

University of Montana

## ScholarWorks at University of Montana

---

Montana Kaimin, 1898-present

Associated Students of the University of  
Montana (ASUM)

---

12-13-1982

### The Kaiminquirer, December 13, 1982

Associated Students of the University of Montana

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/studentnewspaper>

**Let us know how access to this document benefits you.**

---

#### Recommended Citation

Associated Students of the University of Montana, "The Kaiminquirer, December 13, 1982" (1982).

*Montana Kaimin, 1898-present*. 7431.

<https://scholarworks.umt.edu/studentnewspaper/7431>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Associated Students of the University of Montana (ASUM) at ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in Montana Kaimin, 1898-present by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mso.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

# The Kaimenquirer

Finals week, Fall Quarter 1982

Satire

Once

## CB may have Mother of the Year

In a 7-to-2 tie vote, with numerous abstentions, blackouts and resignations, Central Board voted last night to recommend ASyLUM President Marked Kook as Mother of the Year.

"Ah ahm so pleahsed tah think thah Central Bahrd feehts this wayh abaht me," Kook said. "Of couhse, ah've always consihdered CB membahs mah kids, but ah never realized the feehtl' wahs reciprocahl."

ASyLUM Vice President Gone Dopy expressed surprise that Kook was recommended.

"I never knew she thought she was my mother," Dopy said. "I don't think she's even my father. In fact, I don't think we're related at all. I mean, how can we be? I don't even talk the same language."

"It's all relative, Dopy," Kook said.

Some UM students demonstrated outside the CB meeting, carrying placards such as "Your Mother Wears ARMY boots,"

or "Unfair discrimination . . . we demand a father too."

"We demand to be accorded equal time under the law," said UM student Careless Pedantic. "I feel that it's unfair that the UM student body wasn't allowed to decide for itself whether or not it has a mother. And what about a father?"

"I thought we were hatched," said CB member Sotted Well. "I agree with Dopy . . . how can she be my mother when we don't speak the same language?"

"Since when has CB ever talked the same language, anyway?" Well added. "Kook only listens to people who talk like her, anyway."

ASyLUM Leisure Manager Hem Hawin disagreed with Well.

"I think Kook would be a great Mother of the Year," he said. "She's really a mother. And the idea that she doesn't listen to other people just because they don't talk her language just has no basis."

"Yeah . . . CB listens," he said.

"Everything goes in one ear . . . and out the other."

Many students were upset that Kook was recommended for Mother of the Year.

"Why wasn't I recommended?" asked CB member Raving Silver. "After all, I asked six months ago."

Dopy said Silver was not recommended because he did not have the qualifications.

"He just doesn't have what it takes to be a mother," Dopy said. "He's a good CB member, but we just feel Kook has the All-American Mother look . . . you know what I mean?"

Silver disagreed.

"I've done my job on CB," he said. "I've been to all the meetings. I think Kook did it on purpose. I look like a mother as much as she does."

Pendantic said he thought Silver's comments were unfair.

"I don't think Kook would make all that great of a Mother of the Year," said Pendantic. "I can understand how Silver feels—but I don't think Kook had any ulterior motive. I think Silver's just jealous that Kook would be a better mother."

Pendantic added that he had never heard that Kook didn't listen to all sorts of languages.

"I talk a lot differently from Kook," he said. "In fact, I talk more like Silver than anything else. But Kook's never held that against me."

CB mentor What Ticks summed up the situation.

"There's an old saying . . . hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil," he said. "In CB's case—two out of three aren't bad."

## Nader chews, chefs stew, students lose

Consumer advocate Ralph Nader said he is suing the federal government for cutting funds to school lunch programs after having lunch at a "typical" U.S. grade school that he picked at random last month.

Nader said school children deserve fair treatment just like everyone else.

"School children deserve fair treatment just like everyone else," Nader said.

He's suing in Federal District Court for \$50 million, including \$39.5 million in damages, \$10 million in punitive damages and \$1,345 for hospitalization and stomach pumping after giving a speech at a typical U.S. University.

He had dinner at the grade school shortly before his speech.

"They told me I'd be having chicken a la king, and they serve this!" Nader said. "If I wouldn't have been kind of hungry, I wouldn't have eaten it."

The head of the school district's lunch program, who wasn't identified under a paper bag with eye holes, said this incident reflects poorly on the schools.

"I mean, our cooks are furious," he said. "They were doing the best they could with what they had, and

now, their confidence is shattered.

"What will happen if they want to apply at Chef's School? They'll NEVER be accepted now! It's just not fair!"

With school lunch budgets cut by 90 percent, cooks had to come up with whatever they could, the head further added.

"We even had to buy new silverware. Students found it easier to use pliers on the gristle cutlets than they did knives," he added further.

## Recyclers rap rag

The 3,000-member Campus Recyclers Committee voted 2,563-290 last night to request that *The Kaimenquirer* deliver its issues directly to the recycling center instead of distributing them to readers.

"Readers are very ineffective as recyclers," said Jasmine Enimsaj, the committee president. "They read the paper but don't really use it—that is, they don't get all the use out of it by recycling it. They just toss it or leave it to be tossed out, ignoring the recycling bins that we've set up every 10 feet in every hallway on campus."

Other students, Enimsaj said, clip coupons or articles out of *The Kaimenquirer*, "thereby virtually guaranteeing that even if the rest of the paper ends up recycled, the clippings never will. Such a waste."

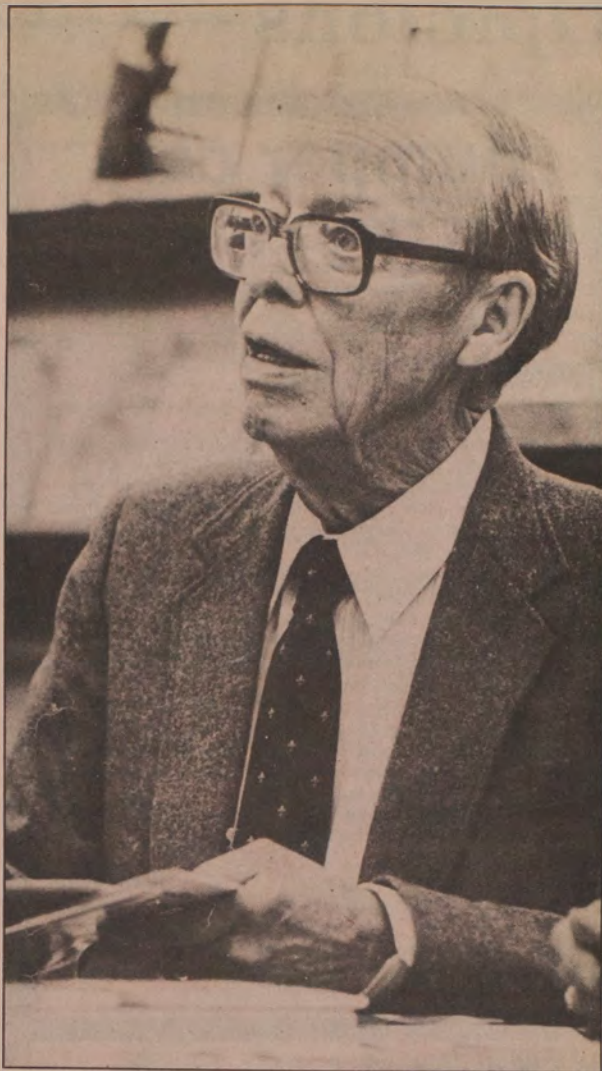
"And even worse are the students who read while in the cafeteria. They always set ketchup or juice or something on the paper, and it's terribly messy."

Erik Kire, one of the 147 committee members who abstained from the roll-call vote, said that he believed the resolution did not go far enough.

"A request isn't enough," he said. "It should have been an order. *The Kaimenquirer* will probably

say that journalistic ethics require that readers be given a chance to peruse the paper. Even if *The Kaimenquirer* had any ethics, that would be ridiculous."

Kire added that since most of *The Kaimenquirer* readers are interested only in the comic strips anyway, the paper should simply post the cartoons in the office so that readers could stop by to look at them. "Of course," he said, "the comic strips will have to be brought to the recycling center the next week."



A. B. PHONE HOME — Montana author A. B. Guthrie fervently denies being the model for Spielberg's *Extra-Terrestrial*, at a press conference held aboard his spaceship.

## Buckfew bucked out

University of Montana President Neil Buckfew and his family are being evicted from their state-owned house at 1325 Gerald Ave. to make room for the new ASyLUM offices. The Buckfews will move to one of those old, white houses up on stilts by the football practice field.

Swerving Daytona, state commissioner of lower education and roadways, who was not available for comment, said, "I'm giving Neil and Marked (Kook, ASyLUM president) their Christmas presents early."

"That Kook girl has been haranging Neil about getting new offices and Neil has been kicking up a row because he wants a new house. But don't quote me on that."

"Frankly, I'm just tickled pink," said Buckfew of his new house. "I just love puttering around the house fixing things. Boy! I guess I'm really gonna be busy, huh?"

"Frankly, I'm just as happy as a sow who's found a warm dung heap," said Kook. "I mean, jeez! That big house five only four people . . . er, for only five people, I mean. Besides, their new house is lots closer to the campus. Hey, it's right on campus, isn't it?"

An ASyLUM vice president, who wished to remain unidentified, said he was "worried about the offices being inconvenient for students since the house is five blocks from campus. But don't quote me on that."

But Kook says she isn't worried about the office's distance from campus noting that it will be much closer to home for her.

"Oh jeez, y'all," she said, "those students are about as whiney as a hen in heat. That's why we're moving, because those students are always complaining. 'ASyLUM do this for us, ASyLUM do that for us.' I mean just who do they think they are anyway? Well, maybe a half-mile walk through the snow will make them think twice about running to us."

Office phone numbers will be unlisted, she said.

The Buckfews are to be out of the house by 5 p.m.

Buckfew's wife, Mrs. Buckfew, said she is looking forward to decorating her new house. "It will be a little work, but I think it will be fun," she said. "Some new curtains, some flowers, some steps leading to the front door and a new roof and it will be better than new."

"The kids will love it. They're got the practice field as a backyard and the Madison Street Bridge in the front."

"I just hope that they're out of there by 5," said Kook.



Ralph NADER



# Opinions

## Bumper cars

Let's not pussy foot around. People mix drinking and driving 'cause they think it's fun. So let's show 'em how fun it is.

The threat of fines, jail or loss of license doesn't seem to deter drunken drivers, so we need a new penal system to handle the problem.

### Kaimenquirer edit

People convicted of drunken driving should simply be soured to the gills and, in large numbers, forced to drive in an arena set aside for them. The demolition-derby results would greatly decrease the number of repeat offenders by killing them off after the first offense. Any survivors would be juiced up to go into the next days show, and so on.

Better that they kill each other off than they kill some little old lady crossing the street.

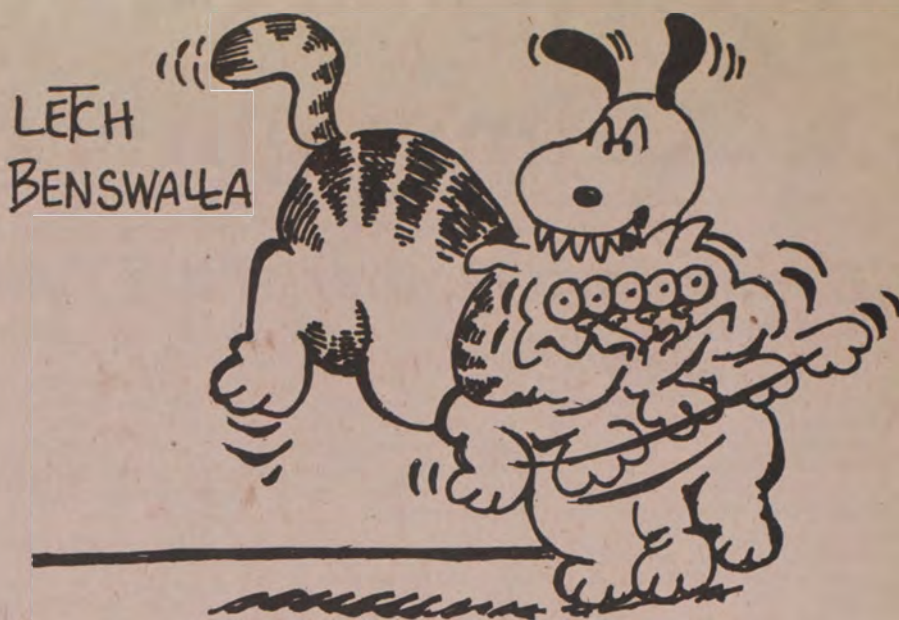
This may seem a bit severe, but do unto others as they're already doing unto themselves. "There are more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with cream," Saki wrote, "but I'm not sure ... that it's not the best way."

This program could also pay for itself, as the same crowd that salivates over death on the race track or in the boxing ring would probably love to have good seats to see this. And bars, naturally, would be required by law to show video tapes of this instead of the usual TV fare, at the bars' expense.

If that doesn't faze drunken drivers, we might have to think up something nasty.

### Itsall Rigged

(Come on, that's gotta provoke some angry letters to the editor! Are people asleep out there? Maybe an editorial advocating the blowtorching of all those rotten squirrels on campus...)



to watch. Their little bellies are swollen from kwashiorkor, their eyes are sunken into their heads and many are too weak to even climb trees to get to their little nests.

It's pathetic. I'd rather watch baby seals get clubbed.

To alleviate the plight of these poor creatures I propose that coyotes be released on campus. This way, their numbers will be reduced and only a healthy population will remain. As an added plus, coyotes generally feed at night so the ugly spectacle of survival of the fittest won't be visible.

As for the imbalance of the Universe, I have devised a plan which will reorder our eschatology into a form that gives meaning to our existence. It involves fondling small furry animals but perhaps I'll save that for another letter.

Sincerely,  
C. G. (Marlon) Perkins  
sophomore, biology and other neat stuff

### Who cares?

Editor: How can you justify putting such trash as your Centre! Board story in *The Kaimenquirer*? Do you think anyone really cares if Marked Kook is

DALLAS



nominated for Mother, Father or Uncle of the year? I fail to see why, at a campus the size of UM, you can't find something more intelligent and relevant to cover than such stupid, boring, maternalistic tripe.

What is your justification for being on this campus, anyway? You say you are a newspaper, but when you start printing such things as the CB story, I really begin to doubt your credibility — or even your sanity.

Why don't you clean up your act? If you don't start covering important campus events, like the Faculty Senate, a bunch of us are going to get together and do a spoof of *The Kaimenquirer*. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!!!!!!

Sincerely,  
Ausing New  
senior, radio-TV

### Life changed

Editor: Within the realm of my existence, I feel that a recent incident that changed my life is worthy of my reciting.

Three weeks ago, I got laid!

Alexis Q. Ramsbotham  
14th century Tibetan Literature major

### Freshman still

Editor: I have been going to college for six years now, and I'm still a freshman. Is God dead?

Melvin Plisizzinski  
Rocks/geology major

### Letter

Editor: I've never felt the need to write a letter to the editor before, but this time I felt I had to.

Sincerely yours,  
I. C. Toes  
freshman, basket-weaving

Kaimin Editor ..... Brian L. Rygg  
Kaimin Business Manager ..... Jackie Peterson

### Culprits

(In alphabetical order): Shawn Swagerty, Brian Rygg, Sam Richards, Pam Newbern, Jeff Morgan, Bill Miller, Tony Lun, Jim LeSueur, Chris Johnson, Martin Horejsi, Kathy Gallagher, Joanne DePue, Tim Benson, Kyle Albert.

The *Montana Kaimin*, a newspaper published four times weekly, does not necessarily reflect the views of the University of Montana administration, ASUM, the UM School of Journalism or the state. *The Kaimenquirer*, a spoof issue published this once, not only doesn't necessarily reflect the views of the above but also doesn't necessarily reflect the views of the *Kaimin* staff. It may reflect nothing but bad taste, but it does give you something to read during finals week.

Excepting the display advertisements, *The Harvard Lampoon* reprint and copyright notices and this disclaimer, all copy in this issue is fictional — including the "Crass ads" — and any resemblance to that copy to real persons, living or dead, except for satiric purposes, is purely coincidental. Except that the paper really is recyclable. We wouldn't kid you about a thing like that. Honest. The *Kaimin* subscription rates are \$6 a quarter or \$21 per school year. Entered as second class material at Missoula, Montana 59812.

## Letters — Please recycle

### Please help me

Editor: I am writing to you from my cell in the Lockemup County Jail. I would appreciate it if you would do me a favor and print my letter in your paper.

I am looking for people to write to me. My three ex-wives write me regularly, as do my parents, friends and family. That is not my problem.

What I would like would be for everyone out there in your community to send me \$1. Just \$1 for a poor inmate you'll probably never see or hear from (again).

Imagine how good people in your community will feel to know that they have done a good deed by sending a poor inmate some money. I am giving the public a golden opportunity to be generous to someone less fortunate than themselves. I feel I should be

commended for such a worthwhile and honest endeavor.

So, dear editor, please ask people to send just \$1. That's all it takes to make your day, and mine, a lot happier.

Thanks.

Sincerely,  
Iam A. Fraud  
\$\$\$\$-0000

### Poor dears

Editor: Having never written a letter to the editor I thought I would write one and complain about the terrible imbalance in the Universe in general and the campus ecosystem in particular.

The huge number of squirrels on campus has finally become a severe problem. Due to overpopulation they have reached the point where their struggle for food is becoming pathetic

## George Fwill

Anyone who advocates the maxim that tolerance is a virtue probably hasn't been reading the newspapers lately. In a society that values the blind scales of justice, tolerance should be viewed as the antagonist from within, a disrupting tendency to adjust equality in accordance with polite permissiveness. When England tolerated Hitler it came close to annihilating democracy in Western Europe, but when a generation of parents tolerated the adolescent counterculture of the '60s, they were applauded for their liberalism. Such inconsistency is the focal point of the macabre chaos of our decade. Although somewhat dated, the feudal system of social hierarchy is the only realistic hope for the preservation of American virtues.

In his memoirs, Friedrich Nietzsche commented, "Alles geht sehr schlecht," and immediately the concept of the Prussian city-state became a model for skeptical thought. Governments, like cats, always land on their feet, retaining any mock authority through preventive dogma. But Nietzsche's philosophy has been grossly misrepresented by the jingo-ridden flag fliers of American lore. Democracies, like rodents, have a peculiar habit of gnawing incessantly at the fiber of effective government. Yet it does not have to be this way. When stooge Moe Howard refused to tolerate

the banal incongruities of Curly, he was doing much more than raking a hacksaw over his companion's cranium. By allowing them to realize their designated station, we actually raise them to a higher level. Humiliation leads to truth, and all good government thrives on truth. If nine-year Anastasia Fwill demands a later bedtime, I do not "tolerate" her growing pains and spare the rod. Tolerance means concession, and concession is defeat in my household as well as in the upper and lower houses of our legislatures.

If the irony of any situation is that cause and effect are diametrically opposed, then equality and freedom are strange bedfellows indeed. By putting the criminal on the same level as, say a columnist, the columnist is endangered and his horn-rimmed glasses are broken. Freedom to seek safety and security is eliminated. If Thoreau was correct, then "governments are tricky," and pragmatic delineation between superior and inferior is a necessary component of the free-society theory. Such delineation is possible only under a feudal patchwork, where everyone can draw from the well of mediocrity without shame. It would not be difficult to segment our culture into its component parts and, once done, the simplicity and beauty of the Dark Ages would

return.

To the mind's eye, this utopia is no wispy pipedream. The common man would be free of the mental strains that equality and the Industrial Revolution have placed upon his sagging shoulders, and the small ruling class would assume the brunt of the responsibility. Delegated labor, implied contracts, strong baron-kians and an overriding sense of chivalry would be the spine of the feudal exoskeleton. Simplicity would be the key, simplicity without the sloth of the Middle Ages. Those with intellectual advantages would assume their predestined niches as the forerunners of pure, unencumbered, theological philosophy. This pyramidal power structure would be streamlined and highly moral, relying on the cruel cradle of natural selection to sink its foundation stones.

Unfortunately, there will always be those who insist that the aged and infirm are an exception, that they must be tolerated if the glass flower, humanity, is to survive in its fragile state. The only method for preserving our compassion is complete honesty with ourselves. Those who don't cut the mustard must fall behind, and any attempt to carry stragglers in this new Renaissance would be a grotesque aberration of Christian morality. Twentieth-century man has developed the annoying (if not quasi-Hegelian)

habit of soothing his conscience with the mirage of the quota. Everyone, it is said, has special qualities that set him or her apart from the rest and hence insure his or her equality. This is not only chimerical but it is a little Freudian. A basketball coach does not allow a short player on his team simply because it is morally efficient, just as the Reagan administration cannot allow the plight of a minority to interfere with the military budget needs. Our attempts to assuage the tragically inept have only led to unrealized dreams and the platform for the Democratic Party. It is clearly high time to recognize the fallacy of tolerance and reconstruct the feudal system, layer by layer.

In 1892, when Henrik Ibsen called South Dakota "the vortex of impassioned rhetoric," some said he was making an inaccurate and irrelevant statement. One must not forget, however, that the beginning of all irrelevancy is trust in authority. Not all men were born to lead, and if a truly democratic government draws its leadership from the entire populace, then the potential for tragedy is increased one hundredfold. Mankind cannot be trusted with the job of looking after itself; this is a job for college graduates. A feudal arrangement solves all of these modern problems by reducing the surface area

## New feudalism

of the ruling republic and sharpening it to a fine edge. This system is historically, psychologically and biologically correct.

At the forefront of everyone's conscience is the Constitution itself. Although this document recklessly grants privileges left and right, it is revered because it was born from the pens of our Founding Fathers. Yet all governments are static in nature, and all constitutions are made to be broken. Thomas Jefferson, the centerpiece in the formation of this sacred parchment, all but admitted that his true goal was to establish an agricultural feudal system, and one cannot help but imagine the horror of these great men if they could return today and see how carelessly we have handed our fundamental rights.

If Democracy cannot supply the pomp and arrogance necessary for what A. A. Milne called "effacious autocracy in the land of Pooh," then it is time to look toward feudalism. We must stop stunting the intellectual capacities of the few for the befuddled belching of the masses. Oh, how I pine for the day when I can order someone out of the path of my horse with the wave of a gauntlet and the cry "Away, away, I am better than you."

© 1982, The Harvard Lampoon Inc. Reprinted by permission of *The Lampoon*.

# Gordian prose unravels the secrets of the PTL Club

Schwan Swaggersleaze  
*Kaimenquirer Fine Parts Editor*

Howsabout a little of that old Christian fellowship, the nice wholesome maiden-form kind, like you young-lifers were getting every Tuesday night at eight, at the grade-school principal's home, every nimble nube in that shag-carpeted Bible-barn just swayin' a to and fro to those righteous ritual rhythms (handed down from that guitarist's nimble fingers like a dictum straight from the infallible *is ipse*) just a singin' a song what goes a little somethin' like this: "Where have all the dentist's kids gone? Laawwng Taaahheem Pa-ass-sing!" in atonement for some regrettable grope, proffered in a furious fumbling frenzy upon some other Joe Grinning Polo Shirt while your cabin-counselor/spiritual-commandant was conducting an unholy communion of his own in some other neck of the expansive woods of your Volleyball and Water-skiing spiritual ascension camp?

And you atheists suck ass as well. You're all putrifying random clumps of biological garbage, and I'm writing yet another article simply for the purpose of pissing you off and ruining that otherwise perfect day of interpersonal monkey-spanking. Go spank, and spew your solipsism-jism on more fertile ground than my territory, which is the land with the motto "Destination: Domination! Pursue the art of Alienation!"

And so it seems to go with that trailblazer of ill-contrived facial

artifice, that potentially pumpable pulpit pounder in the dreams of the most prodigious pud-pounders, that lady of lacquered lips unconditionally guaranteed to stir the likes of the most limacine loins, Tammy Faye Bakker. But she doesn't want your hog, boy, her sugar-daddy Jimbo is constructing contrivances to cull your cash by camouflaging his connubial considerations. This is the Gawdamndest dry hustle in the holey land!

But it can't be beat for a fine morning's entertainment. Use your twentieth-century imagination, if ya got any.

Last Thursday's morning's PTL-club was one of the best examples of Oedipal fantasy fodder this tool-cranking connoisseur has witnessed since Rexella Van Impe's douche-drenched diatribe about prime-time promiscuity.

The highlight of Tammy's performance occurred when, on a cue from hubby Jim, Tammy's anal-compulsions could no longer be contained, and she launched

herself hole-heartedly into a five-minute speech about the comparative cleanliness of the thoroughfares of West Germany and those of the United States.

"Now, I truly love America so deeply with all my heart and soul that whenever I get off that return plane I literally want to kiss the ground! But it seems to me high time that Americans put on the sack-cloth and ashes for a change and repent, when Jim and I see streets so clean in Germany that you could literally eat off of them and then we see in our fine democracy our young people throwing garbage everywhere and vandalizing the private property of

law abiding citizens!"

Maternal tears of "Where have I gone wrong"ness begin to flow.

Tammy continued in the best tones of a mother banging on that old bathroom door just drying to know what's keeping young Portnoy so long on the stool, "I just don't know what get's into some of these young people's minds when they've so much to be grateful for living in this fine democracy." The mascara was streaming down her face as the camera flashed Jim's look of paternal concern (with just that vague hint of the knowledge of what goes through those young minds betrayed by a momentary

twitch).

The true-life teleplay reached its climax, though, when Tammy, weeping uncontrollably, proclaimed, "Oh, Jim, I just hope and pray that the young people of this nation appreciate what they have before it slips right through their fingers."

Now that was the stiletto stroke swift enough to slay the passions of any latter-day Onan, faster than a half ton of dynamite could topple the 500 foot ugly marble stick of a monument to a boy who was man enough to admit that he had felled a cherry tree with his own little hands.

## Today—

### Lecture

"How to Study in Harmony With the Environment," Bambi Festerman, of the Granola Resource Center, 7 p.m., University Center Lounge. Bring wool rug, mantra and three term paper topics. Free.

### Meetings

Janet Cooke Fan Club, 7 p.m., Connie's Lounge. Toaster Club, 7 p.m., University of Montana Home Ec Department. Bring your toasters, and remember, the Toast Fair is only three weeks away, so plan ahead!

Loverboy Fan Club, any dorm on campus, all day. Young Fascists, midnight, UC Montana Rooms. Password needed. Bring hymnals and uniforms.



## Montana Barber College

CLOSE TO YOU AT THE U!



133 W. MAIN  
721-2776

# STYLE CUT . . . \$3.50

Reg. \$4.50

## Merry Christmas from ALL OF US!

# \$1.00

OFF

## STYLE CUT

### With This Coupon

# UM STUDENTS

Guarantee A Courtside Seat (East Level A)  
For The Champion Holiday Classic—  
Buy Your Tickets By Dec. 14, 5:00 p.m.  
2 Nights—4 Games Only \$8<sup>00</sup> For UM Students

Texas A & M  
West Texas State  
University of Portland  
University of Montana

Friday-Saturday, Dec. 17th-18th  
Games at 7:00 & 9:00

CHAMPION  HOLIDAY CLASSIC  
III

FIELD HOUSE TICKET OFFICE—243-4051/549-4151

CAMPUS  
CLIPPER  
728-6774

# -NOTICE-

CAMPUS  
SALON  
542-2784

**WE HAVE  
A STYLE  
FOR YOU!**



We have 4 operators who specialize in precision styling, perming & cutting. We use and sell only the finest products available and our prices are very reasonable.

Corner of Helen & McLeod (next to Freddy's)

Open 6 days a week. Call or stop in.

XX HELEN  
ONE BLOCK  
ARTHUR  
U AVE  
MCLEOD

**YOU TOO,  
SHALL  
PASS.**

And Domino's Pizza is here to help you make the grade.

We're here to see you through these late nights and long hours spent cooped up in your room studying.

We're open late every night and ready to deliver a hot pizza with your choice of delicious toppings and only 100% real dairy cheese. All within 30 minutes after your call.

When you burn the midnight oil, remember you're not alone. Call Domino's Pizza. We'll keep you fueled with fast, free delivery in 30 minutes or less.

**FREE DELIVERY**

**South Avenue at Higgins  
721-7610**

**Hours:**  
4:30 p.m.-1:00 a.m.  
**Sun.-Thurs.**  
4:30 p.m.-2:00 a.m.  
**Fri. & Sat.**

Drivers carry under \$20. Limited delivery area.  
© 1982 Domino's Pizza, Inc.



Domino's Pizza will be closed December 24 & 25 to allow our employees to enjoy Christmas.

## Chimp produces work of greats

An infinite number of chimpanzees, at an infinite number of typewriters for an infinite number of years, so it's said, would eventually produce the complete works of Shakespeare.

Well, one chimp from French Lick, Ind., seems to have bested infinity.

Benson, who traces his lineage back to famed political adviser Bonzo, was playing with a typewriter last month and within a matter of hours produced not only Shakespeare's work but also that of Darwin, Sartre and Louis L'Amour.

According to Anton O'Rourke, Benson's owner and agent, the best thing about Benson's Shakespeare was a change in the ending of *Romeo and Juliet*. O'Rourke said that through an ingenious plot twist the star-crossed lovers are able to live happily ever after.

*R & J, the Happy Version*, is expected to appear in paperback this February.

Benson's efforts have not been

limited to writing, however. O'Rourke's basement now contains a Statue of Liberty (in reduced scale), a nuclear device, three pairs of Calvin Klein designer jeans and—Joyce Kilmer notwithstanding—a small tree.

In the backyard, Benson reproduced the Sistene Chapel, with just slight variations on the ceiling painting.

Benson is quite modest about these accomplishments, acting as if he had generated them completely by accident.

What Benson will come up with next is anyone's guess, said O'Rourke, adding that lately the chimp has been collecting tetracycline. By next spring, O'Rourke said, he hopes to teach Benson sign language so that they can join the college lecture circuit.



## Wind Up the Holidays . . .

Nobody is too old to enjoy a fun toy!



### The Joint Effort

has an amazing selection of fun for everyone.

Chinese and European Windup, Friction Toys, Battery-powered Animals, Metal Cars with Mystery Action, Terrific Cards, Blocks, Smoking Accessories

114 E. Main 11-5:30 Mon.-Thur.

## BOB WARDS SKI SALE

**1983 SKIS 1983**  
ATOMIC — HEAD — OLIN  
**20% OFF**

**GAITORS**  
9<sup>95</sup> to 21<sup>95</sup>

**BINDINGS**  
Look 77C 79<sup>99</sup> Solomon 727 99<sup>95</sup>

**1981 BOOTS**  
One Special Group **60% OFF**

**CROSS-COUNTRY PACKAGE**  
Fully Guaranteed Fiberglass Skis  
Wax or No-Wax  
Leather Boots — Fiberglass Poles  
Mounted Bindings

ALL THIS FOR . . . **89<sup>95</sup>**

A Bob Ward's Exclusive  
**HEIERLING BOOTS**  
UP TO **45% OFF**

SKI HEADQUARTERS FOR 50 YEARS  
**BOB WARD AND SONS**  
HIGHWAY 93 AT SOUTH AVE.  
DAILY 9-9 SAT. 9-5:30 SUN. 11-5

# UM general bombs out of military, becomes long-haired peacemonger

Brig. Gen. Noah Mowoah Friday announced his resignation from the faculty of the University of Montana military science department before a dumbfounded Army ROTC drill squad.

Clad in white painter's overalls and strumming a banjo, Mowoah gave his reasons for resigning in a 20-minute presentation of music, poetry and anti-war slogans.

"All I wanna do is give peace a chance," he crooned, slightly off-key but with seeming sincerity.

ROTC squad members exchanged uncomfortable glances but remained at attention throughout the ceremony, which was preceded by a short speech.

"Brothers, the time has come for me to speak what has long been on my mind," he began. "I have spent my life leading young men like you to believe that the military is the way and the truth. But I was wrong,

my brothers, I was wrong. At last I have found myself and have come to this conclusion: War is not healthy for children and other living things."

At that point Mowoah's voice broke, and tears streamed onto his banjo as he sang an emotion-packed version of Buffalo Springfield's "For What it's Worth."

Sporting a beard and ponytail, Mowoah urged the ROTC members to turn in their uniforms and resist draft resignation.

"Free yourselves from the soiled grip of the Establishment," he advised.

"I think he's serious," whispered a worried-looking ROTC member.

Mowoah indicated he was, indeed, serious by refusing to turn in a formal resignation to the UM administration.

UM officials reacted with a mixture of disbelief and anger.

"I don't believe it," said Neil Bucklew, UM president. "Nobody's hair grows that fast." "Peacemonger," jeered another administration member, who refused to be identified.

Questioned after his one-man protest/resignation Mowoah outlined his plans for the future.

"Because I will live for the moment, I cannot say what my future may hold," he said. "But I do know I have a lot of catching up to do — tuning in, dropping out, turning on — a lot of really groovy things."

Please recycle

Please recycle

Please recycle

Please recycle

\$1.00

Pitcher

6:30-7:30

Mon.-Thurs.

Merry Christmas

CORNER POCKET

South Center, 728-0923

SIDNEYS USED BOOKS

Gift Books on a Budget



Merry Christmas  
319 W. BROADWAY  
Tel. 543-5343

Proprietors: Carol Stem and Sidney, Cat-in-Residence

## THE MAIN SPOT CAFE



Coffee  
25¢

— Open 24 Hrs. —

EVERY DAY SPECIAL  
5-8 p.m.

8-OZ. SIRLOIN ... \$2.99

**Torky's**  
changing the  
face of  
Missoula  
121 W. Main

THE MANSION  
OVERLAND EXPRESS RESTAURANT

95¢ HAPPY HOUR  
ALL DRINKS

LIVE  
ENTERTAINMENT

Wed.-Sat. 9:00 to 1:30

All In The Goldberg Bar!!

MANSION GIFT CERTIFICATES

"The Christmas Gift with Taste!"

Holiday banquets and  
Cocktail parties  
Group rates available  
Call for reservations!



102 Ben Hogan  
728-5132

Open Daily 4:30 P.M.

## Crass ads

### lost or found

LOST—MY VIRGINITY during a film in the Underground Lecture Hall. Please call 243-2793. Desperately need it back before I visit my parents for Christmas.

LOST: Teddy Bear. Stolen from my dorm room Fall Quarter. Desperately needed to keep me warm at night. Anyone knowing its whereabouts, please call T.J. at 243-6541 after 5 p.m. (or anyone willing to take its place)

WOULD ALL students and professors who have lost their marbles this quarter please come to the Lost and Found to pick them up? We're running out of storage space.

FOUND: One virginity, under seat in Underground Lecture Hall. Call 243-6543 to identify.

### personals

UM HACKEY SACK team needs you! Sign up now for spring season. Free lecture on holistic training foods and groovy vibrations you can really relate to totally.

O.K., SO LIKE I really need to find somewhere to get my toenails done! It's like, gag me with a Ginsu. Giross me out the door! I'm like totally desperate. Call after the Mall closes. Andrea 243-6541.

TO THE CUTE GUY who drives the maroon Z-28: Hi! remember me, the cute gal with the tight sweater? We met 4-6 weeks ago, I need to talk to you, soon! I can be reached at Higgins and Main—anytime.

JOHN V., Greg H., Joan H., hope you all gag on your degrees. Cheers.

DENSA—for those scoring in the bottom 2 percent on intelligence tests.

HUNKY—give me a ring and we'll do some heavy recycling—"Aluminum" Candy.

TOUGHER to join than MENSA—the Jerry Holloran "A" Club.

DON'T WORRY, dear. It'll grow back in seven years.

### services

ARE YOU TIRED of teeny tiny titties? Get Fix-A-Tit. It changes your teeny tiny titties into big beautiful boobies

### transportation

GOOD DAY EH? We need two riders to like, you know, take off for the great white north. Call Bob or Doug after 10 p.m. Eh!

RIDE NEEDED for four to Great Falls over Christmas vacation to Euthenasia Camp. One Way. Call Winnie, 243-6542.

RIDE NEEDED. Anywhere that outlaws "Chew." Desperate. I'll take anything, my health is going. Call 243-6793 ask for "One-eye"

NEED RIDE to recycling center daily with papers and Sundays with weekend's beer cans. Call 243-2394 and ask for Bubba

### clothing

HEY! Cowboy (Eastern Montana) types. Get your straight leg blue jeans with the pre fabricated white circle on the back pockets. Order today! Call 243-6541.

FREDRICKS OF MONTANA. Crotchless long underwear and much, much more.

### bicycles

CYCLING IS FINE, but recycling leads to greater orgasmic ability.

### roommates needed

ROOMMATE NEEDED: Flexible personality, willing to experiment with new ideas, fantasies, 1/3 rent, no utilities, first installment on three-man body wrap, spiked sheets. Call after 10 p.m., preferably during full moon. Ask for Tandy or Tiger. 243-6541.

ROOMMATE NEEDED: male or female, must be non-smoking, light- to-moderate drinker and dedicated recycler. \$300 plus 1/16 utilities. 243-6542.

### miscellaneous

THIS IS A POLL. Everyone who thinks that the new (December) flag of the Great Falls Tribune is ugly, please raise your right hand

### work wanted

I'M DESPERATE, cheap humor at cheap prices. Will work kegs, Bar Mitzvahs, party raids. I specialize in PeeWee Hegman, imitations and Iggy Pop dance and voice lessons. BLAH! Call 243-6541 and ask for me. Al Franken.

### for sale

FOR SALE: Stylish clothes, vogue jewelry, much historical value. I can't use anymore, taking on "Mother of the year" position. Call 243-6543 and ask for Marked Kook.

MY VIRGINITY. Of no use to me now, I'm in Montana! Very reasonable, one owner. Call Bertha at 243-6542.

FOR SALE: "Slop-o-Matic." That's right folks, if Food Circus has got you down, just slide all that chow in our lean machine, and PRESTO! You've got yourself a delicious "Food Bin" beverage. Drink 'em up Yum!

FOR SALE: One virginity cheap. Owner desperate. Call 243-2793 between 5 p.m. and 8 a.m. ask for Cherry.

### automotive

FOR SALE: 1963 VW Bug—Rainbow decal in rear window. No nukes bumper sticker and ski rack. Will trade for Moped. Call Joe Granoca 243-6541.

### pets

HEY! Free to good home! Baby Kammoda dragons. They love kids! Hurry cause there's only 3 left, ya know? 243-6541.

HEY! Free for your new baby Kammoda dragons—live chickens. Like, they gotta eat something, ya know? 243-6541.

OH WOW! Free Kammoda dragon litter for your new baby Kammoda dragon and its box. Like 50 lbs. of the stuff! Hey, after eating all those chickens something's gotta happen. Dig it!

## "I need love."

PHOTO  
WITHHELD

Monique Sizzle

And Jon and his staff always deliver. No matter how bruised my ego after finding out I've missed a shot or something, they're always there to comfort me and put a smile back on my face. (I do wish I could help Jon with that drooling problem he has.)

Know what I want for Christmas?  
Ask Jon and his staff.

**JON SCHULMAN**  
PHOTOGRAPHER

135 East Main 721-2359

Home for the Holidays?

How about a gift for yourself?

We offer All Hairstyling Services

We Take Pride in our Performance

Contact us at:

Big Sky College of Barber Styling

800 Kensington

Phone 259-9369

## Weird news

### THE WORLD

Boxing promoter Don King announced that upon his death, he will donate his hair to science. King, promoter of World Boxing Association Champion Larry Holmes, famous for his mane that stands straight up from his head, said it was "the least he could do to repay society." The hair, valued at over \$242,000, will be studied by researchers in skyscraper fortification and penal fencing.

### THE NATION

Idi Amin, former strongarm dictator of Uganda whose whereabouts have been unknown for several years, has been discovered as a member of the Hillside, N.J., city council. "I thought

he looked familiar," said Vernon Kazok, the city's mayor, "but I'd have never guessed. Small world, isn't it?" Amin, who adopted the name Cliff "Jowls" Hamill and lives in a small house in nearby Elizabeth, said he wanted to change his image and live a quiet life. "It's going pretty well. There's no time for bloodshed now; I've got an annexing resolution to get passed."

A 14-year old Missoula boy, angry at his mother because she wouldn't let him go to a midnight showing of *The Empire Strikes Back*, took his mother hostage and holed up in their southside kitchen yesterday. The boy, who wasn't identified, told his mother he would "leave

her to a renegade band of Jedi knights" if she didn't let him see the movie. Pleas from city police and the boy's father, Floyd Lummo Sr., were of no avail. Thinking fast, the mother put blueberries in a mixing blender, held it up to her son's face and, according to witnesses, said, "It's a black hole, Luke! Let's go to warp speed!" When the boy sat down in a chair and braced himself on the kitchen table, an officer and the boy's father stormed the room, grabbing the boy and taking him to a detention center. No one was injured, and the ordeal was over about one hour after it began. "Now's a good time to get rid of the inflatable Princess Leia doll," the boy's mother said.



Warm Up With  
Hot Irish Coffee  
Hot Buttered Rum

4-2 Monday-Friday Saturday 8 am-2 pm

Daily Happy Hour  
4-6 and 8-10

## AUNTIE'S PASTIES

Watch for  
**GRAND OPENING**

Pasties Are  
Still Our Best

Coming Soon  
**Mexican  
Pastie**

Featuring  
The Widest Selection  
of Omelets in  
Missoula

OPEN 7 AM-7 PM  
South Center  
2100 Stephens

COUPON GOOD THRU DEC. 11

**ATHENS GREEK FOOD**  
GYROS ... \$1.00

Limit 2 Per Coupon

Go Greek at Least One Day a Week

2021 South Ave. 549-1831  
Mon.-Thurs., 11-9:30 • Fri.-Sat., 11-10



Appearing at

**THE FORUM**

BENEATH THE ACAPULCO  
Dec. 14-18

also—  
Music  
7 night  
a week.  
Something  
special  
every  
week  
night!



Merry  
"Kiss"mas

from  
the  
Kaimin



THE "A Fantastic Holiday Special"  
**PAGHETTI STATION**  
featuring

**2 for 1 Any Pasta Item**

Monday, Tuesday and Sunday

725 W. Alder 549-1596  
Open Lunch and Dinner



2401 Brooks

1/2 lb. **SOFT SHELLED BURRITOS**  
(Meat, Bean or Combo)

**50¢ OFF WITH COUPON**

Limit 4 Burritos Per Coupon  
Good 'til 12/31/82

**FAMILY NIGHT EVERY TUESDAY  
FROM 5-8 P.M. 50% OFF**

7 p.m.—2 a.m.

Monday Hot  
Drink Night  
Irish Coffee  
Tom and  
Jerrys

\$1.25

All Other Hot  
Drinks 50¢ Off



Wednesday  
Margarita  
Night

\$1.50

16-oz. Monster  
Margarita with  
Chips and Salsa

In the Lounge

Suzie Crosby  
Mondays

Dan Hart  
Tuesday-Saturday

THE DEPOT • 201 W. RAILROAD • 728-7007