

PLAY BRUSH

VOLUME 80



The University of Buffalo-Claremont on the Truckee



Former

Commentary

BY THE FORMER EDITOR'S FORMER GHOST WRITER

Potter Writes Eddie Torial

Welcome to the **Playbrush**. This is the once a year issue where **Sagebrush** casts caution to the wind, says silly things, does silly things, makes fun of everybody, and consequently makes everyone out to get us.

Some of you might say that all year **Sagebrush** has been nothing but the **Playbrush**. But you're wrong, because it wasn't printed on official **Playbrush** yellow paper.

As most of you know, I have been the "former" editor of **Sagebrush** for these last two issues. This is because I was naughty and didn't take UNR classes. (A point in my favor, I assure you.)

But we know how to get around the Pub Board, don't we? We sure do. Thus, this is a "former" editorial, by the former editor, the former Kelsie Harder. Not only that, but I'm so clever that I didn't even write this article.

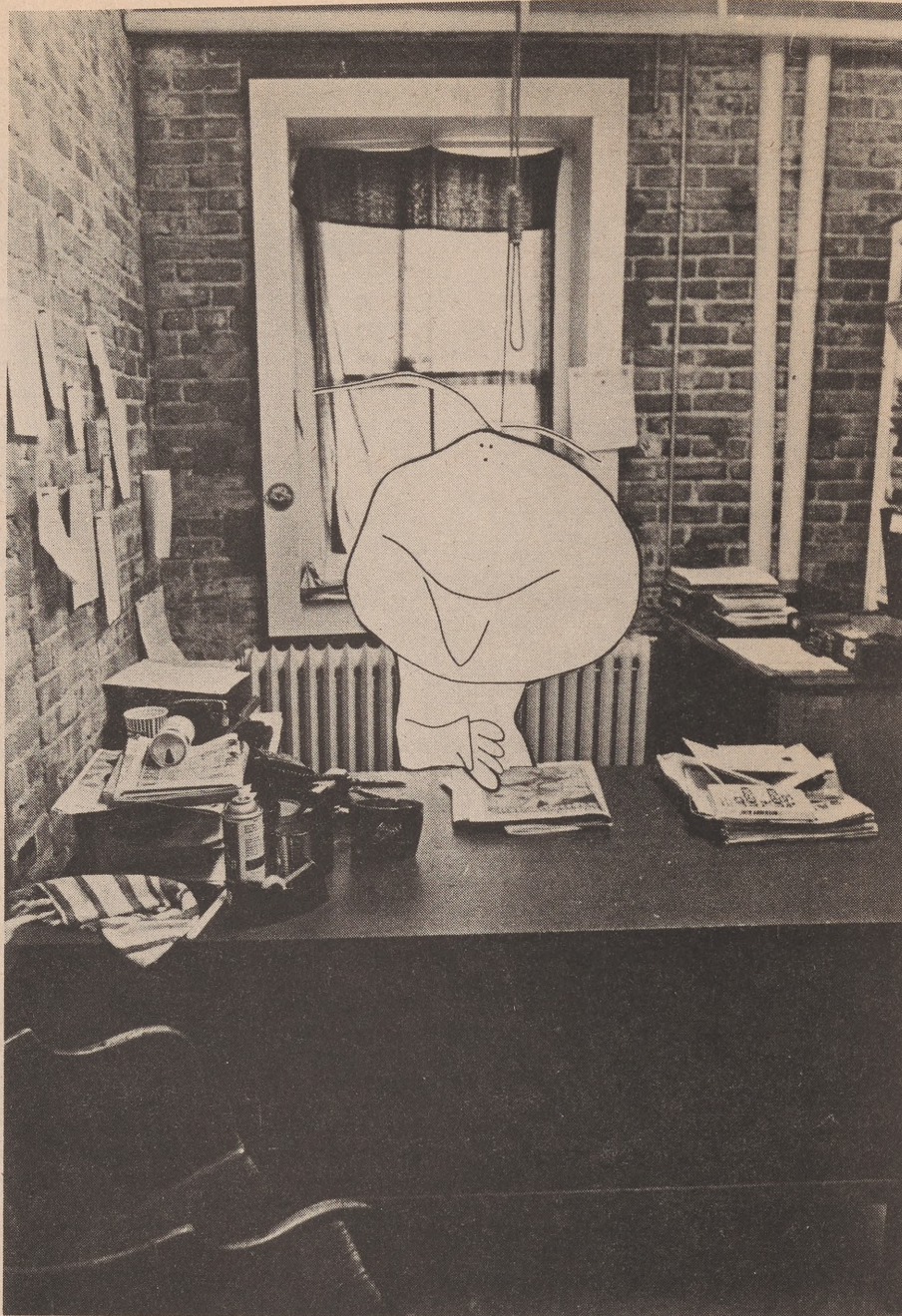
That ought to really confuse the Pub Board.

Being an editor isn't easy. I go blind reading all of this copy. You would too, if you only had two dots for eyes. (In fact, I can never blow my nose for fear that it would send one of my ocular organs "kaboom!" right out the window.)

Speaking of noses, you've heard about my nose, haven't you? It got smashed. Didn't I ever tell you about my nose? Ask Hank. He'll tell you. It was his big idea in the first place.

It's all right for you to laugh. After all, it was my nose. To top it off, now I'm only a "former" editor. On the other hand, Hank's nose is okay and now he's editor.

I think there's a moral in here somewhere. I know there's a punch in the mouth for Nuwer.



Letters

Myers shirks duty

MEMO
To: Potter Poverty:
From: DCM
Re: Playbrush assignment

I received a message from (Eddy Torial) asking me to produce a satire of the **Sagebrush** for use in the annual **Playbrush** Yellow Journalism edition.

For this assignment, I am submitting Volume Eighty of the **Sagebrush**.

Peace to everyone, and have a nice summer.

Dennis Myers

Another flattering letter

Editor:

Your newspaper enrages me. It makes little red bumps break out in my armpits. It makes my ears ring. Sometimes after I read the **Playbrush** I go into my bedroom closet and mutter dirty words. Sometimes I even take the paper into the closet with me and do dirty things to it. I like that best of all.

Don't think I'm crazy or anything because I do all of that stuff. I do it to protect other people who aren't as strong spiritually as I am. Like them radical headlines you put in yore filthy rag. I bet you think yore damn smart printing them things. Well, I did lots of dirty things to those headlines—lots of dirty things! So don't think yore gotten away with anything.

You oughta be stopped. You will be stopped.

Beware!

Carter O. Witherspoon

P.S. Poem by Carter O. Witherspoon:

I trust my President;
I love my country;
I hate your guts!

Letters from the Underdog

Editor:

This morning I was notified by my esteemed colleagues that sometime in the near but unspecified future that I may be furloughed from duty (that's establishment lingo for "canned," "bumped," etc. Can you dig that—"furloughed"—sounds like an assignment of three weeks trout fishing, boozing and trucking in the misty glens of Scotland while you recover enough of your guts to do 52 more missions over UNPD. That's not so bad, but when

Eddy Torial is your co-pilot it's difficult to tell which is worse—the groundfire or listening to the bombardment of Torial's constant and rotten puns).

Well, anyway it has enraged me enough to write to you, which is something I realize I have been avoiding, except for renting a boat to travel from my spine to my brain and back—or maybe carving the appropriate inscription on my tombstone—I can't think of anything that makes my soul sweat more than writing to you. This is not meant as rank adulation—it is simply a fact of reality.

The point is that I realize and you realize and I realize that you realize that we said everything about the first and second time we talked. The pattern was all outlined by then; the parts were all there. After that there hasn't been anything to do except rearrange the parts or paint the pattern with different colors and hope that it might reveal something new. But I need to keep doing it, so do I.

Porter Porkoff

The "K's" have it

Since no one has sent in a flattering letter this week, we thought we'd just take some time and tell you guys what a great job you're doing. We never miss an issue. Keep up the good work.

Kevin and Klink

(Letters continued on page 4)

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PLAYBRUSH

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Against the Groin

MYASS

I'm back once again to prove my liberal credentials. Now, some people out there have been saying I'm not a liberal. Oh yeah? Well eat my shorts! I am a liberal; and I have a Maya Miller button and a ticket to the 1972 Inauguration of George McGovern to prove it.

Of course I'm a liberal—I'm broad-minded and I understand people. For example, I'm the only one at the Playbrush who understands what the hell Mike May is talking about. (Although sometimes even I have my doubts.)

I'm also a first-rate journalist. I only use three or less sentences per paragraph. See?

+++

I just love those little plus marks. They prove I'm a journalist. Normally, they denote the columnist is going to talk on something else. But to prove I'm a liberal, I'll engage in civil disobedience and talk about the same thing.

See? I can be tough when I want to.

+++

All my friends are good liberals. In fact, I know every liberal in the State of Nevada. They all live at my house.

First, there's me; then there's my baby brother whom I've been indoctrinating for the past six years. And finally there's my pet turtle.

So if anyone out there wants the liberal vote, you know where to find it.

+++

Boy, I love those little plus marks.

+++

Now I want to set things straight once and for all. As I've said before, I don't like those flattering letters to the editor.

In fact, I hate every one of those ridiculous "keep up the good work! Sagebrush!" monstrosities. They make me sick. Junior-High Journalism, Bah!

There are much better things for people to be doing, than to try to get their own ugly name in print by sending a flattering letter to the editor.

For instance, they could attend the 1972 Inauguration of George McGovern. I'll be there. Yes, I really do despise those "Keep up the good work!" letters. I sincerely detest them. Especially since nobody ever sends me one.

+++

Finally, I'd like to dispel the belief that I'm nothing but a sixty-year-old curmudgeon in under-thirty clothing.

People say I act like an old man. That I've no sense of humor. I say: Bah! Humbug! I do have a sense of humor and I'll prove it.

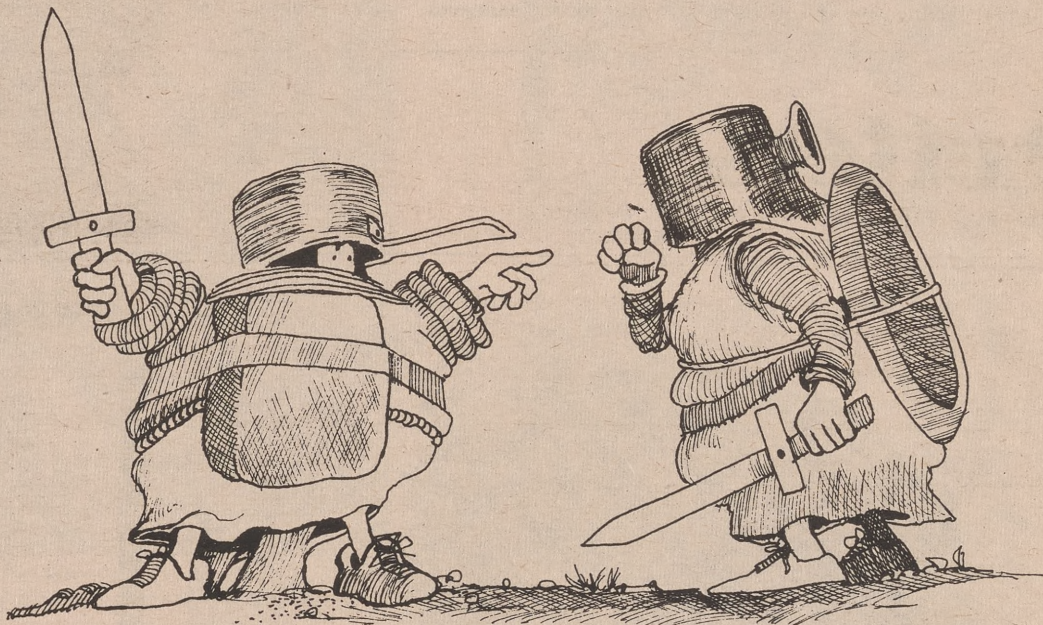
How can you tell who the bride is at a Nevada wedding? Give up? Huh? Huh? Well I tell you: She's the one with the clean bowling shirt! (Joke Copyright 1974 by Dennis Myass.)

Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahah! Heeheeheeheeheeheeheeheehooohoo! Hohohohohohoho! Hahahahahahahahahahah! (Laughter Copyright 1974 by Dennis Myass.)

Whew! That was funny. But I'd better be going. I'd hate to miss the Inauguration.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Gentlemen often disagree.
But so do
Menicucci and Myers



Obstreperations

JEFFITO MUSSOLINI

Our Nation is surrounded by enemies within and enemies without. The latest manifestation of their perfidious plannings is the attempt to take away the guns from our University Police. Such a plan would naturally leave this campus defenseless.

It doesn't take too much imagination to see hordes of nasty Red Chinese swarming over UNR, meeting no resistance. We'll fight them off as best we can with rubber bands, paper clips, and korect-o-type. But it will be a losing battle.

And all this just because we listened to those damned bleeding-heart liberals and disarmed our University Police. The choice is yours: Pop guns and Shumway, or chow mein for dinner. Real Americans know The Right Path to take.

As I've said before, this liberal babbling over the oil companies' profits is stupid. Everybody feels compassion for someone: We pity the poor, we pity the minorities, we pity the women, goddamn, we pity everyone! But who, I ask you, pities the rich oil executive?

No one . . .

Except me. Look at all the anguish these beleaguered and misunderstood corporation heads go through. They must put up with incessant verbal abuse by the American public just because they made a little profit. This is totally unfair to those executives. They have to make a profit. Otherwise, how could they afford to keep their big houses, their swimming pools, their Swiss bank accounts? Most important, how could they afford to buy gas for their Cadillacs and Lincoln Continentals? You know how high gas prices are today.

If we have to conserve gas, let's stop pussyfooting and end all this senseless bussin', y'hear?

Do we cry for the oil executive when he gets a hernia carrying all his money to the

bank? Do we sympathize when he has trouble getting into a country club? Does our heart ache for him when his mistress demands more money each month? Do we support him when he is victimized by those oil-hoarding, money-grubbing Mid-East Wogs??

No. We don't. And I think we are insensitive brutes.

My Daddy has a tough time running his oil company, and I think you lousy liberals are making it very hard on him. But I'll tell you this, when Daddy lets me sit on the Board, I'm going to show all of you. I'm going to have our service station attendants put sugar in your tanks. Then you'll see! Nyaaahhh!

As you realize by now, what I am basically calling for is Responsible Conservatism. I will illustrate this by showing you that I am a Responsible Conservative. Watch me now as I take a bold step into 1863:

I believe that slavery is wrong.

Oooh! That made my head swim. I always find it very hard to adapt to future shock. But I will not retract my statement. Slavery is indeed wrong. Of course, the slave owners will have to be compensated. And of course, we'll have to enforce a period of 'tutelage' during which all the former slaves will learn how to be Real Americans. For example, they'll have to learn the correct way to act at a D.A.R. or John Birch Society meetings. But granting all this we should be able to have complete equality by 2189 A.D.

Until then, let us proceed like Responsible Conservatives: taking money out of the peoples' piggy banks and conserving it in ours. After all, we'll need to buy guns when the Red Chinese begin storming Ross Business Administration.

Dazy May

MAKE MIY

Like a great, vibrating, pulsating, wonderful new young caterpillar-turned-butterfly, the metamorphosis of student life at the University of Nevada is becoming its true, vital self in the waning moments of the thoughtfully meaningful days of our 1974 UNR lives. Yes, we know that the great and fantastic student happenings of our former days are now only the poignant memories and reflections of freshman hopes, sophomore ideals, junior dreams and senior sighs. And yet, the time it is today.

Like a flashing box kite, our spirits soared as the semester opened. Snow and ice did not quell our young, high-flying emotions, nor did serious study dampen or fray that kite string of determination that held us to our student responsibilities. 1974—the year, oh yes! the year—has awakened in each and every one of us the renewal of our innocent but eager youth . . . we are one with the spirit of the soaring kites, hoping not to end up in the Charlie Brown tree of reality that sometimes reaches out its monster limbs to snatch us from our original course. We valiantly try to stay on course, determined not to sink into that sunken sink of whirling troubles in human emotions, strivings or Hamletian suicidal threats. No, no my fellow friends and cosmic dwellers: Let me speak, orate, broadcast, communicate, converse, effuse, articulate, utter, compliment, recite, rant, expatiate and otherwise tell you the great unfolding before our startled eyes, ears, noses and throats. I, myself, me, and you too, have found it in my own improbable and cautiously undulating life. Listen, learn, observe, and wait for your answer.

I was experiencing my daily dose of campus experience one deep, dark, dank and dreary day, asking the world and Whistler's Mother just why, oh why oh why, it was so. The revelation came to me as a crawling worm of thought might arrive in its burrow, escaping the fiendish, mean and ugly early bird of unhappiness, swooping to catch it off guard.

"Of course!" I thought. An "I-don't-have-any-idea-what-it's-really-about—RALLY"!!!

I rallied my rallying self-confidence and strode over to the center of campus awareness, the activities office, hoping to secure a few able answers as to how I could communicate to all that "a student's work is never done, it is only just begun." I was sent to audio-visual and the university communications areas of concern, where I was assured that my hopes and aspirations for the supreme student happening—the great awareness of you, me, us, all!—would be thoroughly quenched and satisfied.

Well, my fellow friends and cosmic dwellers, such was sadly and crushingly not true. I needed a sponsorship from a faculty, administration, organizational, or staff group willing to be responsible "in locowo parientisis" structure for my endeavor. Alas, I could not find

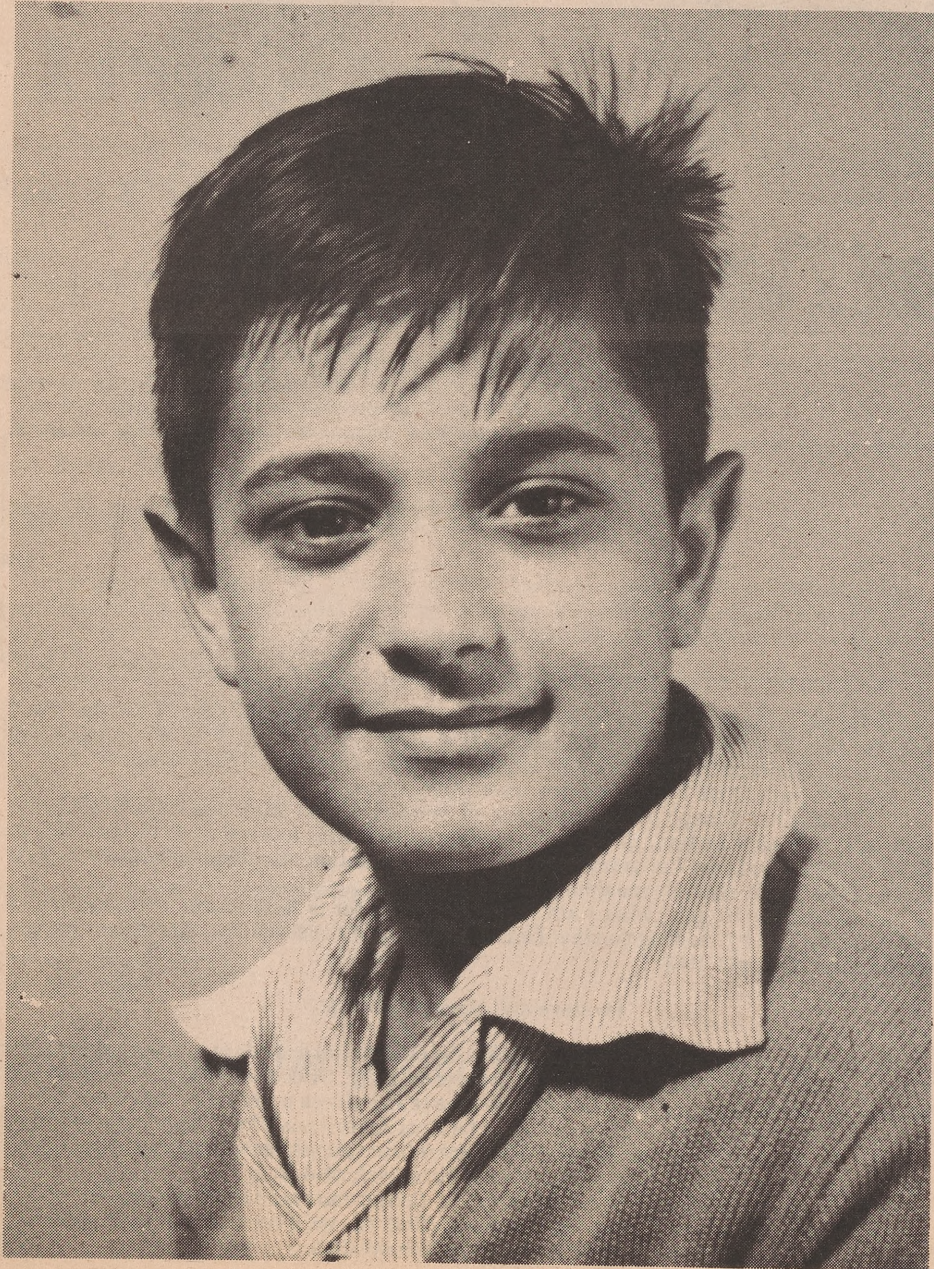


such a body. From then on, I have remained on the dire, drave slumping state of deathly apathy that attempts to engulf me like a swarming hive of bristling bees, seeking the sweet, sincere happiness of nectarish honey.

I wish, hope, pray, ask, beg and exhort you all to remember my plight—which is yours also. For the greatest thing we can hope for is fewer misunderstandings and more everpresent unemptiness within our high-soaring, soaring, flying, sky-high self-consciousness. The UNR needs more of us to carry the ball to the final touchdown . . . as for me, my padded cell prevents me. But fear not, for I shall return to inspire you again one day to newer and more noteworthy heights, my fellow kites!!

Letters

(Continued from page 2)



Dear Mom and Padre:

12-24-78

This is a friendly note from camp just to say hola! Everything is a-ok. The counselors have only one rule: "Don't S----- the hired help"—whatever "S-----" means!

I definitely have decided what my vocation in life is to be. I wanna be either a cowboy or an indian or a dean of students.

I guess that's all for now.

Love, your son,

Pete Ferrara

(I never can spell my name right!)

P.S. I am starring in the camp play tomorrow nite. TRY to come. I can get you comp tickets.

P.P.S.

Send \$8 Quick!

Man bites dog

BULLETIN

Special to the Sagebrush

RENO: The move to have ASUN President Tom Mayer removed from office and replaced by a cocker spaniel failed by one vote last night.

Blow up

ANCHORAGE: Exotic dancer Irma La Geestring announced that she is going to sue the Dawson Saloon for making her swallow gunpowder during her performance yesterday.

"Oooh," she cried. "They made me blow my top!"

1st degree granted

SAN DIEGO: San Diego Mayor Kevin Filson announced yesterday that he is very upset over the recent outbreak of Zebra killings in his city.

"We are very upset over the recent outbreak of Zebra killings in my city," he said.

Zoo officials refused to comment on the demise of the three beasts.

Dog curbed

Why does an American dog have bumps on his head?—Because its always chasing parked cars.

Poultry meeting

There was this Nevadan walking down the road. He was carrying some chickens in a sack. An American walked up to him and said, "Hey! If I guess how many chickens are in the sack, will you give me one of them?"

The Nevadan cockily said, "Why, if you guess how many chickens are in this sack, I'll give you both of them!"

The American smiled and said, "Six!"

War declared

It was a war between the Nevadans and the Americans. The Nevadans were throwing dynamite at the Americans. The Americans were lighting it and throwing it back.

Fly me

How can you tell a Nevadan airplane?—It's the one with hair under the wings.

Lexicography

The Playbrush Unbiased Dictionary defines American luau as eight Americans sitting around a cesspool with straws.

Arboreal dwelling

Why do Americans sleep in trees?—Because they might get buried by cats.

Child prodigy

What do you call a thirty-two year old Regent who is still attending fourth grade?—Gifted.



"So what, Klunk! I'm still Governor!"

Klink capitulates

As reported in the Sagebrush last week, Kevin Klank has been named as the paper's new business manager. And now, Klunk is very firm in what he regards as the first action in his new post.

"I'm going to cut Harder's and Nuwer's pay checks until they start spelling my name right," said Kliddop adamantly.

And there is no doubt Klilp means what he says. He is surely a force to reckon with.

"Now that I have the power of the purse," blushed a coy Klick as he patted his new chartreuse hand-bag, "they'll simply have to listen to me."

But will they? Harder and Nuwer are known to be very stubborn. Even now they are probably re-spelling every "Klonk" in this article. "They wouldn't dare," threatened Keven Klankable.



"So what, Gov. I'm still Klunk."

Expecting

RENO: Daphne Colitis, daughter of Sen. Running Colitis, D-Sparks, announced yesterday that she is pregnant.

"I can't understand it," Miss Colitis said. "I've been taking the pill for two years without fail."

Just then Eddie Torial walked by. "Hey, who's been gobbling up my Certs," he cried.

Immodest

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.: A masked group of vigilantes marched into the home of former writer Norman Mailer and announced that they would cut his most prized possession off if he couldn't come up with the name of a more egotistical person than he.

Norman thought a moment and answered, "I can give you two: Potter Poptop and Eddie Torial."

The vigilantes were reportedly on their way to Reno via Greyhound.

—Up Daily

First Rosenberg of spring



Forgive and get

Contrary to popular belief editor Kelsie Harder is not angry over the ASUN president Tom Mayer's move to have him fired for the rest of the year and to prohibit him from taking over as Sagebrush editor next year.

Harder, named editor for 1974-75 despite Mayer's non-tactile screw-job said yesterday: "Who, me hold a grudge? That's silly. I'm just going to sit here smiling and keep in shape oiling my typewriter."

"Certainly the Playbrush is absurd. But, then again, so is Ionesco."

Eddie Torial

“The Marines are looking for a few psychotics”



Aw right stupid! One more time. . . Two right arms, two bodies. . . A right arm and a left arm, two bodies.



A CLOCKWORK REYNOLDS

*Shum, shum, shum your boat
gently down the stream
merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Keith is but a dream!*

—frontier Nevada children's song



Had a little TOO much fun at the Junior Prom?

**Then try:
CHIPPIE'S
CHAPEL**

for an incredible ceremony.

No waiting!
Three ministers,
two priests, six rabbis,
and one bartender.

**You bed 'em,
We wed 'em!**



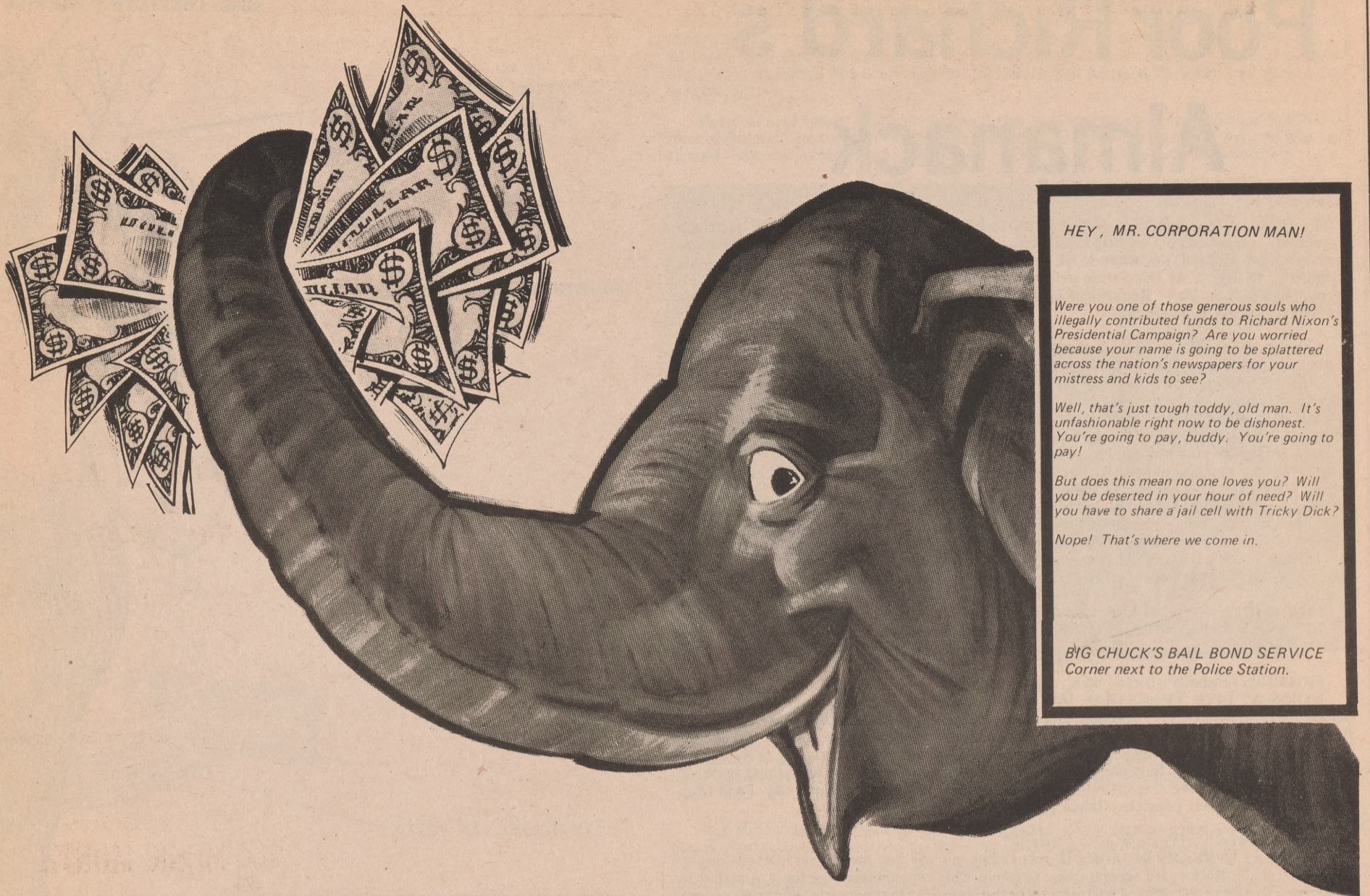
Apathy Rally Tomorrow!

Come on out and support our



**THE
EX-ORIFICE**
A family
movie.

RATED P-G.
(Pretty gruesome)



HEY, MR. CORPORATION MAN!

Were you one of those generous souls who illegally contributed funds to Richard Nixon's Presidential Campaign? Are you worried because your name is going to be splattered across the nation's newspapers for your mistress and kids to see?

Well, that's just tough toddy, old man. It's unfashionable right now to be dishonest. You're going to pay, buddy. You're going to pay!

But does this mean no one loves you? Will you be deserted in your hour of need? Will you have to share a jail cell with Tricky Dick?

Nope! That's where we come in.

BIG CHUCK'S BAIL BOND SERVICE
Corner next to the Police Station.



National Police Officers Association of America



Certificate of Appreciation

is hereby presented to

University of Nevada, Reno - SAGEBRUSH

issued in appreciation and recognition of the assistance rendered by you as a distinguished citizen of your community in support of the law enforcement profession and their fight in the war against crime in your city and this nation.

given this Christmas Season 1972



Frank J. Schira
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Police Hall of Fame

(Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the 1972-73 Sagebrush editor is asked to please contact the Sagebrush office, basement of Morrill Hall.)

Poor Richard's Almanack

KRUEGER

For most of this academic year, my essays have been devoted to analyzing various statements and actions of Our President, Richard M. Nixon. By doing it this way, a lot has been taken for granted. For what do we really know about This Man, This President, This Richard M. Nixon, This (Expletive deleted)? Do we really know the essentials, the underpinnings of This Man? Regardless of whether we care or not, this final essay will be devoted to just such a question.

Long, long ago, a Mrs. Nixon had a son. At the same time she also had a husband. This worked out quite handily for all the parties concerned. Yet the pangs of birth were not easy. After going through such a tough ordeal, Mrs. Nixon was shocked: "Look!" she gasped. "My baby's blue! Oh he's sick!"

However, the doctor was most comforting. (At three hundred dollars a throw, he'd better be.) He quickly pointed out that the baby had not turned blue; it was merely a Snedley & Rogers blue suit which came with the baby.

The young son was named Richard Milhous Nixon. "Milhous" was the name of the family's pet oyster. Now we can understand why Nixon has a tendency to clam up.

Richard Milhous was born in Yorba Linda, California. This is probably a Good Thing if one happens to be named Richard Milhous. It was here that young Dick, who matured quickly, developed the mannerisms he was to keep throughout his life. Let us illustrate this by showing Nixon's response to a question put to him when he was three years old, five years old, and 56 years old:

MOTHER: (Sweetly) Dickie want a popsicle??

NIXON AT THREE YEARS OLD: (Happily) Googoo-gah! (Giggles) googah-goo! (takes popsicle)

MOTHER: (Sweetly) Dickie want a popsicle??

NIXON AT FIVE YEARS OLD: (Frowns) Let me say this about that: Others might accuse me of self-flattery if I accepted that popsicle. They would blame me for it. And that is their right. But let me say this: I will not accept the blame for that popsicle. But I will accept the responsibility for that popsicle. So let me make this perfectly clear: rightly or wrongly I will accept responsibility for that popsicle. Not because it would be the easy thing to do. It would be easy not to take responsibility for that popsicle. But that is not my way. I will take responsibility for that popsicle. (takes popsicle)

WIFE: (Sweetly) Dickie want a popsicle?

NIXON AT 56 YEARS OF AGE: (Frowns) Let me say this about that: Others might accuse me of self-flattery if I accepted that popsicle. They would blame me for it. And that is their right. But let me say this: I will not accept the blame for that popsicle. But I will accept responsibility for that popsicle. Not because it's the easy thing to do. It would be easy not to accept responsibility for that popsicle. But that is not my way. I will take responsibility for that popsicle. (takes popsicle) I will also take responsibility of a hot-dog if you have one.



ALWAYS READY TO HELP, THE PRESIDENT GIVES RON ZIEGLER A HAND

When young Nixon was old enough he went to school and studied very hard so that he could go to high school. When he was in high school, he studied very hard so he could go to college. When he was in college, he studied very hard so he could go to law school. When he was in law school, he studied very hard so he could pass the bar exam. When he was a lawyer, he studied very hard so he could get into politics. When he was in politics, he studied very hard so he could be President. Now that he's President, he's studying very hard on how to keep out of jail. Soon he'll be in prison.

The moral is: Seeing where studying gets you, why bother?

Eventually, Richard Nixon got into politics. By using every dirty trick in the book, he was finally able to claw his way to junior senator from California. This adequately illustrates the intellectual capacity of the average California voter.

While in the Senate, Nixon left no stone (or stomach) unturned in his pursuit of Reds in the government. In fact, he did such a good job in the Capitol game, "Let's get Alger Hiss," that Dwight D. Eisenhower picked Nixon as his Vice-Presidential running mate.

Only a man named "Ike" would choose a wife named "Mamie." And only a man named "Ike" would choose a running-mate like Nixon. This says a lot about Ike and his choosing intelligently. Yet Ike was elected, so it also says a lot about the American people.

During this memorable campaign, Nixon was accused of having a "Slush Fund" while he was senator from California. Nixon told the public with tears in his eyes that he thought the fund was merely to help get the winter's snow off the street. Yet since Nixon came from southern California, no one believed him.

NOSE: CONSTANTLY GROWING

NIXON SALUTE: GIVEN WITH THE WORDS "I AM NOT A CROOK"

EXPLETIVE DELETED

5 O'CLOCK SHADOW

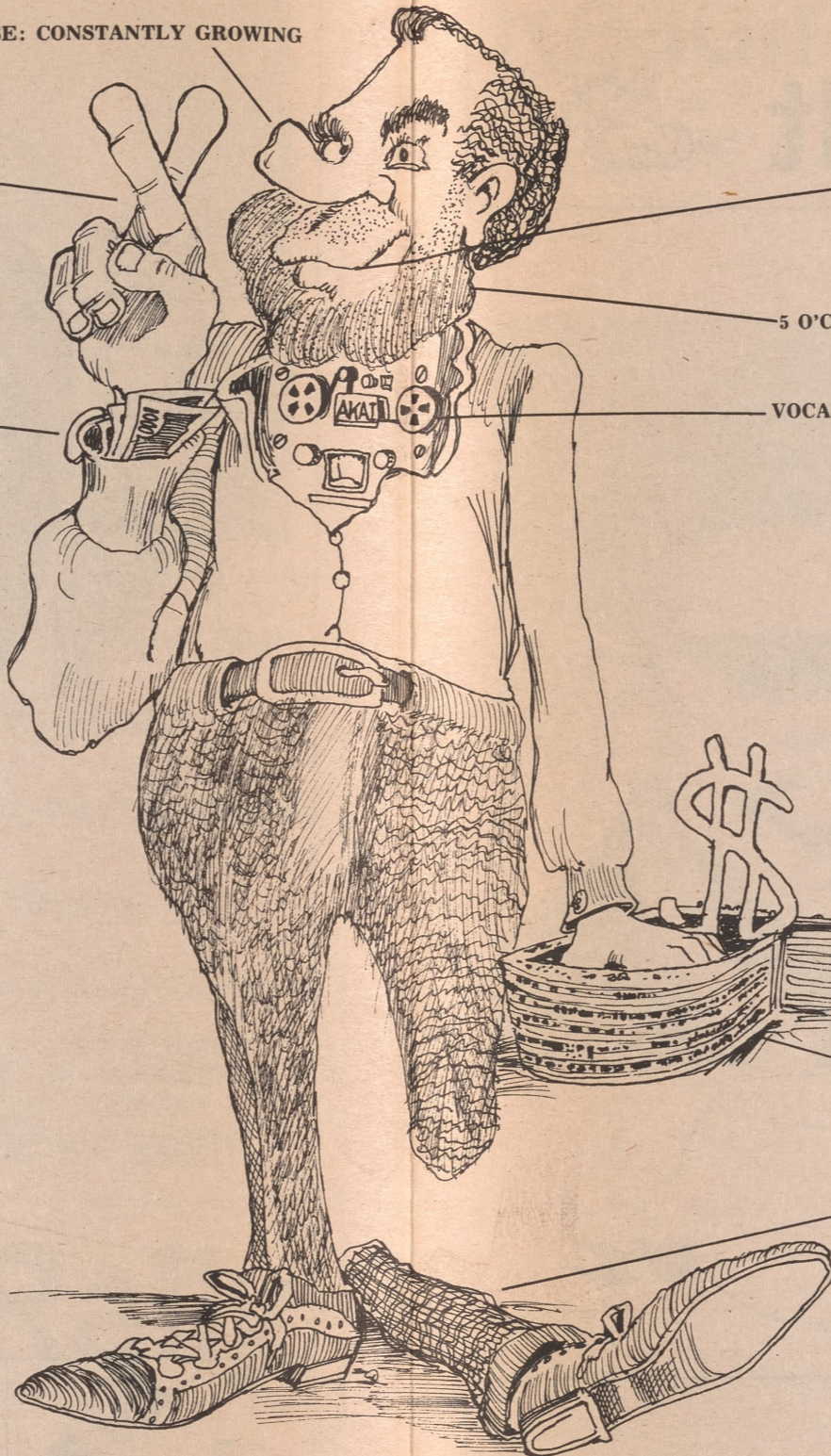
VOCAL ORGANS

SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE

WATERGATE

NIXON HAS A HAND IN IT

DOESN'T HAVE A LEG TO STAND ON



Anatomy of Richard M. Nixon

® Reg. Trademark Republican Party. U.S. Pat. Pend.

So Nixon was forced to go on television where he gave his memorable "Checkers Speech." Who can forget the last two words of this insipid rhetoric: "King me."

In this speech, Nixon also talked about his wife Pat's cloth coat and how he was going to keep some dog. Since the American people have a firm sympathetic attachment to dogs and cloth coats, Richard Nixon became Vice-President.

His term as Vice-President was singularly unmemorable, save for three events. In the first place, stupid dumb old Ike had a heart attack. This allowed Nixon to take over the government for a short time. Yet what the newsmen never told the American public, was that Ike's heart attack was brought about by Ike thinking of what would happen if Nixon became President.

The second big moment for Nixon came when he visited Russia and met Premier Khrushchev. It was here that Nixon participated in the memorable "Kitchen Debate." He showed that commie leader once and for all that red-blooded American boys from Yorba Linda, California, wouldn't be intimidated. Nixon firmly told Khrushchev: "You wash and I'll dry." Thus bringing peace and many clean dishes to the people of the world.

The third moment in the limelight came with Nixon's unfortunate trip to Venezuela. Here he was mistakenly taken for a spittoon by the Venezuelans. Yet the funny thing is, even after Nixon told them he wasn't a spittoon, it still didn't stop them.

We now come to the memorable 1960 election. It was then that Nixon ran against John F. Kennedy. Although Nixon started the race with a commanding lead, he was able by hard-fought gut politics to reduce the margin in no time. The dramatic scene, of course, came with the Kennedy-Nixon TV Debate. Here the issues became clear-cut and precise. "Certs is a candy mint," said JFK firmly. But Nixon would answer back undaunted. "Certs," he told us, "was rightly or wrongly a breath mint."

What really tipped the scales in favor of Kennedy, was that Nixon did not realize the value of shaving. "Mommy! Mommy!" little girls screamed as they watched the debate. "That ugly man has little black things all over his face." The mothers tried to console their children: "Those are nubs, dear. Those are just nubs." But the damage was done. The American people didn't want a beatnik for President. Especially a beatnik in a Snedley and Rogers blue suit.

In a way, it was lucky that Nixon didn't win. Otherwise, Ike might have had a heart attack.

The 1960 election was just the beginning of the spiraling career of Dick Nixon. In 1962, without anybody's help, he managed to lose his try for the governorship of California. And why not? Who would vote for a man whose platform was only to defend his position on snow removal in southern California? After this second debacle, Nixon claimed in California, "you won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." And this statement was true, because the next day he moved to New York. There, from Erie to Albany, from the Saint Lawrence to Queens, it was open season on Nixon. Nixon was a loser.

And then suddenly he disappeared from sight. A few thought they saw him at the 1964 Republican Convention in San Francisco. But it was pointed out to them that this was only Harold Stassen, and you know how losers tend to look alike.

In fact, all this time, the only evidence that proclaimed Richard M. Nixon's existence was his books: *Six Crises*; *Three More Crises*; *More and More Crises*; and, *Crises I Have Known and Loved*.

Suddenly, in 1968 Nixon reappeared—some say from a phone booth—as "media-man." We were told that this was the "New Nixon." Although as it turned out, the "New Nixon" was merely the "Old Nixon" minus nubs.

But since the Democrats were busily defeating themselves, they had no time for Nixon and so Nixon won. His campaign slogan that year was "Nixon's the One." We can only appreciate how hard he's trying to ignore that statement now.

Nixon was no longer thought of as a loser. From now on, America was. And as we might have expected, as soon as Nixon became President, Eisenhower died of shock.

During the election, Nixon had told everyone that he had a secret plan to get us out of Vietnam. But Nixon never could keep a secret. As soon as he was elected, he lost it (and forgot it). But he still tried to bring us peace. He tried to bring us peace in Vietnam by invading Cambodia. This was no doubt a Good Thing since he might have tried to bring us peace by invading Russia or China.

Nixon's foreign advisor, Henry Kissinger, was most helpful. He was the perfect diplomat. One time he said "Peace is at hand" when it was really only a foot-in-the-mouth. But it was okay, since none of the American public could understand him through his thick accent anyway.

So for four years Nixon brought us Vietnam. He also brought us inflation. Thus with inflated hopes, the American public cried out in 1972 for "four more years." (Isn't it funny? Now they're crying out for 10 to 20.)

George McGovern ran against "The President" in 1972. But because Tom Eagleton was his running-mate, the senator from South Dakota was in serious trouble. For Eagleton had undergone shock therapy, even though he was certified mentally all right. But this was a mistake, for if there's anything the American public doesn't want, it's some candidate whose mental health has been certified. So McGovern dropped Eagleton and picked up Sargent Shriver.

McGovern, of course, lost the election. (Although Shriver eventually went on to win the rank of Second Lieutenant.) And Nixon along with his good friend, Spiro Agnew, was re-elected. Nixon's landslide vote adequately shows that stupidity can be quantified.



(Expletive deleted) Ervin!

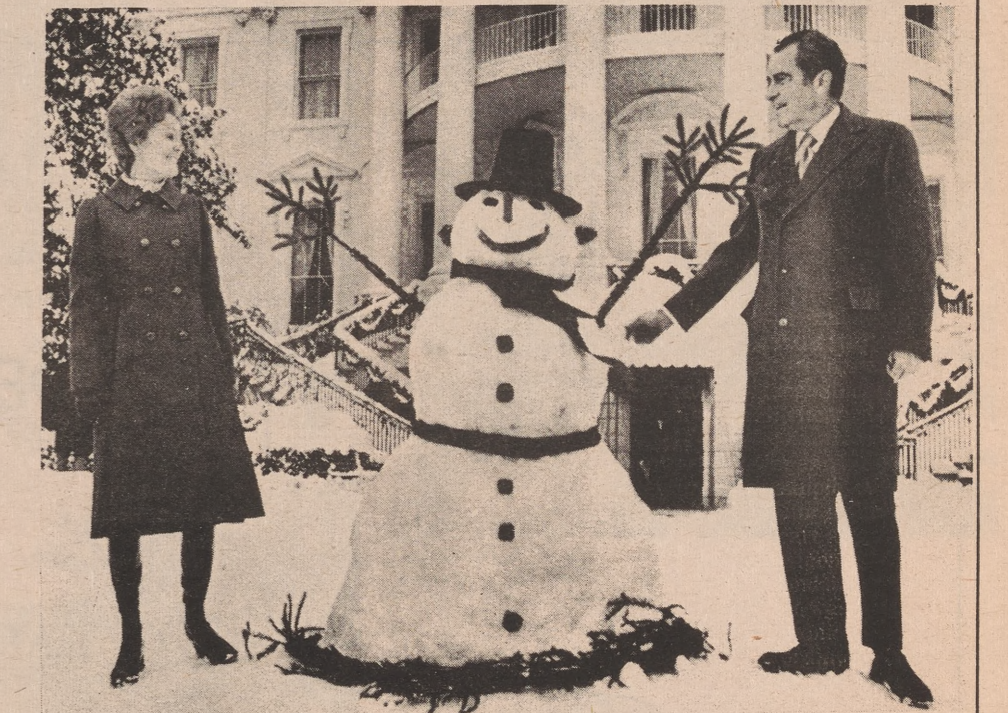
SAY CHEESE!

Soon after the election, the American people became intimately introduced to Watergate. Just as he had always done, Nixon was again bugging the Democrats. But this time he did it electronically.

One by one, all his advisors were pulled down and began to wallow in the Watergate Soup. (Stir several months, then add milk.) The summer was passed by the Watergate trials, and Mr. Nixon made the Dean's list.

But Mr. Nixon, who always has been afraid of water (see any picture of him on the beach), leaned over a bit too far the other way and fell smack into the oil crisis. The cause of the oil embargo, of course, was the Middle-East War. Mr. Nixon knew this and stated immediately that he wanted peace in the Middle-East. Naturally, within three minutes of this statement, every Arab and Israeli was covering behind the mountains in Afghanistan. They knew what "peace" meant in Nixonesque.

Meanwhile, our nation suffered an energy crisis. The President told us we must conserve fuel. He also said he was working on a solution and he didn't mind how many flights to San Clemente or Key Biscayne it took to find it.



DICK AND PAT PLAYFULLY POSE WITH NEW SPECIAL PROSECUTOR

At about this time, a high point in the investigation of Watergate took place when Nixon had special prosecutor Archibald Cox fired. This was done so that The President wouldn't have to write his last sequel: *My Last Crisis*.

Since that time we have finally received some of the controversial transcripts. These go to show that when all the obscenities are added up, the biggest one is Nixon.

Thus we conclude our little biography of This Man, Richard M. Nixon. It is another case in point of H. L. Mencken's dictum, "No one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public." As we prepare to wish Our President a long and happy life in Rio de Janeiro, let us remember that the White House is open to any young man who strives, and grasps and claws to get in it. Although it's an uphill battle, it's worth it. For even though it's hard for a man to get into the Executive Office, we're proving right now that it's even harder to get him out.

Oh, by the way, if anyone asks you where you got all this information, tell them it was from an unimpeachable source.

Student Government

MULELY

Getting Away With It



Publications Board

The May 20 meeting of the Publications Board was called to order by Chairperson Daemon Filson at 5:30 p.m., after a bitter struggle. Filson received a (1) broken arm and two (2) gashes in his right ear lobe trying to control three (3) recalcitrant members who wanted to go out for beer instead.

After voting three (3) times with none (0) opposed, that the Sagebrush was too "arty," the Board retired to the nearest bar. There Chairperson Filson improved the 'spirits' of the Board members.

The meeting was adjourned around 2:30 a.m. somewhere between Commercial Row and Second Street. (Hic!)

Senate

The May 23 meeting of the Senate was called to order at 7:30 p.m. by Chairperson Linda Bowman. All members were present (this is a dirty lie) with seven (7) members sleeping ('zzzzzz').

REPORT OF THE ASUN PRESIDENT—Tom Mayer reminded the senators that his hat was in the ring for the ASUN Presidential office. The senators then reminded Tom Mayer that he had already won.

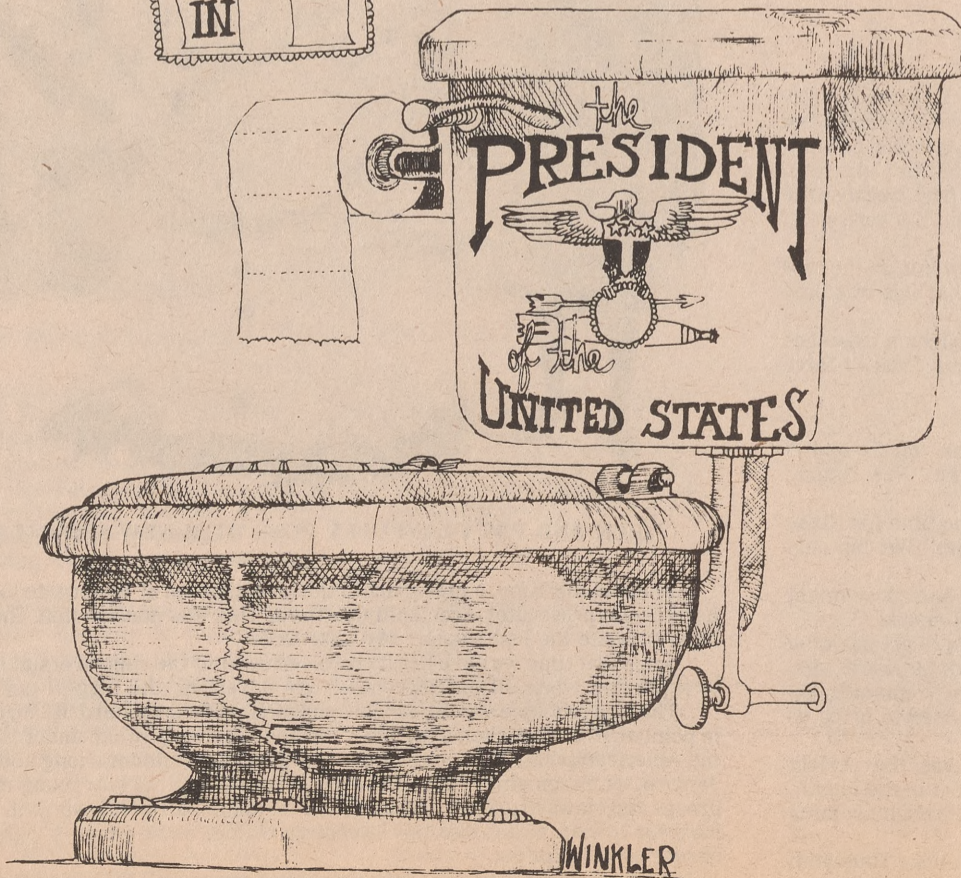
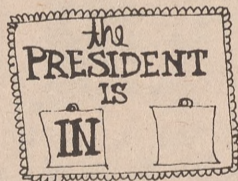
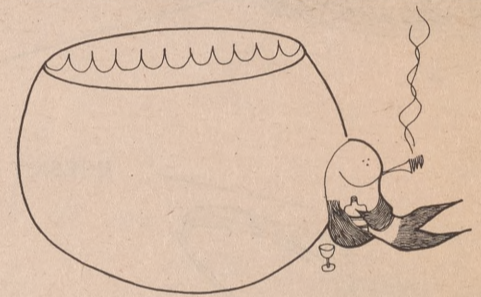
President (isn't that a ludicrous word for such an unimportant office?) Mayer then asked the senators if they had heard anything of Daemon Filson and the Publications Board since they last met three days ago. No one knew for sure, except for one senator who said he would prefer to remain nameless (his name is Pat Archer, everyone). This nameless senator said he spied Filson running straight up the First National Bank building! The senators, amazed at this, asked this nameless senator (Pat Archer, remember?) how fast Filson was able to run in this gravity-defying feat. The nameless senator replied that he could not calculate Filson's rate of ascent exactly, but that he estimated that it was half as fast as Filson's fall back to earth.

PERSONAL NOTE: Just then I watched amazed as I saw Tom Mayer's goldfish leap from the tank.

REPORT OF THE ASUN PRESIDENT (Continued)—Tom Mayer then said he does not like the general public's feeling towards government today. He said this stems from the Watergate mess in Washington and has repercussions even at good-old-rah-rah UNR. Mayer said he believed Government should be "open, honest," and candid." Mayer said he would not hide the fact that he once (inaudible), or that he was present (inaudible), or that the senators have been (inaudible). And he concluded by saying he hoped this would prove, once and for all, the honesty of his administration. (Fat chance, I say).

The meeting was then adjourned at 8:30 p.m. with none (0) opposed and seven (7) still sleeping. It was then decided by all to go downtown and look for Filson.

We haven't found him yet, but Tom Mayer's goldfish seems to enjoy swimming in my whiskey sour. (Hic!)

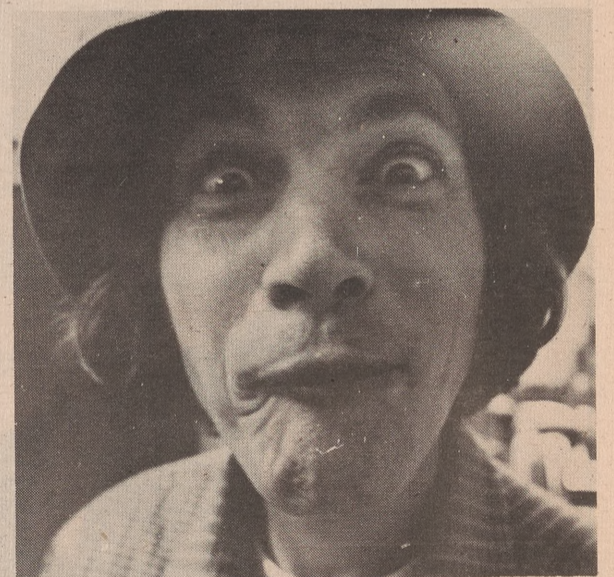
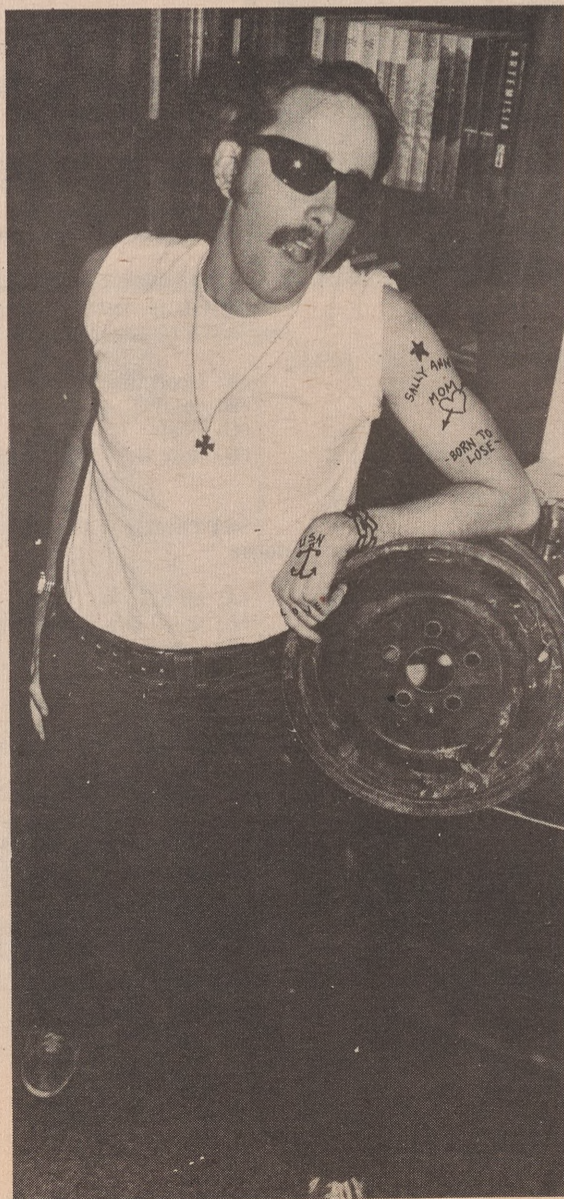
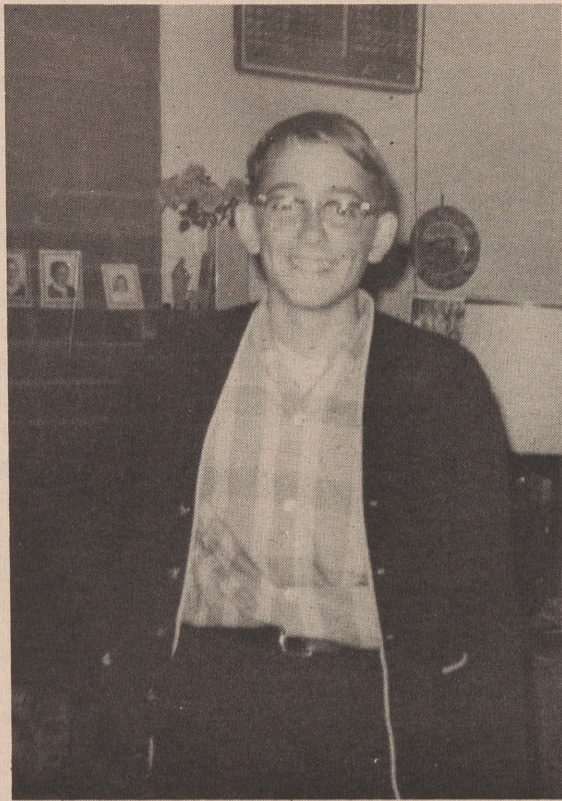


I say,
close down
the UNR
Experimental
Farm
and get
the pigs
off campus.



Potter Porkchop

Reading the **PLAYBRUSH** might not change you...



... and then again, it might.

DELETE THE EXPLETIVE!!

— A New Game!*

KRUEGER

★ Based on a bad dream by Michael Brodhead

Thanks to the Presidential transcripts, we now have an excellent guide to what is acceptable English and what is not. For example we now know that "pissed," "pissed-off," "damn," "hell," and "screw" may be used in the highest circles. However, "Jesus Christ," (expletive deleted), (expletive deleted), and (expletive deleted), may not.

What I wonder about is why "pissed" is acceptable while (expletive deleted), or nicely put, doo-doo, is not? They both seem about the same to me.

Well, it's not important. What is important is trying to figure out what the President was really saying behind those "(expletives deleted)". Thus we have "Delete the Expletive!—A New Game." It is perfect for morning game shows.

The rules are simple: Just fill in the "expletive deleted," "adjective deleted," or "unintelligible" with what you think the President really said. Ready, set, go!

SEPTEMBER 15, 1972; PRESIDENT—"I think that is a good development because it makes us look so (adjective deleted) funny."

- (A) darned
- (B) rib-tickling
- (C) fudge

SEPTEMBER 15, 1972; PRESIDENT—" (Expletive deleted)—do they really want to believe that we planted that?"

- (A) Gosh!
- (B) Golly!
- (C) Gee whillikers!
- (D) But Bob,
- (E) Doggie-doo!

APRIL 17, 1973; PRESIDENT—"I'd sue every (expletive deleted) (unintelligible)."

- (A) little pig, pig, pig.
- (B) body, but would I collect?
- (C) evening, and I had Margie every morning.



I AM THE PRECEDENT.

704

DATE March 21, 1973 HOUR 8:30

TO Mr. H. R. Haldeman

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

M President Nixon

OF Oval Office

PHONE Extension #1 _____
AREA CODE PHONE NUMBER

TELEPHONED	X	RETURNED CALL	LEFT PACKAGE	
PLEASE CALL		WAS IN	PLEASE SEE ME	
WILL CALL AGAIN		WILL RETURN	IMPORTANT	X

MESSAGE

"tell Haldeman to getting his
(expletive deleted) ass in gear
and get (expletive deleted) Dean
to my office at once."

SIGNED Trudy Smith

APRIL 17, 1973; PRESIDENT—"The point is, if you break it off with him, then he could go out and say, 'Screw the (unintelligible)'."

- (A) cap back on the jar when you're finished with it.
- (B) courage to the wall.
- (C) (expletive deleted)
- (D) torpedoes! Full speed ahead!

APRIL 16, 1973; PRESIDENT—"That is when I sent you to Camp David and said (expletive removed) 'Let's see where this thing comes out'."

- (A) Good bye.
- (B) coyly
- (C) Poop
- (D) take the freeway until you come to the third exit.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1972; HALDEMAN—"Well (expletive deleted) the Speaker of the House."

- (A) all hail
- (B) three cheers for
- (C) —done job by
- (D) that's Carl Albert,

MARCH 21, 1973; DEAN—"And I said 'Oh, (expletive deleted)'."

- (A) Boy!
- (B) P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, and Z.
- (C) say can you see? By the dawn's early light?

SEPTEMBER 15, 1972; PRESIDENT—"It has to be done. We have been (adjective deleted) fools."

- (A) Four fine fumbling
- (B) Tom
- (C) April

AUTO STUCK

Do you spend many uninteresting hours in your car? You can make them exciting with AUTO STUCK.

Powerful AUTO STUCK will travel with you anywhere. AUTO STUCK plugs into your car cigarette lighter.

It also plugs into your fan belt.

Trust AUTO STUCK. You'll never use snow tires or chains again.

\$35.00

TALK OF THE TOW

Adult Rook Store

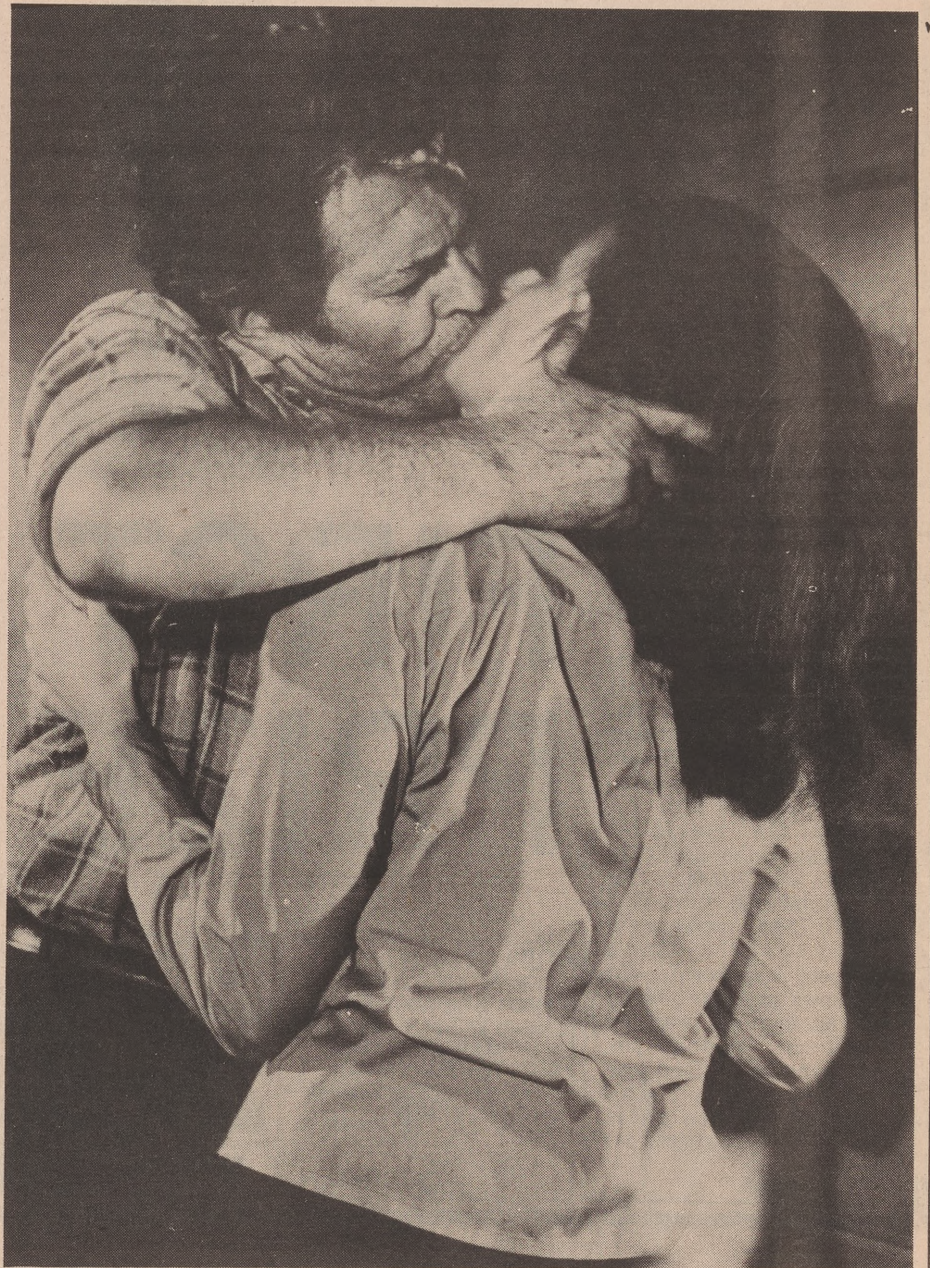
Steamboat, Nevada

Looking for a class to take in the fall?

Why not try

HUMAN SEXUALITY

for laughs?



Jobs

Today, May 14

- 6:14 a.m.—Sunrise.
- 12 noon—Poptop-Torial Mutual Admiration Society, Hardy Room, Student Union.
- 2 p.m.—Joint Meetings: Spurs and Boot Heels, Travis Lounge, Student Union.
- 6:30 p.m.—Food Poisoning First Aid Demonstration, Dining Commons.
- 8:30 p.m.—Memorial Service for Victims of Food Poisoning First Aid Demonstration, Center for Religion and Life.

Announcements

Wednesday, May 15

- 11 a.m.—ROTC Rifle Team Exhibition, Rifle Range.
- 11 a.m.—Sagebrush Staff Meeting, Rifle Range.
- 3 p.m.—Southward Bound, East-West Room, Student Union.
- 5 p.m.—Try-outs for ASUN Musical, "No, No, Neil!", Church Fine Arts Theatre.
- 9 p.m.—IFC Panty Raid on Panhellenic-Member Houses.
- 12 midnight—Faculty-Administration Star Chamber Meeting, Basement of Clark Administration.



Just look at these tempting extras:

- 1) interesting assignments
- 2) one to one faculty-student ratio (sometimes two to one even)
- 3) frequent lunch breaks
- 4) team teaching experiments with the Agriculture Department

Convinced?

If you're good enough to get in,
today's new action
Human Sexuality
course wants you!

'74 Sagebrush Typograpy Awards

Land value cut given Echeverria

The chairman of the Nevada Gaming Commission this week received a one-third reduction in his assessed land valuation on a trailer park on Boynton Lane.

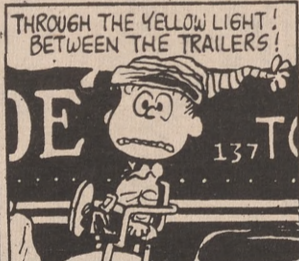
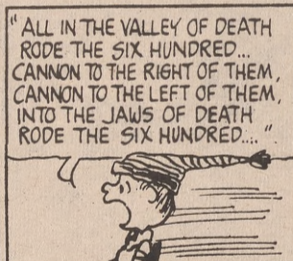
Peter Echeverria appeared before the Washoe County Board of Equalization to protest a 200 per cent hike in valuation. That assessment equaled about \$15,000 per acre, but the board voted to reduce it to \$10,000.

The unanimous decision came on a motion by County Commissioner Roy Pagni, whose Club Jubilee includes gaming facilities. Pagni said later he felt the original increase was too high, adding that land across the street was on the market at \$10,000 per acre. The board's decision still left a 100 per cent increase in Echeverria's land valuation. A spokesman for the county assessor's office said the increase was the result of added improvements on the land, and that adjacent land valuations had been placed at from \$12,500 to \$15,000 per acre.

1

FIRST PRIZE

Reno Evening Gazette, January 23, 1974



Second Prize

Brezhnev pushes talks

WASHINGTON, Pa. (AP) — Despite there being no provision for capital punishment in Pennsylvania, convicted slayer Aubran W. "Buddy" Martin has been sentenced to death in the slaying of Joseph A. "Jock" Yablonski.

Washington County Court Judge Charles G. Sweet imposed on Wednesday a sentence of death in the electric chair, although Pennsylvania's electric chair was dismantled three years ago.

Death sentence given

PASO ROBLES, Calif. (AP) — An explosion ripped through a downtown pool hall, killing three men and injuring four other persons.

Cause of the blast Wednesday night wasn't immediately known but officials said it may have stemmed from a gas leak.

Blast rocks Paso Robles

MOSCOW (AP) — Leonid Brezhnev in a speech in Bulgaria called for renewed East-West efforts to make the European security conference a success and warned against

trying to gain concessions from the Soviet government by "diplomatic barter." Some observers speculated that his words were also addressed to the U.S. Congress.

Reno Evening Gazette, September 20, 1973

Third Prize

Welfare Office To Close

The Nevada State welfare Office in Lovelock will shift its operation from a full-time basis to a part-time basis here in Pershing County, it has been announced. The department will still serve the county on an interim basis, Bill Labadie, a representative of the department said.

The main reason for the curtailment is that the federal government is taking their own cases so that the case load will be lower, Labadie said.

Mrs. Helen Beehler, eligibility worker at the Lovelock office, will head the county welfare office.

Lovelock Review-Miner, September 13, 1973

Dizzy Gizzard

GEORGE HERMIT

One of the most deserving and least understood organizations on the current group scene is PW-OC, founded during a hot August night in Elkhart, Ind. 1955 was the year, Arliss and LuAnne Pulpe, the founders.

Parents Without Children is one of those curious developments that occur in a pluralistic society when people of very different backgrounds suddenly discover they have needs and interests in common: there results a natural coalescence of dynamic forces which once they have combined, seem to flourish.

In truth, however, for the first 15 years of its existence, PW-OC grew very slowly. Beginning with the Pulpes, by 1959 there were three other couples, two of them married. In 1960, for reasons not yet analyzed, the organization began to blossom in Orange County, Calif.; at the national convention that year, there were 19 delegates, including be it noted, Mr. Noble Grunch from Falling Rock, Nev.

Then, in 1963, the bottom almost dropped out. Even the Pulpes, now parents of twins, had fallen away; Noble Grunch has succumbed to a concussion; and the Westerheimers of Little Rock, Ark., having been disappointed in a legacy, had founded a sort of splinter group, CW-OP.

Some observers, including R.S. Van Pastern, national executive secretary, believed that the energy crisis caused a recent upsurge in membership. "People now have a greater awareness," Van Pastern says. "They know that not enough has been done to meet the situation. They know that only through greater consciousness of the problem, 24 hours in every day. They know that issues of this kind will not solve themselves but must be reorganized. They know that after recognition comes dealt with. They know a lot. That is the American way coming through again."

A small but active group is forming a PW-OC club at UNR. Interested persons should write the editor, who will see to it that they get short shrift.

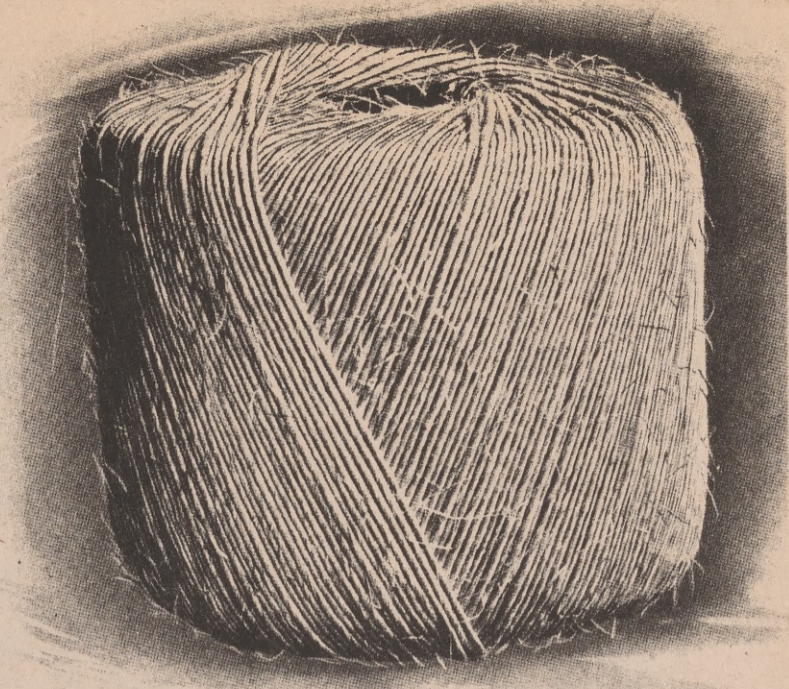




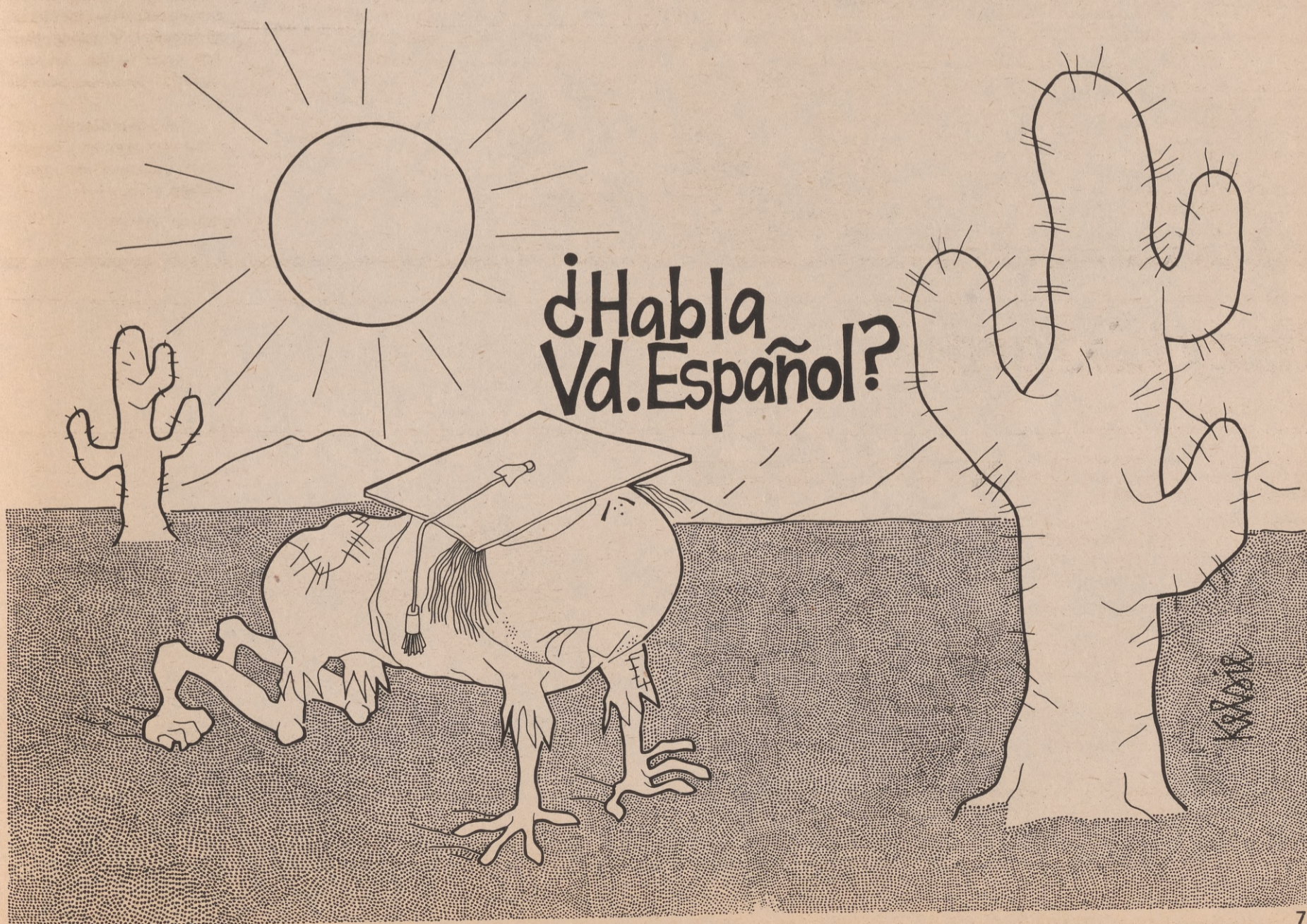
TWINE

WILL BE DONE

*Not all the products of
Cannabis are hallucinogenic:
for thousands of years
the plant has been grown to
make into rope and twine.*



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SPORTS

SOUZA Q.

