your nothing. Why don't you try not thinking for yourself so much and just behave the way your desired peers want you to behave. Try being mint, sell yourself out in your quest for popularity. In short, "Go for it!" Remember, if you fail to conform, you'll always be a loser.

For Moll Flander's book, "Sex and the American Teenager", send \$1.95 to Larry Flynt, Publishers, Inc. 5690 High Street, Columbus Ohio 80026.

TV Talk

Well folks, it's happened again. Johnny Carson, kingpin of nighttime TV, has managed to extort another cool million or three from NBC. Well listen, Mr. Johnny New Suit Every Night, we're getting tired of shelling out bucks so you can invade our bedrooms every night, tell stale jokes, and then play up your jokes that fall flat by mugging into the camera. We could get just as many yuks for a lot fewer bucks from the immortal, immense talent of John Davidson.

DITCH DAY



Ditch Day has long been a tradition at Stevenson. It is students' one last chance to thumb their noses at the establishment before they leave high school. This year, however, all of that has changed.

Principal Powell has offered Seniors a day at Great America instead of allowing them to ditch one day. This is a thoughtful gesture, but it lacks the spirit behind Ditch Day. Therefore, in an effort to accommodate both sides, the Kefauver Pantagraph is proposing a "Dr. Powell Appreciation Day" to be



In Search of the Ultimate Buzz

Is this just another in a long line of cheap Sun Classics motion pictures? No readers, this is not a movie, it is the quest of hundreds of Stevenson students. It seems they will do almost anything to alter chemically the state of their minds. They have tried everything from green M&M's to nutmeg, but even I wasn't prepared for this latest substance that has recently found its way into the hearts and minds of Stevenson students.

held in ditches surrounding the District 125 area. The Kefauver Pantagraph staff made a tour of some of the finer ditches in the Northwest suburbs. We hope our efforts will help everyone enjoy the Dr. Powell Appreciation days in the future.



It seems that several young men believe they've discovered what makes Dandy Don so Daggone Dandy. The substance, they report, is Skoal Chewing Tobacco. This I had to investigate myself.

Disguising myself as a student, I infiltrated the inner ring of Skoal pushers. It was there I learned the story.

It seems the idea first caught on following the publicity surrounding Paul McCartney's arrest in Japan due to his possession of 500 kilos of "Happy Days" smokeless he was trying to smuggle in on his person along with an autographed picture of Walt Garrison. McCartney reported "that it was for personal use only" and that he "would've gotten away with it if those little nips weren't so short that they could see right up my sleeves."

From this point the idea spread until it became firmly entrenched in the freshman class. One boy reported that "I'm tired of stealing beer from garages; it's about time I could get my hands on some real hard stuff." Another student added an emphatic, "Yeah, what he said."

Observing the students, it was not clear whether the drug was acting merely as a placebo or as a true narcotic. Many freshmen using it reported loss of balance and running into walls as a result. This, however, is not conclusive evidence in itself as many of these same students are suffering from severe hormonal imbalances at this time in their lives.

After exhaustive research and weeks of dangerous undercover investigation, I had once again discovered nothing.

One student, however, was clearly under the influence of his "chaw." His head was angled sharply backwards, his eyes appeared glazed, and his skin had a distinct green palor. He threw up immediately upon hearing that it was not meant to be swallowed.

Heraldo Rivera

PE Department Announces
New Unit Offerings

Due to a negative response from the Senior questionnaire administered on April 16th, the PE department has done some brainstorming to come up with classes that will hold the attention of the students more than the current ones. A PE department spokesman stated "A total of six new units will be added next year. These units will use existing facilities in a creative manner, thus minimizing costs and saving money for important items such as PE textbooks."

First on the list of new units is iceskating in the auxiliary gym. Next winter the department will give up its attempts to keep the gym floor dry and let it flood. Then, when the floor is covered to the proper depth, the gym will be vented to the outside to get its already nippy atmosphere all the way down to freezing, forming a perfect ice rink. This unit is also excellent in that daily activities can be alternated between figure skating for the girls and hokey for the boys.

The second new unit planned is co-educational, however, and is entitled "Acapulco Cliff Diving." This unit entails student swan diving from the upper balcony bleachers into the pole-vaulting pit positioned on the main gym floor. The exciting part of this unit is its versatility, due to the adjustability of the bleachers. Not only can the height of the dive be adjusted to the nearest foot desired, but the breadth of the dive can also be adjusted, thereby simulating the jutting precipices of Acapulco. A department spokesman states, "Due to the variety of available skill levels, we envision this as a perfect unit and project 100% participation, a first for the Stevenson PE department."

The balcony will also be the home of the third unit. The loose floor tiles, formerly discarded, will be collected and stored until spring when they will be used to help students tone up on their Frisbee skills in anticipation of the upcoming warm weather. The PE department should be commended for their thoughtful consideration of the students needs.

Cont'd p. 12

SPORTS

John O'Shaughnessy, star Patriot outfielder, never seems to outgrow his well known hatred for the press. Time after time he has plagued reporters with his malicious behavior. I am the most recent victim of his mischievous antics.

During spring training O'Shaughnessy began harrasing reporters as they tried to gather news on the top Pat prospects in the upcoming season. O'Shaughnessy exploited a new rule requiring reporters to leave the bench 20 minutes before practice; until I gave him a dose of his own medicine.

After learning of his new column in this paper, "Johnny Bear Down Talks

11
Baseball", I attempted to invoke this rule on "Johnny Bum" when he demanded that I adhere to the new rule. Personally feeling insulted that he dared to call himself a journalist, I too demanded that he leave. With that the big jerk began swinging a bat dangerously close to my face. I attempted to leave peacefully but he wasn't through yet. He proceeded to bear down on me with a bucket of ice until he caught me and dumped it all over my head. Needless to say, I was outraged by this latest of violent aggressions by O'Shaughnessy against the press.

Having gone through this, I wish to express the wishes of all the press corps towards O'Shaughnessy: get out of this school, you're not wanted here. The Pats don't want you, the press doesn't want you, and it won't be long now until the fans realize that they don't want you either.

David "Israel" Dungan

Sleeping: The All-American Pasttime

Sleeping is an important fact of American children's and adult's resting habits. One study of children's resting habits has indicated that all of the children sleeping were not awake.

Sleeping contributes to more hours of not being awake than hearing Presidential speeches (17% of the hours), watching ABC during prime time (23%), or school (29%).

Sleeping often takes the place of meals. With families constantly running from one activity to another, it becomes increasingly difficult for a family to sit down and take a nap. For some children, an almost hourly napping pattern has developed.

But what is important to note, the naps contributed more to the total hours of resting, yet contributed less to the quality levels of rest than full-fledged sleeping. Napping is an established resting pattern. Schools should be cognizant of the types of naps available for students during which to rest.

Generally, naps often contain a large portion of tossing and/or turning. Examples of these naps include naps during Economics class, "Three's Company", and "The State of the Union Address". These naps are usually high in boredom but low in rest. One study indicated that "economics" and "Three's Company" naps are more frequently used by those aged 15-18 than any other age group.

P.E.

Cont'd from p. 11

The fourth unit came to the attention of the PE department due to the low set of scores on the Marine Physical Fitness tests. In this unit, students will be winched up to the support beams of the auxiliary gym's roof, where they will practice chin ups and bent arm hangs. The PE spokesman said, "I know those scores can be improved. All it takes is a little incentive."

The fifth unit is one that has been used before on an experimental basis. Seniors who had 1st hour gym last year will remember it as "Elimination", a dodge ball-like game played in the darkened auxiliary gym with 16 inch softballs. The game worked so well last year that it is being brought back exactly as it was, including the controversial "shoulders and above only" rule for putouts. One PE teacher is quoted as saying, "this is the bestest game I ever invented, ever," and "this oughta put some muscles in the heads of those scraggly freshmen misfits."

Another version of this game has been developed to cater to the needs of the smaller, more agile freshmen. Called "Elimination-Plus", it is played in the darkened weight room with 13 golf balls. The same putout rule applies, but the smaller playing area and smaller sized projectile necessitate quicker reflexes to both hurl and dodge effectively.

These units will go into effect for the 1980-81 school year. This reporter, for one, is sorry that he will be gone before he gets to participate and have some fun. To quote another Senior, "We're getting ripped-off. First accelerated Econ, now this."

The Pantagraph hit the halls to get some feedback on these proposals. One huskily built Sophomore, when asked if he would enjoy "Elimination-Plus", replied, "This sounds like more fun than flinging mashed potatoes." When a freshman was asked if he felt he could really duck the golf ball shots because of his diminutive stature, he stated, "I don't know, I'm a freshman."

Two Junior girls expressed well the concern shown by so many in saying, "But how will we get away with doing absolutely nothing?" These games could well cut down on the 35 minutes we're allowed to wash, dry, and style our hair."

T.V. Cont'd from p. 9

Every time you get a new raise, Mr. Carnac R. Turbo, America has to shell out a few more bucks just to to keep your pool heated. NBC doesn't pay you, advertisers don't pay you, AMERICANS PAY YOU, and we've HAD ENOUGH. You've been groveling along for years now, leaching off the talents of Ed McMahon. It's time Ed does the show and you get busted to doing dog food commercials.

Your extravagant salaries are slowly but surely bleeding America dry economically. Tail-gunner Joe may not be around anymore, but I sure as hell am, and I'm not going to see the commies in Hollywood subvert America and the free world. I hope you take a hike, Mr. Rich As A Shiek Carson. But why don't you let the boys

at the Kremlin pick up the tab next time, okay Mr. Carso-Lenin? You're nothing but a yellow red, pulling pinko stunts in Red White and Blue America. But I suppose you like that too, since color TV is giving off deadly radiation to Americans every minute it's on. I'd like to express my gratitude to the Kefauver Pantagraph for allowing me to write this column. Thank God one newspaper in this country has the God given guts to go get the truth and give it to America.

Will B. Loyal

Critic for TV and any other subversive commie plot to overthrow the free world

Johnny "Bear Down" Talks Baseball

When Abbie Hoffman first asked me to write this column, I hit him over the head with my lead-filled baseball bat. But somehow, the more I thought about it, the more the idea appealed to me. I realized I could finally let the public hear from me first hand, without those irresponsible fascists from the press, especially David "Israel" Dungan, twisting and mangling everything I said.

While some people feel I am using this column only to take cheap shots at the press, this is not so. Who cares what those stupid imbeciles think anyway. My little brother is a better writer than Dungan, so why should I care what that twit says about me. The reason I write this column is to let the fans know what makes "Bear Down" tick. I want to hear from you, even if you are an insignificant slob who never comes to any baseball games.

To give you a small sample of where I'm coming from, I will answer a few of the questions I am most often asked.

Q.-Is Dungan really that big of a jerk?
A.-Yes.

Q.-Do you really hate the press?
A.-Yes.

Q.-What kind of gum do you chew out there?
A.-Hubba Bubba.

Q.-Do you own a "The Maharishi has Absorbed my Brain Like a Sponge" T-Shirt?
A.-No.

Q.-Will you vote for Beaver Cleaver?
A.-Yes.

Q.-Do you collect giant nude on velvet paintings?
A.-Yes.

Q.-When you retire, what will you do?
A.-I plan on becoming an aluminum siding salesman in Fort Wayne.

Again, I want to hear from you. If there are any questions you jerks want to ask me, just send them to the Kefauver Pantagraph c/o this column. But until then, see you at the ballpark.

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Sale

Extra upholstering material. Suitable for most lounge chairs and similar items. Tel. SHroud 9-0666. Ask for Bernie.

Extra height. Hate to part with it, but I just have to much heightability. I'd prefer it went to someone of less stature in height than tall people. Tel. 634-4000 Ask for Mulberry Breath.

16 acres of prime ditch. Originally used as a latrine by Bubba's Army of Encino. Also suitable for use as a leper colony or other such institutions. Tel. 634-4000 Ask for Griff.

Tons and tons of aluminum siding. All the colors, all the options. You name it, we got it. Tel. FOrt wayne 4-3262 Ask for Abbie.

Giant nude on velvet. Measures 4½' by 6'. Must make room for all my newspaper clippings. You name the price. Tel. 945-8121. Ask for Bear Down.

Do it yourself strip-search kit. Great at parties and border stations. Tel. 253-5844.

Recently cured teen leper must sell several bushels of flakes immediately. Great as breakfast cereal with cream and strawberries. Tel. OStracize 4-3845.

One copy of Moll Flander's, "Sex and the American Teenager". Might be interested in trading for a genuine imitation combination Shroud of Prairie View/dish towel. Tel. RiP off 7-5833. Ask for Ernest.

New, improved, super deluxe edition of the best seller, "Volcano Etiquette Made Easy". Comes complete with full-color instructions, whip, and inflatable flamingo. Tel. 555-4775.

Baby skin ashtrays. Illegal alien who once had four children must sell immediately. Tel. LEvanti 5-7744.

Skin tight electric blue Sassoon jeans. Guaranteed to get that someone special to notice you. Tel. RUsh 8-4309. Ask for Moll.

One giant pink lawn flamingo. Used only once, to plug an unusually nasty volcano in the South Pacific. Tel. MAche 4-6733.

Autographed model Ronco "Mr. Levanti Baby Tearer." Might trade for one slightly used canoe. Tel. 555-3476.

Wanted

"Stevenson for President" bumper stickers for a religious fanatic with nothing else to do except wash feet. Might be interested in trading my supply of wine and crackers. Tel. VATican 6-1879. Ask for John Paul.

At least 12 acres of land to set up a "Teen Leper Colony" for kids who are out of tune and not even worth talking to. Tel. 634-4000. Ask for Tom.

Extra height for a person of less stature in height than tall people. Tel. 634-4000 Ask for Nancy.

Something to cure my gout, hangnails, warts, and sundry other diseases. Might be interested in trading my Captain Whizzo decoder corkscrew penknife and can opener. Te. 886-1479. Ask for Charlie.

One set of Ernest Angely's "Redwood Crucifixion Patio Furniture." Am willing to trade my collection of "I have seen the Shroud of Prairie View" T-Shirts. Tel. 618-2217. Ask for Ishmael.

Taxis to dive on. No experience necessary. Checker preferred. Tel. SPlat 4-2123. Ask for Karl.

One infield rake. Preferably light weight as will be used by my grandmother on Sunday mornings. Tel. Don P. Calc Lawn and Infield Service at 634-4000.

Home version of "Bible Scrabble." I need it for a door prize when I give my benediction at the next Super Bowl. Tel. 189-2147. Ask for Billy.

Helicopter accident insurance. Must include coverage overseas. Tel. WHite House 3-7457. Ask for Jimmy.

Swap O' Rama

One hostage for the latest edition of "Mad Magazine" and some size 38 briefs. Tel. 514-6621. Ask for Ayatollah.

Vaseline to smear all over my body for my recipe for succulent baked jellyfish a la Nyad. Tel. WETback 3-8816.

One song and dance routine for a large bottle of seltzer. Might throw in a case of Red Dye #2. Tel. 618-8668. Ask for Chuckles.

MORE ADS

WANTED

One book on manners for a giant pink lawn flamingo. Must be large enough to plug an exceptionally rude volcano. Tel. HElen 4-3471.

Pen and pencil set for bucket and ice water. Young sportswriter aspiring to become a juvenile, belligerent, practical joker. Tel. 555-6870. Ask for Is.

For Hire

Runnig mate for would-be politician whose only fault is that he has pigmentless hair. Tel. HAir dye 2-6121. Ask for John.

Latrine diggers, potato peelers, and other highly technical positions now available. "We don't ask for experience; we merely absorb your brain like a sponge." Tel. SNafu 7-3666. Ask for Bubba.

We realize that English is the most difficult language in the world to learn. Therefore, in continuance of our policy of helping illegal aliens get by in our country without ever having to learn our language, we are publishing here the handy dandy Kefauver Pantagraph Spanish-English phrase book. The Spanish phrase is listed first, followed by the English phrase, which is second.

- ¿Donde esta su casa?
- Your mother rakes the infield at Wrigley Field.
- ¿Como esta usted?
- Welcome to Chicago, bend over and squat three times.
- Yo tengo hambre.
- Where is the pet motel? I am hunting for Thanksgiving dinner.
- No hablo ingles.
- My heartburn is highly erotic, please remove your galoshes.
- ¿Policia! ¿Policia!
- Free the world of the yellow menace!
- Estoy perdido, puede darme direcciones.
- May I lick your toes for 50¢?

Lettermen: Please see Hester Prine regarding embroidered letters for jackets and sweaters. "A" her specialty. Reasonable rates. Old English script extra. Tel. SCarlet 4-5537.

Six characters in search of an author: please see Sue Levine. Tel. 634-4000.

Bus driver with unique insights on humanity. Must supply own RUSH tapes and be in touch with today. Background in children's stories preferred. Tel. 453-6739.

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If you want thrills, glamour, and excitement; if you want a job where you will meet interesting people; if you want to stick your fingers in somebody else's mouth for 8 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year, contact Oral Robert's School of Dental Hygiene. Tel. CAvity 4-5722.

- ¿Donde esta el parado del autobus?
- Get out the jelly or I am hanging from the rafters in your attic by my ankles.
- ¿Donde esta el banco?
- We have come to steal your hubcaps.
- ¿Hola, que tal?
- Get down, boogie, oogie, oogie.
- Quiero el sopa.
- Can I buy hydraulic shocks for my '74 Monte Carlo?
- ¿Es este el departamente de deportes de K-mart?
- I am President of the FALN, do you sell jogging suits?
- Me gusta su gato.
- Hide under the table, there is a tiger in the house.
- ¿Puedo obtener un trabajo en Chicago por la ciudad?
- Jane Byrne eats worms.
- Mi nino necesita un medico.
- Where is Mr. Levanti? I want my baby torn in half.

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GO TO COLLEGE?
LEARN A SKILL?**

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Please send me more information with the obligation that I am willing to die to to experience the opportunities I have checked below.

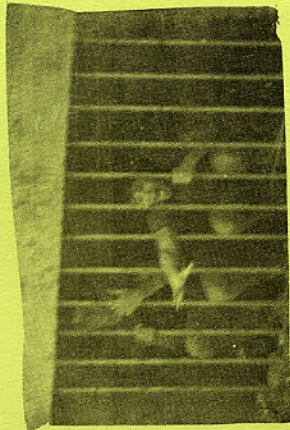
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- Travel (everywhere on foot)
- Go Boldly Where No Man Has Gone Before
- Die For An Oil Company
- Die To Get Carter Re-elected
- Be Abused For The Pleasure Of A Homosexual Drill Seargent

- Ditch Digging
- Education (learning the above)

THE ARMY YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT IT FROM YOUR FRIENDS NOW HEAR ABOUT IT FROM THE ARMY

The Army isn't for everyone. But, for young people who have nothing going for them, who can't find a job, who don't know how to read or write, or who would like to get a commuted sentence on any convicted crime up to and including armed robbery...the Army is still one of the best things going.



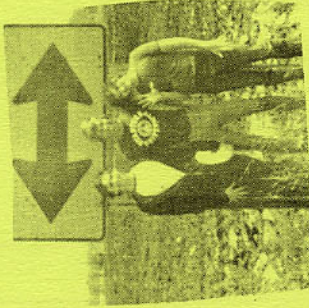
GOOD PAY RIGHT OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL

If you've looked at the job market, you know that the pickings are pretty slim without skills or education. But the Army will give you the training you need and maybe even teach you to read and be able to write your own name. With the Army you will earn over \$5000.00 your first year! That should do you a lot of good. In addition, you'll have 30 days earned vacation a year (counting weeks).



SKILL TRAINING

And while you're getting paid, you'll be learning a valuable skill. You'll have your choice of hundreds of skill areas which lead to well paying careers in latrine digging, potato peeling, grease trap cleaning, spit shine shoe polishing...you'll get expert training in the classroom and on the job, with the most sophisticated equipment available.



EDUCATIONAL ASSISTANCE

If you've thought about going to college or learning to print various bogus documents, the high cost of tuition may be holding you back. While you're in the service, the Army will pay up to 75% of your tuition for approved courses taken at Bubba's College of Encino in your off duty hours. You may want to see your local recruiter for more details.

TRAVEL AND FRIENDS

The cafes of Paris, the castles of Germany, the night life on the border of North and South Korea; you may get there in the Army, and on the salary you will earn over there, you may almost be able to cope with the devaluation of the American dollar. You'll meet people from all walks of life, too. Estimates are that approximately 40% of the men enlisted in Europe are using drugs; these are people you'll want for friends for the rest of your life.

AND EVEN MORE SURPRISES

No doubt you've heard stories about the Army. It's true you've got to work hard. But that goes for anything worth having in life. Just try busting up some rocks on a Louisiana chain gang, then you'll know what hard work and accomplishment mean. But the Army isn't all work. You'll have plenty of spare time to wash dishes, polish your boots, and march around in a nifty uniform sporting a spiffy new crew cut. In addition to all this, you'll also receive a "The Maharishi has Absorbed my Brain Like a Sponge" T-Shirt. Act fast, supplies are limited.

JOIN THE DERELICTS WHO'VE JOINED THE ARMY

If you'd like to jump out of an aircraft at 1,200 feet, fire some of the worlds deadliest weapons, get up at 5:00 a.m. every morning, get shot at by some maniac Arabs, and really experience the thrill of soldiering, you can choose the Infantry, Armor, or Artillery. Whether you're behind the wheel of a 57 ton tank being fired upon by Russian rockets, or eating another mouthfull of dirt in boot camp, you can feel the pride and sense of accomplishment Army people talk about.

ADVENTURE AND PRIDE

