





# Tracksters Lap At Honeysuckle Gap

The Southwestern track team stunned the sports world last Saturday with a surprise upset win over UCLA and Tennessee. The meet was held secretly in Honeysuckle Gap, Kentucky, to avoid the publicity that marred the Ali-Coopman fight, and also to avoid giving any team a home-track advantage. Naturally, therefore, no one attended the meet and no records were kept.

The star of the meet was Southwestern's Ubo Tusi, a recent transfer from Ukmonga, Lower Zalania, who scored a triple win and set three unofficial world records. Ubo won the 100 yard dash in 8.9, came back 45 minutes later to win the 440 in 43.1, and finished out the day by winning the 220 going away in 19.1. When asked how he felt about his earth-shattering performance, Ubo said, "Ya, I roon goot today. I start goot, I finish goot, I roon goot in between. It makes me pleased to roon so goot in my initial debut in American bourgeois track and field society. My English is no so goot, though." Ubo speaks four other languages: French, Arabic, German and Zalanztag, but is still at an elementary stage of English.

Scoring a double victory was Carl Hill in the 880 run and mile relay. Hill broke

his own school record for the third consecutive time with a time of 1:47.9, and then vomited. After the old "out with the breakfast," Hill said, "This is no work for a nice Jewish boy; there must be an easier way to earn tuition, room and board."

Larry Higginbotham won the shot put with a heave of 65' 10", and finished second in the discus. Tom Taylor won the discus with a 200 foot throw, and was second in the shot. Their awesome performances caused their opponents to remark, "Who were those circumcized Philistines?"

Another triple winner was Phil Mulkey, who won the pole vault, javelin, and long jump. Part of Mulkey's success was due to the unique ways he psyched out his opposition. All through the meet Phil carried with him a cassette recording of "Alvin and The Chipmunks Serenade the Googlebunnies." Mulkey said, "I knew that if the catchy tunes didn't break their concentration, that my bloated odor-eater would. I learned these tricks from dear ol' Dad and I'm sure it warms his heart to see me following in his wet cement." (Yes, Phil, you're the apple of your father's moustache.)

Scott Prosterman and Pete McLemore tied for first in the mile in 3:58.2. The

finish was rather dramatic as the runners crossed the finish line holding hands and making obscene gestures. "We thought about not shooting the bird until we got to the victory stand," said Scott, "but we were afraid that we might look like faggots if we held hands without an accompanying gesture of defiance."

An equally exciting finish was provided by Fritz "Boo-Boo" Stauffer when he won the three-mile run, while simultaneously searching for the meaning of life in a physics book. Boo-Boo won the race by thrusting his book across the finish line just ahead of a UCLA runner.

## New Pet Policy Backfires-

# Dogs Rape Coeds

Last Sunday night three female freshpersons returning from a fraternity party were attacked and sexually assaulted by a pack of brute canines. The pack was reportedly comprised of three pomeranians, two poodles and a miniature schnauzer. All three coeds (names withheld) were rushed to the Rape Crisis Center where they were immediately immunized with an initial series of rabies injections. The dogs have not yet been apprehended.

Dean of Students, Anne Marie Williford, was interviewed regarding the failure of security precautions designed to prevent such assaults. Williford stated: "I knew this would happen sooner or later. Dammit, the blame for this has to be placed on that incompetent excuse for an SRC president, Arthur Kellermann. I hate to pass the buck, but I warned the SRC repeatedly that this would happen if the campus pet policy was not changed. Well, we see now what can happen when you let domestic animals live on campus. You know how those dogs are—you get two or three of them together and your daughters are raped and your hubcaps are stolen... Well, chewed on, at least. From now on, any rampaging dog or cat will be shot on sight."

When asked to respond to Williford's accusations, Arthur Kellermann stated:

The highlight of the meet was the mile relay. The team of Larry Glasscock, Bryan Cobble, and Mark Collins covered the distance in three minutes flat. The race was climaxed by Collin's anchor leg of 43.5. Coach Fuqua had special praise for Collins whose previous best quarter mile was 65 seconds when he said, "The way that schmuck ran was the biggest surprise I've gotten since the admissions committee admitted Ubo." When asked about his unexpected assault on Ubo's record, Collins replied, "It was the speed; hey, forget I said that."

## Zoo U. Flies Open In Hockey

The Southwestern athletic department, in cooperation with the physics department, will be making its first plunge into big time athletics next fall, when the Lynx will field the first Night Sky Hockey team in the school's history. The masterminds behind this revolutionary game are Professors Jack Streete and Fritz Stauffer of the Physics department, and Coach Reverend Justice Dr. William R. Maybry, D.D.S., J.D., L.D. (lame duck).

For those not familiar with this contest of speed, stamina, and abandonment of the senses, Night Sky Hockey is a combination of lacrosse, badminton, and sky diving. The game is played with 11 players on each side, whose specialized skills range from head smashing to fly trapping. The object of the game is to score a goal by swatting the birdie down the opposing goalie's throat. Any type of bird may be used in the competition, but extra points are awarded for making the opponent eat crow.

The head smashers come into play when the goalie takes such defensive measures as wiring his jaws shut, and the fly trappers are the dirty guys who draw the flies that draw the birds. Offensive formations closely follow the patterns of soccer or lacrosse, while the defense is patterned after a Beirut motorcycle gang. Naturally the offense has somewhat of an edge, but that makes for a better television draw, according to Maybry.

Players are allowed to use a variety of baseball bats, lacrosse rackets and sling shots to pass the bird and score. With the elevation factor under control, the only problem has been that of acquiring air space through the FAA. Southwestern's proposed field is right in line with the runway at the Memphis airport, but plans are underway to move the airport.

The rules are quite simple with the only restraints being on sexual assault and firearms. The consequences for rule violations range from wrist slapping to lung removal, depending on the seriousness of the offense.

As the name of the game implies, it is played at night in the sky. Boundaries, marked by old fashioned sky writing equipment, have to be redrawn at half-time. Streete mentioned that plans are underway for a more permanent method of field markings, but that since the game is played at night, "it really doesn't matter."

When asked why the game is played under such conditions, Streete remarked, "In this day of Rollerball and prime time television, we felt that it was necessary to add an element of blind violence to the game in order to compete for the sports fan's dollar. After all, if we're going to seek anti-trust exemption, we've got to demonstrate that great spirit of capitalism during the Bicentennial."

The Physics department has been instrumental in helping this program "get off the ground," with their help in designing the team's equipment. Plans call for either a fleet of jet propelled athletic

shoes, (commonly called fairy shoes because of the wings added for visual effects), or helium pills. The Lynxeats will probably go with the shoes, because, according to Stauffer, "The pills would condone the use of drugs in intercollegiate athletics."

President Daughdrill endorsed the program as "a step forward and a move upward for institutional violence." If the response is great enough, the sport will also be expanded into intramural programs.



Nobody on the Lookout staff knows who the people in this photo are. We have reported this photograph to security, and if these people do not identify themselves immediately, all copies of this photograph will be asked to leave the campus.

"Why, that lying bitch. Everyone knows that she is responsible for those dogs being out on the streets in the first place. If she hadn't pressed so hard to get them out of the dorms, we might not have these kinds of crimes."

"Obviously, those dogs were suffering from symptoms of rejection. They have developed a psychotic lust for revenge and are preying on our helpless women in hopes of fulfilling their desires. Let's face it. How would you feel if you were told to hit the streets after living comfortably in a nice, warm dormitory with three Gainesburgers a day and all the petting you could take in? Don't blame me. The real fault lies with that heartless despot in Halliburton Tower."

Although they asked that their names be withheld, the three victims granted an interview with *S'Lander* reporters two hours after the incident. All three appeared calm—tranquil even. Very tranquil, as a matter of fact.

When questioned, the coeds appeared to be rather oblivious of preceding events of the evening. The first, a tall blonde, pulled her ripped yellow sorority sweatshirt over her left shoulder as she spoke: "Uh, wow... uh, gee. The last thing I remember was when Billy Bob, uh, . . . he opened this bottle of Wesson Oil at the SAE house and started taking his clothes off. All along I had thought we were going over to pop some popcorn."

The second slumped in her chair and sighed loudly. "Man, that was the best date I ever had... whoever they were."

The third victim seemed a little more coherent than the other two, yet still remained a little bewildered about the state of events of the evening. "Wow, did you say those were dogs, man? Gee, unbelievable. And all along I thought they were ATO's. You know, with all those prissy haircuts and everything. . . Man, you can't tell me those were dogs. I recognized that little guy. Didn't he use to be the president of PiKA or something?"

An intense search for the rapist pack has been conducted for the last few days, with no apparent result. One detective was heard to remark, however, that he felt the search was "useless."

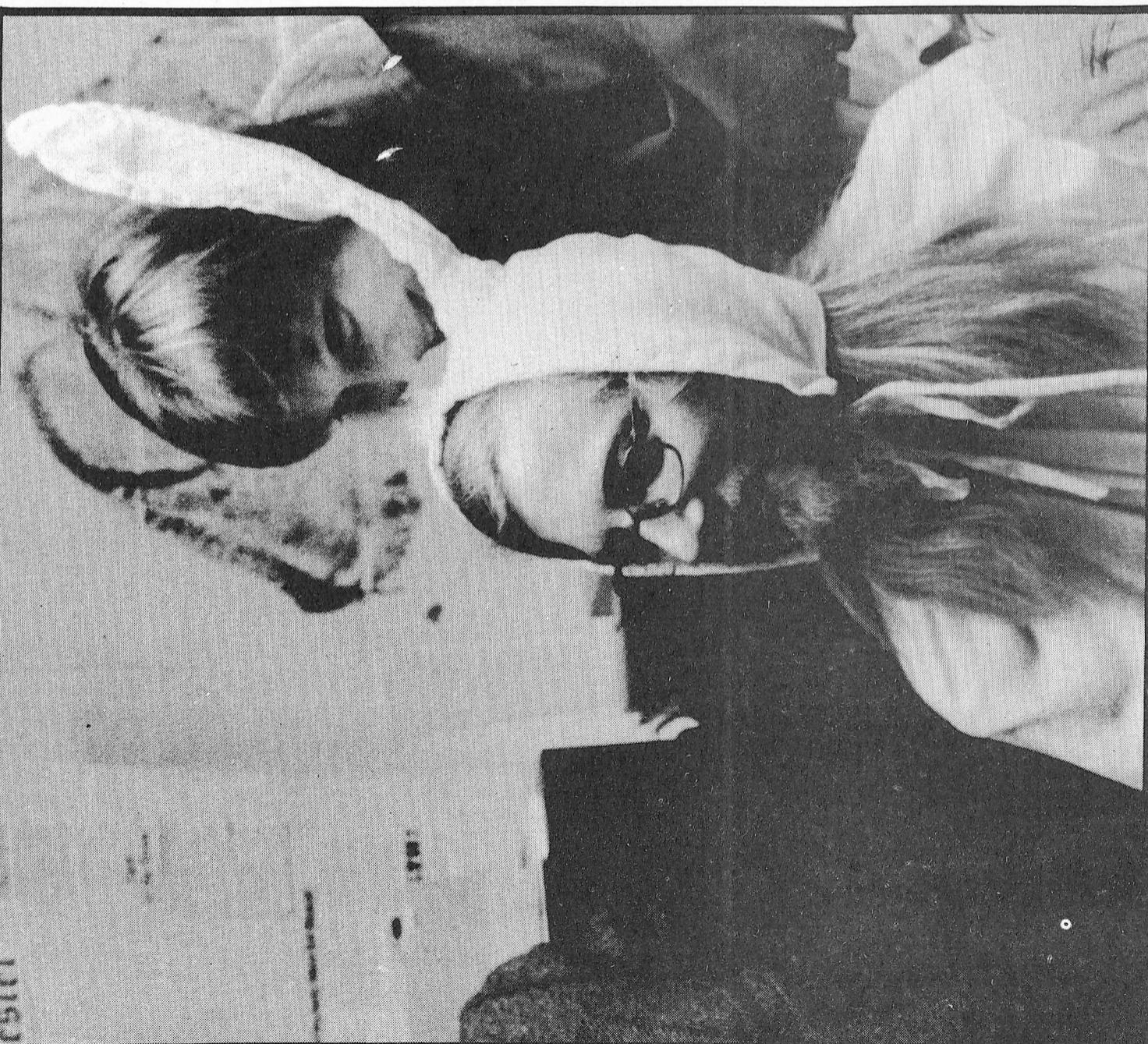
"What the hell," Sergeant Spike MacGillacutty of the 11th Precinct stated, "with today's trial system those pups will be through the courts and back on the streets in no time."

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# Lookout



# You're Going To Jail

Page four

How is your carnal knowledge? Are you a tried and true old sinner from Zoo U? Or are you a paltry, sniveling recruit who has not yet fallen from the paths of neophyte righteousness or escaped the disgusting stain of satirous sophomorism? Here is your test. Answers and personal ratings appear at the end of the quiz. Check one answer only.

## WHAT IS?

- The most incredibly boring thing you can conceive of?  
 ( ) A. A weekend vacation in West Memphis, Ark.  
 ( ) B. A Sigma Nu-Tri Delta sponsored sex orgy to be held at the SN house.  
 ( ) C. A conversation between 2 SNs.  
 ( ) D. A weekend vacation in West Memphis, Ark., locked in a motel room with the entire Sigma Nu fraternity.
- The best project for Bo Scarborough to begin work upon?  
 ( ) A. A book entitled, "What Insane Questions Mean To Me."  
 ( ) B. Blueprints for a proposed opium den in the basement of Briggs Student Center.  
 ( ) C. A proposed sauna bath-massage parlor for Evergreen Hall.  
 ( ) D. A set of scriptural dissertations entitled "How You Too, Can Save the World By Living On Some God-Forsaken Island," or "It's Not All Greek To Me."
- The most promising of the following possible fraternity competitions?  
 ( ) A. A Pika hair and pimple growing contest. The winner receives a tube of Brylcreem, a jar of Clearasil, tweezers, and a pipe wrench.
- The most promising issue for next year's SGA officers?  
 ( ) A. To enact the Stein administration's proposal to construct a huge "smiley face" statue to be placed at the base of Halliburton Tower in memory of her tenure in office.

# Post Comp Quiz

How is your carnal knowledge? Are you a tried and true old sinner from Zoo U? Or are you a paltry, sniveling recruit who has not yet fallen from the paths of neophyte righteousness or escaped the disgusting stain of satirous sophomorism? Here is your test. Answers and personal ratings appear at the end of the quiz. Check one answer only.

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- The most promising issue for next year's SGA officers?  
 ( ) A. To enact the Stein administration's proposal to construct a huge "smiley face" statue to be placed at the base of Halliburton Tower in memory of her tenure in office.

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**ANSWERS:** All answers are D. A perfect score of 6 rates you a definite senior who has been here too long. A 5 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A 4 makes you a hard-core freshman to a junior. A 3 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. A 2 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A 1 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. A 0 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A -1 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. A -2 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A -3 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. A -4 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A -5 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. A -6 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A -7 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. A -8 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A -9 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. A -10 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A -11 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. A -12 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A -13 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. A -14 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A -15 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. A -16 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A -17 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. A -18 makes you a senior who does not want to leave, or possibly a hard-core freshman to a junior. A -19 makes you a definite sophomore to a junior. 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