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The Carroll News

Vol. 78, No. 9

John Carroll University, University Heights, Ohio 44118

\$10.00

April 1, 1990

School of Business to close due to asbestos

by Harry Gauzman
Staff Reporter

The School of Business has been declared a potential health hazard by state officials. Inspectors found unacceptably high levels of asbestos in the building. The business wing along with the new addition will be closed to the public as of April 1.

Inspectors noted that the building contained potentially hazardous levels of asbestos throughout the newly renovated building and new addition.

Asbestos, which has been used in the past as an insulation material, has been found to cause lung cancer in humans.

It appears as if contractors used asbestos in spite of health concerns so that the engineering of the new addition would mirror the old building.

"We wanted the new wing to blend in as closely with possible with the old building. When we found out that the old building was chock full of the stuff [asbestos], we figured we might as well use it in the new part," said one engineer who asked not to be identified.

"I smoke ten packs [of cigarettes] a day and cough up a storm everyday. But hell, my lungs still work. So what's wrong with a little asbestos?"

University officials were shocked by the news.

"This will be quite devastating for the University as a whole," said Rev. Michael Levelit, S.J., University president. "This institution faces a major turning point. Without the business school, what's left? Now where are we going to put all our money?"

Academic Vice President Rev. John Schlaygal, S.J., expressed his concern about the closing of the business school.

"This matter has very deep consequences. Now without a business school, the University must return to stressing a Jesuit education, which is based on development of the full person with a true appreciation for the serving of our fellow men and women," he said.

There were some, though, who were pleased with the announcement.

"I was pleasantly surprised to find out about the closing. I have always wanted to teach at a liberal arts school," said Dr. Mary Horton, professor of history.

Federal building inspectors were initially called in last week to investigate complaints in Dolan Hall. These complaints included the increased use by hall residents of the flush-actuator handle on the toilets. Residence Life Staff were concerned that residents would find the new circumstances offensive.

"We were obviously concerned. Imagine people flushing the toilets in Dolan. The dorm's



The School of Business will be closed as of April 1. Federal health inspectors found it hazardous due to unusually high levels of asbestos.

photo by Dennis Dew

reputation would be flushed down the drain. We could not just stand by and let that happen. So we notified the federal health inspectors to see if we could enforce some kind of zoning restriction on flushing the toilets," said Don A. Burns, director of residence life.

The inspectors saw no possible options for the University to take.

"This is America! Damn it! And if people want to flush the toilet after they're done, then let them," said Ian Schmit, federal health inspector.

Marriott worker, Shirley, hospitalized in trampling

by Amo Shirl
Staff Reporter

A herd of students trampled Shirley, a Marriott Food Service worker, on Tuesday in a rush to get to the Marriott Beach Party. Shirley was transported to the Cleveland Clinic for immediate trauma care.

She suffered minor cuts and bruises and a sprained ankle. Doctors say that she will have to stay off her feet for a few weeks, much to the dismay of the other Marriott workers.

"I don't know if we can find anyone who can keep those students who do not bring ID's to meals out of the cafeteria as well as Shirley can," said Karla

Knuckle, manager of Marriott.

Shirley said that she memorized everyone's face and social security number as she was being trampled and that she has black-balled the guilty students.

"I didn't even realize that we were trampling Shirley," said Bud Harris. "But I was so excited to eat that wonderful beach cuisine of hamburgers and fish wedges. I just had to get through."

Despite being injured Shirley's spirits remained high. She hopes to return to work in at least a week.

"Tuesday was just a bad day," said Shirley. "First, I got sand in my computer machine, and every card beeped at me. Then I wore a hole in my skirt from wiping all the cards on it. That trampling business just topped it all off."

SU executive elections revealed as fraud, election to be re-held

by Bart Simpson
Staff Reporter

Inside sources revealed that the Student Union executive officer elections held last February were a fraud.

"I counted the ballots, and it seemed like someone had stuffed the ballot box," said a source who wishes to remain anonymous. "So I went to the dean of students about it."

Joseph Pharrall, dean of students, conducted an investigation over spring break and came to the conclusion that the elections were fixed.

"It was so obvious," said Pharrall.

"I don't know how whoever did it expected to get away with it."

Over half of all the ballots for each position had insightful quotes about life by the English poet Alfred Lord Tennyson written on the bottom of them.

The current SU officers and the candidates who ran against them underwent intense questioning during Pharrall's investigation but none of them would admit to fixing the elections.

"I didn't do it, I swear on the Student Union Handbook!" said David Averniill SU president.

"A dark day has come upon John Carroll and the Student Union as this corrosive news eats away at

our very souls," said Joe Chimperman, SU chief justice.

Pharrall and the Hearing Board decided to hold the SU elections again on April 1. The current SU officers and the candidates who ran against them in the last election are barred from running in this election and all John Carroll elections in the future.

"We don't know what else to do since no one will fess up," said Pharrall.

"I am sorry that I won't get the chance to serve my fellow students," said Jeff Stiller, SU vice president. "But I'd like to thank everyone who supported me during my week of service to the Student Union."

WHAT'S INSIDE...

FORUM

CAMPUS LINE

PROFILES

SPORTS

Hey buddy! It's eight pages.
Look for yourself.

War rears its ugly head

Rival cities clash in Youngstown

by Jane Pauley
Deborah Norville

YOUNGSTOWN -- In a startling development last Tuesday, the city of Pittsburgh declared war on the city of Cleveland. It seems that after years of successful social and economic development, Pittsburgh is loath to surrender its spotlight as the "Comeback City" to Cleveland.

The city's declaration of war cites, "the determination of every citizen of Pittsburgh to aid in the cause of maintaining the title and to squash the impudence of the uppity Clevelanders."

Reaction from the city of Cleveland was swift. Mayor Michael Mauve took umbrage at the claim that Clevelanders were impudent and delivered a stirring speech in Public Square from atop the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument.

Mauve said, "We will not stand for these callous remarks from our fair Rust Belt sister city. We must take her to task."

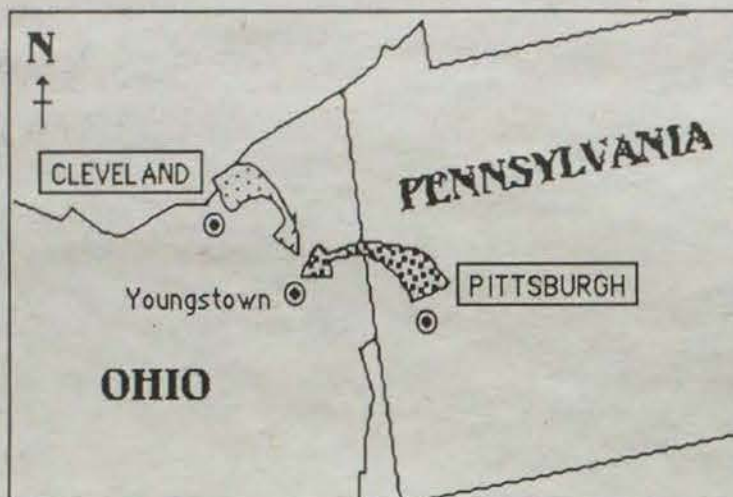
Reports stated that two cities clashed in Youngstown early on Wednesday morning. The fighting lasted all day with heavy casualties on both sides.

Front-line reporter Terry Bradshaft said: "What was once but an intense football rivalry has escalated into a much greater battle of civic pride. The Stillers, I mean Pixsburgh, lay siege to Youngstown and then occupied it rather swiftly."

To stir the troops the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra played a rousing rendition of *Stars and Stripes Forever*.

However, shortly thereafter Cleveland stormed onto the battlefield (Youngstown) and quickly surrounded the Pittsburgh troops.

Christoph von Dohanyi conducted his Cleveland Orchestra in a triumphant interpretation of Tchiakovsky's *1812 Overture*



(with cannon) that left the Pittsburghers trembling in fear.

In the midst of all this orchestral shelling, the city of Youngstown lay in ruins. No great loss — it was Youngstown.

Bradshaft said: "At days end, the mighty Pixsburgh 'Iron Curtain' defense that had protected me, I mean Pixsburgh, so well had retreated back to The Point in shambles, stopping only to firebomb Bernie Kosar's childhood home near Youngstown."

"I heard Pilsbury Bake-off Champion Pixsburgh mayor Sophie Molotov exclaim as they drove out of sight, 'Remember the Three Rivers Jinx. We'll get our revenge.'"

The victorious Clevelanders returned home to a ticker-tape parade on Euclid Avenue as the masses cheered to Wagner's *Flight*

of the Valkyries and to the hard fought battle to truly become the comeback city.

Mikhail S. Gorbachev and George H.W. Bush sent congratulatory messages to Cleveland Mayor Mike Mauve and the victorious North Coast citizens, wishing them further prosperity.

West German Chancellor, Helmut Kohl extended an invitation to Cleveland to join the European Economic Community.

But in final analysis, the events that transpired, woe these many long hours -- a good time was had by all.

(Terry Bradshaft is a freelance reporter, and was a quardurback for da Pixsburgh Stillers.)

For more see pg. 9.

Raisa Gorbachev kicks Brit ass in Canada, eh

by Pierre Trudeau
Great White North Bureau

MOOSEJAW, SASK -- Fighting broke out yesterday at a summit aimed at regulating the exportation of low-quality rock and roll bands from the Soviet Union.

According to inside observers, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher attacked the credit card-wielding soviet vixen Raisa Gorbachev when the Soviet first lady entered the closing dinner wearing a dress identical to that worn by Thatcher.

British Labour Party leader Neil Kinnock gave a blow-by-blow account of the altercation and repeated by U.S. Senator Joseph Biden.

"She jumped on Mrs. Gorbachev's back and started raking her eyes. Then she started trying to rip the dress right off of her back. No one knew what to do, we just moved the chairs and placed our bets."

"But then, the commie chick countered with a devastating right hook which sent the old lady, er, Prime Minister Thatcher reeling."

"Raisa then jumped on her while she lie on the floor, and they wrestled there until their husbands pulled them apart."

"But by then the Iron Lady looked like Iron Mike Tyson after the Buster Douglas fight."

The Soviet delegation departed from the host country of Canada immediately following the row.

Mikhail Gorbachev was much distressed by the altercation -- not even touching his savory tuna pot pie or that favorite vegetable of international leaders, broccoli.

It is not known if his comment: "I'll get you for this" was directed at Thatcher or at French dress designer Jean-Claude Penné.

Penné, probably best known for his work on the uniforms of the JCU dance team, was in attendance at the summit as the guest of both Raisa Gorbachev and the vampish Thatcher.

The British delegation tried to project blame for the international incident on the Canadians, saying that the Canadian sport of curling was to blame.

Although embarrassed by the incident, the British maintain that they will defend, by force if necessary, the actions of their Prime Minister.

The United States, awaiting the release of the new fall fashions, has declined comment.

At this time it is not known if the terms of the agreement worked out at the conference will be carried out.

As it is now, the agreement would limit the amount of air play received by the Soviet heavy metal group "Hammer and Sickle," in exchange for the non-exportation of "New Kids on the Block" albums to the Soviet Union.

It could be said that a good time was had by all.

The Gorby contest results are in

Our readers submitted ideas explaining just exactly WHAT the splotch is on Mikhail Gorbachev's head.

It could be a...

10. Priceless Andy Warhol painting.
9. Stain from a pack of McDonald's Barbecue Sauce.
8. Bad tattoo job by Charles Manson.
7. Map of Albania
6. Welt inflicted by Raisa when she exceeded her credit limit.
5. Scar from a "Phantom of the Opera" mask.
4. Hickey from Andrei Gromyko.
3. Gift from recently seceded Lithuania.
2. Remnants of "Borscht Night" at the Bolshoi
1. Deposed Russian Princess Anastasia.

The Carroll News Staff

Check last week's issue

Just spoofin'...

It's that time of the year again. It's April 1, and nothing in this issue should be taken seriously. We did not aim to offend anyone.

CLASSIFIEDS

Save Me! I'm being held hostage by greedy, self-serving industrialists. Please send photo. -- The Environment, write Box GReen

I feel good; Livin' in America! Remember Me. Play my music. -- James Brown, write Box. PRison

Don't forget to wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident. And make sure you eat well. -- Your Mom, write Bx. OEdipus

Please write me. This prison thing isn't so bad. Add mints on the pillows, this would be like the Palace. -- Leona Helmsley, write Block 666 Cell 13, Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, NY

Desperately seeking experienced electrician at state penal institution. Possible nod for governorship of Texas. -- write Box. FRy

Wanted: Individual who can count to 100. No exp. necessary, apply JCU Cashier's Office.

No hard stuff, only hallucinogens! Buy drugs cheap from a part-timer. Contact Al in Greenwich Village.

Hire me for my eloquent food critiques. No food is too bad. Let's do lunch. References: Marriott, your Mom. -- Fred Flintstone, write Box. BEDRock.

To John Young, Love is a many splendored thing, so why don't you call me anymore? you know who.

Wanted: address of the as yet uncaught Green River Killer. For pen pal relationship. -- Dom C.

Needed: large-breasted Aryan woman to be mother of new, reunified Fatherland. No prior offspring, please. Will need healthy ovaries to proliferate the Übermenche (supermen). Send dossier to: H. Kohl Reichstag, Bonn, Deutschland.

To 2nd floor Millor: I need blood. -- The Vampire.

Dear John Vannuci: I miss you! Call me sometime! -- April Jaycox

Seek job- Signpainter. Much experience 'round Quad, cafeteria. Call Phys. Plant for reference. Also make great Keemosabee. -- Tonto, write Crooked Cactus, AZ

Quintessential quad query quells quiet quarrel

by Harry Gauzman
Sun bather Extraordinaire

I think, therefore I am.

Or is it I am, therefore I think?

Well, either way, the one thing I've learned so far at Carroll (and believe me it's a real effort to squeeze some learning in between all this partying) is to search for the truth.

Now, I'm sure everybody is aware of the biggest issue affecting the campus these days: parking? sexual abuse? styrofoam in the cafeteria? paper abuse in the Student Union? Important issues all, but what I'm really peeved about are those darned signs that litter the quad, warning us ever so gently to Stay the Heck Off The Grass!

I'll be blunt with you. The idea of not being able to walk on a plot of grass irks me. (After all, it is only grass, right?) So, in an effort to get to the bottom of this issue, to find out the real reasons underneath all this, to "search for the truth," I set out on a little fact finding mission of my own.

First stop, Fr. Lavel's office. What the heck, I thought, I'll start at the top, the man who knows the most about what's going on here at the Camp.

The kind secretary announced my visit, and came back with some bad news. Unfortunately, Fr. Lavel had no time to discuss this issue

(kind terminology for "Tell that student I don't have time to talk to 4000 students.") I was told that if I wanted to find out about our esteemed President's upcoming trip to Eastern Europe, I would have to wait for the Plain Dealer articles. Confused, I asked this helpful woman if the Benevolent Father hadn't just been to Europe not but two months ago. Yes, I was told, but Lavel had to check up on how things were developing, and (of course) meet some very important alumni living in London.

Daunted but still hopeful, I cut across the quad and went to see Dean Fairill, who it seems isn't in a prestigious enough position to travel, at least not on the University's pocketbook. Fairill greeted me with open arms, which was encouraging. I felt reassured that at least SOMEONE in the administration was open to student concerns.

However, my search for truth, justice and the American way was far from over. Fairill seemed to be relying his political background and used a bit of Reagan-inspired double-speak. Decode it yourselves.

"Students are welcome to play football, frisbee or baseball on the quad. They are welcome to sunbathe there. We hope that on nice days they will congregate there en masse. I've given permission to my son and the rugby team to practice there. But, we just do not

want students cutting across the quad to go to classes."

May I remind you these are Fairill's words, not mine. I just report the news, folks, I don't make it.

Perhaps the Student Union could help me out in this matter, I thought. Maybe MY Union, the body that looks out for my rights as a student, will come to my aid.

I caught the Union, obviously, on a bad day. The Transition Period was in full swing. LSG receptionists/interior decorators were busy ordering around IYX movers/painters/picture hangers in what promised to be a kinder, gentler and more-functional-yet-homey office. (I distinctly heard one IYX say "We are just living up to our claim of being the best frat on campus. We do the most for this school and the Union. I just can't understand why everyone hates us.")

The scene in the President's office was touching. Gary Righter handed over the file of everything the Union did this past year, and showed Dave Everill how to display his merits prominently on a resume.

Righter, still visibly upset over the recent Carroll News report card which gave the Union an A- ("We deserved at least an A, I mean what about NASCCU?") deflected my concerns to lame-dork Veep Mikey Schling. Schling said he was sorry, but the Union's

hands were tied on the matter. "If only we were funded by a student activities fee, then we'd have been able to do so much more." (He assured me that the administration assured him that students will be assured a better year in 1991, when an activities fee will go into effect. I wondered if they weren't just buying time, as they did with the plus/minus fiasco, and plan on next year's Executive Officers forgetting all about the activities fee.)

As a side note, Chef Justice-in-waiting Joe Excitepermann did seem concerned with my issue, and promised to tackle the issue as soon as possible. His words: "Our limits lie within ourselves. If the administration tries to limit our use of the quad, I will make my mark and fight that. I will make people aware, and take a great step towards ending the strife. There shall be no limits except those which we impose on ourselves."

Philosophical thoughts to ponder.

Yet still my desire to get to the root of the quad problem was unfulfilled. Perhaps it had something to do with the damage caused at last year's Senior Week. Tim O'Sea in the Alumni office was next on my list.

Despite the fact that SOMEDAY I will be an alumnus, and capable of giving large amounts of money and huge tracts of land

to my fond Alma Mater, I was treated with complete disrespect in the Alumni Office.

"We cannot have students messing on, I mean messing up, the quad. We need it beautiful for reunion time, so that the Alumni can come back, drink on the quad, and cause as much damage as they want," was all O'Sea could say. And that was that.

I was disgruntled, disappointed, dejected, despondent, desperate... in short, devastated.

I walked outside, and found a nice tree to sit under on the quad (allowable under Fairill's Guideline for Usage of the Quad, Carroll Press, 1989, 47pp., \$47.95 paperback, available in the bookstore). My mind was reeling. My emotions in need of rescue. My wits at their complete end.

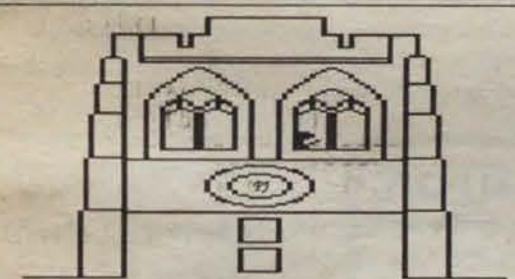
Suddenly the words of Dr. Manger hit me: "Who can walk on the quad? Noooooone. Only the student who walks on the sidewalk will get the Mother's Milk."

It all made sense. There was an absolute Truth. The world did have some logical order. Everything was going to be All Right.

I retired to my lounge, content.

One last thing to remember -- with real life this hysterical, who needs fiction and the movies? It's been one heck of a year.

HUH?!



John Carroll Univ. Press Release

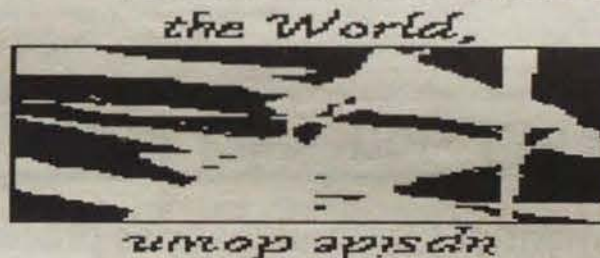
Due to the recent lack of recruits in the Soviet Union, the KGB will be on campus Sunday April 1 to recruit operatives (spies) for the new and improved "Lukewarm War."

Responding to the rumor that the CIA has been denied the same recruiting privilege, KGB Director Antoninski Zukov replied, "That just goes to show you that we Soviets continue to be superior to the Americans in every instance... By the way, do you know where I can get a couple of rolls of toilet paper? We're having an embarrassing shortage back home in Moscow."

Zukov and his lovely assistant Lotta Luvvin will be in the Atrium Sunday from 1:00 a.m. until 4:00 a.m. The early hours are to simulate the working hours that a spy normally works.

Any interested students can obtain further information from the Carroll News Bureau of Internal Affairs, Missy Vertes, Director.

Toilet towel thievery turns Till turgid



by Scott Till
Forum Columnist

Editor's Note: Scott Till returns his services to the VI Sunny Times after an extended vacation in dreary old Cleveland, Ohio. We sorely missed his biting commentary. Till assures us that his column has nothing to do with windows, since no one here in the islands has replaced the buildings ravaged by Hurricane Hugo.

There's been a rash of thefts lately. No, these haven't been the regular mundane thefts of jewelry, money, or sloop. No Sireeebob! These people have been stealing probably one of the most important products used on this campus (no, it's not condoms): yes! they've been stealing the toilet paper from the bathroom stalls, not just in the dorms, but also in all the public bathrooms...

These rolls of toilet paper are being stolen and I'm afraid that not all the thieves have colds that would necessitate them to have a mile and a half of toilet paper. Rumor has it that the rolls have been stolen only to be resold in the black market in Istanbul. Istanbul has been suffering a paper shortage. The toilet paper over there is selling for over \$200 a roll, and those are the regular rolls. If you want to get a good, soft roll of toilet paper, like White Cloud,

they run about \$250 a roll. But the rolls that the scoundrels have been stealing on campus are worth about \$500 a roll!

There's really nothing we can do. We've tried to lock them up in those big rotary containers in the bathroom stalls, but those are easy to break into. Unless the Board of Trustees raises the tuition (again) to build a maximum security safe to store all of the toilet paper, we can do only one other thing. In order to save people from going to the bathroom only to find there is no toilet paper to use and having to walk back to the room to use kleenex -- we should ration out diapers for everyone.

The best way to conserve money and the environment, since disposable diapers waste a lot of trees, is to ration the old-fashioned diapers with the pins and stuff. You figure to give each student about three to four diapers so they can wash them and still have some to use. This works well because the cost for the cloth will be cheap in bulk and you could get work-study kids to cut it into squares. Pins aren't that expensive and we only have about 3,000 students; they can use the same set of pins all the time, so we only need something like 6,000 pins. There have been other suggestions, like putting surveillance cameras in the stalls to monitor the stolen rolls of toilet paper, or have guards posted at the doorways to search people before they leave. The alternatives weren't as feasible as the diaper proposal.

Now, the people who are selling the rolls are probably going to be out of a lot of money for a long time because they aren't going to be able to sell the rolls to the Istanbul black market. I don't want to put down the plight of the deprived population without toilet paper, but I think that stealing them from stalls is the most frustrating thing to happen to a person who's in desperate need.

WILD WEEKEND REVEALED!!!**CN REPORTER TRIUMPHS IN NEW YORK AS TRUMPH'S 3rd MISTRESS****by I. P. Freely, Staff Reporter**

Upon arriving back to Hopkins Airport from a brief jaunt to New York City, the Carroll News staffers were questioning the whereabouts of their Features Editor, Marie Paskual. But then again so was the rest of the country along with Ivana Trump and Marla Maple. Upon further investigation, the Carroll News has uncovered that Marie stayed in New York to live out her days as Donald Trump's new mistress.

Paskual was reportedly seen entering Chez Zablotni, a very chic restaurant on the upper east side of Manhattan, with Donald Trump on Friday evening.

Dave Coldwall, Assistant

Sports Editor, said "I heard that they spent the whole weekend raiding Ivana's closet, evicting elderly housing tenants and refurbishing her new suite at The Plaza Hotel."

Ivana noted that "until Ms. Pasquale's suite was finished, I have been told she is staying in the basement of Trump Tower." Mrs. Trump did not know of the wild weekend her husband had planned for Paskual.

When questioned about her husband's involvement with Paskual, Ivana stated, "Not Again! I just got rid of the last little bimbo."

When Ivana was answering these questions she broke down into hysterical tears and began beating Donald vehemently with

her alligator skin briefcase. Mr. Trump is reportedly in fair condition at Manhattan General Hospital. Doctors say that the high heel did not leave a permanent indentation and Mr. Trump should be out of the hospital in a few days.

Luckily, this reporter was able to talk to Mr. Trump before this unfortunate accident. When asked what he thought about this situation, Donald said, "Well she made me get rid of Marla last week. It was just time for me to get a new one. When then chance arose I ran with it. Carpe Diem."

Insider's close to Paskual say that she has had her eye on Donald for a while. It is also believed that she has made a scrapbook of

Donald's important triumphs in the business and social world.

A source close to Paskual, who'd rather not have her name revealed (Okay! Okay! It was really Cheryl Brady) said that she overheard Paskual answering the question of who she was thinking about taking to the Theta Snapper Induction Dance, she said "Donald, of course." Donald refused to comment on this issue, saying only that the Taj Mahal opening is that night.

When questioned about her social life, Brigid Smiley, Editorial Editor, stated "She seemed like a nice girl before she went away to New York, but we always knew she had it in her."

Other insiders at Bonwit

Teller's report that Paskual purchased a very extravagant gown and charged it on Trump's American Express (Don't Leave Your Master Without It!)

When Ms. Paskual was approached by this reporter, she began hitting him and the photographer (hence, no photos,) screaming "I don't care about all the others. I want Donald!"

Managing Editor's note: We have just learned in a late breaking bulletin that Mrs. Trump has not divorcing her husband because she is a "good Catholic." It is just too bad that Marie was not. Ms Paskual was last spotted at an Imelda Marcos garage sale purchasing a pair of shoes for the Taj Mahal opening.

New dorm gets first inhabitants**by P. Piper, Staff Reporter**

The building of the new dorm has brought smiles to many a student. It means brand new rooms, furniture, and bathrooms. Although it seems that only good can come from something new, there is a problem. I'm talking about rats. Yes, those cute little furry varmints with fangs and claws. It seems that all of the digging has caused rats and other rodents to leave their homes in search of other vacancies. The construction manager, Ben Dover, says that

this is not unusual. "When construction begins, we always drive out a few rats here and there, but it's nothing to be alarmed by."

This epidemic brings up the question of housing for these little critters. Some students say that they should be shot on site, while others say that they should turn them into pets. Look out Spuds, their might be a new party animal on campus.

Head of security, Barney Fife, states that an official "rat round-up" group, consisting of our loyal men in blue, will begin hunting

down these menacing monsters as soon as they are equipped for battle. When asked what means of extermination will be used, he gave no comment. Already there are rat traps strategically placed around campus filled with SAGA burgers. (I always thought rat traps were supposed to lure rats in, not scare them off?) Sergeant Fife warns students from putting any body parts in these traps because severe damage could occur.

If upon reading this you are shocked by the inhumanity of our campus security, you are not alone.

I am organizing a "Rights for Rats" group and could use your support. I think we could benefit from having these cute little critters on campus. We could enlist them for dorm room security. After all, who would steal something from a room that had rats in it.

But if they must go, I suggest a more subtle way. Music has always tamed the hearts of the ferocious. I would use my magic flute and take them to a place where they are wanted (for a small student activities fee.)

I think we can live with them.

Rats aren't dirty, they only live in dirty places. So if you happen to see one of the cuddly creatures scampering across campus, don't be alarmed. They are just looking for a place to stay. I recommend leaving a six pack and a hunk of cheese outside your door. Who knows they might return the favor.

Editor's note: The resident's of Murphy Hall have nothing to worry about as the building impervious to penetration.

SERIOUSLY BUT SERIOUSLY BUT SERIOUSLY BUT SERIOUSLY

The John Carroll Department of Communications presents:

John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men"

March 30, 31 in Kulas Auditorium at 8 p.m.

Tickets to be sold in the Atrium - student's \$3, adult's \$5. All tickets \$5 at door.

DEBATE '90

Tuesday, April 3 from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. in the New Conference Room in the Rec Plex

This debate will feature the democratic candidates of the 25th district for the state senate race. Pannelists will include a member of the local media and a faculty member of the John Carroll Political Science Department. This debate is being sponsored by the Political Science Club and the Society for Collegiate Journalists.

It's coming to a gymnasium near you. It's for kids.....

Smokers of Carroll Unite

End the persecution. Sit down and smoke at 5:30 p.m. Sunday to bring the ashtray back in the lounge of the RecPlex in front of the Housing Office.

WANT TO WRITE FOR THE CAMPUS LIFE SECTION TOUGH!!

FIND ANOTHER NEWSPAPER

An explosion of vocabulary and insight

An arrogant synopsis of entertainment? Well Yeah!

by *Dominic Conti, Mental Giant*

The April Fools issue; what a joke (no pun really intended, mind you. As a matter of fact, I really, really, even *really*, I'm saying really, hate using them. But hell, I go with the words that best suit my fancy. As if you, the unworthy reader, could even dare to question my use of the english language, my clear understanding of the principles of syntax, semiotics, and semantics; my genius, in short. Yeah right.). Whilst everyone else frantically raced around, chortling to themselves, searching for the perfect, socially aware, ever so scintillatingly satirical "pretend" articles to place on their page for this issue I sat for an hour, staring at my computer, bemoaning the loss of my bitch of a muse (just kidding, honey, you know that. Right? Please?). What could I possibly do, following in the vein of my fellow Carroll News staffers? Well Nothing, basically. I can't write about Ted Bundy again, much as I'd like to; did that last year, not that you remember or anything. I can't humiliate and degrade a roommate or friend of mine by placing their ugly mugs on my page and telling lies about them. I did that last year, too. I got to be original, if nothing else. Articles concerning false celebrity interviews (too corny), false celebrity appearances at Carroll (too boring), and needless Bart Simpson or Al Bundy (much as I love those two guys) references (too trite; God, everyone on the paper will be making inferences to some sort of Fox TV character) are right out. Whoa. What to do, what to do...

Then I thought, "Hey, why should I curtail my usual rapier wit just to follow the norm?" There's just no way I could, or should, do that, April Fool's issue or not. So I decided: "Let my page be the most self serving, gluttonous, gloatingest, blasphemous, bastardly thing that I can make it!" (Like I don't usually do things that way, huh?). I shouted to the office, tears streaming down my face. But no, Father Z. (er, Karl), our advisor, cut down my brilliant idea of covering my section with a near full page photo bleed of my Adonislike features (instead I get this puny graphic, which, by the way, really doesn't do me justice at all). "That is not the purpose of this paper, Dominic," said the padre, quite cruelly, I thought. No once more to my giving someone else a chance to write about how cool I was. "Um, Dom, um, this, like, isn't (giggle) how we did it last year," said Sheryl Braidy, heartless editor-in-chief. No, no, oh very much no, no, and no again to my charitable, and very marketable, concept of attaching a different little goodie to each Entertainment section of this week's paper: pictures of Ted B., razor blades, condoms; fun stuff like that. "Forget it!" said everyone. It's hopeless. So. Where's a man-child like myself to turn?

Well, as a last resort it looks like I'll have to follow my own self praising purposeless path in column fashion: calling out all inadequacies, talking about myself and the things I care about, and just basically filling up my page at the expense of my reader's interests and sensibilities. I'll just have to tone it down a little bit. No real problem there.

Not that I have anything worthwhile to say, but...

This Elvis thing, as you may already be thinking to yourselves, has just gotta stop. It's not just at the mere point of kicking a lethargic horse to sleep; it has now progressed to the point of employing two burly steelworkers to beat on the poor, dead sucker with belt sanders. It's really sick; not to mention tedious and trite (and I'm not even going to speak of scabby tabloids that incessantly mention the E-man) to pay homage to velvet paintings of His Highness that weep, or Elvis shoelaces, or chubby middle aged devotchkas that scarf ding dongs and chase his memory. Whinegardner's second book would be way better without the very unnecessary "I'm chasing the American dream and I'm dedicating it to The King, dude" tag pasted on it and the continual Presley references. Elvis baby, ya sang, ya obtained a fat gut, and ya bought out of the game before you turned into a real schmo. Now stay away, 'kay?



"Yeah, I sharpen my elbows daily." -D. Conti

Not to editorialize where I shouldn't, but I've noticed that it's become a big thang for The Carroll News and for those that dislike particular elements of the school to regularly complain of the average Carrollites ignorance of what is going on in the world and his general apathy as to the goings on of the school and of everything else. Yeah, the average Carroll person doesn't know or care about much. But really, So what? Why should they? Why bother to care if someone else cares or not? Why force, badger, or condemn someone for doing what they kinda sorta feel like doing? People will give a damn about what they want to give a damn about. I'm not even being satirical. It's a natural trait of the campus. It stands to reason that a certain amount of free floating lackadaisicalness, or apathy (in our school's case, a ton) can just as easily be a viable trait of a campus as anything else. It's not like we don't want others to succeed and prosper (yeah, I'm including myself. I certainly apply.). We just really want to see ourselves do well, above most other things. Our campus doesn't care; and so what? It's a major "leisure as lifestyle" statement that is a part of Carroll and sets Carroll apart. Go ahead and try to change it. I guess I won't care too much.

Time to go back on my word and write about something that I said I wouldn't; God, "Married...with Children" is a great show! Everyone that plays a part is way cool but clearly the best to watch is Kelly (Christina Applegate). The hottest thing on two gams, this sultry, shallow brained temptress is the bitchenest. To Hades with the critics, she makes the freakin' show what it is! Keeping the traditional dumbhead blonde stereotype firmly in place (right where I like it) she conjures up grandiose visions of the perfect cornfed, Nordic goddess. Oh, to have her bumping and grinding away on my bed. Not that I would know anything about acts that concern the usage of one's loins, mind you. I generally take Dave "sex god missy" Smythe's word for how such things work. Anyway, I recently saw mi'lady on some talk show and she seemed, now get this, halfway intelligent and was primly and properly dressed; a big league downer, to be sure. But hey, when that vixen squirms onto the "Married...with Children" set every Sunday

at nine o'clock my fantasies all fall back into place. Shake those hips, babe. God speed!

Is it me or has black music truly deteriorated to the brink of feeble worthlessness? Gone are the days of Smokey Robinson (he stinks now), James Brown (let's get that boy out of jail, what say?), Howlin' Wolf, Leadbelly, and B.B. King (he plays with U2 now, for god's sake, and who can get behind that?), and even Aretha Franklin. Those legends, who have forged rock and roll with iron fists no longer play or just simply suck rocks now. Now we have rap instead. What little talent it takes to do and what a terrible skronk it produces (and some critics would even have this horribleness to be the successor to rock and roll). I'd rather not even mention the attitude that your average rapster spews; the insert of L.L. CoolJ's "Walking with a Panther" would have him, at least in my mind, telling young black kids to strive for material wealth. Not that that's bad, necessarily, but the wording implies that that's all they can hope for. What about respect and education? Sheesh. Get those loudmouths away from me. And the other end, for the most part, of the black music genre (and there certainly is such a thing), comprised of such tripe as Bobby Brown, Sheila E., Whitney Houston, and Michael Jackson is simply the worst. I want something that rocks and entails more than a cultured voice or some "fine" dance steps. Sure, some gospel, blues, or straight rock like Robert Cray may be somewhat admirable, (I certainly haven't covered all of the bases) and I realize I represent probably what is only my own elitist opinion, shared by few others, but think about it; from Chuck Berry to this? Come on.

Fashion tips: Ever notice that I consistently am adorned with a veritable arsenal of shirts. Yeah, I'm invariably wearing three; at least two, as a rule. On good days I'll go for four or five (my long term goal; to be seen wearing eighteen). If I didn't have all of these shirts on my skinny body I wouldn't be able to get out of bed in the morning. How can you face this turgid miasma of existence, this harsh ole world, wearing just one shirt? Where's your protection? I can't imagine it. Sure, I've got reasons for acting as I do, but why bother tell you? It'd be a thesis in itself. Just let it be said that I'm attempting to show you the one true path. So shirt up strong for a better America!

Marie Pasquayle's young bro thought of an interesting concept: what if Charlie Manson and The Hillside Strangler got into a fight? Who would win? Who would land the greatest percentage of right hooks? How many rounds would it go? Etc, etc. Well, this concept, interesting as it is, could really be taken further. Let's throw in The Boston Strangler, Son of Sam, The Green River Killer, Scorpio, and Jack the Ripper. And to hell with my former promise, let's chuck Ted Bundy in there, too. No tag teams. Just let them all duke it out, each on his lonesome. You know who my money's on: as civilized as he is, I really think Ted has the smarts to win it all. Charlie's gotta be pretty ferocious, being in stir all that time, so he's clearly a contender. The Green River Killer, simply because he's never been caught, would have to be the ideal dark horse. Son of Sam couldn't cut it: Berkowitz was a wimp. Scorpio's too unpredictable and the Boston Strangler and Jack couldn't possibly be in contention in any real serial killer critic's mind. But hey, don't let me intimidate you. Cast your own vote. Call me (or, preferably, The Carroll News) and speak your piece. Stop me on the streets and talk to me. Go crazy with it.

Impossibly wordy, arrogant, boring, teaching, meaningless: all of those adjectives apply to this piece. So chuck this section in the garbage if you want, punch me in the nose when you see me (you probably want to by now), call me any myriad of names that you can think of: it'll make me feel important; and I like that. Thank you very much.

Dominic Conti is a jerk.

The Eddies

Wellheckyouknowwhotheyareandwhere theyusuallyplay!mgoinghomebecauseit'sreally lateandimquitetiredandIwanttogohometo

QUESTION OF THE WEEK

Does Love Stink?



"Ted Bundy died for love: I can do no less."
Dom Conti
Entertainment Editor



"I don't know, I've never smelled it."
Missy Vertes
General Affairs



"It does if you're dating an IXY."
Meg Pedrini
Forum Editor



"Well...where should I begin?"
Emilie Amer
Asst. Profiles Editor



"Only if he hasn't changed his socks."
Brigid Reilly
Editorial Editor



"I don't know but Murphy Hall sure does."
Mike Stein
Sports Editor



"The bigger it is the more it smells."
Colleen DeJong
Managing Editor



"I'd better not comment on this.."
Casey McEvoy
Campus Life Editor



"The words of J. Geils couldn't describe it better."
Cheryl Brady
Editor in Chief



"Since smell and taste are so related, it's better to ask how it tastes."
Elmer Abbo
News Editor

Mom Away from Dad Love don't stink for the smart woman

by the Goddesses of Features

The world is now wondering what Ivana Trump will do now that she is free of The Donald.

Where does life go after the big guy has up and gone and a woman is all alone? According to leading feminist Gloria Steinway, it goes up.

Sky high, in fact. A woman is free to do what she pleases. No more dinner on the table just as daddy walks in. No more dressing as a frump because there is no one to impress and no more sitting at home simply because it is improper to go out.

For the woman who is completely free, New York City offers the most.

"Head off to New York. Sell incense on MacDougall Street. Sell tricks on Times Square. Cheat men out of subway tokens at Grand Central Station. Start a career on Wall Street. It's all there for the woman who wants to start over," said Steinway.

Women who cannot get away and start a new life in The Big Apple can survive in other ways.

Steinway offers the following tips:

- If you are coming from a divorce, sue him for what you can, even if it is not very much. Leave him for broke.
- Jot down his credit card numbers and use them at Saks and any other major department or specialty store.
- Take all of the clothes you have ever bought him (probably most of his wardrobe) and drop them down a sewer.
- Use his picture for a dart board.
- Confiscate all cookbooks.
- Arrange for the microwave to be stolen.
- Hide his utility bills (then his services will be shut off).
- Replace his Drakaar with Beautiful.
- Send a prostitute to his house.
- Smoke him out of his house.
- Send your mother to visit him.
- Seduce all of his sick, belching, fat poker buddies (if you can stand it).
- Make a date with Al Bundy.
- Get a higher paying, more prestigious job--in his company.
- Become best friends with his

new girlfriend.

- Date his boss.
 - Video tape him in the shower and sell it at 25 cent peep shows.
 - Send him Ginsu knives C.O.D.
 - Put water in the gas tank of his BMW.
 - Stash a bag of cocaine in his sportcoat--then tip off the police.
 - Place an ad in the personals for him--in the men seek men column.
 - Ring his doorbell and run.
 - Send him a singing telegram sung by a naked, overweight hag.
 - Plant a marijuana plant in his flower garden--then tip off the police again.
 - Put holes in all of his underwear.
 - Put horse head in his bed (like in the Godfather).
- "You don't have to follow all of these tips at once," said Steinway, "but the more tips that are followed the better."
- Of course the above tips can and may be used by the estranged man. However, the column would have to be changed to Dad Away from Mom and we just do not feel like doing that at all.

Campus "police" recruited by CIA

by Chosen Ones

The Carroll News has learned from an unnamed, high-ranking C.I.A. official that members of the John Carroll University Security Police have been recruited in conjunction with a covert espionage operation in the Caribbean Sea.

The CN was contacted last Sunday evening by an official who identified himself only as Deep Bung. Deep Bung reported that the "Barney Fifes," as they are so affectionately known by their beloved John Carroll students, were being sought to participate in an invasion codenamed "Bay of Pigs II." Said Deep Bung, "Personnel such as the Fifes are highly prized by the C.I.A. and other espionage-oriented organizations for their ability to methodically distribute millions of meaningless parking tickets designed to disorient the public immediately prior to the invasion." Deep

Bung also intimated that the Fifes possessed an unbridled and inordinate ability to hold up under heavy fire as was demonstrated last month as the Fifes valiantly held their posts as the front lawn Guard House was bombarded by incoming golf balls propelled by the IYX Golf Club. Also noted was their uncanny knack for rattling innocent citizens with repeated midnight harassments.

In accordance with the lazy lifestyle of the unnamed Caribbean island, it is thought that the Fifes will easily be able to blend in and appear every bit as lazy as the citizenry. Sergeant B. Goode expressed his unquenchable desire to serve his country, "We feel this'll be a real great opportunity to bug some people real good. It gets kinda borin' messin' with students all the time."

We stand as one with the JCU community. We wish the Fifes the best of luck in their dangerous and patriotic mission.

Simpson will attend JCU in the fall

by an overworked Profiles Writer. . .ahhhh!

"He's not a bad kid. He just needs more guidance from his father."

"Shut up, Marge. He's a fine boy. What the—BART, STOP BOTHERING THAT PRIEST!!!"

"Don't have a cow dad. He'll be able to get up in a couple of minutes."

And the priest was able to get up in a couple of minutes. He then good naturedly patted the source of his minor head injury on the back and welcomed him to John Carroll.

Bart Simpson, a mischievous youth from Springfield, MA, will be attending John Carroll in the fall of 1990. Although Simpson is only nine years old, he is well prepared for the academic challenge of JCU.

"Well, I cheated on my I.Q. test and got into The Peninsula School for the Overly Intelligent," said Simpson. "I've been cheating my way through school there, too. I think that means I'm ready to cheat on the college level."

The principal of the preppy boys school declined to comment on Simpson's academic record.

When questioning his advanced chemistry teacher, the man only had the following to say.

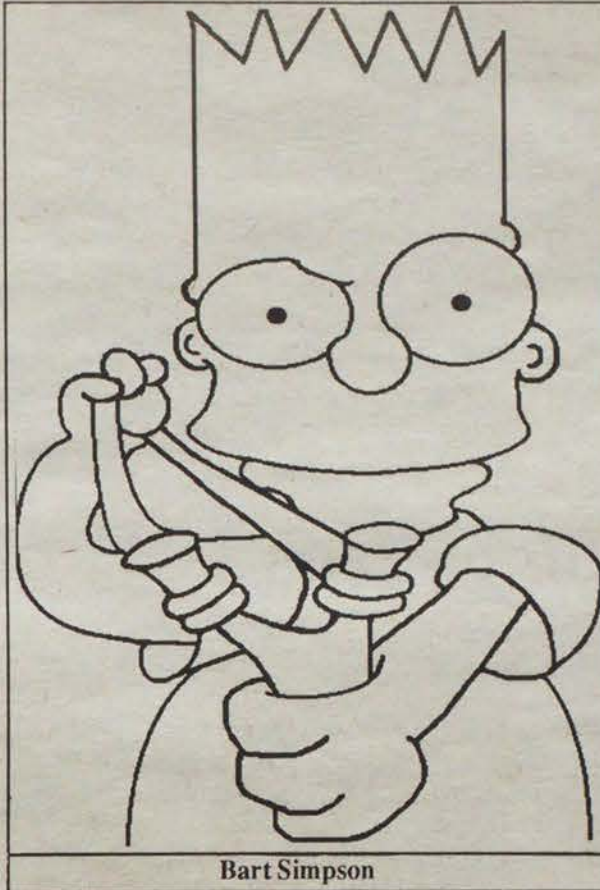
"Oh God. Is he coming back? NO!!! NO!!! Big Dogs landing on my face...Who's on first...Auntie Em, is that you?"

Simpson, who prefers to be referred to as Bart, is excited about the social life at JCU.

"Beer, babes and wild parties. YEAH!!!" said Bart.

Such a young lad attending college is expected to feel homesick, but the irrepressible Bart does not foresee this happening to him.

"Well, I'm sick of my mom's microwave dinners, and



Bart Simpson

my sister is really a nag. Nah, I won't miss 'em," said Bart.

One begins to wonder if there is anything that Bart is afraid of in his upcoming transition to college.

"Well, I'm kinda scared that I'll get a dweeb for a roommate, and I think cheating may be a little harder to get

away with here," said Bart.

Some special arrangements were made in preparation for Bart's entrance in to JCU. The Reverend Michael LaBelle, S.J., president of the university, requested that Bart sign a contract stating that the boy will not attempt to steal the bust of John Carroll in the quad.

The contract also states that Bart must turn his spy camera into LaBelle at the beginning of the semester to avoid embarrassing shots of the Jesuit priests.

A separate contract was signed by Homer Simpson, Bart's father, stating that Homer will only visit during orientation, and Parent's Weekend. During both of these functions, Homer will not be allowed to consume alcohol of any kind, and must stay at least 20 feet from LaBelle at all times.

"I only added this last stipulation after I met the man," said LaBelle.

Bart's presence on JCU's campus is expected to liven life up a bit. Twenty additional security guards have already been hired in anticipation of Bart's fall arrival.

Bart himself is very excited about the year to come.

"Dude, let's party!" said Bart.

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Football field funds to be supported by sin tax

by Greg Rogers
Staff Reporter

John Carroll's football program suffered a major blow recently when it was learned that the funds raised to cover the cost of reconstructing Wasmer Field are insufficient for completion of the Astroturf field.

In an unprecedented move funds to complete the field will be raised through a sin tax levied on the sale of package liquor on campus. Starting Monday, stu-

dents will be able to purchase alcohol at JCU's bookstore and snack bar, and the proceeds from each sale will go to John Carroll's Athletic Department.

"Given the huge supply of beer and wine available in Rodman Hall, we will be able to distribute the alcohol for sale immediately," said JCU's head football coach, athletic director, de facto President, and Vice-President of the Jesuit Order, Tony DeShula.

"We have already written up a contract covering every single aspect of how the alcohol will be

supplied."

Both the bookstore and the snack bar will sell beer and other alcohol from Rodman Brewery, Inc.

JCU's Student Union was never contacted about the sin tax idea, which is a direct violation of the university's charter, but in the hubbub and celebration of the SU's new regime, nobody really noticed.

"We can dig it," said SU Chief Justice Joe Simpleman. "It's some pretty heavy stuff, but we've got some cats who can actualize the

situation. Like we say, 'he who cannot dance puts the blame on the floor'.

"Given the social context of the John Carroll campus, the funds for the football field could very well be raised in, oh, two to three days."

Lisa Hellwoman, JCU's Director of Student's Affairs, has begun plans for a campus wide sin tax party next weekend.

"Sure, there are drinking laws, but those laws have never stopped any hard-nosed Carroll student in the past," Hellwoman said.

"This should be the biggest event in the history of Jesuit institutions."

DeShula is giddy with anticipation about this new development.

"We've got six contractors on the project now, and with any luck we'll have a home football game next year," DeShula said. "To tell you the truth, I'd almost rather prefer to stay at Brush High School's wonderful facilities."

DeShula denied rumors that the new stadium will be named Wanke Stadium.

Schwkkrt's miscue causes JCU baseball lockout

by line

The John Carroll University baseball team struck out at the plate last week when the lockout imposed by Major League Baseball owners spilled over into the college ranks. Now, the Blue Streak baseballers have been locked out as well.

After returning from Florida after JCU's spring break, the Blue Streaks deposited all of their equipment in the locker room before invoking in some midnight revelling. During the course of the night, head coach Jerry "Buy Me a Vowel" Schwkkrt lost the key to the locker room, effectively locking the Streaks out of competition.

During the celebration, the key was passed among several of the players and coaches, and was eventually lost in the shuffle.

A friend of a player's roommate's brother told the *Carroll News* that Schwkkrt arrived at the school last Monday without the key. Apparently, Schwkkrt thought his assistant coach, Dan Woof, had the key.

"We haven't found a locksmith in town who can open the locker room," Schwkkrt said. "They're all on strike."

The lockout has already caused JCU to miss scheduled non-conference games against nationally ranked powers Oklahoma State, Arizona State, and Miami of Florida. However, the Streaks have not lost their optimistic outlook.

"We've organized some unorganized workouts," said

JCU fourthbaseman Mark Percussion. "We've got to keep working on the fundamentals to keep on top of our game. Once we get back into competition, though, we'll be tough."

Off the record, Percussion told the *Carroll News* that he was really pissed off about the whole thing and wants Schwkkrt fired.

"Lockout or not, I'm getting ready to break into the room myself and take the equipment," Percussion said confidentially. "Anyone who doesn't agree with me can just bite me."

Some Streaks, however, welcomed the lockout.

"I really don't mind it," said Carroll catcher Rich Bag. "We've got some good NCAA hoops to watch, and it's too cold to play baseball anyway."

Sportsworld goes haywire



by Freddy Krueger
Cereal Killer

I am sorry to report to you that the fortunes of the *Carroll News* sports staff have taken a recent turn for the worse as a result of this writer's gross representation of the attitude of a Mr. Eric Dickerson in last week's column.

Mr. Dickerson has filed suit against myself and *Carroll News* for a reported sum of \$1 million, citing mental anguish and professional distress that arose from any describing his statement (about quitting football if he could only "find another job that paid \$200,000 a year") as an "intellectual burp".

"My intellect is neither obscene nor offensive, and should not be portrayed as such," said Dickerson in a prepared statement. "I can think about greedy and selfish things without even giving myself gas

pains."

It has been reported that Dickerson has privately admitted to suing the *Carroll News* for \$1 million only "so I can buy out my contract with the Colts and go play somewhere else."

Elsewhere in sports, Will Clark, the slugging first baseman for the San Francisco Giants, has called his recent \$4 million-a-year contract "ludicrous" and has demanded that it be torn up and renegotiated.

"I'm getting paid way too much money for simply playing baseball for the summer," Clark said. "I think it would be a tragic shame if the salary structure of professional athletics grew out of control. I don't think any athlete alive should be getting paid forty times what the President of the United States makes."

The controversy arose when President George Bush, disguised as third baseman George Brett of the Kansas City Royals, threatened to walk out of spring training because he was unappreciated by management and the public. His gambit for a raise was foiled, however, when the bat that he had thrown to the ground in disgust was found to have a legal amount of pine tar on it.

Finally, Danny Ferry, the Italian League basketball player for whom the Cleveland Cavaliers traded away an all-star and two first round draft picks, said he was coming to Cleveland as soon as possible "to make a contribution to the playoff drive. I don't want to end up getting categorized as just another self-serving professional athlete."

BLUE STREAK NOTEBOOK

NEW SPORT AT CARROLL: JCU's athletic department announced Wednesday that plans are underway for the formation of a varsity roller derby team. The team, to be comprised of five men and five women, will compete on the suspended running track in the intramural basketball gymnasium.

"It's the sport of the '90s," said athletic director Tony DeShula.

Roller Derby was one of two proposals put before the athletic board for consideration as a new varsity sport. The motion to field a JCU team for the TV program *American Gladiators* was rejected.

RESTLING WREMATCH: For the fourth time this season, the JCU grapplers will battle the Mt. Union Purple Raiders. Cleveland Don King announced plans for a 20-man Battle Royal Cage Match to be held at Carroll Gym to settle the score once and for all. Daring Danny Singlet, a sophomore from Parts Unknown, is expected to lead the Streaks into battle in the unique match that will feature all 20 wrestlers confined in the squared circle until only one remains standing.

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