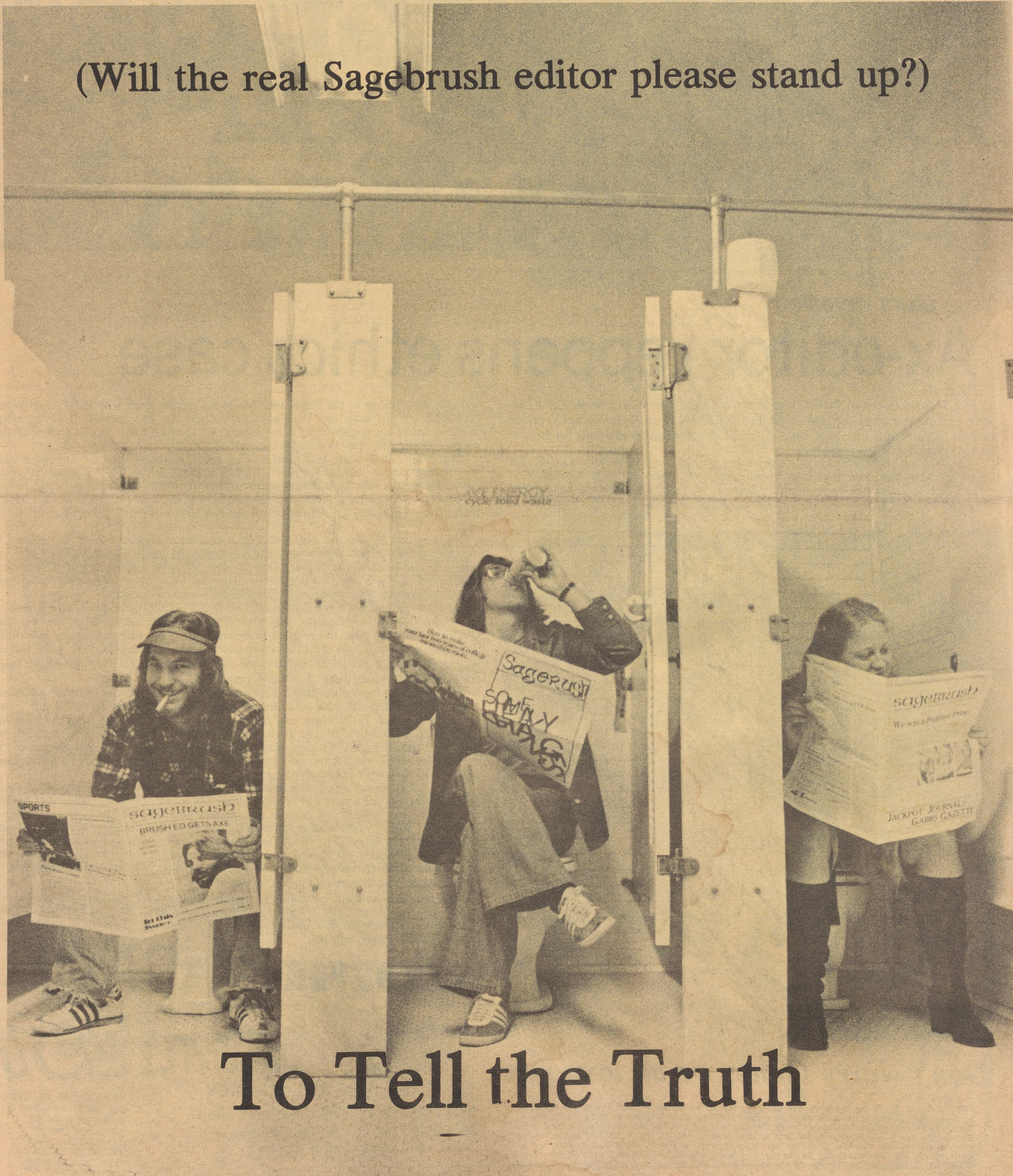


PLAYBRUSH

SAGEBRUSH'S ANAL TRIBUTE TO YELLOW JOURNALISM

(Will the real Sagebrush editor please stand up?)



To Tell the Truth



HE ATTENDED the famed UNR-UNLV football game last October, Hairy Gary did, but couldn't open his mouth as wide as candidate Markus Wewin. Above, Wewin and Gary are sighted amongst a cast-of-thousands by by two bold, white arrows. Get the point?

True story revealed

Ax-editor reopens ethics case

Hairy Hart

In a 16-hour session of Publications Board last night, former *Sagebrush* editor Gary Jesch revealed that he actually did attend the UNR-UNLV football game in Las Vegas last October. As part of his evidence, Jesch produced a photograph taken during the game by an *Artemisia* photographer who is also an ex-editor.

Bob Anderson, the controversial photographer who has kept the picture a secret until he was forced by the board to produce it, said simply, "It's every editor for himself."

Last February, the ASUN greased the wheels of the Publications Railroad as the Senate voted 13-6 to dismiss Jesch for unethical conduct, stemming from allegations that he

was seen hitchhiking to Las Vegas, and then at the tailgate party with Bob Cashell, owner of Boomtown and long-time UNR supporter. Jesch was also accused of paying a staff member out of his pocket to pick up groceries for the staff party, but he disclaimed this, saying, "Don't you know how to take a joke?"

The Publications Board had been holding secret meetings since then to figure out a way to shut him up, but the problem remained unsolved. Some Senate members preferred taping his mouth shut while others suggested that the ASUN's discretionary fund be used to write a new "contract." This proposal died in committee when ASUN, which claims to be *Sagebrush's* publisher, declined to give the Publications Board a "shopping list" to fire editors.

Jesch claims he was the victim of a campus-wide conspiracy which was started by members of the ROTC Department who were upset by his hesitation to run a free full-page advertisement of the Military Ball royalty. "They're out to get me," he observed. "This whole thing is an indication of the danger of Morrill Hall being so far away from the student union. Sometimes we feel like we are complete strangers."

Barely legible tapes were also presented to the Publications Board along with the photo showing the former editor only a few rows below Publications Board member Mark Quinlan. The tapes were too muffled to be transcribed and were frequently interrupted with silence as Jesch took the Fifth Amendment, indicating his guilt. Also, some sections were covered with hysterical laughter, but ASUN contends that they are simply laugh-tracks which have been dubbed over the original.

The photograph will probably be used in further investigations of other ASUN students who asked for free rides to the Las Vegas game, according to ASUN public relations director Bob Horn. Horn told *Sagebrush* there were just too many students who couldn't be trusted to represent the Reno campus to the Las Vegas community. He was afraid, he said, that ASUN's image could suffer irreparable damage if this practice of "soliciting gratuities" was not put to a halt. Besides, he added, trust is the key issue when it comes to dealing with *Sagebrush* editors.

Jesch, a key antagonist in the *Brushfire* siege in the basement of Morrill Hall during fall semester, said he would not be a candidate for editor during the fall of 1977 even if the ASUN vice-president of finance and publications files for the position. "Are you crazy?" he asked. "You wouldn't believe how much great publicity I've received since this whole thing started up. When they move the *Sagebrush* office into the dorm next year, they won't have me around to pick up the pieces. In fact, I wouldn't mind if they accidentally drop the whole thing into the lake on their way past. Everything but the files on Milam and Shumway. I'm getting out of here."

The new vice-president of finance and publications, Nick Rossi, said he was disappointed to see the "Jesch affair" reopened. "I thought we had him good," he said. Publications Board will meet at its annual *Brushfire-Artemisia* bonfire Tuesday to decide the fate of the six-time former editor.



Don't worry Gene, we all love you

IT'S TROPHY TIME for Northern Nevada Area Substance Abuse Council award winners Gene Wait and Pawl Hollis as they celebrate in a local bar their victory in the annual WASTE derby. Each year WASTE holds competition to see who will get the coveted first place trophy (two Coors cans stuck together) and the best-of-show award (Hollis, right). Hollis, a second-year winner, was Winter Carnival chairman and Mackay Week chairman in 1977, but Wait, not to be outdone, has been the star performer in several courtroom affairs, including the SUN-DOWNER TRIAL SHOW, which ran for three weeks straight last year at the Washoe County Cabaret.

PLAYBRUSH SEX TEST

INSIDE THIS ISSUE ARE 10 VERY IMPORTANT QUESTIONS... ANSWER EACH IN STRICT CONFIDENCE (IN A BATHROOM OR A CLOSET) AND SUBMIT YOUR ANSWERS TO:

PLAYBRUSH, P.O. Box 8037, Reno, NV. 89512

NO PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN OUT, BUT THOSE WHO SEND IN BEST ANSWERS WILL BE GIVEN BEST FORMS OF RECOGNITION: (1) CHANCE TO AUDITION FOR TAJANA NIGHT CLUB (2) OREGONE PHONE CALL (3) DATE WITH MEMBER OF STAFF

Bland man's bluff

The 1977 *Artemisia* has been officially endorsed by John Ascuaga, local businessman and honorary chairman of the Nevada Bureau of Services to the Bland.

"Many people think that just because a person's bland, he has some kind of insurmountable disease," said Ascuaga. "We'd like to thank this year's yearbook editor, Gene Drakulich, for clearing up many misconceptions about blandness."

One misconception, according to Ascuaga, is that bland people cannot function normally in today's society. By editing the yearbook despite being completely bland, Drakulich proved that bland people can be useful contributors to society, according to Ascuaga. "There are none bland as those who cannot see," he said.

The yearbook was also endorsed by KOLO-TV newsman Brian Bland, who should know.



photo by Hart

IT'S ASSISTANT EDITOR BOB letting Geno Drakula in on the contents of boxes marked "yearbooks." To the dismay of our lusty *Artemisia* tycoon, the book was so "safe," they decided against printing it. John Ascuaga concurred. (See letter, page 5.)

New campus PR flack promises duller activities

Dennis Smelt

The former vice-president of attempted activities, Marie Prissarilla, has answered student demand for blander activities by accepting the position of ASUN Public Relations Director for next year.

Prissarilla said that her experience in planning dull and unsuccessful activities will be utilized in her new office. Although her primary responsibility will be flirting with ASUN officers, she hopes to persuade her successor, Prim Row, to stay away from showcase entertainment for ASUN activities next year.

Prissarilla has convinced Row to increase the number of retired professional athletes to lecture at UNR each year. Next year's roster will include "most of the notch athletes that are cut by professional football teams this fall," according to Prissarilla. The athletes will speak for nominal fees but their traveling expenses may come to more than \$16,000.

Alleged *Sagebrush* editor Harry Hart will also present a lecture next fall. Although he will receive \$3,000 for his presentation on effective methods of soliciting gratuities, ASUN will also give him a

seat on the Wolf Pack booster plane to attend the UNR-UNLV football game.

Besides her knowledgeable input to Row, Prissarilla will be publishing a new periodical, *Gree News*, to promote ASUN activities and concerts. She has purchased a mimeograph machine to print the publication.

To raise additional funds, Prissarilla will be selling ASUN-monogrammed false eyelashes and "King-Size Makeup Kits" that are popular with sorority and fraternity members.

The former public relations director, Blob Whorn, has aided Prissarilla by passing along his backlog of news releases that are repeated in the *Sagebrush* every year.

Although Prissarilla will continue to spend as little time as possible in the ASUN offices, she has set aside one hour a week to work on her new ideas. She said there will be no attempts to make student government seem more credible and responsive to student needs, and apathy stemming from a lack of well-organized activities is expected to continue next year.



photo by Hart

SAGEBRUSH EDITOR LAURA BITTEN and MARC THE BARK were seen together last Wednesday in the Jot Travis Union, conversing in tones that seemed loud and raucous to casual Union observers. Whatever the problem, they seemed to be buddies again at a Senate meeting that night.

Max Milam found dead, but how can you tell?

Tricky Swindler

UNR President Max Milam has been dead for the last six months, it was discovered today. Milam's dead body was discovered seated behind his desk in Clark Administration with what was described as a "normal expression" on his face.

"He's been acting just the same as usual," commented Milam's secretary. "We had no idea."

She said she first became suspicious when Milam failed to send out for lunch for the entire semester. "I would have checked sooner, but I hate to interrupt him when he has that preoccupied look." She recalled fondly that Milam often liked to sit in his office and stare into space "for hours on end."

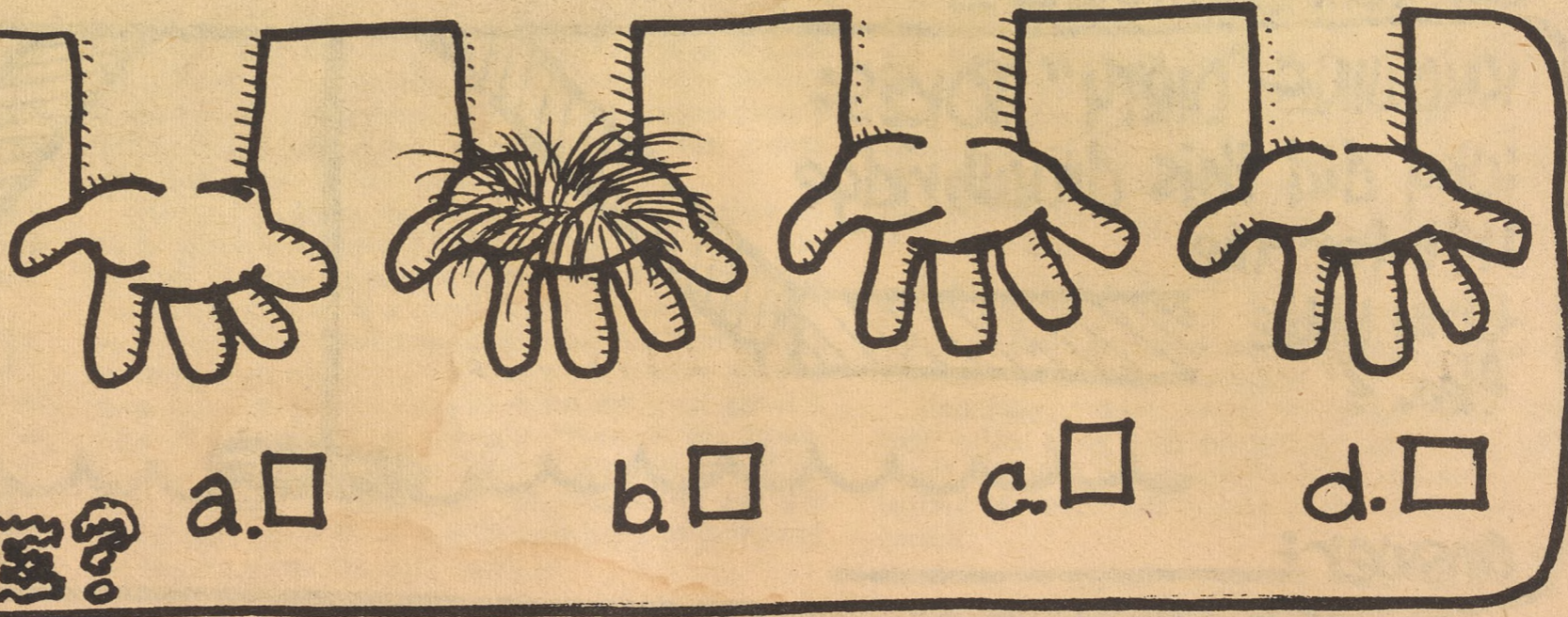
"He had a lot of things on his mind, you know," she said.

Condolences from both of Milam's known friends began pouring in following the announcement of his death.

Asked if the death might threaten Milam's chances of having his contract renewed this year, a spokesman for the Board of Regents said, "The regents feel that Dr. Milam is an extraordinarily capable administrator and that he will continue to provide his dynamic leadership from beyond the veil of death. He's a hard man to keep down."

SEX TEST QUESTION #1

CAN YOU PICK OUT THE SEX DEVIATE?





Grandstand Puke

by Steve Martarano

I knew there was something weird with old Fis after that Simon Fraser game. I mean, the guy never could run or throw, and here he was scrambling for first downs and throwing touchdown bombs to Jet Flight and Steve Weenie like they was nuthin'.

So I did some investigating. I mean every good hack writer needs a good, juicy scoop to get him going and make him feel like he's worth a damn.

I got Fissell on the horn and set up an interview. I had a feeling something was fishy so this was my big chance.

The interview went as expected. This butch-haired quarterback sat there for an hour straight to tell me how great Coach Piss Fault was. His eyes were all glossy and his voice never changed its tone.

I decided to follow him. It was late at night, and keeping him in view, I let him get a good headstart. He walked across campus to the Engineering Department and then waited quietly by a door.

It was eerie as hell as the best quarterback in Division II football just stood there in the dark shadows. I was getting all shivery with anticipation.

The door finally creaked open and guess who stood there? Head honcho Piss himself. He grabbed Fissel, or the thing I was rapidly doubting was human, and led it inside.

As I watched through a side window, Fault took him apart, piece by piece and began cranking oil in his armpits, eyes, knees, everywhere. Faul had built a robot to run his team!

I burst in and Piss confessed everything. He said no one would believe me anyhow, me being an alcoholic nothing sportswriter. I had to agree with him.

Keeping that scoop bottled up inside for so long really ate at me though, so I've done a lot of rationalizing. You do what you have to, to win, right? What does it matter if your quarterback is a moron who can't count past three, or a robot?

But anyhow, I kept the whole thing a secret because that guy Fault scares me. He may look like a little kid but the power he hauls around is amazing. I may be a waste, but I'm still too young to die.

So now it's the end of the year, I've had a couple of beers and I'm ready to conquer the goddamn world, right? But like Fault said, who's gonna believe me?

But really, how can a QB as crappy as Fissel was in 1975 be as good as he was last season? No way.

* * * * *

I don't give a damn. I got so many scoops I don't know what to do with them. So I'm going to let them all off my chest and then not have a care in the world over the summer, except maybe staying alive.

Ready for some more hot news? Okay, THE ENTIRE ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT AT UNR IS QUEER! That's right, queer. Faggot, gay, AC-DC, homosexual, I don't care what term you use but they are it.

How do I know? Geez, it's so obvious that every time I have to cover something for this rag paper I get sick. Perverted connotations are everywhere, almost constantly.

Just look what happens when some poor sap scores a touchdown or hits a homerun. God, usually 20 horny guys come running over and practically rape him on the spot, jumping all over the guy. Go to a baseball game sometime. One game I counted 31 different pats on the ass, lasting a second to the longer ones a manager snatches when he's taking out a pitcher.

* * * * *

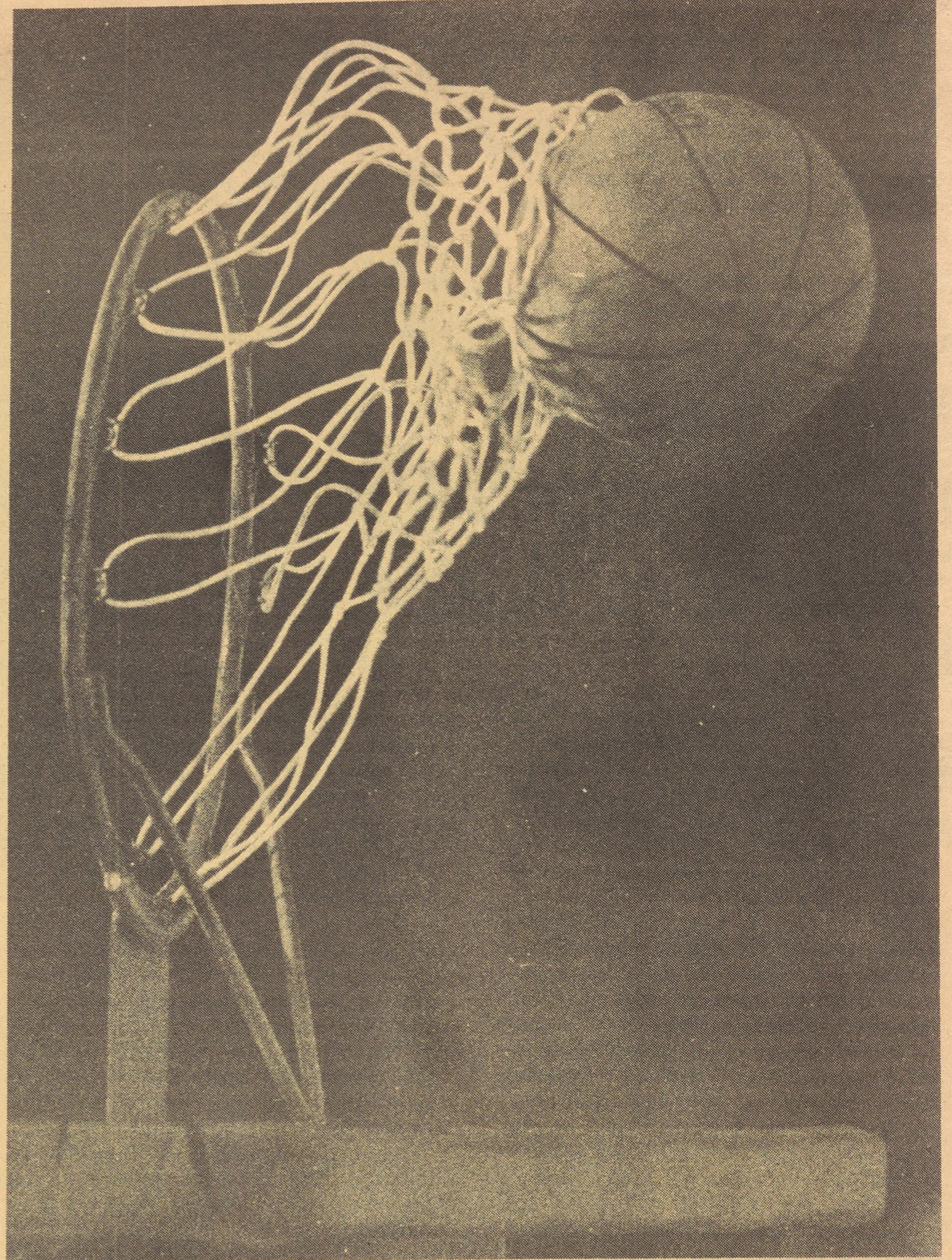
They always got to have something in their mouths. You know what that means, don't you? And baseball players are constantly fiddling around with their jocks. It's an obsession with them.

But the topper was last fall when those five cross country runners finished their race all holding hands! They may as well just come out of the closet and admit everything!

And the language! How many times have you heard Piss Fault scream, "You've got to hit that hole harder!" or baseball coach Hairy Onion tell one of his pitchers, "Go ahead and ram it down his throat!"

I've heard so many baseball players say in the dugout about the opposing pitcher, "Boy, that guy can really hum." I want to ask them what they were doing the night before, but I ain't got the guts.

You see what I mean? But what the hell, we get rid of all the faggots and I get stuck writing student senate stories or something boring like that. So we may as well get used it. Like I said, I just don't care anymore.



* * * * *

You've heard of those "moonies" characters, haven't you? They're those weird college freakos who get put under a hypnotic spell by that slanty Unification Church guy Twang Wang Moon or something like that.

Anyhow, UNR has its own set of moonie freaks. Only they're under the spell of Clayt Rabittdoodoo, head of UNR boosters.

I feel sorry for these people's kids for when they have to deprogram them. God, you ever see these people at games? Game days start early, so that by kickoff time they're good and liquored up. Sitting there in the stands yelling, "Wolf Pack, Wolf Pack," like there was no tomorrow.

No one knows what goes on at those booster meetings. I tried to crash in one time but when they saw I wasn't one of them, a big guy with only two teeth threw me out and squashed my tape recorder. Scary.

The nickname for them is "Boonies." Their checkbooks are constantly open as they scribble out another check for Piss Fault or Hari Carey. Totally controlled.

* * * * *

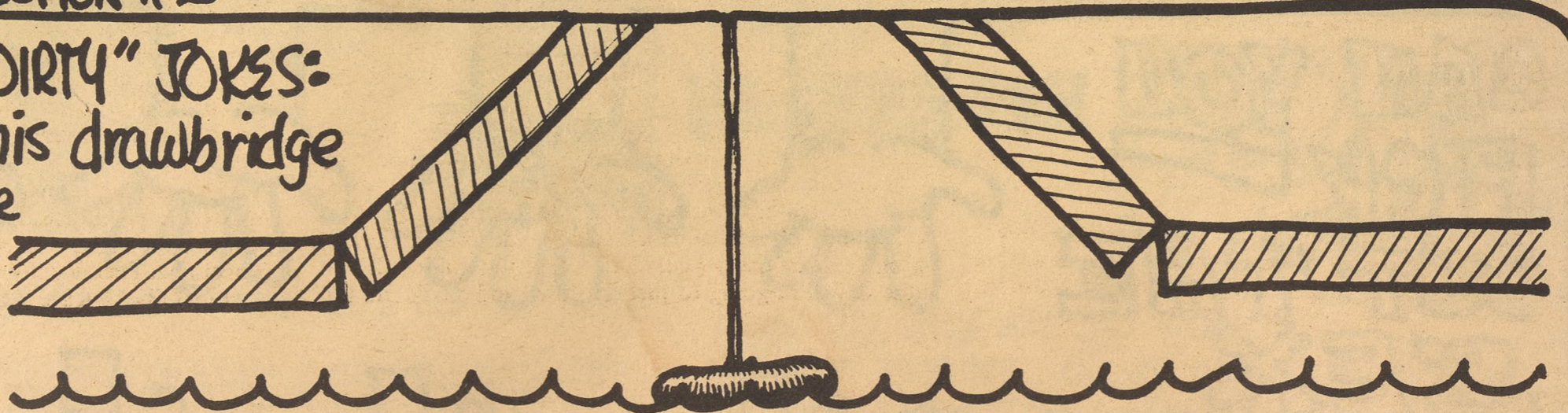
I really don't care what happens anymore. I've seen so much I could fill a book. And right now, I'm drunker than hell. I'm gonna conk out any second. Geez, why do I try writing this crap column with only two six-packs in my gut?

Just remember what old Scoop told ya'. Everything's corrupt, everybody's queer, the whole department's on the take. From who, I don't know. I'm still working on it. It'll be my summer project.

If this ever finds its way to the copy basket it'll be a miracle. Just remember my philosophy on life; What is, is, what isn't, is not.

SEX TEST QUESTION #2

KNOWING "DIRTY" JOKE:
Why did this drawbridge lift for the tiny little flea?



answer: _____

BOB HORN

ASUN News

Obscene, not absurd

UNR student Milktoast Fullerbrush was arrested yesterday and charged with possession of obscene telephone tapes.

University police said they received a complaint from an unidentified student living next door to Fullerbrush. The student reported hearing strange bleeps and heavy breathing coming from Fullerbrush's apartment during the night.

Police secured a search warrant and entered Fullerbrush's apartment early yesterday morning. A tape recorder and 36 cassettes were found on a table by the door.

Fullerbrush was apprehended outside a neighbor's window with wire clippers and alligator clips. He advised police of their rights and was taken to the Reno jail. The trial date of June 1 has been canceled.

Flunkeys, sign up

Last Tuesday the ASUN Publications Editorial Content Board opened filing for three editorial positions to allow personal friends and political cohorts of the board members an opportunity to run for the puppet positions.

All applicants must be ASUN undergraduates with at least a 2.0 GPA.

Deadline: Tuesday at 5:05 p.m.

Note: Those students who have previously been fired by this board will not be seriously considered.

This one's for real

Mr. John Ascuaga
John Ascuaga's Nugget
P. O. Box 797
Sparks, NV 89431

July 12, 1976

Dear Mr. Ascuaga:

Chancellor Humphrey has conveyed to me your deep concern regarding the 1976 *Artemisia*. I want you to know that student government at the University of Nevada, Reno shares your concern, and we have taken action to insure that such an incident can never again occur. You have my personal assurance that the 1977 edition of the *Artemisia* will be traditional and will portray the activities of students, faculty and athletics on the campus, and will not concern itself with things that are not germane to the school.

If you wish, I would be happy to sit down and discuss this matter with you personally to answer any questions you might have. Thank you for your interest in this matter.

Sincerely yours,

Jim Stone

President, Associated Students



They paved Paradise

The Keith Shumway Memorial Parking Lot was dedicated yesterday in memory of the former university police chief's altruistic devotion to parking meters.

The parking lot site was formerly Manzanita Lake opposite Clark Administration Building.

Speedaway estimates the additional revenue from the 5,000 new parking meters will provide funds for paving the Manzanita Bowl next spring.

Gum on your shoe

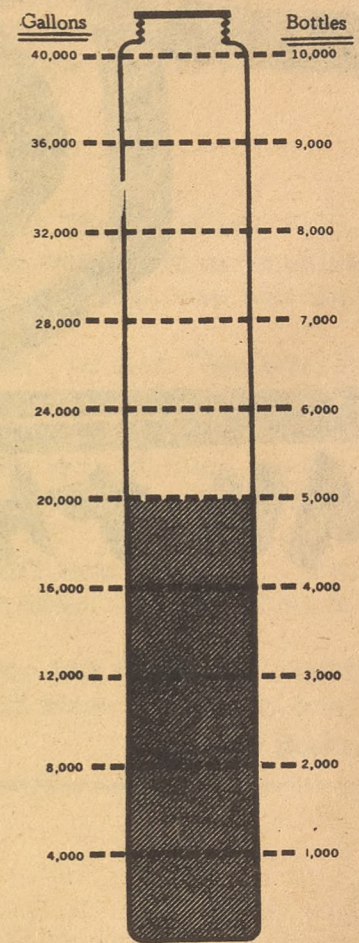
A replacement is immediately needed for the post of director of the ASUN Research and Investigations Office. The last applicant for the vacancy, George of the Jungle, was rejected because he had no grade point average. (He has now transferred to UNLV where he is student body president, but that's neither important nor timely, but it does help fill up this dull column of ASUN announcements.) But if you think you can fill George's shoes, and if you can prove you have a grade point average, you just might get this wonderful job.

What the winner gets to do is sneak around campus and dig up as much dirt and scandalous rumors as possible about the *Sagebrush*, and report them to the Publications Board. Now that doesn't sound hard, does it?

For more information, call Peggy Martin at 784-6589.

A flush a day keeps the doctor away

Can you identify these two ASUN publicity stunts?



Free tickets, cheap

Hi, guess what we're doing at ASUN? We are giving away free movie tickets for the theaters in town, and all they will cost you is \$1.50 each. Now that may seem like a good deal, and it is, for us at least. We make a buck-fifty off free tickets, but then again if you guys want to pay, we don't care.

So get your little selves over here with that hot cash you won in the poker game and pick up those free tickets for that amazing low price.

For more information, call Peggy Martin at 784-6589.

Vaudeville lives

We would like to offer congratulations—we won't, but we'd like to—to Pawl Hollis and Jim Stone for being dumb enough to volunteer to run Mackay Week.

For this exercise of theirs in masochism, they will be allowed to have everybody hating them when their groups lose, and likely these two will be drowned with the water from the fire hoses during the big celebration, if they still are coherent enough to know what's going on.

For more information, call Peggy Martin at 784-6589.

Goodbye again, Jim

Today someone asked me, is the ASUN a visible institution? Many has been the times I have asked myself that question during this last year just past. "Self," I would ask myself, "is ASUN a visible institution?" Depending on the issue, the answer would come back to me—yes, no, maybe, sometimes, hell yes, or shit no, probably not but perhaps, occasionally, possibly but in the long run more than likely not and never on Sundays, but call-me-in-the-morning-and-we'll-see-what-we-can-work-out. That's what I used to do all the time in my office when nobody came to see me. It got very lonely, sitting around with nothing to do but kick Jesch around and think of things to send Cardinali out for. Go for coffee, Marc. Take out the garbage, Marc. Go play in traffic, Marc; Marie and I want to be alone. All day long. You think it's easy?

Perhaps ASUN would be a more visible institution if more people had come to see me. Only three students came to me all year long with their problems. Granted, it might have been easier if Marie and I had unlocked the door, but they always could have come back later. Now you take that baby-faced so-and-so McCaskill. *Everybody* comes to see him, just because he blow dries his hair and looks so cute and all. Did anybody come and

see me when I had my permanent done? Not on your life. Fifteen bucks out of contingency I blew on that sucker and all anybody did was snicker behind my back.

I'm not going to grovel. People say I was a do-nothing ASUN President. Well, I got through the Gold Cards, didn't I? And you see what happened? McCaskill turns around and takes them away from everybody else! Now I ask you, how can you get anything accomplished in an atmosphere of constant public scrutiny and open debate? As soon as you do something constructive, some cuteass baby-faced son-of-a-bitch with blow-dried hair comes along and rips it all down again.

Goddam Gold Cards. Big friggin' deal. Do they include retirement benefits? Huh? Answer that one, you goddam smartass *Sagebrush* writers with your big words and funny clothes! How about dental care and a pension? No, nobody cares what happens to us old ASUN officers. I haven't got so many years left to go, you know. One of these days I'm going to just lie down and croak and it'll serve all you sons-of-bitches right. "Poor ol' Jim Stone, he wasn't such a bad Joe," they'll say, and they'll be sorry they said all those mean things about me and it'll be too late 'cause I'll already be dead in in my grave and too bad for them; I'm glad. So there.

I know that there are those of you smartass bastards who do not believe in ASUN, and given a choice would just as soon separate yourselves from it. My answer to you is: Who needs you, you goddam limp-wristed candy-ass freaks? I urge you to keep this thought in mind: Where would you be without it? Other than having a little more money, I mean. Many, many things which you take for granted would not be there if ASUN did not exist. Plastic water bottles, or instance. And censorship of publications. Without people like me, those bastards would put anything they like in the *Sagebrush*, and *Brushburn*, and whatever other crazyass bullshit they put out. Goddam dirty pictures and gutter language, if you ask me.

It has been a ribledge for you to serve me as your ASUN President this last year just past. I made some mistakes, but I also did some things wrong. But my only concern has been for my welfare.

Hopefully, I leave ASUN better than I was when I took office along with everything else I could get my hands on. I wish that no-good low-life cuteass blow-dried bastard McCaskill lots of luck in the coming year. He'll need it.

Jim Stone

Highly Exalted ASUN President, 1976-77

FLUSH BRUSH

All the news that's fit to flush

★ (8 riko jwi! \$
 TINGOW
 OUNQW 48.
 RHP

My turn

The Gary Jesch affair is over and it's time now to look ahead to better issues and less topical news material. Certainly, Jesch was the editor once and his triumphs remain with us. But now is time to do things the right way and that's why I am the editor, not Jesch.

I'm not the type of person who would actually accept a gratuity, mainly because I'm never offered any. But aside from all that, I'm a graduate student—so by rule, I'm above such miniscule criminal activity. My mother always told me, if you're gonna steal at all, steal big. And that's why I am editor now and Gary Jesch isn't.

Let us not forget the plight of Gary Jesch and the emotional torment he has faced since charges were brought against him.

O. K., now let's forget it. He's gone, I'm here. I am editor, albeit an ephemeral one. What do I care that Pat O'Driscoll hasn't called me for an interview? What does it bother me that my name appears like an afterthought in his articles, if it appears at all?

You're damn right it bothers me and I'm madder than hell and I'm not gonna take it!

So people don't like the big words I use, huh? Have you ever read a magazine that didn't use big words? Even *People* magazine uses big words, but do they get complaints? If you'd bother to read the third paragraph of a *Time* cover story, you'd be reaching for the diction-

ary constantly. If I wrote like the rest of you morons I wouldn't be editor, would I?

Does it bother me that my tough reporting abilities go unrewarded, that my record reviews don't raise an eyebrow? Why should they? I understand that you can't read. I just want my stringbook to look good for prospective employers. I can't even envision what the typical student on this campus wants to read. But I can do it better than you and that's why I'm editor and you're not.

People have asked me my position regarding the actors involved in the Jesch affair. For instance, what's my opinion of the Senate's decision to fire him?

Hell, I think it's great. I always wanted to be editor a campus newspaper. The great thing about it is, I can do anything I want because it's temporary. What are they going to do—put in a temporary temporary editor? Heh-heh, no way, Jack.

As far as Cindy Mayer is concerned, why won't she leave me alone? I haven't been editor more than a week and she's trying to take me to court. There's this fetish for controversy among student body officials. It makes me madder than hell and I'm not gonna take it.

And my staff. That's a laugh. What staff? The only people who bothered to stay on won't even let me experiment with design. They bitch about not having Jesch around to wipe them when they take a crap. If I didn't want to be editor so badly I'd fire every one of them.

Damn production manager can't even put the right

date on an issue. Who gets blamed? Damn straight. Me, that's who.

The goddam typesetter rewrites my editorials. The sports editor complains about "things being done differently than Gary did them." Eat it, bitch.

And, oh yeah, big Gary Jesch. You know what he does? He enters the office, opens his mouth and incites riots. I was afraid to change the names on the staff mail boxes for fear someone might think I'm trying to get rid of Gary. Every time he walks in and I'm sitting at his old desk in his old office, it makes me feel like I've beaten up an old lady.

And where are the reporters? They've all left. Felts—I had to twist his arm while he was stoned and drunk simultaneously one night so he would at least edit copy for my last issue.

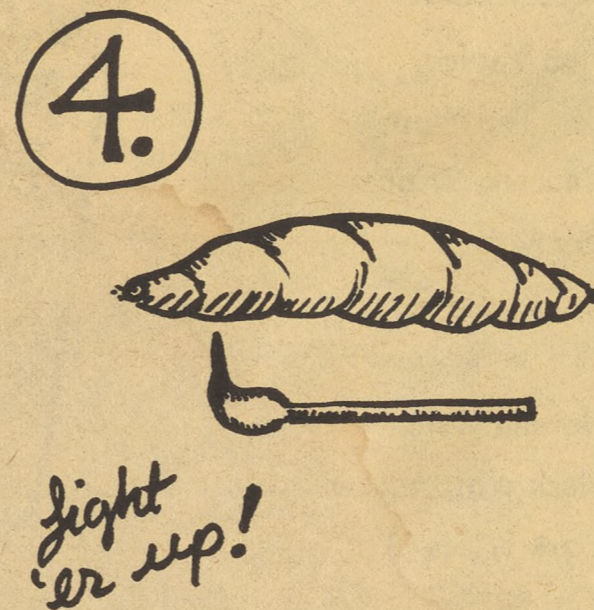
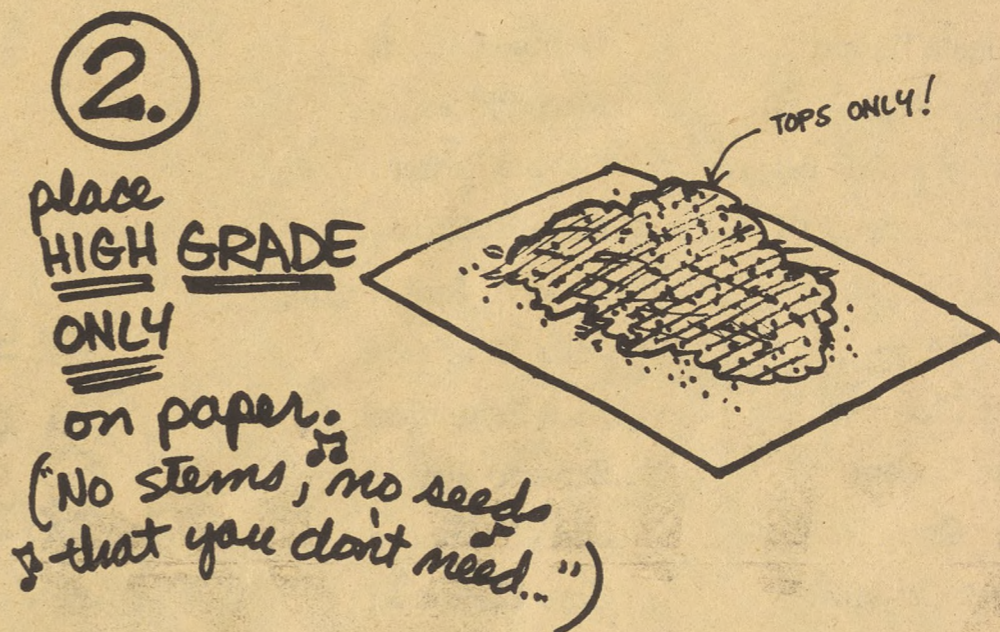
And Schindler: "No, no, no," he said. "My heart belongs to Gary."

Nine-tenths of the names in the staff box are people I've never even seen. The girls in production cry every time I tell them they've made a line crooked or forgot to proof some copy.

I mean it (sniff!)... I can't take it (sniff!)... I want out (sniff!). I don't wanna be editor no more. I hate it, I hate it, I hate it.

I just hope the next editor gets it stuck in his/her ribs the way they twisted it in mine. Where's my bottle, mommy? Ga ga ga...

—Bill Becker



THIS WEEK'S COVER is made up of stuff I swept off the floor after the Production Manager walked out because the headliner broke and nobody showed up for

work. They left the cover blank so I just did it myself with whatever I could find around. My name is Herman. I'm the janitor.

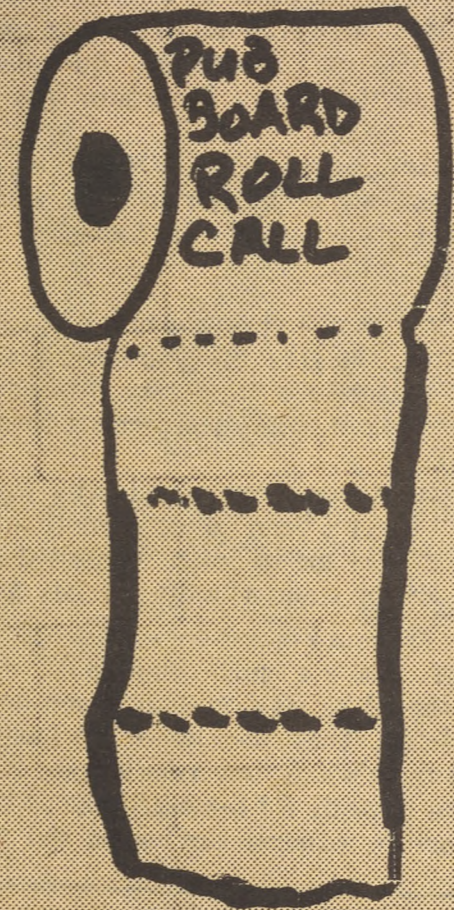
W. J. Johnson '77

STAFF

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Bob Anderson | Evelyn Levitan |
| Dave Anderson | Jim Liston |
| Kay Armstrong | Paul Lyon |
| Armand Austan | Sylva Maness |
| Dave Barnett | Steve Martarano |
| Sam Bass | Cesar Martinez |
| John Battles | Tom McQueen |
| Bill Becker | Dennis Myers |
| Pauline Bell | Bill O'Driscoll |
| Celeste Bergin | Debbie Olthoff |
| Bob Boisson | Marc Picker |
| Lori Kinnear Briggs | Debbie Potter |
| Tom Caldecott | Mike Rebuffo |
| Bob Carlson | Roselyn Richardson |
| Paul Cirac | John Schafer |
| Jeff Cloninger | Rick Schindler |
| Dan Conant | Ermano Siri |
| Dan Cook | Sheri Skidmore |
| Mark Crawford | Gary Slagowski |
| Jan D'Atri | Kenny Small |
| Daria Davenport | Shirley Sneve |
| Bob deJong | Paul Taylor |
| Trent Dolan | Ted Terrebonne |
| Linda Donalson | Maureen Tripp |
| W.C. Donalson | Jaci Vogt |
| Ernest Durelle | Richelle Waller |
| Sonny Elder | Pete Weber |
| Dennis Felts | Noreen Welch |
| Gayle Fisher | Mark Whittington |
| Mike Graham | Mark Wiegand |
| Gordon Gregory | Ken Wiltse |
| Don Griffith | Meleva Wiltse |
| Jana Gross | Kitty Zonneveld |
| Terri Gunkel | |
| Harry Hart | |
| Pat Hartman | |
| Laura Hinton | |
| John Hoffman | |
| Gary Jesch | |
| Juanita Johnson | |
| Leslie Judd | |
| John Kennedy | |
| Don LaPlante | |
| Tuan Quang Le | |
| Tim Lee | |

All 78 people above have been listed in the SAGE-BRUSH staff box at one time or another since September, and a few of them actually worked here.

All photos not otherwise credited are by TED TERREBONNE, MASTER OF TIME AND SPACE. Dig it.



MARC WAS HERE & PASSED GAVEL 5/4/77

I was there & passed out. L.H. 5/4/77

Need Job. Can read write Solicit Call Gary 217292 (days only)

Ted Terrific slept here. 9/17/76

Lonely, Call Dennis Feels (felt good) 320

WANNA TAKE A RIDE? -P. TAYLOR

SEX QUESTION #3

If you were stranded on a desert island with a beautiful, sexy, young, buxom, leggy, curvy, willing, hot, NAKED



Who is Dennis Myers?

Who cares?

I am ~~an~~ editor.

Campus Kitty tastes like anchovies. I do not. KZ

the worst of taste. 881-0288

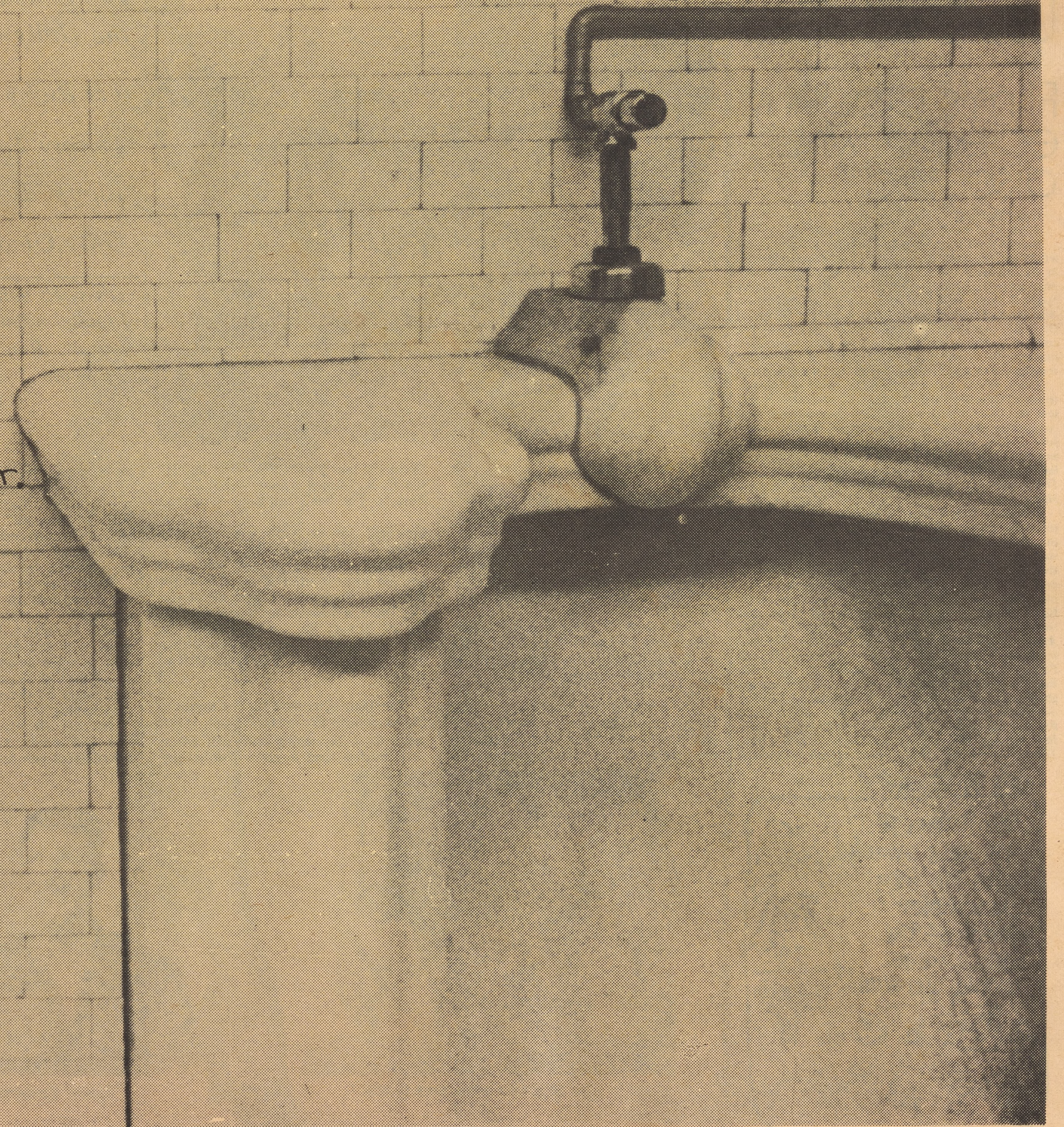




photo by Ed Roberts

What kind of man reads Sagebrush?

Film's progeny eclectic when dissected

Dead Barnett

'Gone With Wind': Doesn't Give any Damn

Gone With A Wing is a unique science fiction film and which social commentary historical in value judgments in the tradition of rather trite theme, calling to what mind there is spectacularly *Moby Dick*, Bogart's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *Birth of a Nation*, *The L-Shaped Room*, *Arabesque*, *Bridge Over the River Kwai*, *The Wizard of Oz*, and *Agriculture: Tomorrow's Vegetables*. The colorful kaleidoscopic flash used in this sequence is magnetically eye-stimulating and highly, if not greatly, reminiscent of some movie or other. She is impregnated.

Don't let me tell you the whole story. Proteus informs Christie that Sydney, Australia and other characters that after 28 days of value judgments and social commentary the child will be born again. Without doubt, Julie Christie and Howard Rosenberg give an eloquent and trenchant performance. *Demon Seed*, *Rosemary's Baby*, *The Omen*, *Deep Throat*, *The Three Musketeers*, *The Magnificent Seven*, *The Wild Bunch*, *My Favorite Martian*.

Extremely believable is the usher in this movie, a terrorized woman who is called upon to show a wide range of in-depth emotions, a performance virtually a one-woman show and manages to outshine even the imaginative sets and special effects and all the other movies I've ever seen until my eyes turn into 3-D biting social-commentating soup bowls. For instance, I find optical the film's weakest point, such as *Bonnie and Clyde*, *High Noon*, highly-impregnated visual landscapes in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, *Night of the Iguana*, *The Lion in Winter*, *The Man Who Would Be King*, *Doctor Zhivago*, *Popeye Gets Laid*, *High Plains Drifter*, *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly* (three films in the new dust and spaghetti genre), *Value Judgments*, *Loge Seating*, *Two Student Rate*, *Meaningful Prose*, *Moby Dick*, *Bikini Beach*, *Bride of Frankenstein*, *Abbott & Costello in the Louvre*, *Beach Blanket Bingo*, *Andy Hardy Goes to Hell*, *I Was a Teenage Critic* and *Melvin the Friendly Whale in Denmark*.

SEX QUESTION #4

No, Really, If you were stranded with this sexy cheerleader which of the below items would you want?



a. b. d.

d. e.

Limelights hit U.S. shore to fill Beatle void

Rupert Sideburn

Who can speculate what band will fill the void the Beatles left when they disbanded? Finding the saviors of rock in the "boring 70's" is like finding starch in Farrah Fawcett-Majors' hair. It just isn't there, despite the appearance.

Similarly, to many, Elton John filled the void. To some, the Bay City Rollers, and to the rest of us, Peter Lemongello, look like the kind of talent that should end the speculation.

Nix so, Bozotros.

If you've been listening to your radio and scanning the daily papers, you may have heard a group called the Limelights. The band is composed of four fresh, smart-looking youngsters from a little country environ of Sydney, Australia, a town called Busterville.

tle girls shriek with ecstasy as they grope for their groin.

Adding to these top 10 singles is the raging, manic rocker "Our First Date Was Special for Me."

Now these songs and others are available on the group's first album released in the United States. It's called *Hi! We're the Limelights*, on Deccadent Records.

This forceful masterwork is the product of the combined talents of Timmy Taylor and "Bippy" Bozotros, the band's songwriting team. Raised in the farm country near Busterville, these two unassuming young lads grew up together and attended college at Busterville Community Extension Center where Bippy earned a degree in paraplegic symmetry.

Timmy dropped out and in 1967,

claiming "I'm saving it for a Limelight" and "I like the tall one" filled the L. A. International Airport this week. The visitors (who have embarked on a national

tour which includes Reno in July) fought off the starving, chemically-imbalanced army of stained pre-teens with cursory smirks and droll commentary. (Gilly was heard to remark, "How nice it is to see you all.")

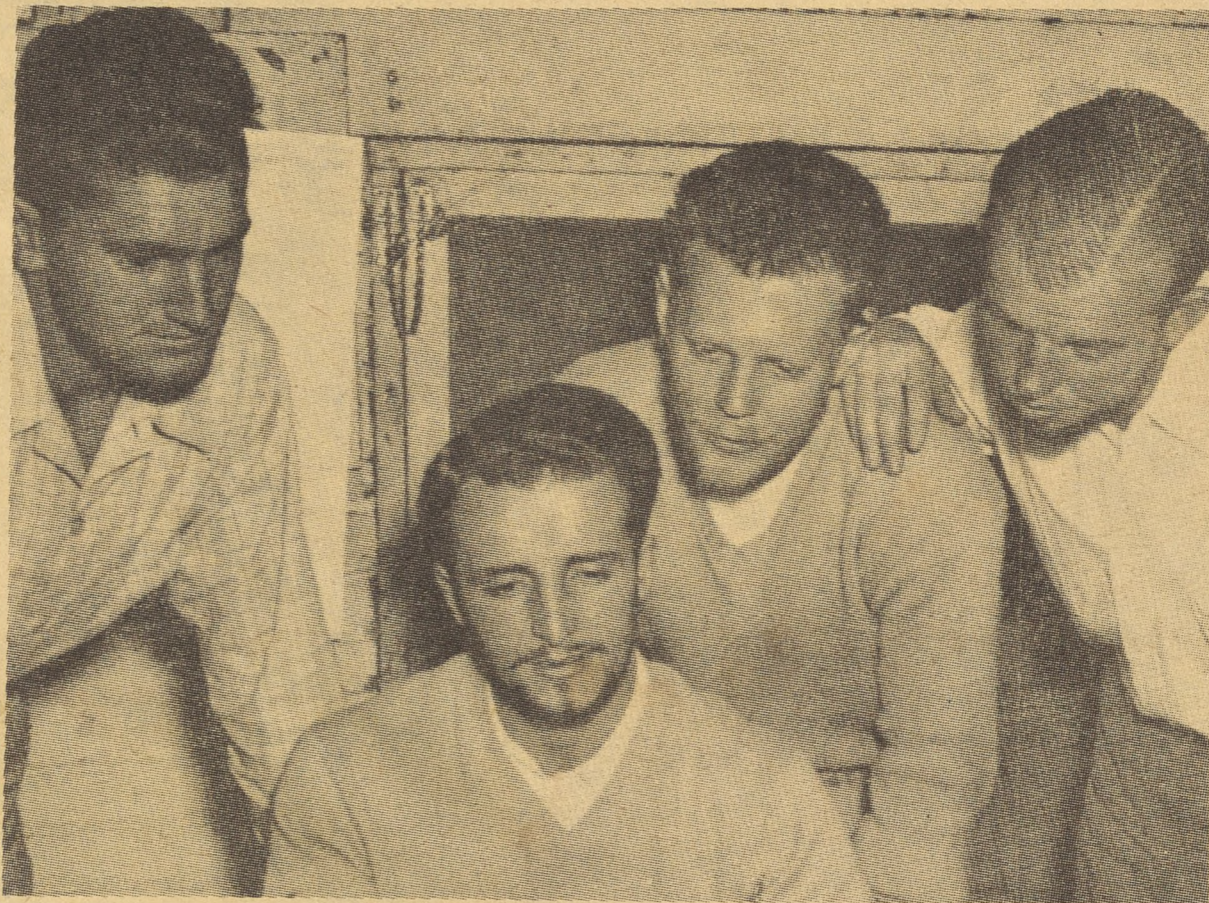
The album will surely wake the rock establishment from the prevailing ennui.

Even-tempered and balanced, it rates at least with some of rock's finest achievements: Elton John's *Caribou*, The New York Dolls' first album and the Ramone's first release.

Hi! is not for pre-pubescents only. It's

The Limelights meet the Hollywood press.

(l-r) Ricky Razz, Timmy Taylor, "Bippy" Bozotros, Gilly Gladd



"It's swell being here. I really mean it. I love you all. Really. No foolin'." --Ricky at L.A. International

It's a town like any other except for one big difference. Some of the most exciting music around is originating from a little tavern there called the Busterville Go-Go Room.

Let's face it. The Beatles will never get together again. But the Limelights are just beginning. Already, the music trade magazine charts look like the band's repertoire.

Their single "I'm Happy Just to Know That You'd Go Out With Me," is the fastest selling record in the nation, followed by the recently-released "You're My Kind of Gal."

The B side of that record is also causing girls from Bangor to Bakersfield to pull at their hair. "Just Good Friends" is the type of stirring ballad that makes lit-

about the time psychedelic music invaded the U. S., formed a group called Drippy Furbox. The band consisted of current

Limelight member Gilly Gladd; he was joined in 1968 by Ricky Razz, bassist.

Bippy joined up shortly afterwards and the group transferred its act from the Busterville Recreation Center to the Go-Go. There, a businessman who was thinking of buying the Go-Go spotted the band and invested his time and money in making celebrities of this dynamic foursome.

The Limelights have hit the shores of this land much like the Beatles did in more naive days. Screaming hordes of drippy little bitches, clad in glitter T-shirts pro-

an enriching, highly delicate assemblage of social commentary and space-age instrumentation. Razz's guitar solo on "I Was So Ashamed" is a lilting, glowing technical achievement as valid today as when Ricky Nelson originated the finger progression in the early 60's.

Parents will be outwardly offended by the material which leans toward the unacceptable as when Bippy shouts in "Don't Be Afraid, I'm Clean." "I don't mind it if you date other guys/ I just think it might be wise/ If you let me take a snapshot of those juice-oozing thighs/ You might be the recipient of an unapproachable prize."

But the album's vitality and forcefulness will surely make it the most talked-about new act of the decade.



The boys take some time to rest.

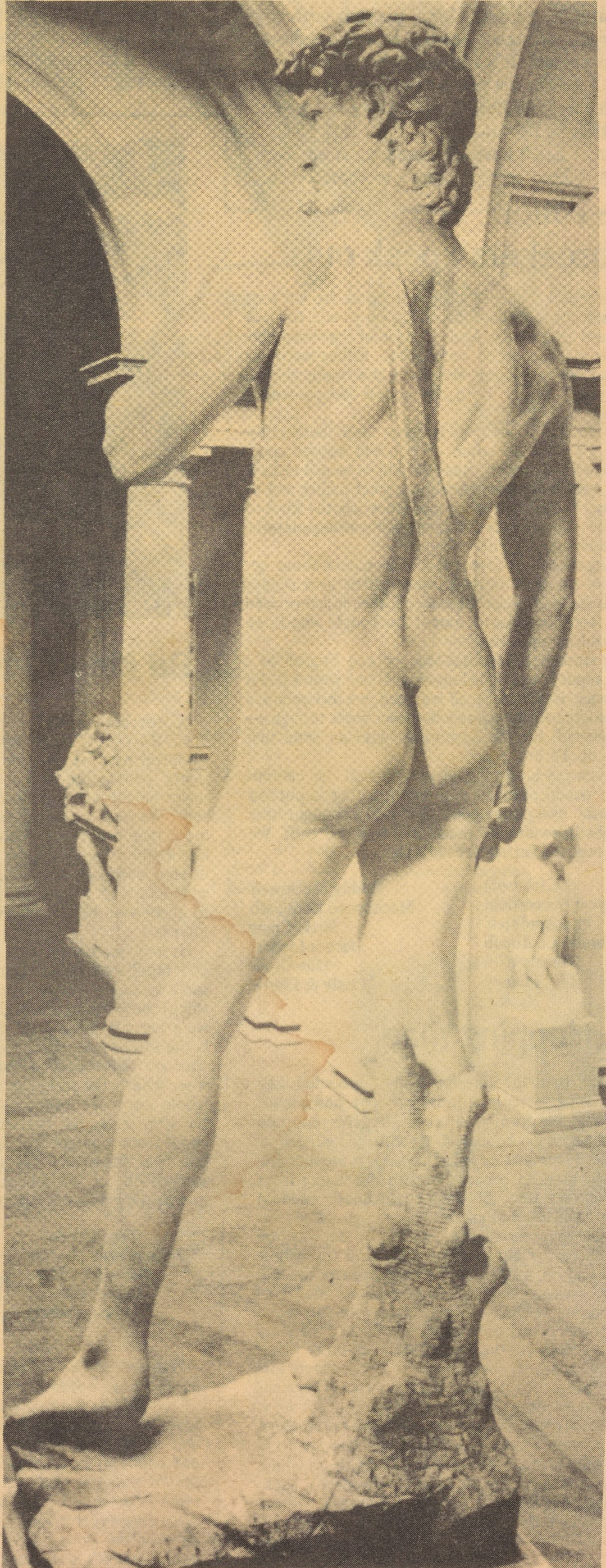


'Bippy' Bozotros

Playbroad

The Magazine for Sophisticated Women

Who Would Rather Play with Themselves



Vice and Descent

I am strong, I am invincible, I am EDITOR

As the lone, ambitious, last member of the Sagebrush staff, I'd like to congratulate myself on my new appointment as editor. It's not every campus coed who can be the newspaper editor, especially when she's a flake.

It's a lonely job down here in Morbid Hall. I spend many long hours alone, playing with myself. Any sophisticated executive woman should play with herself. It's a lonely job but it's got to be done. I mean, it's not that anyone else won't play with me. The Pub Board likes to play with me. But they're no fun.

I mean, I don't have any hangups about being a woman. I kind of like being a woman. At least

To the editor:

Jobseekers speak out

As journalism students with nothing to do, we were helping each other to read the merits (or to wit, the lack thereof we'd say) of the April 19 issue of Sagebrush. We have come to one major conclusion. Either we don't know what we're talking about, or the cover story is what we mean to say if we can was in the poorest of taste.

While the Reno newspapers have their faults, they obviously are them to whom if you will we will apply for jobs when we get out. Reno should be proud to have them like real cities have too their great dailies and so on. Clearly. We are not so dumb. They are the kind of editors who can produce Pulitzer-prize-winning-material and/or the like if you will.

That Sagebrush's editor can feel so secure about her own talents and job future to parody the luck of our local professionals, is, reflective, of, the, much-printed but once more here motto; here it is; "People who think know everything upsetting."

Having studied Journalism History and English as a Foreign Language and thus knowing all one would feel if you will what is felt to be all we need, we feel ashamed to be associated as outsiders who never write though we could if we will for the Sagebrush, with an issue that points this up. Period.

We only hope bleak though we do that our campus Newspaper would please restrain from trying to put out a "Playbrush" every time poor unawares will might have been caught unawares by thinking it was real stuff. We should be reserved for April Fool's Day.

(signed)
Kittycat Soccerfield
Phil Sandblast
Becky Blunder Cardinali
Tracie Who
J. C. Penney

Roddy McDowell
Machiavelli Cardinali
Suzie Craps
James Listless
One Gross
Randy & Elbow

Hopping mad

We believe that the Sagebrush has exceeded any bounds of being a representative student newspaper. This pertains to the front-page scoop that five reporters collaborated on which appears in the April 22 edition of the Sagebrush. This sort of sensationalism is inexcusable as well as showing no concern toward the young frogs involved. We feel that this sad, unfortunate incident should have been listed as an accidental upchuck, as was reported in the Reno newspapers, which, by the way, are the recipients of the Nobel Piece Prize and the Nibble Prize for Literature, as well as the Pulitzer Prize for Mis-directed Muckraking and the Congressional Medal of Honor; relegating the play-by-play action to the sports page. In this way, you could have people read the story in full detail if that was the sort of thing anybody would want to do, but not us for sure. Then if they were into that sort of thing, they could turn to the sports page and fulfill their weird needs with a full account. All of us who are normal could then stick to the doctored story. In closing, it wasn't even a good written story, leaving out such details as the color of the tablecloth on which the unfortunate frogs were found, the educational background of the man involved, etc. There are some around who'd like to know these things, but not us for sure.

Erik Queen
S. M. Leather Mason
Dale W. Gaydahl

I'm not a graduate student.

I'll be all right, if I can just get Gary Jest off my back and Bill Pecker off my chest.

And I don't mind that Pat O'Driscoll plays me down downtown. He hasn't even propostioned Bill Pecker.

I don't feel my resume should be received by the Pub Board prior to publication. They might make fun of my military childbirth and missing typewriter. I pledge, though, if elected, I will re-

veal my resume chapter by chapter, with each ensuing issue of the Sagebrush. "Laura Hinton, Laura Hinton."

Everybody talks about my poor taste. What they don't understand is that I have none. When taste became controversial, I decided not to print any more of it. After all, I still want my job next year.

I really enjoy editing, cutting and glueing the Sagebrush by myself. And I'd like to say here from the Morbid Hall Office that since the staff all quit, I've had a hell of a good time.



Be kind to the webfooted

Concerning April 22 cover story of the Sagebrush, i. e., "35-Year-Old Accidentally Vomits Frogs."

Never have we been more disappointed with the students' publication of the Sagebrush and its editor and never before have we read it. You can bet we did this time. We read it through and through. Some of us read it more than once. The editor demonstrated a total lack of sensitivity by allowing the graphic details of this incident to stop short of action photographs or perhaps an artist's conception. A simple line drawing by one of your cartoonists would have sufficed. You didn't completely do your job.

It showed a total lack of sensitivity for the friends and family of said frogs, who, by all reports (but we can't be sure because some papers won't print the whole thing) suffered exceedingly, due to the fact that they were not yet completely digested. That, in our opinion, is the difference between poor taste and no taste at all. You are sensational but you don't ever quite go all the way. What's the hangup? Some of us our here want the whole story. We intend to flood your dumb rag with letter after letter (all the while, of course, pretending to come from separate and disinterested quarters) and thus talk this thing into the ground because we didn't get enough out of the real story. Next time maybe you'll give us the whole enchilada.

Leonard Puke
John Wayne Shaffer
Steve Landslide
Bruce Lowrent
Kenneth Peeling

Linda Leftlane
Greg Frog, Sr., Ph. D., etc.
Robert K. Polysyllabicurname
Eugene Blackhead

Editor's reply: We stand by our reporting of the unusual digestive fate of the frogs.

We did the best we could, and realize that no matter what we do there will be those who will be upset by this and want us to be really bad. We will henceforth make our policy to be as bland as possible and hope that our public will still read the front page. It's just that every once in a while we feel we have to dig something lurid out of our feeble imagination and plaster it tastelessly all over the front page. If you asked us, we'd probably admit that it's best to take a striking story, chop it up so that it makes sense only to those who are intimately in-

involved, such as the frogs in question, and relegate it to the want ads where it belongs. After all, this is what we are all used to. The reporters involved are admittedly inept and crude, and grilled the respective amphibians for all "the gory details" in the case, and were obviously thrilled at the opportunity. Sadly, one of them is a member of the Publications Board and he has since sworn that he will replace the current editor of the Sagebrush with a lizard—a lizard which, by the way, has persuaded his girlfriend to type a resume which lists his achievements and experience with the nationally-known Tool & Dye Newsweekly and the Metalhead Literary Quarterly, a military publication. Asked about his chances for the job, he stated that, "We broke up two months ago, about the same time I applied for this job yesterday morning."

Remember elephant jokes?

In regard to your ad announcing a "special letter writing class for journalism majors that includes special instruction in 'elephant syntax,'" permit me to suggest that the tastelessness of the Sagebrush seems to become more evident with each issue. Even your jasper material seems to have acquired a little something to offend everyone.

I do not know what "elephant syntax" is, even though I am an elephant myself. However, I do know what an elephant is! An elephant is an accident of birth. We can't help it. Do you know what it is like to go through life being bigger than everybody else? Do you think it's any fun having to pack a trunk around all day? Of course not. If you have to pick on someone, why not pick on the ground sloth? Now there's something funny.

Pach Y. Derm
Elephant

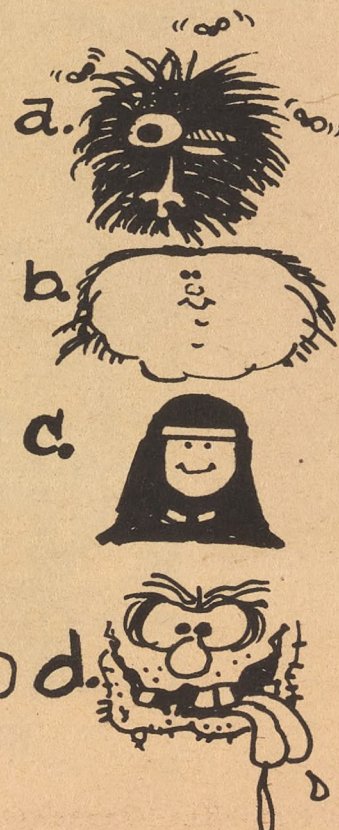
Being a ground sloth myself, I don't see anything funny about your letter. "Elephant syntax" refers to a state of language in which the words are arranged in a cumbersome manner. Besides, how do you think "blind bats or dumb bunnies" feel?

G. Sloth

SEX QUESTION #5

WHICH of these PEOPLE would not make a GOOD FIRST DATE?

CHOOSE ONLY ONE!



Phrippery

SEX QUESTION #6

Best foot forward

The Nevada Association for the Handicapped has given its 1977 Silver Wheelchair Award to student literary critic Tall Pylon for "outstanding achievement in alerting the public to the plight of the paraplegic."

The little-known *raconteur* was cited for his recent expose of a dangerous syndrome known as "paraplegic syntax."

"We really went out on a limb with this year's award," said association president Siebert M. Crutch. "At first we thought Mr. Pylon was getting off on the wrong foot, but then he really started rolling. We're pleased to see him walk off with the award."

Pylon, reputed author of the incomprehensible epic *Festering Greens*, was named "America's slowest-rising young poet" by the editors of *Leather n' Latex Revue* in 1963.

Bad to nurse

During the month of April, the Emergency Medical Services (EMS) division of the State of Nevada certified two University of Nevada Police officers as Emergency Medical Technicians (EMT's). The one-hour EMT course was completed in 80 hours by Officers Joe Friday and Mannix. The course taught a wide variety of topics such as Cardio-Pulmonary suffocation (CPS), the handling of hangings, major and minor trauma, illegitimate child delivery, monkey bites and a multitude of other emergency-related topics. In addition to the classroom training, each of the officers was required to spend

a minimum of 16 hours of work cleaning the emergency room of either Washoe Medical Center or St. Mary's Hospital.

Parking permit revenues were used to pay the \$1,500 tuition fee for each officer.

Crap and scroll

The 12th annual Honors and Awards Convocation will be held Tuesday in the bathroom of the Buildings and Grounds Bungalow at 11:15 a.m. The formal ceremony has been rescheduled from the old gym because of a shrinking audience. Also, the American Bowlers Congress is scheduled to use the gym at that time.

Twelve students are expected to attend the ceremonies to receive awards and shake hands with Governor O'Bull again.

Farm out

The Foreign Studies Board has announced the Summer Program. Students interested in studying unique environments may want to attend the rural Nevada ethnic studies seminars in Austin.

Achieving effective communication with the local natives will be the goal of the seminar. The students will be limited to the use of words that do not contain more than six letters and two syllables except for rural vernacular pertaining to ranching, mining, sex or drugs.

WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?



Steamed up

Announcing for a limited time only:

Charter memberships now available for The Greater Truckee Meadows Platonic Steam Bath & Sauna Society and Temperance League. Members are entitled to use of the towel and hatrack. Send 75 cents plus four cents for postage and handling in care of *Sagebrush*, University of Nevada, Reno.

Oral turpitude

Two UNR graduate students finally underwent final oral exams for their masters' degrees this week. They are the first students in 23 years to go through the program.

In 1954, an unknown student presented his master's thesis in geology, titled "Analyses of Hydraulic Interchange Between Stress Factors in the Use of the Adverb in Dostoevsky and Unicellular Flagellates."

The last student to receive a doctoral degree at UNR was Slim Pickens in 1922. His doctoral thesis was entitled "Catalytic and Stoichiometric Reactions of Paraplegic Ligands in the Manipulation of Stagecoach Reins."

Life from print

Dr. Demetrius Tombstone of the World Society to Save Journalism is exhibiting late pieces representing his work in creating life from newsprint. Long thought to be a dangerous practice, Tombstone's work proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that contrary to popular belief, it is indeed possible to create a living, breathing newspaper. Though some critics hold to the idea that injecting original thoughts into otherwise lifeless paper cannot be done safely, Tombstone's experiments have shown that it is not only possible, but reasonably safe. Tombstone says that the secret to his success is use of the little-known catalyst, IMAGINATION.

The show will remain on public display for as long as Tombstone's supply of IMAGINATION lasts. Without the catalyst, newsprint quickly turns yellow and dies.

Board silly

ASUN encourages all students to apply for the boards and committees below. It is mainly through these committees that ASUN is able to exploit student funds and remain aloof from students' needs while appearing to be representative of the university community.

Information and applications are available somewhere in the Student Union.

Toilet Water Bottle

Installation Committee

Abortion Board

Dope Growers Consolidation Board

Senate Punch and Cookies Board

Publications Editorial Content

Control Board

Spaced Assignment Board

Student Health Service

Avoidance Board

Gold Card Club Committee

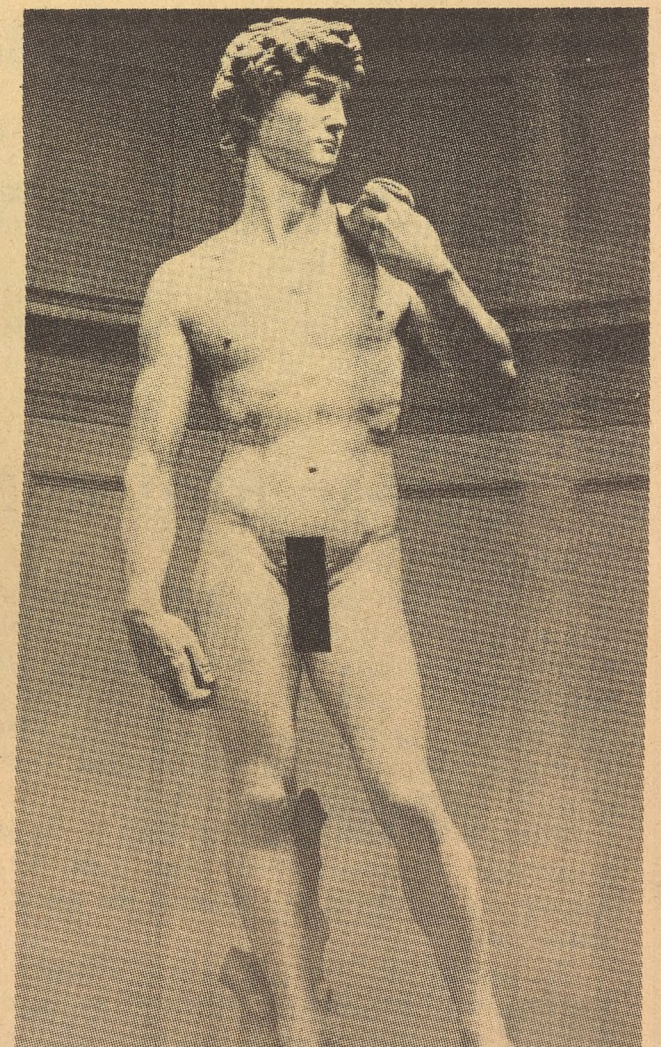
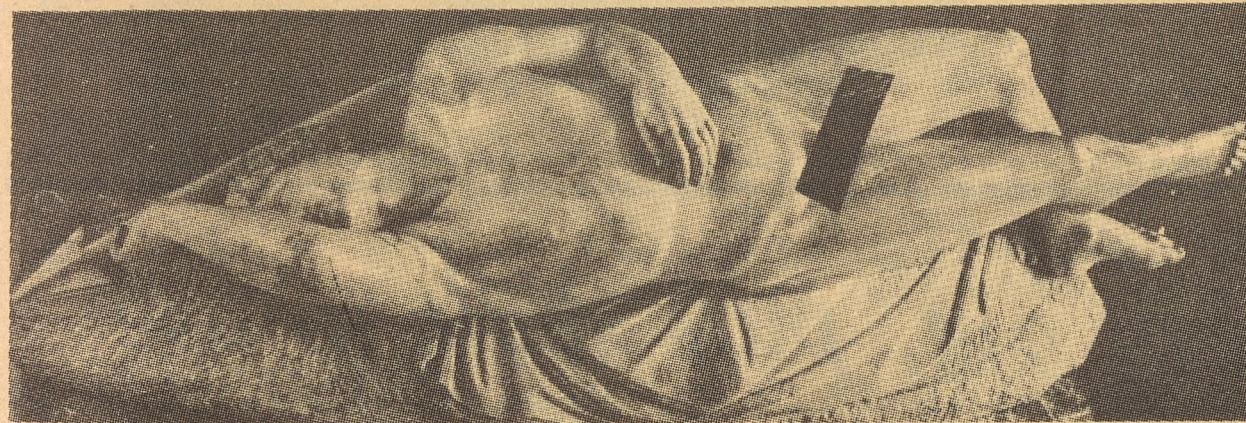
Affirmative Action Reduction Board

Cosmetic Campus

Improvements Board

Lavatory Sanitation

Control Committee



The envelope, please

Don Do-it

Well, boys and girls, it's time to give out the first annual Patsie Awards to all of those devoted suckers who have helped and/or hindered the *Sagebrush* this semester.

Our first big award goes to the 1976-77 Publications Board for its heroic effort to promote stability on the *Sagebrush*. It receives a mud-covered "Let's See How Many Editors There Can Be In One Semester" trophy. Its record of three editors may go unchallenged forever or until this year's board gets a chance.

The next tacky trophy goes to Don LaPlante as "Big Mouth of the Year." LaPlante won for writing 28 stories guaranteed to put everybody, except the most diehard lover of the state legislature, to sleep for perpetuity. He is awarded the task of attending all Space Allocation Bored meetings next year, and writing

10-page summaries of each meeting.

A former editor, Bill Becker, gets the "I Can Use More Big Words Than Anybody Else" award. Becker won the title by using 472 polysyllabic words in one paragraph of a record review. The review would have been printed, but the copy-editor could only find 360 of the words in the dictionary, and went crazy trying to figure out what the other 112 words meant.

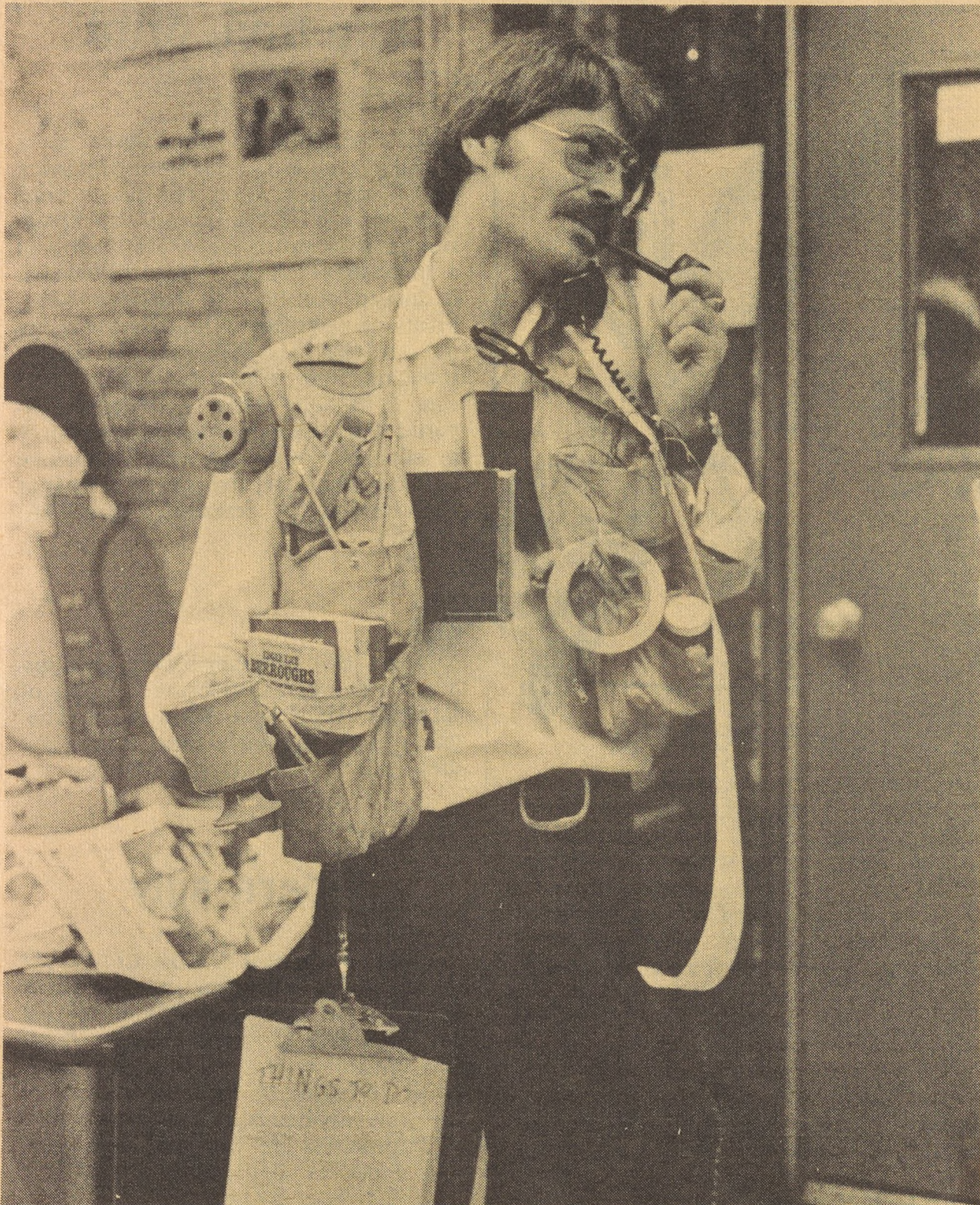
The award for most bylines by a group in more than one performance in a supporting role in a twice-weekly series goes to Terri Gunkel, Steve Martarano, Tom McQueen and Shirley Sneve. The group wrote 88 articles, most of which were two-paragraph shorts that were done after calling the coach and asking who won the game, but "hell, it will fill up the scrapbooks and impress innumerable

future employers with how much work they did in college."

The "Preparation Award" goes to editor Laura Hinton. She was the unanimous choice of the staff for her marvelous preparation for Publications Board meetings and for always leaving notes promising to be back right away and then returning promptly six hours later.

The one tie came in the mysterious category of "Who the Hell are You?" This was given to two staff members no one could ever find. Writer Harry Hart produced 16 stories this semester without ever revealing his true identity. Speculation centered around the ubiquitous Hart being Clark Kent, the Shadow or the Green Hornet. The other winner was Kitty Zonneveld for having been listed in the staff box for 10 consecutive issues without ever having a story printed.

Mug Shots



Desk jockey Mike Graham

Pal Lion

Mike Graham has never been one to stand on conventions.

He attended one once in Kansas City. Attempting to stand on it, he squashed everyone's shriner cap. While there, however, he purchased the raw materials for his famous vest-desk. A roll-top style was once considered, but as Graham says, "It just wasn't me."

For Graham, adventure is where it's at. Danger is his middle name. Not a fancy swimming pool-sized escritoire in a paneled office with a carpet deep as a swamp for Mike. He only goes around once, he knows why he smokes, and it's just him and his RC on a honda, as he seizes life by the chin and grabs all the gusto he can get. We asked Mike if he'd been getting any gusto lately, and he just grinned his saucy, enigmatic, dashing and rakish grin, and said, "Wait'll you see my portable nest."

Indeed, style is Mike's lifestyle. One look at his hopped-up converted VW van with a Corvette engine and platinum anchor tells you more than a thousand idle words could ever serve to do as well. Setting up the croquet hoops in the master bedroom, Mike takes a few seconds to jot down smartass remarks on his shoulderblade with a plastic-inlaid plume snatched from the riveted-in-place penholder with the dexterity of a Lithuanian contortionist, which is his ancestry. The notepad trembles with the demanding scratch of the message:

seal pact with Libya
buy new pipecleaners today

As a crusading journalist from this campus' turbulent 60's, activist Graham

finds that his portable desk comes in handy.

"Who else can compose a biting commentary while driving down the freeway, or searching for forgotten dimes in telephone booths? I spend 14, 15 hours a day in Denny's—do you know what it's like to try to write a tasteless, sensational news story on those little tables they give you?"

We saw Mike yesterday walking down Virginia Street on his way to his jockey workshop, and thought he was scratching his back with both hands. Little did we know he was writing a resume. He offered us a drink, and he drew out a fifth of expensive liquor from a special cabinet in his armpit and poured. We asked him to give us a list of the contents of his desk and here it is:

- Tool kit with extra Sears battery for portable nest.
- Extra shower curtain or pup tent.
- Paperclips, facial disguises, etc.
- Three score pencils.
- Movie camera with tripod.
- Musket, balls, powder, etc.
- Spare chassis, lawnmower, flagpole.
- Typewriter.
- Secretary, age 53.
- Lockpicking, safecracking, wiretapping equipment.
- 1959 Encyclopedia Britannica, 15 volumes.
- Basketball.
- Two broken Keno crayons.

Well, so long, Mike. Good luck on life's journey. Those in the forefront of all fields of innovation are laughed at, and you're really funny. Console yourself, perhaps, by suspending yourself upside down in a doorway and writing yourself a letter on your spine.

Pot Shots

B & G washed up

Pierra Specific Power Co. has awarded this year's coveted Golden Hydrant to the UNR Buildings and Grounds Department for "yeoman efforts to help rid Reno of the unsightly Truckee River," it was announced today.

The department received the three-foot trophy in recognition of its daily waterings of not only the campus grounds, but its sidewalks, buildings, driveways, stairways and unwary passerby, as well.

"We've been hearing rumors of an impending water shortage this summer for some time," commented company president Dusty Drispell.

"We'd like to commend these hardworking people for their farsighted conversation efforts in drenching the campus as thoroughly as possible before we run out of water."

Howie at it again

Laura's Hintin'

Convicted Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt was yesterday arrested by District of Columbia police in what they described as "another attempt to break into Democratic National Committee offices."

The committee's offices are no longer located in the Watergate, having been moved to more modest quarters closer to Capitol Hill two years ago.

Hunt, or E. Howard, as he likes to be called, was in possession of consecutively numbered \$2,000 college lecture fee checks at the time of the arrest in the committee offices.

A spokesman for the UNR student government the incident "a third-rate burglary" and said the "ASUN has had no involvement in this particular incident whatsoever."

Peggy poops out, puts skills to use

Mike Rebuffalo-Rebuffed-Rebozo

After seven years of service, Peggy Martin, ASUN secretary, resigned her position to work at an area nursery school.

Ms. Martin, who graduated from the UNR Elementary Education Department, listed her qualifications as babysitting the ASUN President, combing the vice-president of finance and publications' hair and mustache, and playing hide-and-go-seek with the vice-president of activities. She also added she had extensive experience in the use of flash cards, which she used every time her tots went into public. "Why, just the other night the Senate President said every word I told him to." Along with her other qualifications, Martin has been experimenting with the new ASUN officers. Her disciplinary measures include making them write "I am a bad frat boy" and "Peggy packs a powerful punch" one hundred times.

Asked about the future plans of her former students, Martin predicted the vice-president of finance and publications will edit the *Campus Cadet Call*, by virtue of his extensive experience with military organizations. The vice-president of activities will assume the duties of ASUN secretary and her dedication to duty will be exemplified by her trademark "... for further information call Marie Pecorilla at 1-555-1212." Martin is especially proud to announce that her pet Rock will be attending law school. "I'm ever so proud of him; he's the first one of the Klan to make it good."

Martin will continue to pursue her career in juvenile jurisprudence and legislation at the *Apple a Day Makes You a Good Egg* nursery, but will remain a part of the university by serving as Pecorilla's proxy when she the country singing "Allyallyallsinfree" in B sharp.



photo by Charles Greear



Album design by Celeste Bergin

Critic says Poly album is "funky"

Bill Beckermantarianism
Frantic Assemblage of Neogenetic Riffs
 By Poly and the Syllabics

This group has the causal vitality of a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant in a Georgia newspaper with poor grammar. The author of the presumptuous synthesizers has a multifarious mind that has a morose flavor and redneck appeal. Although the stage performance of the multitude is in a formalistic mold it has an occasional scattering of bite with outrageous social commentary. Even while gamely scheming to become a pop idol with stage gimmickry and lavishly orchestrated tours, the group has every stock motion along with the obligatory encore and criminally demented friends.

The lead singer has a redeeming value in addition to a surplus of mellotrons. The electrician has a generic similitude to baby avocado breasts. His actions on stage amount to vacuous activity with marionette dementia that will lead to the predetermined break-up of the radiant opus.

The other members of the performing managerie radiate a misanthropic charisma of a Neanderthal quality that will make popularization difficult. The singers satiate the appetite of space music fans with hyperactive instrumentation by concocting lush melodies and performing exquisite packages.

The songs on the record are experiencing culture shock of a dead art form by becoming self-actualized by ducking into a time warp.

The name of the group has been a misnomer since its solo career began in front of a romper room crowd.

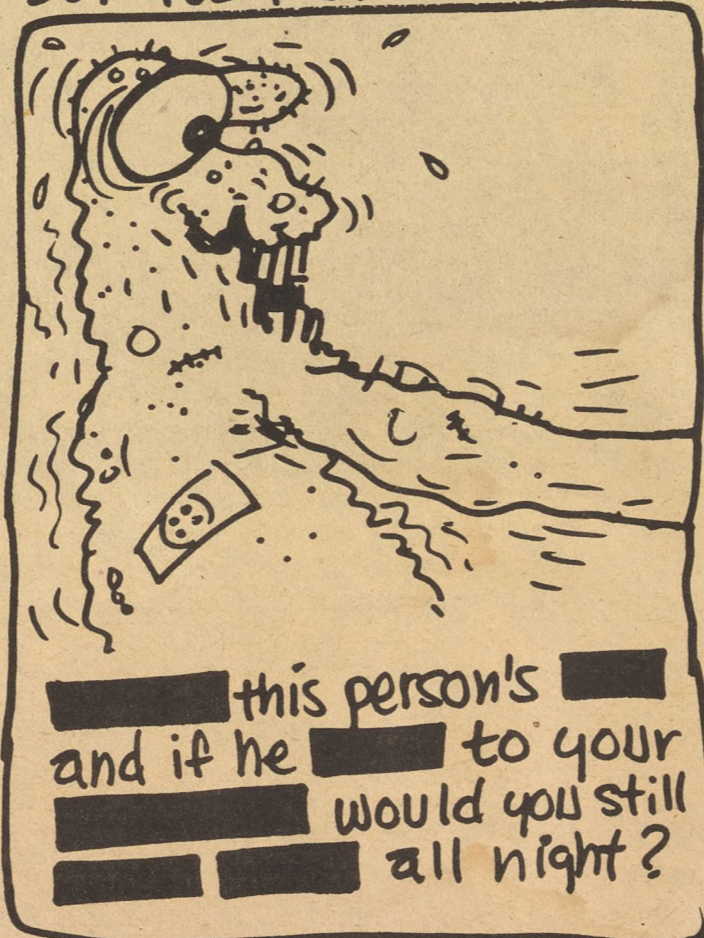
The music shows ramifications of English contrivance and jazz stylization ensconced in rock-jazz fusion that is funky to boot.

The group left the indelible impression of Muzak with

a staccato trail, a paronomastic cop and the ramifications of a profound and enigmatic statement.

My newfound disenchantment of a minimalistic route left the solo excursion of a percussionist. But shades of Roots inverted, I'm not sure I understand the question.

SEX QUESTION # 7



Attention: Max Milam

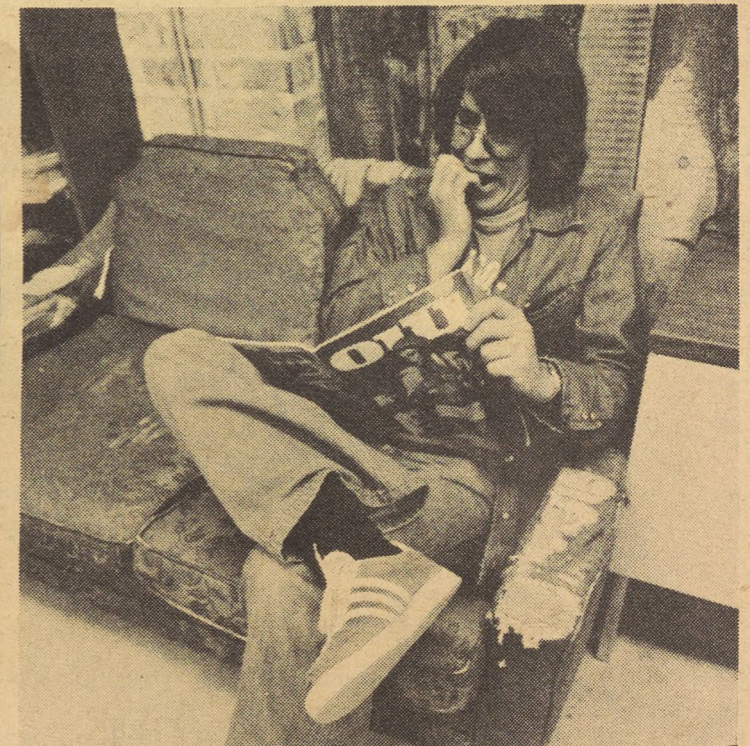
The Board of Regents of the University of Alaska seeks to fill the position of President University of Alaska

The president is the chief academic and administrative officer of the University of Alaska. The multicampus University of Alaska is the only public institution of higher education in the state. Headquartered at Fairbanks, where it opened in 1922, the university operates major urban campuses at Fairbanks, Anchorage, and Juneau, seven community colleges in smaller centers, and several extension centers. Overall, the system serves more than 20,000 students. The university is the major Western Hemisphere center for arctic and sub-arctic research. The Board of Regents of the University of Alaska is seeking a respected educator who has had proven experience and who has demonstrated leadership and executive ability. A postgraduate degree is required, and a terminal degree is preferred. A statement of University of Alaska requirements for the position is available upon inquiry to the address below. Nominations or applications with current resumes should be sent prior to March 15th to:

Presidential Search Committee
 Foster F. Diebold, Executive Secretary
 to the Board of Regents
 105 Bunnell Building
 University of Alaska
 Fairbanks, Alaska 99701

The University of Alaska is an equal opportunity,
 affirmative action employer.

Send
 Little
 Billy Becker
 to Mustang
 this summer.



You know, little Billy's been pretty lonely since he blew in from Vegas last winter. So lonely that he's starting to get on everyone's nerves, hanging around the john and getting saliva all over the copy. Just the other day we had to bail him out for assaulting a tree. Won't you please send a contribution to the Becker Pecker Relief Fund care of this paper? Little Billy will go to bed horny tonight if you don't care.

We wish this was a put on IT'S NOT



photo by Jeff Stringer

Early Sunday morning, the two swans of Manzanita Lake--"Siegfried" and "Odette"--were brutally slashed and left dead on the north shore of the lake, near the entrance to Juniper Hall.

University police officials, who are investigating the crime, found blood on the first floor of the dormitory. They said they had no idea "who would have done something like that."

Sagebrush regrets to have had to report this news in its otherwise traditional lampoon issue. We regret that the needless slaughter of these graceful, powerful birds concludes the events of spring term, 1977.