

Yarter yarn of sub trip unwinding

Unbeknownst to everyone except the press, a tape recording exists of Yimmy Yarter's nuclear submarine ride last week. No one has had the guts to print it yet. But with characteristic bravado, the Emerald has decided to go for it. The transcript follows: (static)

Captain: "OK, Pres., you see this thing that looks like a steering wheel? It's a steering wheel. You turn it to the left to go left and right to go right. That thing over there is the gas pedal, and this is the ignition key."

President Yarter: "Why thank you."

(Grinding noise)

Captain: "No, no sir, first you turn on the ignition, then you turn the steering wheel."

President: "Why thank you."

(Sound of nuclear engine starting up)

President: "Yippy, Yeehaw!"

(Sound of nuclear submarine running upside down.)

President: "Yahoo"

(static)

Captain: "If you look to your left you'll see a school of tuna."

President: "OOOOOeee! Look at that 'un there! The one with the beady eye. Let's pop him with The Big One!"

Mrs. Yarter: "But Yimmy, do you think that's wise?"

(sound of nuclear explosion, and tuna screaming)

Captain: "You're a good old boy president."

President: "Sho' nough!"

At this point the tape becomes garbled with nuclear fallout.

Reader hits author, loses eggs, rocker

In view of the Fairness Doctrine, the following space has been provided for rebuttals to this column. The following letter has been judged representative of 'he 15,000 letters which have entered this office — edmund.

A Typewriter Warned In Hell

By JOCK HATFIELD
Of the Emerald



Dear Bum,

I'm shocked right down to panties! Your column, "A Typewriter Cooked in Hell" is an insult to decent folk. It is bad enough when you confine yourself to insulting nice, hard-working men like my Void-Boy, his friend Pauly Hobo and all the others, who have nothing but the best interests of the students at heart. But I find it hard to believe that even YOU could put your friend Frank down the disposal. I broke two girdle snaps and lost my scrambled eggs reading that filth!

You should be cooked with your typewriter. Not only is "A Typewriter Baked in Hell" tasteless, tasteless, tasteless, it is SICK, SICK, SICK! P.S. I know this will never get in the paper.

Grandma Void
Pre-senile

ROTC vote sets Prexy a swingin'

Riding in a tank down University Street Thursday, University Pres. Nullon Void cheerfully tossed roses to "peasants" who lined the street.

Void was unanimously voted ROTC's "Patton of the Year" award and was treated to the tank ride Thursday after executing what ROTC officials term a "brilliant maneuver" at an ROTC Faculty Senate Hearing.

"It was sheer genius swinging onto the speaker's podium by vine," said one ROTC official. "Two hours of marathon professor lectures had us dying in our seats, and then here comes Void swinging over our heads wearing a tarzan outfit and screaming. 'Sheer Genius!'"

After several tarzan yells, Void made the statement: "Golly Gosh, what's wrong with war?" This set the faculty to thinking, while Void made a quick exit via vine. The faculty, left staring at an empty podium, quickly voted to reinstate

ROTC.

"That's why he's a University President and I'm a professor," commented one faculty member.

Three students were crushed in the course of the tank ride while attempting to get Void's autograph. But ROTC officials termed the parade a success. Said one official: "President Void is the best gull darn Patton we've ever had."

Pres prods profs to pick primo prizes

The University's hiring system having recently drawn some fire, University Pres. Nullon Void an-

nounced Thursday he is instituting a new policy: "Pulitzer Prize or Perish."

Said Void by way of explanation, "Anyone wanting to work at this University will be required to win a Pulitzer Prize."

Poets: skip the following paragraph

Finals week is a season of giving. It is a time to go about with knowledge in your mind and a song in your heart. It is a time to sing final caroles. Yes final caroles. Songs and poems designed to usher in our grades. Let all hearts open up! Let the library echo with the sound of students raising their voices in chorus as they hit the books! Here are a few selections:

White Final

I'm dreaming of my last final
with every paper that I write.

When the grades are posted
I get roasted, but plan
To get wasted that same night...

The Five Days of Finals

On the fifth day of finals, my professor gave to me:
5 essay questions
4 true or false
3 plagiarism allegations
2 short-answer questions
and he can stick it up his pear tree.

The Night Before Finals

'Twas the night before finals
And all through the house
Every student was studying, even Ralph
Concepts were crammed in our heads
While visions of flunk danced in our heads.
Suddenly from next door rose such a clatter
I banged on the wall to see what was the matter.
"I have econ., I have math, I have a health paper due.
If you don't turn your stereo off, I'll kill you."

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