

PLAYBRUSH
ENQUIRER

40¢

Our annual tribute to yellow journalism

Scientist reveals--
Intelligent life left
Nevada 10,000
years ago

SILVER STATE NOW GLOWS IN THE DARK
NEVADA NUKE ACCIDENT

SEE PAGE 5

EXCLUSIVE

JOE RENO
FOUND DEAD IN
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MOST FROM
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P. 88



**JOE CROWLEY'S
SECRET GARDEN....**

DOES HIS WIFE KNOW?



NO OPINION

An ego-building conversation with myself

I figured that since I've been editor a whole year for this student rag known as the *Sagebrush*, you'd want to know something about what makes a guy of my stature tick; what it is that puts me above the rest of the so-called journalists on this campus. So I conducted an interview with myself. Pretty clever, huh?

STEVE — Boy, you sure are an egotistical bastard, aren't you?

MARTARANO — I would say that I rank right up there with the best of the egomaniacs. I mean, you don't think that I'm in this profession for just the money, do you?

STEVE — Let's get down to the crux of this stupid interview. How did your reign as editor go, as if I didn't know.

MARTARANO — What a great time! I had the bigees on this campus eating out of my hand and I didn't let them forget it. And anybody that gave me any shit I just ripped the hell out of them in an editorial. Being editor's very simple.

STEVE — You sure do like to cuss a lot, don't you? What does your mother think with all that filth coming out of your mouth and editorials?

MARTARANO — Actually, I had to tone it down quite a bit from what I would have liked the obscenity level to have been. But some campus puritans got on my ass early in the year over saying shit and piss. Can you believe that? Boy, this campus just ain't what it used to be.

STEVE — Seeing your report card, I get the feeling

your GPA may have slipped a little since taking over the editorship. Doesn't it bother you that most of your teachers think you're some kind of moron or something?

MARTARANO — Being editor was a great excuse for not having any time to put into studying. And besides, I fooled enough of those hacks into giving me my diploma didn't I? If a teacher didn't play along, I ripped them in an editorial.

STEVE — Boy, your ethics have really gone to hell since the last time we talked to each other a couple of years ago. Are you proud of the way you handled all your power and prestige?

MARTARANO — It got me through the year didn't it? I'm basically such a nice, easy-going guy that I figure anybody that doesn't like me ain't gonna like anyone. And if they bugged me once too often, I just ripped them in an editorial.

STEVE — Now that they're finally kicking your ass out of school, what do you plan on doing with your life?

MARTARANO — I'll tell you, even though I'm about the best journalist to come out of this place in some time, nobody's really pounding on my door. I can't figure it out.

STEVE — The *Sagebrush* had a pretty big staff this year. How did you get along with them?

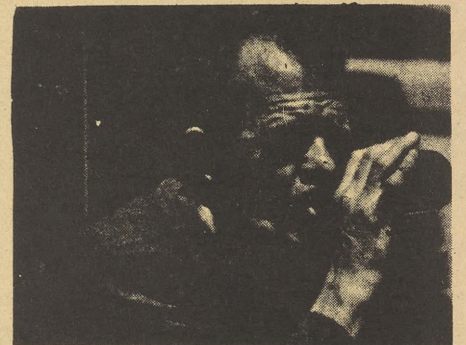
MARTARANO — Just great. We had our big end-of-the-year party Saturday night and the staff kept pouring alcohol down my throat and then tossing me out the second floor of the Mechanical Arts Building. Just a great bunch of people. Kind of a weird sense of humor though.

STEVE — I'm getting pretty tired of this interview. You're really a boring guy, did you know that?

MARTARANO — Now don't you start on me. I get enough crap to have to take it from myself too. You're not super exciting either. With a personality like yours, you ought to fit in nicely with the rest of those boring, leftist journalists you hang around.

STEVE — This discussion has really deteriorated. Let's just call it quits and go somewhere and get plastered, it being the end of school and all that. Do you have any farewell comments?

MARTARANO — Just that this campus doesn't know what it'll be missing once I'm gone. And if anybody doesn't believe that, I'll write an editorial ripping them.



A pensive Sagebrush Editor Steve Martarano ponders his questionable future.

MAIL

Funny speeches

Editor:

I don't know why everybody over in Nevada gets so excited over this Joe Crowley guy. Don't forget he worked for me at one time.

Just because he talks real sweet and tells funny jokes all the time you all think he's Superman or something. I remember that before those stupid Board of Regent clowns canned me, I had a funny banquet speech planned too.

Max Milam

Finals sleaze

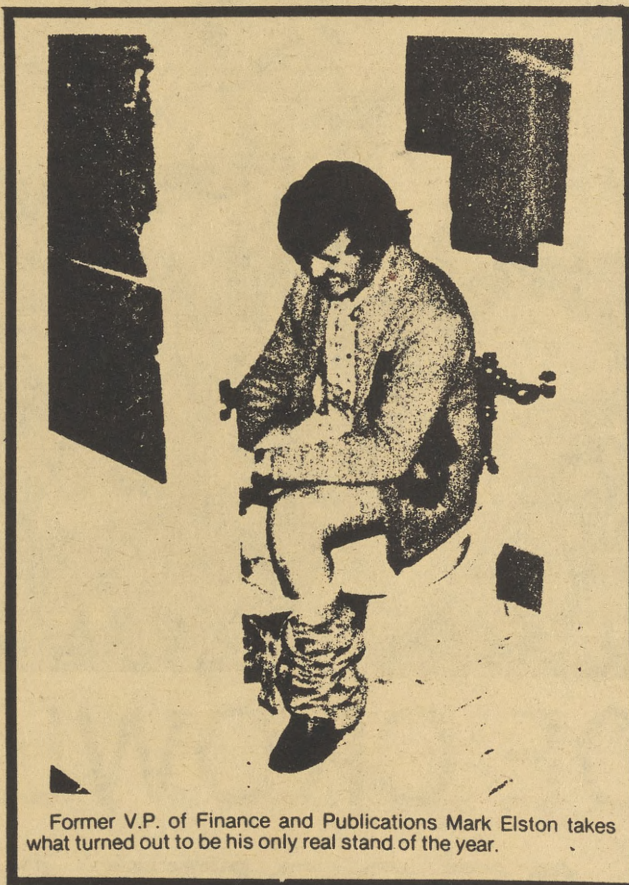
Editor:

I'd like to bitch incoherently about finals. I'm fed up with those tests! They foul up my social life, ruin my tanning sessions, and play hell with my Foosball game. I think they should be scheduled during Mackay Week. No one but frat rats, sorority beanheads and greaseball Omega Zits get into Mackay Week anyway (except for the free beer part, I got real drunk and threw up, it was really great.)

And then if someone wants to sink a cement canoe during the last days of class, well that's his way of getting off. Personally I prefer a little frisbee in the park, a little Rocky Mountain Champagne (warm Coors) a little sun, and a little girl from a nearby high school. But this finals week crap has got to go. I mean, it costs a fortune to buy the Cliff's Notes for all the books I was supposed to read during the semester.

So do something, would you? I would take care of it myself but I got a Biology final and I've got to find someone to take it for me.

Sincerely,
Bill Melater



Former V.P. of Finance and Publications Mark Elston takes what turned out to be his only real stand of the year.

Newy's gizz

Editor:

Boy, am I glad this year is almost over! Nobody but me knows what a pain it is being the ASUN slave day after day in that office with all those student egomaniacs.

It's "Kathy do this, Kathy do that," all day long with

those jerks. And what a bunch we had in there this year. Neuweiler — running around with a stupid sucker in his mouth and purple gizz drooling down his chin. Some people never grow up.

And Elston! How did that guy ever get elected? He was also a great one for giving orders.....from his job out at Boomtown. I never saw the guy, just heard his voice a lot.

It sure is a good thing that two out of three of the executives are women. If I stick around, it'll help me regain a little of my sanity.

Is there anybody out there that wants my job? The pay isn't too hot but you sure do get to meet some neat-o people.

Kathy Butler
ASUN Secretary

Building's go boom

Editor:

It's a good thing I got another job so I don't have to watch all those neat buildings on the Quad being torn down.

There's probably nobody around that knows them inside and out like I do. Before it got remodeled Morrill Hall was just great with all those dark, cool rooms in the basement where I slept away most of the day so Hank, my boss, wouldn't make me haul tables around or something.

And since the Mechanical Arts Building is going down I wouldn't be able to sneak upstairs anymore and have coffee with you publications people and get my picture on the cover of the *Sagebrush* and watch everyone looking for me from those big windows up there.

Yea, I'd say I left UNR at just the right time.

Harold
The Quad's gardener

NEWS FLASHES

Did the CIA kill Werner?

C.K. BOYD

"There was just too much at stake, we couldn't afford to have him around. He knew too much."

This statement was leaked to this reporter by a very informed source within the Nevada CIA network. It refers to the disappearance of free-lance writer, Werno Rosso, who disappeared last month. Rosso, who's biting Letters to the Editor struck fear in the hearts of big government, was last seen entering the back room of a Sparks bingo parlor, one which is renowned as a local CIA hangout. His whereabouts are still unknown, but the question remains:

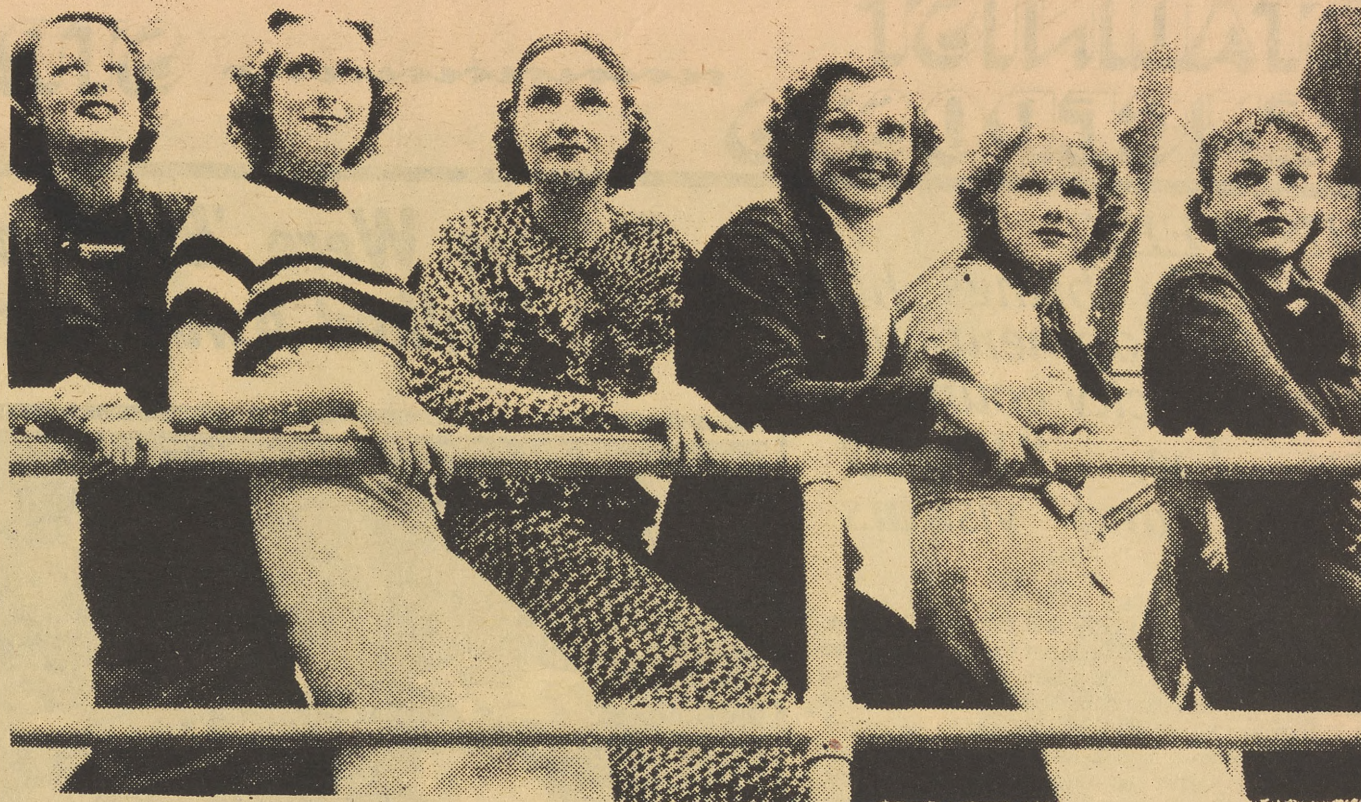
WAS WERNO ROSSO MURDERED BY THE C.I.A.?

Affiliation. Werno Rosso first became associated with the Central Intelligence Agency while working for the Peace Corp in Lovelock during the Fall of 1974. He was asked to help with an investigation of alleged infiltration of the cement plant by Brazilian double agents. Rosso was required to "do" certain things with these agents, and members of the local bowling league.

The Brazilian agents were never apprehended, but Werno stayed in Lovelock for two more years gaining a knowledge of the CIA operations (and improving his bowling scores emensly). But after a while it was time to move to the big city. Finding no work in Fernley, he decided to swallow his pride and enroll in UNR.

He became involved in student life. The wine bottles in his dormitory window were envied by all. Everything was wonderful until he decided to start writing. The fame from his controvertial Letters to the Editor labeled him a prime target for subversive entities. The agency in Lovelock began to sweat-if Werno talked they would be in bad shape.

A contract on his life, or at least his typing fingers was put out. Soon, Werno found himself cornered in an alley surrounded by ruthless killers. Rosso's cool calculating mind decided on a plan of action. Rushing at the nearest assassin he threw himself at the killer's feet and begged for his life. The assassin recognized Werno as the son of his



childhood sweetheart, and so got him to safety.

Werno Rosso then went into hiding, leaving his hideout only long enough to slip his letters into the Sagebrush mailbox, and now and again he'd go out for a six-pack. The waiting was just too much for our hero though, and he soon decided to confront the CIA in person (or persons).

The Disappearance

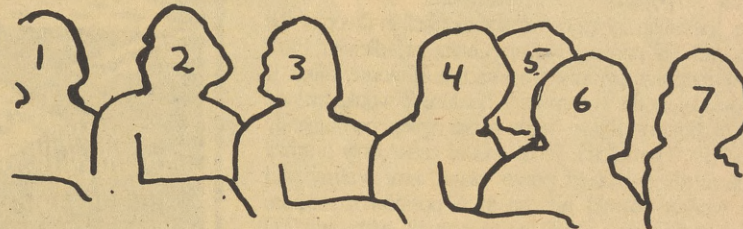
It was just last week when the young journalist entered Max's Bingo Emporium on the outskirts of the Rail city hoping to meet with the agents who were on his trail. No one knows exactly what happened in the bingo parlor that day, but rumor has it that Werno was beaten badly.

After several games of bingo, however, he decided to go in the back room where the agents were. He has not been seen since.

Not long ago an informed source called me and explained that Rosso had been "silenced." Werno know about all of the agency's covert operations. The source then told me of a letter that he had received from Rosso. It made references to "that Milam deal," certain "dirty tricks" concerning the election of Senator Eckmeyer, and "that whole Lilly Fong cover-up thing." Suddenly the phone went dead. It was an old phone, and we knew it would go soon.

Where is Werno Rosso? Who was his assassin? What does Lilly have to hide? Who will win the penent race next year? Why are you not taking a final?

These and other questions will come and go, but Werno Rosso will remain a legend from now until Wednesday.



Telephoto shot of Brazilian agents with Rosso: 1. Max Milam 2. Amy Carter 3. Dick Trachok 4. Lady Widdimeyer (cement heiress) 5. Werno Rosso 6. Jockstrap Judy 7. Heidi Waterman
Not shown-Lilly Fong with her two l's.

Gas Station Rip-Offs

NEW ALLAH CITY — Sources inside the governor's office said Robert List today received confirmation of a deal with a Saudi Arabian prince to sell him the state of Nevada. The deal is the governor's last ditch effort to solve Nevada's gas problems, the sources said.

List will take Prince Ahab the Arab and Humphrey the Camel's offer before a joint session of the Senate and Assembly tomorrow. It is expected the session will approve the deal.

"Heck," List was said to have been heard saying to one of his aids, "they already own Palm Springs and Beverly Hills, why not Nevada?"

It has been learned the governor has enrolled in an Arabic language class and

has taken up camel jockeying. In addition, he has been heard saying "Heyyuk! Heyyuk!" reportedly the correct Arabic response after stepping in fresh camel dung.

When the deal comes through, it will mean big changes in the state. It has been reported that the prince will take over the recently opened Sahara-Reno Hotel, converting it into a harem. Nye Hall will likely become stables where Humphrey will house his harem. The university itself will be torn down, and a refinery built in its place. (List was heard responding to this last proposal saying that it would be the first time the state ever got its money's worth out of the university property.)

(Continued on Page 28)



Every woman should
have an experience.

*If you are a woman who
knows the TRUE meaning of
EXPERIENCE
apply now for an EXCITING
nine month "TOUR OF DUTY"
with the ASUN
Student Government today!
The doors are open now...please close them behind you*

STALINIST FENCEPOSTS

STRICKNINE

THIS WEEK

Joe Stalin brings his new development up before the city council. Says Joe, "Happy workers and visitors alike."

The meeting was called to order at 8 a.m. May 14, 1984. Mayor Benito All-Jowls and councilmen Ciano, Cedar, Fork, Aggrandizenata and Walrus were present. Councilman Dures was absent. Pastor Sleepy droned the morning prayer.

At 10:30, project MPR 1979 Y was discussed by the Council during the public hearing time set aside for same. Only three citizens showed up despite the convenient time for working people and the highly specific and informative isolated agenda number on the pre-published agenda pamphlet.

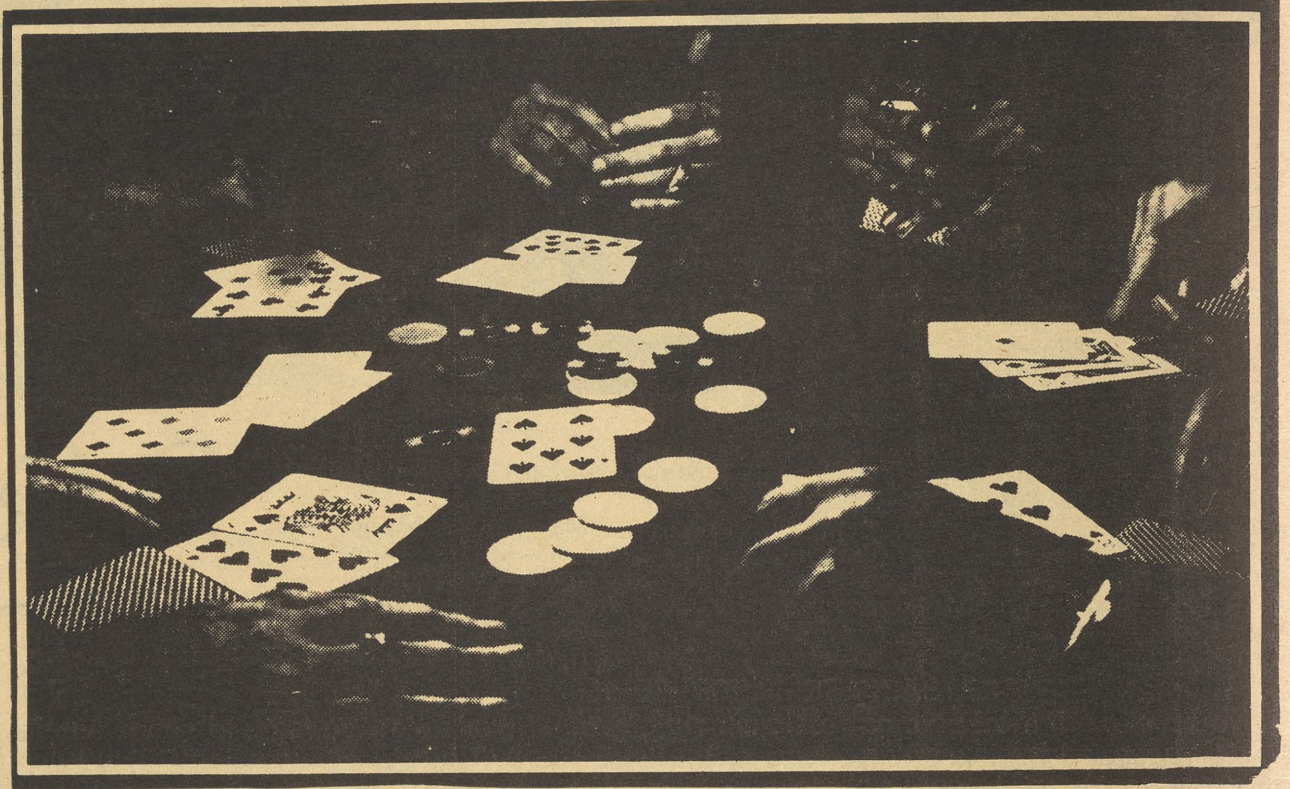
Developer Joe Stalin spoke before the Council in favor of the project. He said his proposed Club Gulag in Idlewild Park would be a recreational paradise for visitor and worker alike. It would be an asset to the community because it would include 10,000 units of housing for as many more or less permanently engaged workers. The electric fence would cause only a small drain on the area's overtaxed power plants near Valmy and Tracy. The workers would not be in a position to require parking. The gaming area would be very small, with only 200 slots, six craps tables, and five Russian Roulette tables. There would, he said, be plenty of work at rock-bottom wages for pliable, desperate university students at the University of Magnetigorsk who might want to apply at the personnel office.

Sewer facilities, to be constructed by the developer, would be rudimentary but adequate. The pre-stressed concrete and mortar to be prepared by the workers themselves had met all the specifications of building inspectors, who are great collectors of ruble notes. He cited a 1977 issue of *Soviet Life* which said Siberia was already one huge construction project, as it should be, to provide jobs for workers.

Mayor All-Jowls said he had "no qualms" about the project. Councilman Ciano said Stalin was undertaking an urban renewal project of some unsightly old trees and recreational buildings "without cost of a single ruble to the taxpayer." Councilman Fork said that this project deserved special consideration and should be advanced to the front of the line for sewer allocations because, unlike other projects, this one provided on-site low-cost housing for 10,000 workers.

Councilman Walrus said he didn't have "any qualms" about the project as presently described but was concerned about future problems of relocating workers after they "are discharged from the camp...er...club," and whether or not the developer had bigger plans in the future. "Down the road, will Mr. Stalin want to bring in more workers? Right now I'm not worried, but down the road I see some problems unless we have a look at the

Thieves Were 'Bunch of Klutzes' — But Walked Away With \$3 Million



specs of any new additions that Joe might want to propose down the road."

A no-growth crackpot by the name of Alexander S. spoke against the project. He said the workers were forced to work double shifts in Stalin's present facilities, and produced reports from the University of Magnetigorsk Department of Engineering that the pre-stressed concrete in the proposed facility would not even stand up to a zephyr wind. The councilmen drank coffee and yawned while he spoke, and the mayor sleepily thanked Mr. S. for his comments and input.

Councilman Ciano motioned for approval, and Councilman Aggrandizenata seconded the motion. AYES: Aggrandizenata, Cedar, Ciano, Fork and Walrus. NAYS: Councilman Walrus. ABSTENTIONS OR ABSENCES: Mayor All-Jowls, who stepped out for coffee.

At 3:30 there was a public hearing for project C 1981 YW. President Crawdadsky of the University of Magnetigorsk said he wanted a sewer permit and a permit to build a new department of classical and modern languages at the U. He advised that after the Franzky Humanities Building had been torn down,

classes in foreign languages were having to be held in the empty spaces in the new parking facility that has replaced it, when they are available.

Mr. Rolling Oats of the Associated Georgian Contractors spoke against the project. He advised that "these lazy, good-for-nothing university students don't do enough real work in the community anyway" and shouldn't be pampered with uselessness like language courses. He advised that "they don't want to get their hands dirty," advising further that after the last world war university students in the part of the world he had come from had to build their own buildings if they wanted to gain permission to take classes. "Let those lazy students build their own buildings; don't give the university permits to build buildings for them," Oats further advised.

The councilmen voted unanimously against the project, over the earlier objections of Councilman Walrus, who said it should be sent back the RPC (Russian Planning Commission) for further consideration.

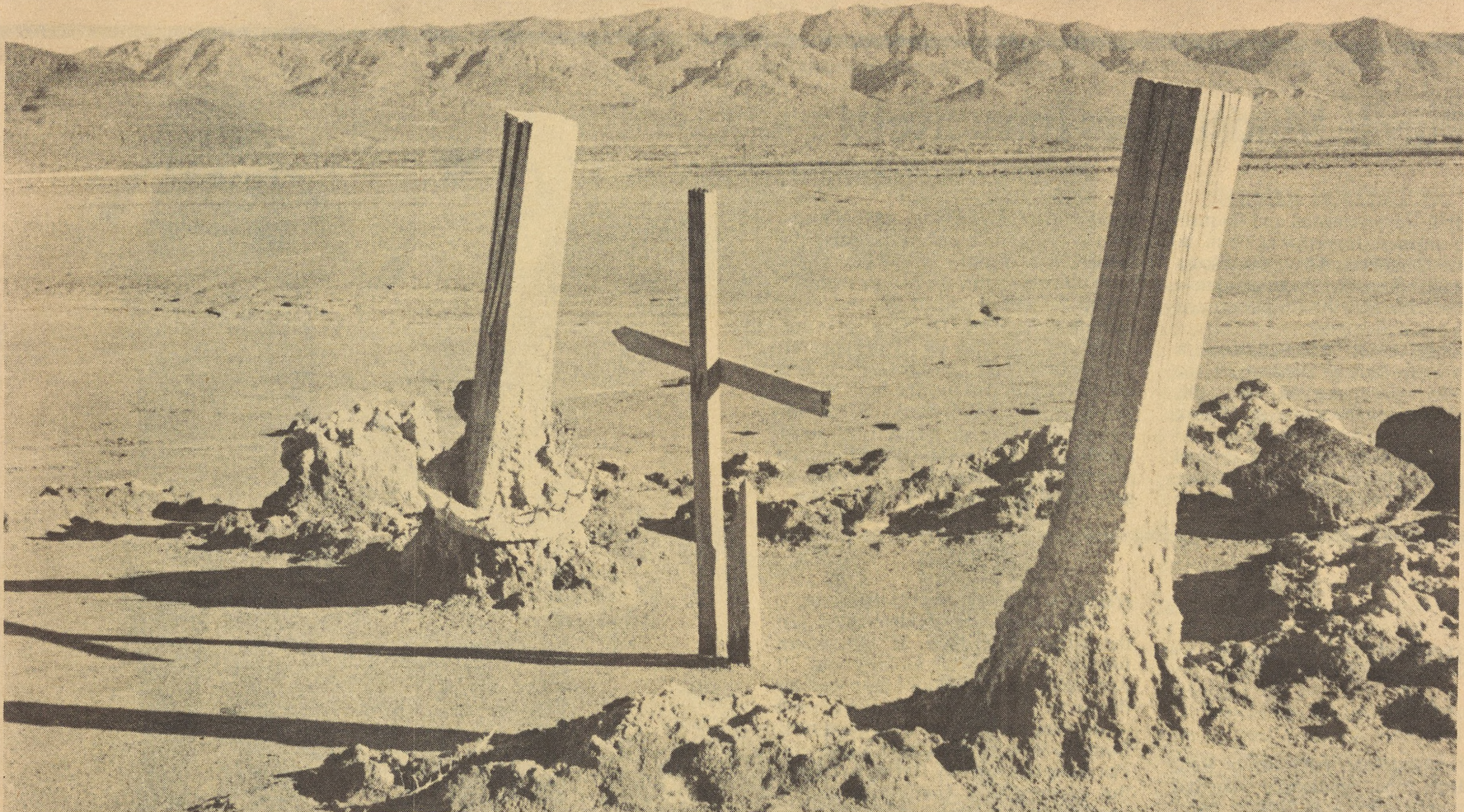
Meeting adjourned at 5:45 p.m.

The Moonies are Looking for a Few Good Men!!!



Join today's
Moonies

Sagebrush
No Foolin'
Number ONE in typography
Rocky
Mountain
Press Association



SCENE OF DISASTER

Once the scene of a happy, peaceful little town, this desolate wasteland is all that remains of the town of Beatty, the small southern Nevada town that was the victim of Monday's nuclear accident. In the words of driver "Rad" Geiger, "I noticed smoke

coming from the rear of my truck, and thought to myself, 'there's no time like the present', and jumped free." Officials estimate little property damage, but warn travellers to beware of giant lizards roaming the landscape.

IT MAKES ME SICK

LOONEY TUNES

Survivors' Own Stories of Cannibalism in Idi Amin's Torture Chambers

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS

Dear IMMS:

Ya know how it is. I just wanted to get a little, ya know. So I went to this bar and hussled this chick. A couple of days ago, ya know, and I noticed that there was some green fungus growing on parts unmentionable. So, I went to the doc, ya know, and this dude told me I had contracted North American Elm Tree Rot. Is this guy on the line. Can I trust his diagnosis?

Weeping Willie

Dear Weeping:

I think what you ought to do is get your glasses checked or stop taking hallucinogens. Stay sober and stop screwing up the environment!

IMMS

Dear IMMS:

Boy, do I have a zit. It's so big it makes the Goodyear Blimp look like a toy balloon in comparison. I'm also having trouble breathing, seeing, walking through doorways. I haven't seen my girlfriend in weeks. Rumor has it she's been seeing another guy. No kidding, man, this is getting expensive. I use a case of Stridex every few days, but nothing seems to help, it just keeps getting worse. What do you suggest?

Pus Puss

Pus Puss

Dear Puss:

Pop it. But not within three miles of any inhabited area. And make sure you phone me before you do, so I can plug my ears. By the way, your girlfriend's doing just fine.

IMMS

Dear IMMS:

Dining common's food — that's what makes me sick!



KICK YOUR HABIT! The university Health Service now offers an officially approved Methadone maintenance program in Thompson Student Services. All you need to do is show your needle marks, sign a release form and shoot up!

What does a guy have to do to get a good, wholesome meal around this university?

Losing Weight Fast

Dear Losing:

You could always hire yourself a taster. But I think your worries are over. Dirk Auto of the dining commons says that Soggy Foods and the university have closed a deal with one of those Californian weight reduction clinics to convert the DC into a health resort. He said a revolutionary form of weight control will be practiced there, based on the theory that if you can't (or don't dare) eat it, you won't. He said food service will be taken over by Taco Bell.

IMMS

Dear IMMS:

I'm a 27-year-old Jewish virgin — AND I'M PREGNANT!!! And I've been having these strange dreams about angles visiting me, and saying all kinds of weird things to me. What I want to know is should I go and see the gynecologist or a psychiatrist?

Wondering

Dear Wondering:

Neither. You see, all us columnists do this, make up fake letters that is, so we can get up on the soapbox and tell you what's what. What I wanted to give you was some late breaking news for you contraceptive-minded people. Abstinence doesn't work! That's right, a recent report from Masters and Johnson indicates there have been a couple of virgin births in the last 4,000 years in Israel, resulting in the birth of a couple of prophets and a Savior. It also says Jewish girls should be especially careful. As for the rest of us — don't abstain. Where is the number of Pus Puss' girlfriend anyway...

SHORT SHITS

Purple Mudsuckers must live!!!

The UNR Environmental and Raquetball Club will meet tomorrow at 7 p.m. in the Senate Chambers. They will discuss the possibility of starting a petition to save Manzanita Lake and the Purple spotted Mudsucker that lives there.

According to Dr. Mike Rascop, a professor in the Biology Department, the lake is the only place on earth this prehistoric fish is known to exist. "There have been rumors the Purple-spotted Mudsucker has been found in a cesspool behind the MacDonalds in Butte, Mont., but these are just rumors. I doubt the fish

could survive in such an environment, anyway. Manzanita Lake is probably the filthiest body of water on the face of the earth, and that's why the fish are there."

The regents proposed at their last meeting to have the lake paved over and made into a parking lot. If the environmentalists should get another petition going, it will follow on the heels of one they circulated last fall asking that raw sewage from the proposed 1,000-room addition to the MGM Grand-Reno be pumped into the lake to maintain its generally black color.

One-legged search

Warren Quaalude, publisher of Reno Newspapers, Inc. announced yesterday they are undergoing a nationwide search for a one-legged former governor to serve as editorial advisor assistant.

"There's just no way the Vegas papers are going to beat us in that department," Quaalude said. "If they can get one, we can get one. It's just that simple."

Quaalude reportedly has ruled out Alabama's ex-governor George Wallace. "There's plenty of eligible ones around without getting him. Besides, he's still got both his legs."

Bathroom suite

New offices for the student publications, *Sagebrush*, *Artemesia* and *Brushfire*, were announced by Vice president of Finance and Publications Hitachi Waterperson yesterday.

Waterperson said that the officers will be located in the downstairs bathroom of the Clark Administration Building and that they will be permanent.

"I know they'll be kinda cramped," Waterperson said. "But it's the least we could do for all those radical, hippie longhairs that wouldn't even endorse me in the last election. Let them figure out what to do."

UNRAP bust

Five UNRAP staff members were arrested Saturday night on DUI charges after the alcohol-fighting organization's office party.

According to UNRAP Director Dike Gooney, the five arrested were playing bumper cars with police vehicles at their station house on West 2nd Street.

"I don't know what happened to them," Gooney said yesterday at the Little Waldorf Saloon. "We were all drinking our patented UNRAP Shirley Temple Specials when one of the guys

grabbed my car keys and off they went."

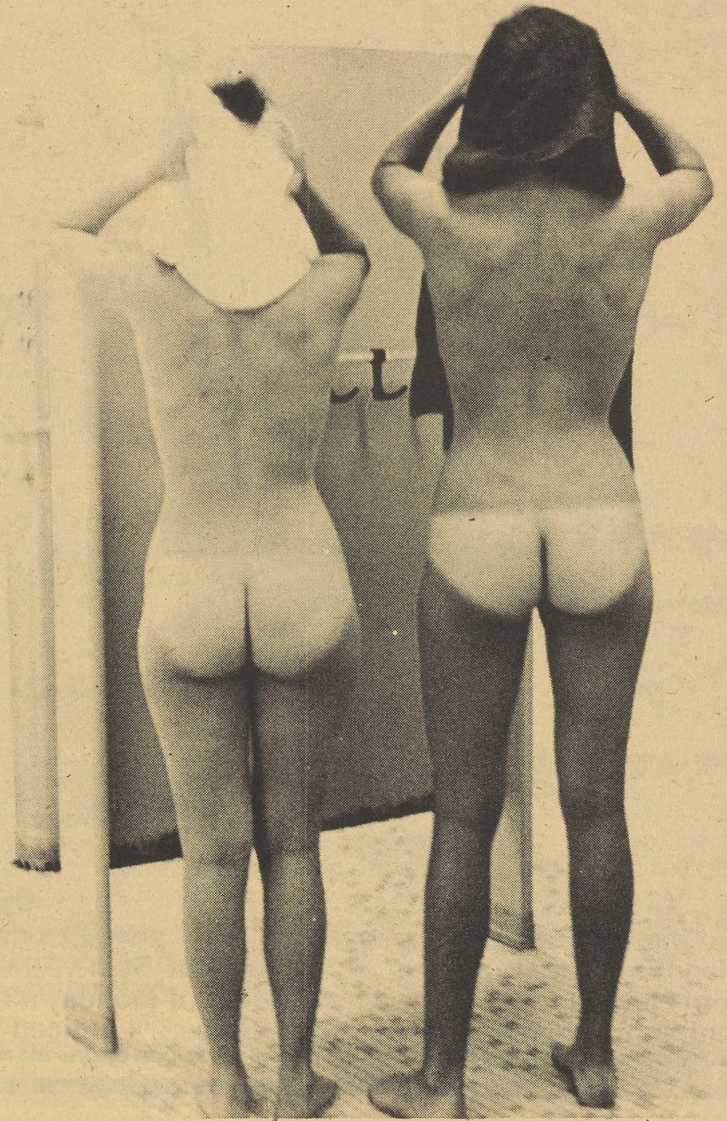
When asked if this incident could hurt the program's chances of government funding for next year, Gooney said, "I don't think so. These kids I have working for me are just your normal college crowd — drunken derelicts out for a good time. Come to think of it, I don't know what I'm doing here anyway. Trying to convert this campus away from drinking is a hopeless cause anyhow."

Blue Key chicks

Warren Graffitti, new president of Blue Key, announced yesterday that the former all-men's service organization will immediately begin allowing women to join.

"I've always believed women are equal to men and this is a golden opportunity to put that philosophy to work," Graffitti said. "The Spurs allow men in so I don't see why we shouldn't reciprocate." reciprocate."

The club will hold its organizational meeting tomorrow in ASUN President Dave Ritch's office at 3 p.m. "Hell, we're such a liberal bunch," Graffitti elaborated, "that we'll probably let bi-sexuals in too."



Dave Ritch and Liz Contri show hideous scars left from their reported "close" encounter with unknown beings they say accosted them in the girls locker room in the Lombardi Recreation Building. The victims have to keep their faces covered to allow their faces to heal.

AAFFS comes out of closet!!

A member of the famed AAFFS campus organization that has been raising havoc with Iranians and homosexuals, made the club's first public statement yesterday.

Addressing a group of campus reporters wearing a swim mask and snorkel to avoid identification, the member said, "Actually, we're just a bunch of Coffin and Keys rejects that are out to screw over somebody. Right now we're just fooling around, but wait until we really get pissed."

When asked if the club had anything else planned before the end of the year, he said, "In the summer we kinda like to lay low and plan for the next school semester. We're basically a new club so things ought to really start cooking by September."

He concluded with, "A lot of people have wondered what exactly AAFFS stands for. Naturally, it's kinda mystic to us, but let me tell you this: We're a real patriotic bunch that is only looking out for the well-being of America."

C & K wins coveted Pulitzer Prize!!!

In a late flash out of New York, it was learned that the latest Coffin and Keys flyer has won a Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing.

The flyer, which was unaccountably stuffed into about 1,000 issues of the April 27 edition of the *Sagebrush*, was hailed by the Pulitzer judges as "A literary genius, something that will ring loud and true in the annals of great journalism."

It is not entirely known how the flyer

made its way to New York and into the hands of the judges. Ron Deal, who is in charge of mailing the *Sagebrush's* around the country said, "The Pulitzer committee is on our mailing list. They must have gotten a *Sagebrush* with a flyer in it."

"This is really embarrassing," a spokesman for Coffin and Keys said after hearing the announcement. "For years we've been the only real underground organization on campus and now this happens. This is just going to blow our

cover all to hell."

That would seem to be the case. Associate Dean of Students Boob Skinny said yesterday, "This is just what we've been waiting for to nail those guys. They've been bugging this campus with their libelous flyers for too long now. Someone's got to go to New York to accept that award and when they do.....we've got them!"

SPORTS

EXCLUSIVE Innocent Man's Own Story of Ordeal That Shocked World

Coach gives up big bonus bucks

UNR basketball coach Harry Cari told the Wolf Club Booster organization to take their \$10,000 bonus and "use it on something more constructive such as adding books to the Getchell Library."

The announcement came as a surprise to Booster Executive Director Clayt Rabbitdoodoo, who had planned on awarding Cari the money after his fine season this last year.

"I was shocked," Rabbitdoodoo said. "We had to forego a lot of priorities to give him the money and now he pulls this. What kind of athletic program are you going to have if all the coaches started giving away money for projects like that. I'm disappointed."

In an exclusive interview with the Playbrush, Cari tried to state his reasons for the move. "Our players are so dumb that they need some help. I figured the library is as good as place as any."

Cari also suggested that a special scholarship be set aside in the name of Edgar Bonehead. "The scholarship would be given to the student with a GPA closest to Edgar's," Cari said. "Lord knows that poor schmuck would need it as bad as anybody."

Athletic Director Dick Hatchett said, "I don't care what that guy does with his



money. I tell you one thing though. If those illiterate boosters would ever give me a bonus, I sure wouldn't go giving it away to no library."

Rumors had been circulating whether or not Cari would stay at UNR or go to some other school. Was this a move used

to show Cari's dissatisfaction with the program? "I'm not going anywhere," Cari said as he prepared to board a jet to an unknown Southern California school. "I just wished they would get me some smarter ballplayers is all."

Student tickets ready

UNR athletic Director Dick Hatchet announced yesterday that the auction for the five student chairs for the 1979-80 basketball season will be held tomorrow.

Addressing the ASUN Senate last night, accompanied by three 250-pound booster members, Hatchet told the senate that students are still getting a good deal. "There's not a bad seat in the house," Trachok said. "And the five folding chairs students will be getting are in good locations. They are under the grandstand but three of them are close to the snack bar and the other two are right next to the team's locker room so you can root the boys on before they come on the floor."

Although the move to almost entirely eliminate student seating at the games in favor of \$30,000 members of the Booster Club upset some students, it was backed by former ASUN Vice-President of Finance and Publications Hack Stoner.

"I can't see how students can rightfully get upset over this," Stoner said from his office as publicity director for the Wolf Club Booster organization. "When I was a student I always felt guilty about those great seats Pete Perriara used to give us executive officers. The boosters always gave the most money and never cut down the team as much as students did so they deserved to be there anyway."

Hatchet, in his meeting with the senate, wanted to clarify a "rumor" that had circulated since the student seating arrangements had been announced two weeks ago.

"The fact that I'm on the payroll as a booster "consultant" had nothing to do with my decision to screw over the students," Hatchet said. "I know that I promised last year student seating wouldn't ever get cut again, but that was last year and this is this year and that's the way it goes sometimes."

Don't let those one-night stands kill you

One of the biggest news stories of the year took place in that sex-and-sin capital of the world (notwithstanding Sparks), Hollywood, where that ex-body Michelle got \$104,000 for seven years hard (on) work keeping Lee Marvin's affairs in order. It can be assumed that Michelle is now retraining herself from her previous occupation as a horizontal functions engineer and rumor has it that she will be donating her time to local sorority houses teaching the girls the proper use of their ovens.

For all you hot-to-trot, slobbering males out there, the Marvin court decision will have dire consequences. If you are now, or soon plan to be, living with a sweet mate you should be aware that they can now take you to court and get at least a good sized chunk of whatever you got. For example, say you inherit a goodly sum quite unexpectedly from good ole Uncle Bruce, she (or he — it works both ways, girls) can get a piece of it. You're not married, not even engaged, but that's the way it is. Kind of a trade arrangement, a piece for a piece.

If the situation is carried out to its max and it could be a logical conclusion, then even a one-night stand could put your bank account in trouble. As Michelle put it, she had been "maintaining" the household and being supportive to Lee. Well, as everyone knows, we all need some maintenance occasionally.

In light of this really threatening situation, I have worked up what I hope will be a useful approach to gettin' a little nookie and not being so worried about your dinero that you can't get it up. It's called a "ONE

NIGHT STAND CONTRACT." My lawyers assure me that it is legally binding and that it will stand up in court. Also it makes a hell of a good line on a certain hippie, free-love type of chick. Use it in good health and go get screwed!

1. Whereas each of the partys in this agreement by the name of _____ and _____ (*menage a trois* up to orgys list names on reverse side) do enter into this contract as consenting adults with the express purpose of mutual entertainment and supportive actions for a period not to exceed 24 hours.

2. It is understood that this liason in no way creates a situation in which either party is responsible for the others debts nor is due any monies as compensation for time lost.

3. Either or both parties may be initialing the appropriate space assume responsibility for drugs of preference — ; food — ; sex — ; your place — or mine — ; travel — ; clothes — ; transportation — .

4. Each party also states that they are free from any social diseases such as V.D., crabs, gonorrhea, or any other nasty little thing.

5. This contract may be extended indefinitely with the approval of both parties.

New Reno Tourist Control Board

A cure is in sight!!!

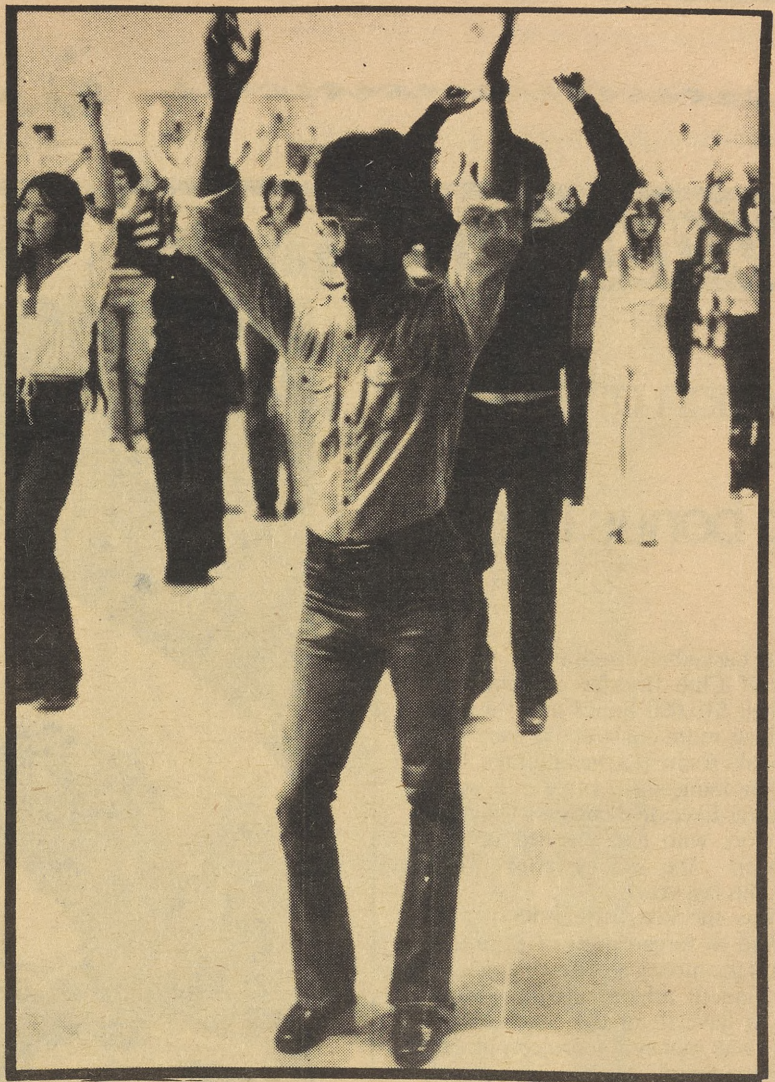
"We'll find someplace to put them," said the director of the new Reno Tourist Control Board. "This problem has gone on long enough", according to Pete M. Ther, who has taken the helm of the newest public service organization in the Truckee Meadows.

"Tourist Control" as it is fondly called by the new director, faces placing destitute and otherwise inconvenienced visitors to the Reno area. Ther says his biggest problem so far has been trying to come up with a reliable formula to tell true tourists from some local groups such as dispossed renters, and people who have given up their once fruitful lives to take advantage of Reno's "boomtown" appeal. The future could be a lot brighter, according to Ther, if local people would just do a little to help. Such things as leaving out the scraps from the family meal or even leaving on a porch light or two to provide the less fortunate some of the more meager comforts of home.

Ther says some Reno businesses have already helped out, including Jonsey Worst Ford, which has recently begun giving desparate tourists away with each new sale. Says Fleecer Jonsey of Jonsey Worst Ford, "Come on down and get the -pick of the litter."



Reno tourists find it increasingly hard to make ends meet. A few, like these two are hoping the Reno Tourist Control Board can help them find their way home.



Beneficiaries of new service programs to aid underpriveledged tourists rejoiced recently when they were told, "Yes, you're going to have new homes, all of you."

Ed. Note: Harold R Bust, The author of the following article is a freelance tourist who has been stranded in Reno for four and one half months. The story was made possible through a grant from the Reno Tourist Control Board.

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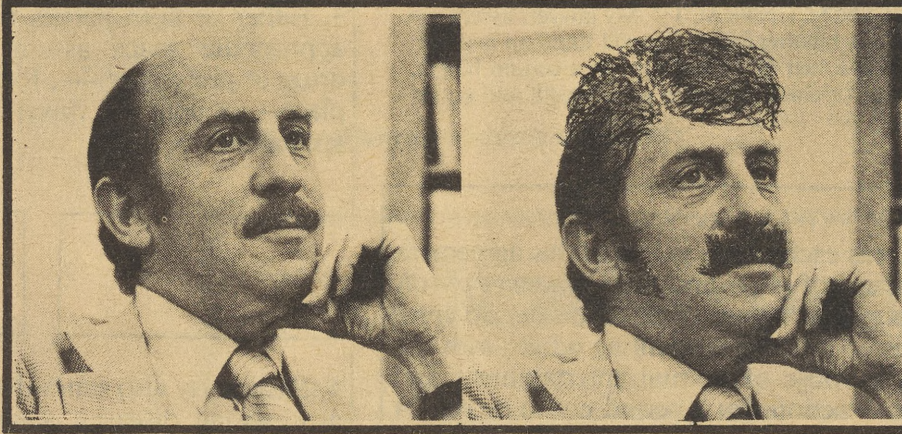
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THE GUARANTEED HAIR PLAN

BECAUSE I WOULD RATHER HAVE HAIR THAN NOT

THE PICTURES ARE THE PROOF.
I certainly think that I look much better with a healthy head of hair than without.
When my hair became thin and started falling out I became concerned.
Through an artist's rendition in the retouched photograph of me without hair you can see why I would be concerned. Like most people I would rather have hair than not, however, I did not want to have thin, lifeless hair. The picture on the right is a recent photograph of me - totally unretouched - with a thick, healthy head of MY OWN hair at 35. As you can see I am no longer worried about a hair problem.
How did I solve it?
Actually, it was just a simple 1-2 step once I found the solution.



I wanted something that would help to MEND and PROTECT the hair that I had left on my head as I realized it takes time for new hair to grow out. That brought me to the second part of our GUARANTEED HAIR PLAN.
[PART 2] We again went to the laboratory and research. We found that scientific tests have shown that when a substance known as PANTHENOL was regularly shampooed into the hair, it moisturized the hair, conditioned it and REPAIRED DAMAGED HAIR SHAFTS. But that wasn't all - further test results showed that it also FLUFFED up hair and actually MADE IT THICKER. This was the answer we had been looking for. Getting fantastic results and THICKER hair by simply shampooing liquid PANTHENOL into the hair.

Iranian Homosexuals Against the A. A. F. S. is here to stay so there.



Yes, count me in, boys! I want hair—and lots of it!

Enclose cash, check or money order for \$1995 to

HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW
P.O. BOX 10894
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RENO, NEVADA 89502

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(Any contribution to this Campaign is tax deductible and deeply appreciated!)

To all those who took the extra time to make this issue possible:
Forlorn, has-been Editor Steve Martarano, Job-jumper gonzo Jim Glace, Broom buster Paul Cirac, Cutie-poops Killer Kim Jeffrey, Rambling Ren Rice, The new editor, Ruthless Ruth Mills, Slinging, savvay Sam Mitchell, Loose-talking Leslie Stein, Double-load Denise Siri and Mile-a-minute Max the Ax Blackburn.