STEPPIN' OUT:  
FULFILLING A LIFELONG DREAM  

BY BETTY BOOP

It has come to the attention of the Baboon community that we have a celebrity among us. This person has created an image around the campus as a very conservative and respected leader. So it's even more of a surprise to find out that our revered Student Government President, Jim Nabors, has been chosen to appear as one of the dancers on an upcoming edition of Solid Gold. Apparently, Jim has kept his special talents out of the public eye. No one knew of his prowess on the dance floor. Even his closest friends were amazed, saying, "I had no idea he could move like that!" He has reportedly been practicing since he was six years old, taking all kinds of dance classes. Friends also say that he faithfully watches Solid Gold every weekend without fail.

Continued on page 4
BOOM BUDDIES
To the editor:

I am a junior here at Babson who has tolerated this inane housing policy for too long. To begin with, the housing lottery system is anything but fair. How can your lottery number be 2070 when there are only 1700 students? Murder, Ashley, and Babs are always at the beginning of the list in order to insure them of acceptable housing. Acceptable to whom? Have you ever tried living in a toothbrush container? You have if you are living in Keefe or Manfield. I ask you my friends Babsoners where are the large beds and vending machines? We have supposed to keep our microwaves, hot tubs, exercycles, and fridges full that Mommy and Daddy bought? What about the no other matching procedure here at Babson? How many of us had to live with a door to door long salesman to get or perpetual nail biter who refires L'Oreal, Wet and Wild, and CoverGirl, but leaves milk and O.J. at room temperature? Then we have those coeds that would rather be life-time residents of Tyrant Hall or any other all-male dorm. These ladies are leaving their own beds vacant in favor of the buddy, buddies system, meanwhile their beds could be occupied by distinguished sophomores. Then we have those poor guys who chose to live with a “good” friend, who has a mother who wants to coordinate your room in matching pink and fuscia. Or what about those of us who have rooms that an uncanny lack of consideration? For example let me tell you, after Johnny Carson, you settle in and decide to go to sleep, your room has other plans. She’s gonna invite her four friends over to play cards and consume numerous home grown concoctions, followed by four, count ‘em, four, marathon phone calls to her boyfriends to confirm their undying love. Finally, there’s those roommates who are there constantly, night and day, and not even they are listening. There is a limit!

Now let’s talk about that wonderful breed of animal called the roommate. The roommate has the uncanny ability of changing colors. One minute they may be a smiling friend, but the next they feel its their duty to inform the world of their roommate’s opinion of cohabitation, the standard devision of the roommates. In the back of the room, the roommates have slept in his or her bed, and how a roommate likes to have his or her whip cream and eat it too. The general gossip about people on campus tends to be part of the curriculum. How a person who lives on one floor, talks about the campus about the other is a mystery. This common phenomenon that many scientists have researched. The gossip is considered as a new wonder of the world. How is it fair what a female upperclassman who has been with only a couple of freshman is known as a cradle robber...? NO! Just as it is not fair that a certain male is known as a flag because he hasn’t dated in some time. It is nobody’s business what a person does at any moment in time. The “student world is run in similar ways. Students are just practicing for the years to come. So that makes the gossip causes all right. Sincerely, A future commercial, and fitting end to this letter states: “I told two friends about...” and they told two more friends, and so on, and so, and so on.

SINCERELY,
JAMIE GOSINSKI

NERD HERDS
To the Editor,

Is it not bad enough that the grad students have control over the exchange and the computer terminals, but do they have exclusive rights to

The library conference rooms too? Not! We as undergraduates will no longer stand for graduate policy groups to sign up for a conference room for 12 hours. No, I said 12 hours. You ask, How is this possible? Well, the six members of the group each sign up for one two hour period. Unfair, Inconsiderate. You bet it is. Selfish, Self-centered and obnoxious? You bet it is. Oh, but it gets worse. Want till you see this next.

Last Sunday I was in the library and got tired of sitting, so I got up to walk around a little and I see this lady walking into one of the meeting rooms with a bookbag, no big deal right? I take my little walk, get a drink, talk to a couple of friends (yes I know the new library rules), and as I am returning to my seat this same lady, is giving out sandwiches to the people sitting around the table, no I’m serious, sodas too. How is this group in their late 20’s to early 30’s, they are not likely undergrads. When you talk about one of the guys at the table and leaves. A grad nerd’s wife bringing him and his cronies some dinner, isn’t that sweet? Sweet is not the word I had in mind to describe it. I stood and stared in utter disbelief and not one of the group even looked up, they were in a world of their own, but that’s ok. They already think they own the world.

Maybe if the graduate students of Babson College would put an end to these types of inconsiderate actions we would put an end to the nickname,“Grady Nerds.”

Let’s face it guys and girls, you are not going to make it in big business unless you show a little consideration and common decency. Besides, didn’t your mommies teach you to share? GROW UP!!!!!!!

SINCERELY,
A WURING UNDERGRADUATE

GRAPE VINE
To the Editor:

Marvin Gaye had it right when he sang “heard it through the grapevine.” The writer obviously had a different kind of thinking of this campus when it was written. We are all the perfect example in the inane childish game of telephone. The only difference being between playing the game as a child and playing the game as a student. Now the students are the stories that fly through the campus with lightning speed.

Thursday night on the hill at the Beaver Tub is the common hot bed of information for the gossiper’s ear. Basically the evening consists of two parts: beer or wine, and a hundred plus eyes watching everything everyone else does. Common topics of conversation are: how Betty Boop and Alphonso are steaming love affairs in her “single”; or how “Freddie the Flute has picked up an all nighter.” Attending the game on Thursday can be equated to the infamous fishbowl—where you are on one side of the mirror but don’t realize there are a hundred imperishable judges on the other.

The stories tend to fly higher and quicker than the loose souls decide to choose a single for a housing arrangement. It is common knowledge that all female singles have their noses buzzing doors for the numerous gentlemen callers. The only thing a single is missing is a fat watching of a roommate to rebroadcast all of your activities.

Now let’s talk about that wonderful breed of animal called the roommate. The roommate has the uncanny ability of changing colors. One minute they may be a smiling friend, but the next they feel its their duty to inform the world of their roommate’s opinion of cohabitation, the standard devision of the roommates. In the back of the room, the roommates have slept in his or her bed, and how a roommate likes to have his or her whip cream and eat it too. The general gossip about people on campus tends to be part of the curriculum. How a person who lives on one floor, talks about the campus about the other is a mystery. This common phenomenon that many scientists have researched. The gossip is considered as a new wonder of the world. How is it fair what a female upperclassman who has been with only a couple of freshman is known as a cradle robber...? NO! Just as it is not fair that a certain male is known as a flag because he hasn’t dated in some time. It is nobody’s business what a person does at any moment in time. The “student world is run in similar ways. Students are just practicing for the years to come. So that makes the gossip causes all right. Sincerely, A future commercial, and fitting end to this letter states: “I told two friends about...” and they told two more friends, and so on, and so, and so on.

SINCERELY,
BILL DULL
PRESIDENT

We welcome responses from readers. Letters should be written in maize —what you call corn —Crayola crayon, and every letter must include the writer’s name, address, and phone number for harassment from the Pheonix staff.
PERSONALITY

Cuban fisherman working in Boston Harbor for Mrs. Paul

Mrs Paul

Feature

Flounder

by Fish Face
Staff Writer

Mrs. Paul, the owner and founder of Mrs. Paul's Frozen Food Company, spoke at Baboon yesterday as part of the Flounder's Day event. This incredible lady told the many Baboo students present of how she started her business from scratch, boring them to death with stories of how she first worked out of a leaky rowboat in Chelsea Harbor.

In the beginning, she only caught the fish, leaving the task of cooking and preparing the fish to her great-great-grandmother, Hester Paul. It was Hester who invented the patented batter that makes Mrs. Paul's fish sticks and fillets so scrumptious. After taking Baboon's policy class, Mrs. Paul realized that since her operation was too small, with no room to expand. So she fired her great-grandmother and hired a bunch of Cuban refugees who landed in Boston from Cuba in boats not unlike the one that Mrs. Paul did her fishing in. She taught these people how to clean the fish and prepare the batter, and soon, the operation was running smoothly and profitably.

Since Mrs. Paul was paying her employees well below the minimum wage, she was making tremendous profits. Of course, when the workers eventually learned how to read and write, they found out about minimum wage laws. When the workers demanded to be paid minimum wage, Mrs. Paul refused, telling them that they were lucky to have what they were getting. The workers were then organized by a man named Chico, who planned a sitdown strike.

Forced to give in to the workers, in an action clearly in restraint of trade, Mrs. Paul agreed to pay them minimum wage. But now she had a problem, because her cost to produce the frozen fish had gone up. Being the shrewd businesswoman that she was, she knew that if she passed the price increase onto her customers, they would probably not buy as much of her company's products. So she invented the production line. In this way, she could raise the productivity of the workers. Because of this new innovation, she only needed half as many workers as before.

The way that the production line worked was that a huge moving belt was set up through the entire factory. Some workers would load the fish onto the belt. After that, the fish would pass through different work stations to be processed. For example, at one station the head would be cut off, at another the tail would be cut off, and at still another, the guts would be rinsed out. After the fish was nothing but a fillet, it would be dipped in batter, and the deep-fried for a few minutes. Next the fried filet would be frozen, packaged, and sent to the local food distributor.

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STUDENT GOVERNMENT
AND ME
THE MOST WIDELY READ STUDENT GOVERNMENT ARTICLE THIS YEAR

By Boy Malloy
Staff Writer

Alcohol Policy Changes
President Dull spoke at Student Government this week to announce provisions for a new indoor drinking policy. From now on, Dull insisted “students will no longer be allowed to bring alcohol indoors. Any and all drinking must be done outdoors.” Dull explained that the reason behind this measure was that B and G had been slopping off lately and he wants students to “make more of a mess around campus in order to get (his) money’s worth from B and G. Any student caught outside without an alcoholic beverage will be levied a $25 fine. Any student caught using a trash container will be expelled.

Security Starts Speedback
If you start to see members of the Baboon security hiding in bushes, don’t get any horny ideas. Security has just acquired a radar gun and has begun patrolling the highways of Baboon College. “We have reckless drivers around here,” Chief Dorey explained. “Any Security just wants to make it presence felt.” In addition to the radar gun, security has also acquired a new four-wheel drive assault vehicle. Unfortunately (for them), the assault vehicle was trying to catch some apparent drug smugglers but was forced to pull aside for exceeding the 20 m.p.h. speed limit.

Soggy Announces Changes
After encountering extensive pressure from the administration and student government, Dan Killmer, Soggy Manager, finally agreed to extend breakfast hours at Prim to 9-30 in the morning. However, Dan noted, “we won’t be serving any food.” He also announced that starting next week, the chicken noodle-soup will have chicken in it. Dan would also like to remind all Catholics out there that they need not worry about eating meat on Fridays at Prim “Our BaboonBurgers,” he explained, “are not made out of meat.”

Hollyshire Elevator Investigated
Baboon College has recently spent close to $1 million for a new elevator in Hollyshire and the reasons for this expenditure have just been uncovered. It has now become apparent that the elevator was installed with the sole intention of providing easy access to a third floor penthouse for deposed Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos. The cable tong, also scheduled to move into Hollyshire, was intended solely for Marcos’ viewing pleasure. In return for providing Marcos with a new home, Baboon will receive close to $10 million in stolen Philippine assets.

“We’re delighted,” Baboon treasurer Bessie Chutney beamed. “We’re going to put the money towards new and improved toilet paper.”

2IT Housing Proposal
2IT President Brian Toboggan came to Student Government for the sixteenth week in a row to request that his fraternity be allowed to move from Manfield to the Frost Annex. “We ask,” Toboggan proposed, “that 2IT be allowed to move in by September 1999.”

Rob Grossperson, a resident of the Annex, argued against the proposal because, he said, “We, the residents of Frost Annex, are on the twenty-year plan and if we have to move out in 1999 because of 2IT, it would be in direct violation of our squatters rights.”

Steve Start, a student government representative, motioned to close discussion of the proposed move. However, Student Government President Slim Haylor urged that more discussion was needed. At this point, Stain stood up, pulled out a rifle and shot Haylor. Toboggan, and Grossperson.

“Then I say close discussion,” Stain insisted, “I mean it.”

At this point, ex-presidential candidate Bill Giggles pushed the ailing Haylor aside and assumed the role of president. “This is the way it should have been in the first place,” Giggles declared. “On To Event Funding.”

Event Funding
Up Avenue Proposals
Eight organizations sought Student Government funding to bring Up Avenue back to Baboon on Friday, April 25. Each concert would be run for two hours. Donna Pivot, and Michelle Pellet of Signal Kappa, Jeff Jokely and Jim Bote of Alpha Kappa Sigh, Lou Dog and Mike Daytime of Tweek, Sally Vaselines and Katherine Cone of Gitchy-Gracy Gannna, Dave Spine of 2IT, Chris Smiley of Theta Why, Paula Gentol of the Phoenix, Darryl Debris of BRACE, and John Doe of 803A all requested $15,000 in funds for their respective concerts.

“Wait a minute,” VP of Finance Pete Porrour interjected. “First of all, we don’t have $40,000 and secondly, who would want to see Up Avenue eight times in one day? And what about my copy?”

“Well, let’s leave it up to the representatives,” new President Bill Giggles decided.

“All those in favor of allocating Student Government funding of $40,000 for eight consecutive Up Avenue concerts say Aye.”

“Aye” a few respond.

“All those opposed, say Nay,” Giggles continued (no response).

“Obstinations?”

(A few giggles)

“Passed.”

President Dull concluded the meeting by invited all representatives, outside of Tomato, to smash beer bottles against the wall.

Upon hearing that the show was auditioning in Boston for guest dan-
cers, Haylor applied for a try-out hoping to get his big break. After the choreographer saw his incredible skill, he was hired immediately.

Haylor will be flown to New York next month to rehearse in the studio in the city. He will be provided with a suite at the Hyatt during his stay. Slim will also have unlimited use of his own personal limousine. He will then be outfitted with various suits in yellow, green, and red sequins. Haylor admitted that he was ecstatic to be able to fulfill his longtime desire to wear these clothes in public and not have to hide them in the back of his closet anymore.

Haylor is expected to perform all the regular duties with the other Solid Gold dancers. He’s to dance in the countdown of the top ten songs. The highlight of the show is when he will dance the number one song alone. He told this reporter that he is really looking forward to wearing the clothes that he has chosen especially for this routine. However, he does admit that he will be a piece of gold metallic lyra body suit. The top has deep V in the front and back, with a black leather belt around the waist. He has also decided to wear several long gold chains and black baret slippers on his feet.

Although Slim was hired for his dancing ability, he has also been selected to sing the opening duet with Dionne Warwick in their own rendition of “Just What Friends Are For.” This has been a dream come true for our president. He finally gets to meet Dionne in person after having listened to all of her records since he was a boy. I’m sure that we all wish Slim the best of luck in this great opportunity. Say “Hi” to Dionne for us, Slim!

Today, the company that one had only two employees now employs 10,000 people and has plants all over the world. It is a leader in the food industry and Mrs. Paul intends to keep it there. Mrs. Paul also wants to expand her company’s move into the computer industry, where a lot of the action is, but so far, the board of directors have kept her from doing so. Mrs. Paul concluded her speech on Flounder’s Day by plugging her company’s products to the may potential customers in the audience.

Bick Dishup and Ailming Bored, organizers of the event, were pleased with the turnout. They also noted that Baboon’s vending machines will now contain only frozen fish.
LIFESTYLE
BABOON

SCHOOL'S BRAHMIN MUST BUY AMERICAN
WHAT CAN BE DONE ???

WE FOUND THIS SWEDISH MEATBALL IN YOUR RADIATOR.

VOLVO RECALL
CRIPPLES
BABOON

BY KERMIT
CONTRIBUTING TOAD

Hiram Billingsworth had no way of knowing the nationwide panic he would stir last month when he walked into his Volvo dealer and was told that his car died on route 128 because of an ethnic foodstuff found in the car's radiator.

"I don't even eat Swedish meatballs, nevermind toss them in my engine," Billingsworth protested to the dealer.

"Wanna start now?" the salesman quipped, "We saved it for ya."

In an outrage, Hiram took time out from his high paying upper management suburban investment portfolio analysis position to confront Volvo America with his problem.

"They charged me $3.25 for an 'edibles extraction,' when I didn't put it there to begin with," he said, "I want my money back!"

Sloan Checkubb, Volvo America fat person, agreed that Billingsworth had been wronged, and refunded the money at 9.9 percent interest. But that's where the story begins.

Checkubb then contacted Volvo headquarters in some European country and told them that the 2:15 Swedish meatball break awarded to

Continued on page 3
SEX EXPERT

By Dick Hertz

Due to the increasing amount of student pregnancies since her first visit, the health center has persuaded the administration to acquire Dr. Booth’s services for Commencement 1986. Dr. Booth will be addressing graduating seniors on the topic of “Sex in the Office – Is it Good for Business?” The renowned sex expert will try to convince future business leaders not to throw away their promising futures for one roll in the hay, just because their Dow Jones is up three inches.

Dr. Booth was chosen from an extremely competitive list of potential speakers which included Pae Kennedy, Englebert Humdevond, and Rock-me Hudson, who was originally first on the list until his untimely death last fall. Dr. Booth chose not to interview these other candidates not only for her stunning impact during her last visit, but because the administration was hard up for a pure and wholesome speaker.

Dr. Booth was particularly difficult to get since she had other engagements during the month of May. However, Babson administrators proved the old cliché that “MONEY TALKS”; when a retired lecture at Babson into the final act of her Virgin Tour, which features hit speeches, including “Darling Picke, You’re an Angel, and I’m Program.”

Among the topics that Dr. Booth will be addressing include: how to deal with a touchy boss, how to advance in any company without losing your virginity, and how to make a quick buck without a quick fix.

Dr. Booth will also suggest that students hold their Wall Street Journal high and their briefcases low when confronted by a sleazy, sex-starved boss. Other lessons from Booth show that trust is better than lust, and she recommends that you talk things out before jumping on anyone.

Student reactions to Booth’s engagement are mixed, but well-defined. The women on campus are overjoyed, and Mona Lowder of “Not only have we received a fine education but we will also get some last minute tips on how to maintain our current well-preserved virginity and survive in the real world.”

Men students, on the other hand, are in an uproar. Pat McGroin stated, “It’s already tough enough to get at Babson, and now, thanks to some hard old B’s, it will be impossible to score.”

Overall, parents tend to agree with the women students, with Jack McNeilly’s father saying, “Boothby was a hot woman in her heyday, but she maintained her dignity, and her speech to my son, Jack, will guide him along life’s hard road – and it will also protect my investment.”

Dr. Booth will be held on May 7th 6:00 PM, and should prove to be both educational and erotic. Since the demand for the tickets is high, and not everybody’s needs will be satisfied, cable station WCW, Channel 69, will be broadcasting the event live.

OVERHEAD WARS

The Continuing Saga of printed on plastic

By Figment of the Imagination Staff Writer

A new battle has broken out in the Overhead War between study groups in Professor Tyler’s morning Policy class at Babson. The battle began during the first Policy class in January when the teacher highly recommended that the groups use overheads to aid them in explaining their points. Immediately, the class broke itself up into opposing armies. The war had begun!

Technology, as always during wartime, seemed to advance at alarming rates. At first the hand written overheads and black lettering proved sufficient in fighting the battle as accounting majors faced head-to-head combat with entrepreneurship when facing one skimish, an army pulled ahead by more than one color, thereby winning the written overhead battle. Although the quality of the content was not much better, the colorful overheads seemed to catch an as they appeared more impressive.

A new strategy appeared on the horizon. The next battle was spurred by the computer center increased its technical capabilities with a new software program called Overhead Express. This gave the armies a new way to express themselves while avoiding messy handwriting or too-small type. Overhead Express allowed the enemies to back up their arguments in a large-lettered, organized presentation. It was done with ease on the computer, yet added a more professional twist than the now obsolete hand written overheads. Simultaneous to the Overhead Express battle, another front was being fought. This was the double-overhead battle which was introduced by a somewhat vocal group. These were used for adding lines to graphs to explain the comparison of two or more things, often necessary when analyzing advertising expenses to sales.

There was a cease fire for a week, in hopes of the Overhead War being officially ended, but the cease fire was abruptly halted when the Baboon Bookstore introduced overheads available in five colors. This began the Colored Overheads battle. These overheads, when used through the overhead machine, come out with contrasting print. On Wednesday, the fighting began at approximately 10:45 a.m. when one financially-oriented group fired their point of view on the case by introd...
Public Bathing
by Hill Gilligan
Staff Writer

In a surprising move by the Geek Council, a major decision was made as to the prime source of income for this prestigious organization. No longer dependent on a car wash for money, they have begun to explore the possibilities of pet washing. Namely cats.

The idea came from one of the members of Geek Council when they were stuck for money making ideas. The major thrust behind this new development came from Gitchy Gitchy Gomma who brought forth the fact that the entire operation could be run from any public restroom.

Further developments indicate the possibility to franchise this ingenious operation because of Alpha Kappa Sigma’s heavy involvement with the Entrepreneurial Perspectives and Operations course, more commonly known as one way to rip off not only your parents but the general public as well.

The venture will begin on Baboon’s Parent’s Weekend following in the theme of the weekend “Overboard Washings.” Alan Clique commented that the idea wasn’t up to par with some of the other events planned but we’ve all seen more stupid ideas succeed. Baboon fervently stands behind any of the plans presented.

Volvo from page 1

the Volvo labor unions in the last contract negotiations would have to go.

As the story thickens, the Volvo brass discovered disgruntled employees were intentionally sabotaging the Volvos via the meatball trick to keep their friends in the dealerships in business. Meatballs in the radiator are great for dealerships service departments - easy to fix, and easy to rip off rich, unknowing, automobile ignorants that drive the posh “autocars.” Volvo owners were being billed for “extrapolation of condiments inadvertently appearing in the primary cooling unit mechanism,” and were too embarrassed to tell their wealthy psuedo academic fellow Volvo owners that they didn’t have a clue as to what all those big words meant.

Volvo brass has decided to recall all cars produced in the past five years, and is punishing its employees by suspending production of the cars for one year. The fat Volvo management will be living off of the firm’s interest accounts and do consulting work on the side for the year suspension.

“Volvogate” has had epidemic proportions lately on the Baboon campus. Without their trusted automobiles, administrators have been calling in “ill or when they could muster the strength,” reporting to work and school really depressed and downtrodden. The school has virtually shut down, and is in danger of being taken over by owners of cars made in the 1970’s or (gawd forbid) the 1960’s.

Several prominent administrators have been seen semi-incognito at the American car dealerships on the infamous Automile in Wellesley. Word is that one faculty member actually debase himself by taking public transportation into the school. “It’s so gauche I feel so... so... so utterly common... I miss my baby (meaning his Volvo),” SIGH.

IRS Storms Baboon

Vice President of Student Affairs Dr. Lola Looney, speaking through the paper bag which was over her head, commented, “It’s all too shocking. It’s... it’s worse than Watergate...”

This seemed to be the consensus of students, faculty and staff here today as news spread that President Dull, beloved father figure of our school was carried off to prison today on the charge of income tax evasion. The income in question: money derived from article submissions to the Free Press.

“Nobody saw the problem until it was too late,” said tear-ridden Senior Editor Fan Down. “Every week he was submitting an article or two, but he never came by for his pay. I just kept piling up, and pretty soon we all got concerned so we had someone run it over to him yesterday.”

Editor-in-Chief Ryan Ferris broke in defensively, “Okay, okay, so it did look a little suspicious, delivering it in that plain brown envelope in small bills. It’s just that none of us ever dreamed it could happen.”

But it happen it did. Within hours of the drop off, IRS men swarmed the Dull residence with copies of the Dull’s joint tax return in hand. Moments later, Pres. Dull was whisked away in a blue police helicopter under tight security. He was flown to Sing Sing where he awaits remandment. Should he be tried and convicted, Pres. Dull could face one year in jail, 5,000 in fines, and revocation of his license to practice law in the state of Arizona.

“TI’VE NEVER UNBUCKLED A DEAD MAN!”

“I JUST CUT ‘EM LOOSE’”
Crookstore

by Tim Whit
Staff Writer

Baboon SWAT team, along with SPLAF (Special Police Laundering Attack Force) arrested Mr. Yikes, Baboon Bookstore manager, along with Big Al Manzolino, Sicily’s Mafia connection in New England. Big Al had been using the Bookstore to launder money brought in by Italian Baboon and ALLA students. The Bookstore was able to handle this large operation due to the exceptionally large amount of cash generated by students making purchases on items priced 200 to 300% over cost, and from cash advances from the accounting office on student charges.

Benney Goodale, a former stock boy, noticed substantial depletions of sodas, accounting paper, and candy in the morning after he diligently and faithfully had filled them the previous night. After this second year student discovered the missing items and ruled out the theory that it was a band of drunken and disorderly accounting students, he based this on the fact that it had occurred during the night and all accounting majors diligently study every night. He stumbled on a second set of accounting records while stocking Big Al’s desk up with paper clips, pencils, pens, and Twinkies. Al’s favorite between-meal snack. Benney proceeded to informed Zetna Bizare, an undercover SPLAF agent.

Bizare investigated with Pave Sverllus and found records of transactions totaling over $1 million a week. This underworld network has been believed to be operating for the past five years. Bizare said, in a recent press conference, “No comment.” No one has been set by President Dull.

Star Studies

by The Editor

Next month a select few Baboon students are going to view Halley’s Comet in detail in order to gain a better understanding of this strange heavenly body. The students, part of Professor Lowland’s course, “Accounting for All Heavenly Bodies,” are beginning training early. They are preparing for a lunar landing upon the surface of this mysterious heavenly body, which will be arriving the middle of next month.

According to Professor Lowland, who got the final word from Professor Godson, “There is no substitute for experience — that is why he is planning what has been heralded as the most complex outer space landing in the history of the college.

His plan? Stack up green eyeshades and pencils in such a way that, at just the right time, he and his students can jump off the pile and land on the comet. It is not as easy as it sounds, however. The comet, which contains a wealth of materials which accountants and accounting majors need, will be analyzed for its worth to the Big Eight accounting firms.

Among its supposed treasures? A large supply of joke books solely needed by all accountants, debts which are never in equal supply to credits, colorful and stylish clothing including shoes which are not wing-tipped, and well as PIFO, LIFO and the rest of the gang.

Professor Lowland claims that the students will not be fully credited for the trip. In addition, in common with all accounting exams, the trip will be scheduled late in the day, when the students “have much better things they could be doing.” “It’s better if my students are inconvenienced as much as possible,” said Lowland, “be cause the Comet only comes around once in a lifetime!”

Arling Interests

by Ben Dover
Staff Writer

Astronomical observations support the possibility that Swellesley College “women” are dating all types and forms of Baboon students.

Swelliesley College, once restricted to the Ivy League dating circle, have now opened their eyes and credit cards to find dates and lifelong mates at Baboon. One student, Victoria Davenport, was overhead saying, “All I want is a husband. My reason for going to Swellesley is to get married. Baboon provides such great options and challenges.”

One might ask, “Why did they take so long?” It actually did not, according to evidence found in the social archives of Baboon Library, which shows that Swellesley students have discretely seen roughly 32 Baboon students this year, 2 in 1982, 10 in 1983, 13 in 1984, and 25 in 1985 (whoops, change that to 24, one just found a 25 year high-Catholic grade of BC) 1986 predicts the highest growth ever, with a whopping 93 relationships.

Each day, more cars with the Swellesley college stickers enter Baboon’s main gate, and the girls stop and with the gate attendants, enjoying the day. Rocky Flop (Goldman) was asked at his toll station if he noticed more Swellesley College cars on campus, he replied with a smile, “Ya.” Later he commented that more and more Swellesley girls have driven into Baboon over the past two years, much to the amazement of Baboon’s Student Affairs Office.

On March 29th, at approximately 2:51 a.m., a Baboon student was heard to say, “I like Swellesley girls. I like all girls, send them over. The more the merrier.”

by Rocky
B.U.R.P. Coach

The B.U.R.P. (Baboon Unit of Rugby Players) association have gone to great lengths to prepare themselves for their tough schedule that they will face this season. Film extraordinaires, Rocky has been contacted by player-president A. Sheator-who talks about the team’s great potential and how they simply looked “mouselous” last fall. Rocky was interested after his pre-early morning workout on the steps of the stands down at the back 69, where B.U.R.P. strenuously holds practices. He said, “Arian will be more up to my new apartment in Swellesley Hills which B.U.R.P. has generously provided.” When asked what plans they had for their time off, he replied, “I am not here to make any changes, why change something that works very well? I am only going to work the team with creative drills that will strengthen their skills.”

One such drill will take place in the squash courts where a B.U.R.P. member will have to catch a live chicken or greased hog, whichever they care to eat after practice. Drills such as this should make the team even stronger, beneficial to both the team and the Beaver Tub, where B.U.R.P. members are known to enjoy refreshment during the week.

STAR B.U.R.P.

DANGERS OF EATING WITH THE RUGBY TEAM.
In an effort to drive students off campus, last semester Baboon initiated a program where a rented bus would deliver and retrieve Baboon students in Boston and Cambridge. Since a recent poll at Baboon indicated that 99% of Baboon students drive drunk at least once a week. The bus was designed to keep Baboon students from killing others. The bus leaves every Friday and Saturday nights at 6:15 and 9:15, making the return trip to Baboon at 12:15 and 2:15. Reactions to the "Boston Bus" by students is minimal, proven by the 5% occupancy rates. "On a good night we had five students, on a bad night I'd drive the bus around Boston to tie up traffic," says the bus driver."I really don't know why more people didn't use it. It only took five hours to get into town.

On Friday the 4th of April, radical changes in this program will occur. Instead of hearing the road of a bus engine in front of Hollyshire, the whirl of helicopter blades will fill the air as the chopper lands in the back forty. After

Continued on page four
Tyrant to Broadway

Jim Nasium

After their smash debut at the Winter Weekend talent show, the Tyrant boys are shuffling off to Broadway.

The deal had been under wraps, but Friday the boys announced how their pending fame came about. Just after the talent show, deaf-blind talent scout Buba B. Morehoppa inquired as to the availability of the troupe for extensive bookings. Of course, the boys jumped (or shuffled, as the case were) at the chance to be stars.

Just yesterday, the boys boarded a bus headed for famed 42nd Street in the heart of the New York theatre district, and to their first shot on the stage.

When interviewed, their manager from Dark Horse Inc. commented, "Of course, the industry was crushed that we'd gone ahead with the Chorus Line movie before seeing the boys. But, of course, there is always the possibility of a Hollywood version of "La Cage Aux Folies."" Later, in reference to this last remark, the manager admitted that it would be typecasting, but that many greats got their starts in typecast roles.

The boys are now in New York rehearsing for their upcoming big breaks or background fairies in the Broadway comeback of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." One of the boys expressed a wistfully worded sentiment, "The hours are hell, but we get to wear pink nylons so I guess it's okay."

The play will be running through the summer and everyone is encouraged to go down and see our boys.

By Larry Bud Feldman

Staff Writer

Friday night, the ever-popular punk rock band, The Cramps played to a sold-out slam-dancing crowd at Baboon College's Knife Auditorium in Sweetsley. Although the band is not typical of the groups usually seen at Baboon functions, everyone who was anyone was seen bashing heads and swinging elbows. The "dance" was arranged by the Vice President of Student Affairs, Wally Loomy, as an off-beat attempt to improve campus morale by allowing for a "release of pent-up energy." According to Loomy, the evening was a complete success despite understaffing at the Health Center and at local hospitals.

The band opened up with "Faster Pussy Cat (kill)" and the crowd went wild. After only two minutes into the concert, there were an estimated 200 crazed and revenge-stricken student, administrators, and faculty members squashed against the stage by over 2,000 milling arms, legs, and falling bodies. The noise level from the music, the screaming crowd, and the cracking foundation was deafening. Science Professor Billy Wheatbolt, who was exactly five miles from Knife, said that he registered the sound level at 10 million decibels, plus-or-minus one million. "I think the noise peaked out during "Don't Eat Stuff Off the Street" but it's a toss-up between that and "Psychotic Reaction"," Wheatbolt said.

One student said the scene was like watching the battle of the campus scars. People were involved in all out frenzy to physically abuse their closest enemies. It was worse than any hockey game anyone had even seen. As she led the mob in a violent Thrash dance to "Goo Goo Huck," journalism professor Rainy Hops was heard saying, "I haven't heard that P-word in so many languages in one place ever. It's like a world war."

President Doll was getting into things more than anyone. He demonstrated his entrepreneurial spirit by being the first to do a stage dive from the balcony into the unsuspecting mass of onlookers below. His accuracy was uncanny. By his third dive, he was able to hit his target crowd of deans or professors.

All the little freshmen they have their frizzy hair, it's second semester, the weight is on, and all their thighs are flared. Baboon's getting trendy leggins and big shirts.

Thank god it's finally happened just a year ago they were jerks. The boys have got their hair short it matches their new smile they're using mousse for men now, no longer fuzzy, it's-style.

Most of the students like to brag that they dig the cool new beat, but deep inside they don't know the cure.

Bruce Springfield is their treat. -Len-

FOOS BALL

by Bill Gigley

A drop-kick of the alarm clock is the start of another day for Jim Vonder Fuss, star soccer player at Baboon. Jim was difficult to reach, but was finally located at the Front 40 where he was getting ready for next season.

As he dribbled the ball around in the mud, splashing this reporter, he revealed his motivation, "Fat Freshmen. Haven't lost their baby fat yet. I can't wait to watch them blow their breakfast during double sessions. They'll drop out of here like flies. And if that doesn't kill 'em, the drink-off will."

In order to fully prepare for the fall, Jim extends his training to everything during the day, exclaiming "Soccer is my life!" He prides himself in the practice of "no hands" to accomplish tasks in which ordinary Baboon students need all fours. After a quick sprint, he explained, "Your hands are your third legs in our toes at Prom? You bet! This is no Frat ritual. It's good for stretching out the quads and it sets you in the right frame of mind. Eat, sleep, and think with my feet." Accordingly, he wears his strategically block colored sombas twenty-four hours a day in order to maximize the effect.

Jim's goal in life is to play professional soccer for a few years or at least until Mom and Dad's cash flow runs out. Afterwards, he plans to team up again with his old Baboon teammates to begin a traveling training program for college and high school teams. Entitled "Road Hill for Success," it will utilize an old Baboon ritual of displaying a dead animal at practice to increase motivation. Jim contends, "Hey, we are not your average athletes. We don't get motivated at frats drinking beer on the opposing coach's head or at rubber chickens thrown on the field. We are worthy, back to nature types, you know?"

Jim finished up his practice with a run up a hill and a sluggish walk to the showers. He emerged 'later with the ever-lescious sombals (does he wear them in the shower?) and one of his collegiate soccer cap-t-shirts. He explains that he is waiting for some of his other teammates to show up to help him select his courses for next semester. "We do everything together," he apologizes as he skips off toward Woodland Hill. "I gotta go set animal traps. It's gonna be a rough season and I want to catch me a whole wive of carcasses!" Just as long as they aren't bavoons.
Personals

Desperately Seeking Susan or Elaine, Joyce, Maria, Nancy, Allison, Jane, Kathy, Rachel, Diane, Alexis, Anne... Be my Madame!! Desperately Seeking Sam or John or Jeff or Fred or Chuck or Dave or Greg or Brian or Ray, oh, hell... anybody. Contact Susan.

For Sale: Yellow sub compact, 107,000 miles, one-professor owned, great condition, survived three accidents in 1985-86. Sports a very flashy REJKT sticker from the Mass State Inspection Board. Any offer accepted.

Wanted: Materialistic individuals need not apply. Contact Box 123 immediately.

Wanted: No brown-noses, no grade-grubbers, no ass-kissers, no sweet talkers, no all-style-no-substance students. Is there anyone left? Contact Box 125 immediately.

The Puzzle

Can you work your way through this baboon scenario to graduation?

A Stream of Genius

Looking for your big break? Need a job?

Last Call

Time To Party

Open your eyes.

Are you falling behind?

Let more than your imagination soar...

Mental as anything

Confused?

The lost cause

Legendary trip

Contraband brain

Fantasy Island

Need training?

Have any BODY You Want Absolutely Free

All-America Bliss

Free

ALL AMERICA

FREE

Have any other questions? Contact Box 5672.

Wanted:.). Gilda-Gilly, Gamma girls seek tall, white, handsome male rugby player, 6'2", 220 lbs. with capacity to fix sundae machines. Contact 4900.

Wanted: Are you on lithium? Manic-depressive seeks same for introspective conversation and correspondence. Box 4930.

Wanted: 666 Single white male seeks other devil-worshipers for Satanic ritual and K9 fun. No weirdos please. Contact Box 4703.

Wanted: White female sheep for deep relationship with ewe. Contact Little Bo Peep, c/o Svellesley Nursing Co.

Copters

several committees investigated the problem. President Dull, Dr. Looney and Alan Cogus have decided to drop the "Boston Bus" and replace it with a green and white Baboon helicopter. According to the high level administrators the low occupancy rates on the bus indicated yet another form of school apathy. "It should be much easier to fill a six seat helicopter than a 30 seat bus," says Dr. Looney. "And now we'll have another great play to put into the admission brochures."

When asked who would pay for the new service, Dull responded, "The money is coming from a $1,000 tax in tuition of course. You don't think I'd give up my raise do you?" Dull expects that the helicopter will bring in revenues for Bab on as well, because the school will offer flying lessons to Baboon students at a cost of $500 per student. Also, the helicopter will be rented to qualified students for winter and spring breaks. To become a qualified student, one must pass a one page true/false exam.

Student reaction has been extremely positive. Said one student, "I've already planned my next years spring break around the Baboon helicopter. My friends and I are flying it down to an uncharted island off the coast of Bermuda, it should be the experience of a lifetime. Just like spring break should be."

Other students are happy because it cuts the travel time to Boston in half, allowing more time to drink. There will also be a cash bar on the helicopter to keep students happy during the ride. Baboon police will be lounging wistfully to those of age who want to take advantage of the in air cocktail service. When this Pheenix reporter asked a student about the tuition hike he responded, "That's dad's problem, not mine."

Further details indicate that the helicopter will land at Runway Park and on the roof of the Piccadilly Folly, which will be more convenient for the students. The only problem that President Dull noted about the new helicopter service was that the stress factor might be too much for the Piccadilly Folly's roof to hold, but he said the helicopter will go into service on Friday, regardless of the danger it may pose to students. He concluded, "It can't be any more dangerous than driving into Boston."

What the Flick?

by Elmer J. Fudd, Millionaire

Out of Africa - Meryl Streep gets virulently ill but survives to find a room with Robert Redford. All this and Kenny too!

The Color Purple - Steven Spielberg gets serious. Whoops! Makes wife beating, incest, and rape appear to be chicier builders.

Prazi's Honor - Jack Nicholson tries to act Italian while Angelica Huston tries to act attractive. Is Kathleen Turner always breathless or what?

Down and Out in Beverly Hills - Mikey the dog outacts the humans - what has stupid pet tricks wrought?

Richard Dreyfuss bups abd and Bette Midler displays her cleavage.

Pretty in Pink - Molly Ringwald takes a while to decide whether to go to the prom with the rich kid or the poor kid. Jon Cryer tries out for "Puttin' On The Hits!"

Runaway Train - Jon Voight wears a lot of makeup, Rebecca DeMornay doesn't. Eric Roberts whimpers abd and tries to prove his manhood.

Hannah and Her Sisters - Woody Allen treats us to another erotic neurotic state. Everybody fools around and then talks about it. Sex has never been so literal.

THE MONEY PIT

THE MONEY PIT

STARRING WALLY LOONEY AND RAVE SMELLUS

WRITTEN BY DAVID CARWRECK

DIRECTED BY BESSY CHANTWY

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RAINY HOPPS AND MALLOW GASKET

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY DAV HELLER

MUSIC BY WHUMP

PRODUCED BY SLIM HAYLER

DISTRIBUTED BY GUCHEE FINANCING

BY BABOO DEBIT UNION

A MEDIA DIS SERVICES PICTURE

WARNING: THIS MOVIE IS HAZARDOUS TO ANY STUDENT'S TUITION. ELEVEN PERCENT MORE THAN THE LAST TIME THE TRUSTEES MET.