

The Oakland Soil

Volume: Loud, No. Lots

"All the dirt that's not fit to print"

The Oakland Soil, This City

OU parking lots closed until

2003

BY OSCAR MEYERS
Staff Weiner

This university's officials boasted that the newly-proposed "Car Elevator System" will solve this university's parking problem.

This university's President, Joe Asti-Spumante, proudly displayed blueprints of the proposed storage elevator at the Bored Trustees meeting sometime last week.

"These elevators will be installed in existing parking spaces and will increase parking five-fold," Asti-Spumante said. "We

hope to make them coin-operated to offset the cost of the installation," he added.

The estimated cost of the project is \$36 million and should take 17 years to complete (16 if they go non-union).

Critics of the system claim that the construction of additional parking lots would only cost \$1 million and could be completed within the year.

Asti-Spumante responded to his critics by questioning their legitimacy and their mothers' morals. The *Soil* investigated these allegations and found that none of the critics of Asti-

Spumante's pet project were born out-of-wedlock.

Asti-Spumante then grumbled, "This institution has never done anything the inexpensive way or the easy way. Why should we start now and ruin our perfect record?"

While the elevators are being constructed for the next 17 years, all of this university's parking lots will be closed. Students will be instructed to park along I-75 and in downtown Rochester until the elevators are completed in 2003.

Congress does something

BY KIMBO
Soil Dirt Digger

In a stunning move last week, the University Congress actually did something. Better known as "Nytol Nit-Lack-Of-Wits," the group passed a bill demanding from now on they conduct lively, entertaining and interesting meetings.

This bill came as a big surprise and shock waves can still be felt all over campus.

Introduced by Congressman Lori "Snoopy" Maul, this bill is an attempt by Congress to keep its own

members awake and to draw a bigger student audience to their Monday night drags.

"It's time we did something about the image people have of Congress," broadcasted Maul to her dozing counterparts. "No longer will we be known as 'The cure for insomnia.'"

The measure, although it passed, did so by a small margin.

Opposition included yawns like, "Why the hell should our meetings be enjoyable, if we have to suffer, so should everyone else," mumbled Pawn Ziggins.

"This new system would really screw me up, I was just getting caught up on my homework," complained Sisa Lamps.

"We have plenty of people who come to our meetings, just look around. Why I count one, two . . . Well what do we need a big crowd in here for anyway," enumerated Sandy "Stilts" Pawn.

On tap at the first such historic encounter is a presentation from Executive Assistant Robbie "The Gavel" Troubledwaters, entitled "Point Of Order: Who's On First?"

Declared Troubledwaters about his upcoming big mo-

ment, "Parliamentary procedure is essential when trying to run a smooth meeting," thundered Troubledwaters as he tried to speak over all the side conversations that were going on.

"As I am an expert on Robert's Rules of Order, as you can see, I can demonstrate to any student how to get a word in edgewise on any conversation," he added as he tossed his mighty gavel at two Congressmembers jammin' on their Sony Walkmans.

Following Troubledwater's impressive oratory, Congress's illustrious leader, Money Tobbagoney plans to introduce a proposal which will give sanctuary to disposed President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines and "Baby Doc" Duvalier, of Haiti, here at OU.

Tobbagoney's strategy includes setting-up the former heads of state in Sunset Terrace.

"Nobody else seems to want them, and I can't understand why. These guys have bucks coming out of their ears," said Tobbagoney. "Oakland is always looking for new ways to generate some green stuff, and this one would at least be legal."



The Oakland Soil/Oscar Meyers

The is an impressive prototype of what parking here at this university will look like in the year 2003, after the new elevator system is installed.

Public Safety "Speaks No Evil"

BY LYNN SQUEAL
The Invisible Editor

Public Safety officers are happy and content with their part-time student dispatchers, a *Soil* investigation revealed.

For months, the *Soil* has been trying to interview Public Safety officers, but reporters were hindered after the men in blue were struck by a strange and debilitating disease.

When asked what they thought of having part-time, student dispatchers, the officers suddenly clamped their mouths shut and assumed the "Speak No Evil" pose.

The *Soil*, informed by a source who preferred to remain synonymous, learned of a memo issued by Chief Dick "The Silencer" Leopard. The alleged memo ordered the officers not to speak to reporters about their feelings toward dispatchers, under penalty of death, or worse, an hour in Chief leopard's presence.

Chief Leopard denied issuing a memo.

"Memo? What memo?" said Chief Leopard. "That was just a note reminding the guys that it's

time for me to review their requests for raises. That's all."

The Director's Assistant of Public Safety, Gil Melroy, also refuted the claim that Chief Leopard had silenced his men on the dispatcher issue with the alleged memo.

"Hell, no, Leopard would never do anything like that. Honest. Take my word for it. And remember, on this campus, we have never had a crime. Honest. Take my word for it."

Also backing Melroy and Leopard's claim was Sergeant Tom Zak, spokesman for the officers on this issue.

"I can guarantee that we officers and sergeants are ecstatic about the dispatcher arrangement. We love the fact that students and not professionals are in charge of our lives. We are extremely proud of our high turn-over rate and the fact that our dispatchers get one whole hour of training before our lives are turned over into their young, inexperienced hands. Our philosophy is you learn by doing."

Zak added, "Hey, if we can save this university a few bucks by having students who are willing to work for peanuts, then

what's a few officers' lives here and there?"

When asked if he really meant what he was saying, Zak became adamant.

"Yes, I do mean what I'm saying," Zak insisted. "I don't want you to leave with the impression that just because I have a gun sticking in my back, that I'm saying this under pressure. Even without the gun, I'd still be saying this because I want to keep my sergeant's stripes."

"See?" Leopard said as he put his gun back into the holster. "My men are very happy with the part-time, student dispatchers. And I dare anyone to say otherwise."

In a completely unrelated story, Public Safety reported that Hamlin Hall had been stolen last weekend during a floor party.

"We think it was the guys on the tenth floor," said Gil Melroy. "We'll probably be investigating it next semester sometime. In the meantime, maintenance is going to be planting some pine trees to cover up the empty space."

Melroy said he didn't think Public Safety had any suspects.



The Oakland Soil/Jack-of-All-Trades

After passing a resolution to make Congress meetings interesting, President Money Tobbagoney shyly asks Joe Asti-Spumante, president of this university, to do a song and dance routine at the next meeting. Asti-Spumante, delighted at the prospect, accepted.

EDITORIAL

University so boring newspaper resorts to inventing incidents

Ok, we admit. This university really is a nice place where there is no crime, ill will, or ugly incidents.

But that makes for boring newspaper copy. *The Soil*, in an attempt to make this campus and its newspaper more exciting, has instituted a policy of inventing new and interesting events to print in the newspaper.

Remember the shooting on campus? That was a cleverly staged incident in which a *Soil* reporter, disguised as a party-goer, was shot by another *Soil* reporter with a gun full of blanks. The blood we needed to make the incident gorey enough for our most morbid readers was simply SAGA ketchup.

Accuracy in Academia is actually a *Soil* owned organization that was created in an attempt to stir up some heated debates. To make the story more interesting, we had *Soil* reporters turn in professors Rosemary Trash and Egbert Goldfish.

The parking problem on campus is another brilliant *Soil* scheme to add flavor to our articles and to get the university to act now on parking problems which will develop in the future.

To simulate a lack of parking spaces, we have hired more than 1,000,000 bums from downtown Detroit to drive rental cars to the university and park them in our lots.

Because of our actions, the university is beginning to construct new parking elevators (see related story, page 1.) By the time these elevators are completed, we will actually need the extra space.

The faculty strike was an ingenious *Soil* maneuver to upgrade the standard of living of our professors'.

After kidnapping faculty members from their poor mud-lined huts behind the Meadow Brook mansion, we hired look-alike imposters to demand higher wages for university faculty. (The real faculty, in pure dedication to teaching, was, of course, planning on demanding wage and benefit cuts so that the university could spend more money on important projects like the parking elevator.)

Professors who crossed picket lines were real faculty members who had not been in their huts at the time of the *Soil* abduction, or had escaped from the *Soil*'s make-shift prison in the Westin Hotel of the Renaissance Center in a desperate attempt to continue their martyr-like lives as poorly paid OU professors.

Although our efforts were not as successful as we would have liked, professors were given a minimal raise that has been a major factor in the ten percent drop in the faculty starvation rate.

These and all other controversial articles printed in the *Soil* were simply schemes made up by bored *Soil* editors after brain-storming parties at the Hog's Breath Inn.

So rest assured, OU is safe, uncontroversial, perfect, and above all else, as boring as you thought it was.

Letters to the Editor

New organization fights for non-bias in college students

Dear Editor:

I am writing to inform the university community of a wonderful new organization which has been founded in the search for accuracy in the classroom.

Accuracy in Students is an organization which monitors student behavior and comments in the classroom for alleged bias.

Professors who believe that one of their students has biased leanings can report them to the Accuracy in Students office in Washington DC.

Accuracy in Students will send out an SS agent to spy on the student with the alleged bias.

If, then, it is determined that the student does have a bias, Accuracy in Students will immediately apprehend the student and transport him to a Washington prison camp.

There the student will undergo a series of rehabilitating brain-washing and torture activities that are designed give the student a new non-opinionated mind.

If rehabilitations efforts fail, the student will be taken back to the university to be shot or burned at the stake in a high visibility area like the Vandenberg Choking Room.

ing Room.

This will enable all students to see the consequences of having their own opinions.

All professors who are tired of interruptions by biased, opinionated students will find Accuracy in Students to be a helpful organization.

Professor with biased student problems can contact Accuracy in Students at the following address:

Accuracy in Students, Hitler Youth Building, One SS Avenue, Washington, DC.

I urge all professors to keep an eye out for these dangerous students and report them immediately.

We must keep America free for democracy.

Sincerely,
Professor Iam A. Lunatic
Department of Thought Control

Student mistakenly assumes that 'Soil' staff is dedicated

Dear Editor:

Last weekend on my way to a Screw-Yourself-Dance I was shocked to find that the *Soil* staff was diligently at work on a weekend night!

Gee, I never imagined that *Soil* staff members were so diligent and hard-working, giving up their weekends just to put out their little slandering rag.

My respect for the *Soil* has grown immensely since I witnessed their hard-working sacrifices. I guess it was stupid of me to think that you could put out a Monday morning paper without working on the weekends.

I think that the university students should all stop by the *Soil* office and commend them

on their efforts. They deserve it.
Sincerely:
I. Am Nice

Editor's Note

Sorry to disappoint you Ms. Nice, but your assumptions about the *Soil* staff are wrong.

What you witnessed was *Soil* staff members pretending to be working before throwing a big party.

Gremlins come into the office in the dead of night to typeset and lay out the paper. We wouldn't be caught dead doing actual work.

So save your praises and find something to complain about. We can't stand your type of sap.

Campus police win well-deserved prize for brilliant actions in the line of duty

Dear Editor:

I am writing to you to announce that, for the fifth year in a row, our very own public safety officers have been nominated by the Assembly of University Rent-a-Cops to receive the coveted ENOS AWARD.

The award, named for that wonderfully inept Dukes of Hazard policeman, Enos, represents the best in an incompetent police force.

In the past, contestants for this prized award have been selected by a panel of irrational and imbalanced evaluators. This year's panel was no exception.

The contestants are judged in a number of categories that include; The Mean Walk, Sleeping in Uncomfortable Motor Vehicals, and of course The Late Arrival.

I am sure that the university population, once informed about this high achievement, will be as honored as I am to be part of such a truly unique and original university. This could only happen in America.

Sincerely,
Hubert A. Hornswallow
Professor of Ineptitude
Enos Fan Club President

Have You Seen This Person?



The Oakland Soil/Pepe' LePew
Staff pornographer Kim Ski becomes disoriented when she is sent on a routine assignment. She was last seen stumbling from the darkroom saying, "Is this where the film goes?"

THE OAKLAND SOIL

666 O.D., Oakland University
Rochester, MI 48063 666-0000

Invisible Editor Lynn Squeal	Editor-In-Pink Jill Luscious	Staff Nobody Hoop
Staff Convict Bruce Cellar	Skunk Manager Pepe' LePew	Busy Manager Kim Ski
<i>Soil</i> Dirt Digger Kimbo	Fashion Designer Charlie Breezy	Cooking Manager Jerry Minestrone
Staff Weiner Oscar Meyers	Editorial Cartoonist Jane Bugs Bunnie	Office Mascot Pen Phones

Staff Plagiarists

Mike Boredum, Reggy Breezy, K. Iss, Tim Gay, Meet Her Often, Steve O'Lay, Nick Chia Pet, Pen Phones, Rene Poke, Careless Vital.

Staff Pornographers

Eric Butterfinger, Spam Butzier, Mike Herstoo, Sparrow Lostneck, Laura Mansion, Oscar Meyers, Jerry Minestrone, Goocy Molar, Kim Ski, Warren Slope, Sassy Smuth, Jeanine Undresski, Liz Westerly, Greg Wimper.

The *Oakland Soil* is a sleazy money-making publication slandering the Oakland University community. Editorial opinions are decided by God Himself. *The Soil* is produced occasionally in the dead of night by gremlins during the fall and winter semesters.

The *Oakland Soil* discourages letters to the editor. All letters, rocks, and bombs must be signed. The *Soil* reserves the right to dispose of all letters as we see fit. So don't waste your time, or ours—bitch to someone else, not us. (Especially if it's about something we've written, made up or plagiarized.)

FEATURES



Two students caught in the act of necking in the overflow parking lot appear to be having a good time. Many students take advantage of these quiet places with hopes that their elbows don't hit the horn at an inopportune moment.

The Oakland Soil/Kim Ski

Naughty newspaper staff up to some nasty, rotten no-nos

BY VANESSA VICIOUS
'Soil' Gossipmonger
and
Hormone Activist

Lynn Squeal, invisible editor of the *Oakland Soil* was picked up by Canadian Mounties early Saturday morning for passing a bad check at a Windsor nightclub hours before. "I didn't think the money was that important!" Squeal contended. Sources close to the story said they were surprised at Squeal's carelessness. "Lynn's a regular at Danny's. I don't understand it," said manager Joe Sleaze.

Soil theater critic Pen Phones was recently overheard at a cocktail party commenting on his refusal to the Academy Award Judging Committee. "With graduation and my job at the *Soil* keeping me busy, I don't think the Oscars are a top priority at this moment," he said. Kimbo, *Soil* circulation manager was arrested for assault after attacking an uncooperative public safety officer. He denied Kimbo access to the Oakland Center, which caused her to miss a printer's deadline.

Staff convict Bruce Cellar was last seen at a metro Detroit gay bar by the *Soil* Snoopers. Although Cellar projects a macho playboy image to those who thought they knew him well, it may all be a finely executed scheme to cover up the "Real Bruce." No wonder Bruce likes to keep his hair long and curly!

Fashion designer Charlie Breezy was seen Saturday night at an area restaurant with a former employer at least 15 years her senior. Ex-boyfriend Andy said "...And she always told me she spent her weekend nights working at the *Soil*."

Hoop, *Soil* nobody, gave birth to a bouncing baby boy Thursday afternoon. When asked how she occupied herself during the

pregnancy, Hoop said, "I did a lot of modeling for local newspapers. The pay wasn't too great but I got a lot of exposure," she said.

"I just can't afford the child support payments," said advertising manager Jerry Minestrone, who also happens to be the father. "I've already hocked my camera equipment," he said.

Skunk manager Pepe Lepew has just accepted an internship with *Playgirl*. "I've been waiting a long time to do spreads like this," she said.

Pink pumps similar to those worn by editor-in-pink Jill Luscius were found in former chief editor Coe Jonte's Lansing apartment. "I always thought I was the only one who was intimate with Jill and those seductive pink pumps," said staff photographer Oscar "Plump when you cook it" Meyers. Luscius did not return *Soil* phone calls despite repeated attempts.

The *Soil* staff has just lost one of its best sports writers. Tim Gay was recruited by the Detroit Tigers last week. "We'll miss Tim a lot. He always came through for us. I guess he just needed to play the field for a while," said sports editor Bruce Cellar.

Features writer Renee Poke has picked up some bad habits in her stint at the *Soil*. Now she's not only reading dirty cards at the bookstore, she's abandoned her reporting job to write them for American Greetings.

Reggy Breezy, *Soil* travel correspondent, has not returned from her last assignment in Europe. She was last seen frolicking on a Spanish beach with a handsome gentleman.

Staff cartoonist Jane Bugs Bunny broke precedent this week by being nice. She was seen giving out candy to small children.

Engaged

Wedding bells are ringing for two members of the *Soil* staff, as sports writer Mike Boredom and news reporter Careless Vitale plan a shotgun wedding for early April. The couple plans to honeymoon in nearby Waterford so they can remain "close to the wires." Vital said, "Mel Gilroy promised me a hot scoop this week, and I'll be darned if I'm going to miss that!"

News writer Steve O'lay is taking his wife-to-be, Erin, on a honeymoon cruise just two days after finishing his final exams to graduate. Erin, we at the *Soil* wish you all the luck in the world. You're gonna need it in Steve's exhausted state.

Business manager Kim Ski just proposed to her predecessor, Hasonofa Biscuit. They plan to straighten out the *Soil*'s budget on their honeymoon.

Here's the hot spots for student necking

BY K. ISS
'Soil' Slut

PS10 Let's face it. We all get a need, especially at our age when the hormones are still popping, to get a little "tactile stimulation" now and then.

Opportunities present themselves. There's either the college student's "main squeeze" or the one-night "fling" to satisfy those desires.

But there's a catch. Once you've found someone who's willing, you've got to find a hangout. OU doesn't seem to have the "Inspiration Point" we hear about on TV shows like *Happy Days*.

What about roommates? Three's a crowd. Of course, if you're gutsy enough to forcibly kick them out or lucky enough to have them leave on their own free will, it's another story.



Vanessa Vicious, 'Soil' Gossipmonger and Hormone Activist. Read her column in the 'Soil' and catch her radio show on WOU X-rated. Vicious almost missed deadline this week because she lost her computer terminal. 'Soil' staff members located the terminal in Vicious' purse along with Jimmy Hoffa's remains.

We here at the *Soil* decided the lack of spots was a serious problem. There must be some place on this campus where students can go to make out.

"Behind the tennis courts is popular," said Angel Smith, a sophomore seeking her MRS. degree. "It's really secluded back there with all the woods. The only problem is that it doesn't work so well in the winter," she said.

Never fear, thrill-seekers! The dorms offer a wealth of cozy little nooks and crannies. Investigate a floor lounge late one night and see for yourself. Or even better, study rooms are isolated and small. The only problem is that some people actually want to study in there, so you may find your romantic interludes being invaded by a fellow floor member who has to study for her advanced calculus exam that's only seven weeks away.

A recent tour of the overflow parking lot at 2 a.m. revealed that making out in a car is definitely still in vogue. So don't be shy because you think it's too high-schoolish! You're not alone. Oh, but don't worry about your privacy being invaded. The other couples there will pay about as much as attention to you as you're going to pay them.

Fortunately a lot of college students still own the huge gas-guzzling cars of the 1970s. Modern cars like Escorts just don't cut it as make-out machines. So take Bruce Springsteen's advice if you own a "boat." You don't have to drive it, you can park it out in back, and have a party in your pink Cadillac.

Rumor has it that people hide in various student organization offices in the Oakland Center until the night manager has made his final rounds. Then the building closes and the couple has a dark, abandoned building all to themselves. The *Soil* does not recommend this option since a chance exists that you may be caught. But if you're tired of nuclear arms discussions in the same old parking lot night after night, it might put some excitement in your life.

One final warning on locations for romantic interludes: if you've been utilizing any of these spots, you may suddenly find yourself with a lot of company the next time you lure your screw-your-roommate date into a necking session. However, we here at the *Soil* felt it was our civic duty to inform depraved students.

If you've found a spot that isn't among the ones listed in this article, mums the word.

A few words...

BY MIKE BOREDOME
Soil Nag

Did you ever wonder about shoes?

Like what happens to them when you go to a school that has at least two girls to every guy? Your shoes get muddy.

Most men think the ratio has its advantages, which I admit it does.

I want to say that not all women at OU fit the description which is the focus of this story. But at various times while I have been walking to class on the university paths, I have run into some very bad experiences with women. Sometimes when I encounter a group of two or more women coming at me from the opposite direction, they will not even make an attempt for me, a man, to maneuver their positions so I can walk on the path. Instead, they expect me to take a dive into the ankle deep snow, mud or water, just so they can keep their feet dry. Come on girls, only back in medieval times did princes throw their expensive jackets into mud holes just so women didn't have to get their ankles and feet wet and cold.

Hell if I'm going to ruin a \$40 pair of shoes just so some women can keep from getting uncomfortable. The next group of women I encounter can just run into my 20-pound book bag before I ruin a good pair of shoes.

Sport

Wrestling team institutes program

BY STEVE O'LAY
Staff Plagiarist

This university's wrestling team, in hopes of raising money to fund next year's season, has been forced to solicit contributions from the community by offering a number of specialized services.

Last week Matt Pinnem, the official spokesperson for the newly formed organization Wrestlers-For-Hire, announced the organization's list of available services in a formal address at the Ann Arbor Drive-In.

Pinnem said, "Because of the financial pinch the university is in, the wrestling team would like to relieve some of the pressure.

"Beginning immediately, the team will offering classes in Ball Room Wrestling, Aggressive Dating, Grade Point Manipulation, and Roommate Removal."

Pinnem said that he hopes the income earned from the tuition for these classes will be enough to keep the wrestling team up to its armpits in competition next season.

Bill 'The Mangler' Bonesacrushed, OU's only 102 pound wrestler, said that he feels that the team will not only be able to support its own activities, but those of other teams as well.

Bonesacrushed said, "Hell, once the news is out about what we got ta offer, people will come running to get in our classes, if they know what's good for'em, that is."

"We expect such a good income," Bonesacrushed continued, "that we've already signed papers to loan some cash to the basketball team."

As well as financing the team's competition, the income earned will aid the recruitment of future OU wrestlers.

Pinnem said, "Once we start showing a profit we can start getting some of the really good players from some of the top institutions, such as Jackson State Prison.

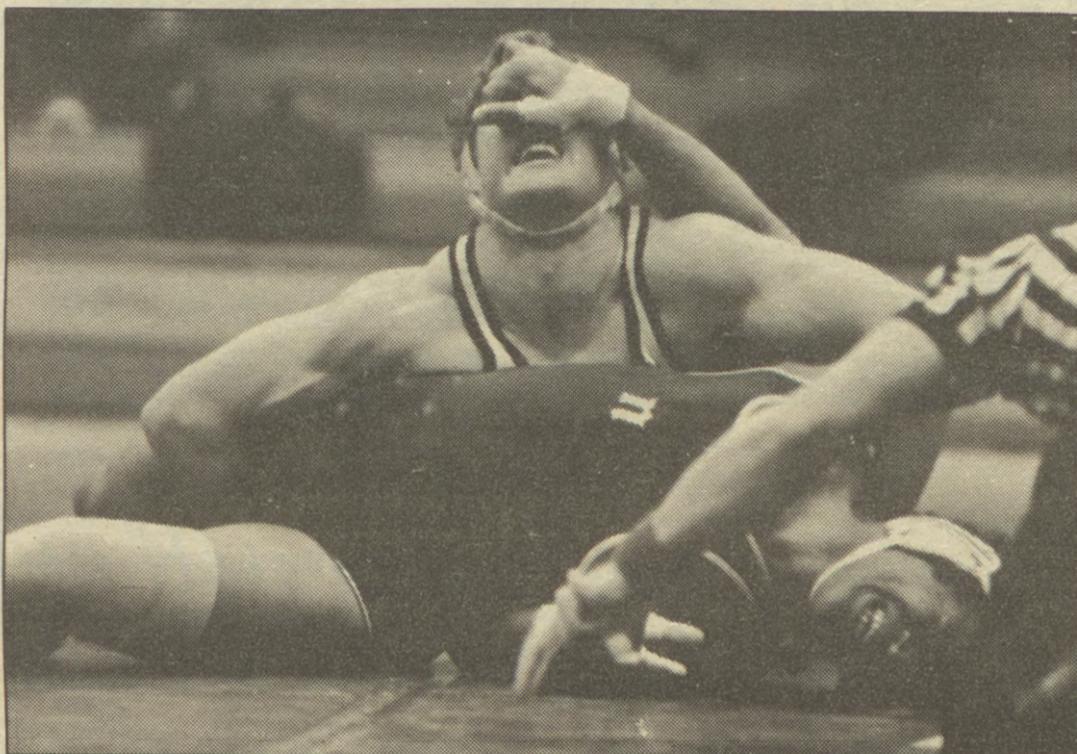
"But we do have to be careful, especially when traveling accross state lines. Besides, the in-state tuition rates are better."

Although all the class schedules are not yet available, Ball Room Wrestling has begun and is carrying a maximum stu-

dent load.

Suzie Spangle, a local toppless dancer, said she took the class to help her career. "Dancing is a

very competitive field," Spangler said. "Getting any kind of an edge will help get you on top of the heap."



The Oakland Soil/Pepe' LePew
Two wrestlers demonstrate the "Wrestling Waltz" with the dance instructor watching closely. The new wrestling dance program is part of an overall effort of the team to make money for the coming year. Also offered are the "Pinme Polka," and the "Headlock Hustle."

Wow! Asti-Spumante revealed as a vampire

BY LYNNIE SQUEAL
Invisible Editor

The Soil has discovered the answer to the burning question, "What does Joe Asti-Spumante look like and how come nobody ever sees him?"

Asti-Spumante, president of the university, is really a vampire

and cannot be seen in the light of day.

Instead, Joe has to do all his work at night, fluttering around his office and driving the maintenance staff crazy.

"Yeah, like, I was cleanin' his office one night and I been noticin' that there was this s--- all over the floor.

"So like one night, I sneak in-

to Joe's office and there's this ugly bat flying around," said janitor Elroy Muckup, who is studying to become a Sanitation Engineer at OCC.

"So, like, I took my broom and like, started to chase the damn thing around. And it was screeching and diving for my hair and I was gettin' pretty pissed off, so I finally got a piece of it

with my broom and knocked it out cold," Muckup continued.

"Well, it just kind of lay there in the corner, looking sick, when alluvasudden, it like transforms into this guy I never seen before.

"Who are you, I say. And his glasses were all broke, and he said, 'I'm the president of this university,'" Muckup said.

Because Muckup was threatened by Asti-Spumante with his job, he agreed to talk to The Soil on the condition of anonymity, so don't tell anyone it was Muckup, okay?

When confronted by reporters, Asti-Spumante denied he was a vampire and said the charges were ridiculous.

"The charges were ridiculous," he said.

When asked by the reporter why he was only available for comment after midnight, Asti-Spumante said, "I'm a night

owl. It's when I do my best work."

Determined to prove the charges true, The Soil sent Asti-Spumante some garlic and crosses and when we cornered him, no reflection appeared in the mirror.

The guy's a vampire.

Asti-Spumante finally admitted to being a vampire, but asked us not to tell his wife or children. So we're not, and you readers probably shouldn't either.

"It's hard trying to find a job to suit my schedule," Asti-Spumante said. "So I tried to get one that didn't require too much. This university hired me, and, hey I figure as long as I'm getting my work done, nobody can say anything."

"Besides," Asti-Spumante added, "No one knows what I look like to complain to me anyway."



The Oakland Soil/Pepe' LePew

Cuppa Joe, a local band, gives a spectacular performance at Griff's Grill last weekend when they showed up without their bodies. They miraculously used mind control to play their instruments.

SOIL CENSORS WANTED

No experience required. No taste either. Basic knowledge of book burning a plus. People who are overly picky and critical preferred. Call The Soil for more details.

Horried Ads

Wanted:

Snow shovelers to help keep Oakland's parking lot from turning into a permanent glacier. We supply the shovels, you supply the bad back. Contact Manintenance for more infomation and liniment.

Employment:

Flagmen needed. Traffic controller needed. to redirect traffic from Oakland University parking lots to downtown Rochester. F-L-A-G-M-E-N.

For Sale:

1971 Pinto with exploding gas tank. Gas tank has been replaced. Burnt orange color. Used to be orange. High Mileage. Needs work. Needs paint. Much rust. Needs engine. Needs tires. Has awesome stereo system . . . Asking \$3,200. Will take best offer over \$3,000. Call BAD-IDEA.

Babysitter Needed

Desperate mother in search of ANYBODY willing to tolerate six kids for longer than 15 minutes. CRY-BABY.