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The Grizzly, March 31, 1989

Peggy Hermann
*Ursinus College*

Kevin Murphy
*Ursinus College*

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Whiskers Lose Home
Forced to set up
house in Trailer Park

Stench Loses
403 lbs.
on His
Secret Diet!

Students using
fungus to
reach higher
mental states

YourSinus a Stop on
Underground R.R.?
Excavation Continues

Dean Inspires
Formation of
Religious Order

Don't Believe Everything
You Read!
Yo Eds: Dyin’ Time’s Near

(Ed. note: The following was written to the Goofley in cut-out letters from various magazines and newspapers.)

To the Editors:

Y just seen! You absolute slime! I’m tired of hearing about those nasty things you say about YourSinus. This place is paradise compared to the hell I’m going to make for your lives. I’ve been watching, taking pictures. Soon my revenge will be ready. You better prepare yourselves, you disrespectful, Gerald-inspired bas——.

You write about stuff that’s none of your business. Like that arson story. Big deal. you’ll get yours. I ain’t writing this by myself either, all my buddies are planning to ice you. We heard that Ms. Leggy Shapiro used to be on the track team. Well she’ll have to use those legs of hers to run far...and fast. Keep your track shoes on, Leggy. We’re gonna be fitting you with a stronger type of shoe. Concrete. Just heavy enough to keep your corpus under the Perkiomen where it belongs.

We’re saving a special one for your partner, too. It’s time to pay the piper. Fibbin Slurpee. Remember when your car broke down last Saturday? You thought you got ripped off by the dealer when he said the brakes were fine. Heh, heh. We missed that time. We won’t miss again. We’re going to take that “cherubic visage” of yours and shove it so far down your throat that you’ll have to...

(various parts edited for the benefit of young children.)

Youse guys better say your prayers. Get your kicks while you can, it ain’t gonna be a long life.

Sincerely,

us.

Why We Chose Y.S.C.

Dear Editors,

I am a bit confused as to why so many people have become upset about the water situation at YourSinus. For the past few issues, a debate has raged concerning whether or not the water which we all drink is in fact poisonous. We all know that it is. For many of us, that was a deciding factor in our enrollment at this fine institution.

College is a time of self discovery, a time when young people can find out exactly what they’re made of. We can rightly feel proud if we can still be at the table in a game of quarters when everyone else is orally ridding themselves of internal organs. Many of us participate in sports such as football in order to gain confidence when we remain standing among a heap of bruised, bleeding, motionless bodies. The weaker ones on campus are forced to prove themselves in classes, and burst with self-respect when they hand in a test and look back to see all the other students lying face-down on their desks, with occasional drops of gray matter oozing out of their ears.

But all of these methods of self-discovery are valid only for a short time. Twenty-five years from now, when we all gather with our beloved classmates for a reunion, then and only then will we truly know who among us are the best, the strongest, the survivors.

Sincerely,

P. Lance To-live

MUD

Letter Policy

Letters in the 300 word limit will be printed. Longer letters will not be considered. Letters should be typewritten. Businesslike language is required for verification purposes. Letters should be addressed to the editor. No anonymous letters will be considered.

Letters should be deposited in the mail box in the Collegeville Shopping Center. Or in the office.

The Grizzly reserves the right to edit all letters. Requests for anonymity will be considered by the editor.
Whiskers Evicted: Vamos to Trailer

The entire YourSinus campus is agog at the news that President Risker P. R. Whisker and his wife Mary have been evicted from their home on the YourSinus campus. The Whiskers now reside in the attractive blue campers scattered about on campus. The trailers were provided by the newly-established GWAH committee. (Give Whiskers A Home)

Coorson finally corroborated rumors that the Whiskers had been evicted this past Tuesday in a circulated campus memo.

According to Goofley sources, the Whiskers supposedly refused to pay their electricity and telephone bills, believing the bills to be the responsibility of the college. However, the College refused to take responsibility for the Whiskers' debts. Reportedly, AT&T and Philadelphia Electric have been waiting for the money since early in the Whiskers' term here at YourSinus campus.

Whisker supposedly submitted the bills to the Treasurer's office, only to have them rejected. Director of the Bucks Wilson Nelliams. According to one We're Bored With Directors member, "He (Whisker) gets enough money as it is, and should pay his own &$%- bills." Nelliams supposedly told Whisker that he had to pay the bills himself, and Whisker threw a tantrum.

According to AT&T, the Whiskers bill was in the thousands, because of calls to the Vermins on the incoming Vermin Tart Center.

In order to raise the money needed for the bills, AT&T and Philadelphia Electric took all the furniture from the Whiskers' home after evicting them. A campus-wide auction is being planned for Tuesday, April 11th with Vermin Tart Center Director Loosa Temper-Darnes as auctioneer. The Whiskers' former home of the YourSinus campus will be sold at this time also. Temper-Darnes was chosen because she could accurately predict the price each item should go for.

The College, however unsupportive about paying the bills, did provide the Whiskers with the trailers.

Whisker was reportedly carried out of the house kicking and screaming. Mrs. Whisker was more pragmatic about the "move." "Riskers snores very loudly; now I can get away from him by going to another trailer."

Anyone interested in seeing the new Whisker home should sign up for a tour in the President's Office in Coorson. A fee of $1 will be charged to help the Whiskers' pay back their bill.

Security Buddies Blown to Bits

BY HUGH G. REKSHUN

Two of YourSinus' finest Security officers were killed late Tuesday night in what officials are calling "the most shocking case of SHC (Spontaneous Human Combustion) they had ever seen." Officers Jeb Crack and Slob Skinfer reportedly blew up at approximately 3:15 a.m. while parked in the Hefferich Hall parking lot.

Security Chief Fryin Bigullet seemed shocked that the two were in the same vehicle at the time of the incident. "It is certainly out of the ordinary that these two officers were together at the time. Normal procedure is that they remain separate. It was a quiet night though...they were very close friends. Who's to say what happened?"

President Risker P.R. Whisker commented that he regretted the loss of the two officers, but at the same time couldn't help but laugh at the circumstances surrounding their deaths. "You have to admit," he said through a wry smile, "it's not your everyday run-of-the-mill type of fire. I mean, these guys went out in a blaze of glory, eh?"

A group of approximately two hundred students hurried out of bed to watch the blaze, the smoke of which has left a hazy smog over much of the Greater Collegeville Bay Area. Said one student, "Dude, it was so intense! The whole thing I mean, not the heat. Really, it wasn't that hot of a fire for how high it was." Other students echoed the same sentiments—the fire that claimed the lives of these outstanding men was impressive, but not at all uncomfortable to witness at close range. Chief Bigullet attributes this to the fact that both men were calm individuals. "As long as I knew Jeb and Slob, they were always cool under fire."

YourSinus will miss Officers Crack and Skinfer, but not a student will ever walk past the charred spot near Hefferich without thinking of them. Hats off to you fellows. Thanks for the memories.
Underground R.R. Found in Y.S.C.'s Basement

During the course of the construction of the new G.D. Colon Building, the Borski Construction Co. and our own YourSinus Maintenance Department discovered a startling revelation—YourSinus College was once part of the Underground Railroad System during the 19th century.

While the Borski Construction Co. was digging up the area around the Whinglish Department and the YourSinus College Bookstore, they discovered a strange box-like item in one of the holes. Upon further investigation, and further digging, they discovered that the box was connected to a whole trail of boxes, linked together by a continuous crawlspace. After discovering these boxes, Head Construction Engineer, D. Strut Shun, immediately notified Head of the Trash Kred Flew. Flew in turn notified Head of the College Bookstore, Mobsome, Slimer, and Boreay, who promptly termed the boxes "very old."

It wasn't until after Moummi crawled through the boxes that he found a Confederate flag, with the bones of a baby wrapped in it, that Moummi made the connection to a whole trail leading through the boxes that he had discovered. Further investigation, and further digging, revealed that the College was once part of the Underground Railroad. After discovering these boxes, Head Construction Engineer, D. Strut Shun, immediately notified Head of the College Bookstore, Mobsome, Slimer, and Boreay, who promptly termed the boxes "very old."

YourSinus Madmenstruation is not yet sure what to do about the discovery. Whisker called in noted archeologist, Egypt Shun Moummi, who promptly termed the boxes "very old."

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The startling revelation that he lost fever adherence to the Oprah diet of Richard Simmons' "Deal a Meal." "It was just old-fashioned willpower... and plenty of Ex-lax. I call it the Liquid Plumber Weight Loss Method," commented the lean and mean Stench after taking his morning sift of scotch at poolside. Stench, of course, has been quite a stranger to the word thin since he broke 600 lbs. at the annual All-you-can-eat Hoagie fest during the Mustard-flingers tour to Remote, Saskatchewan. During the tour, Stench went beyond all normal expectations of his capacity to stuff his face. Stated a jovial Stench when reminded of the incident, "I just kept downing them. I love Canadian hoagies." Mounties on the scene, called by local delis to prevent a food frenzy from developing, were said to have remarked that Stench's performance was "inhuman."

It seems, however, that Stench's love of his new Olympic-sized swimming pool got the best of him. His swimming trunks no longer fit his increasingly corpulent body. Even the most-liberal "Tall and Fat" stores said they didn't stock anything in Stench's size. Industrial strength "hefty" lounge chairs wouldn't support him anymore. The final straw came when he realized that he had to refill the pool each time he took a dive. Commented Stench, "I had to get off my duff and do some serious dieting. How else could I get that savage tan without real swimming trunks?!!"

Although food is no longer one of Stench's preoccupations, he retains his interest in sending off-color greeting cards to certain puritanical friends in academia. Among his many victims was Ismelle Void, outspoken critic of lewd student publicists at YourSinus. Void commented with typical outrage, "I'd expect the profanity from the tawdry students here but from Stench... why, I was frankly shocked. He's a dirty old man!" Stench defended his reputation by equating his non-mainstream collection of greeting cards with the incalculable value of Vermin art which has recently flooded the campus. Stench plans to donate some of his collection to Vermin who "expressed interest after I showed him some at a party."

Stench admits that his new weight loss also helps him in his capacity as Music Director at Your Sinus College. "My staff didn't have to carry those cinder blocks for me to sit on any longer. I've found that wooden benches are much more comfortable." Admirers of Stench have commented that they sincerely hope that Stench keeps the weight down for his sake and theirs. Commented Mustard-flinger Ann Onomous, "Those cinder blocks were really heavy."
### Ditch Wastes Drunk Dude

**BY T. ANDRES BYTE AND A. CHERRY FEAST**

Just sit right down and you'll hear a tale, the tale of a fateful trip, that started from this ca-ampus, aside this tiny ditch (this not-so-tiny ditch). The weather started getting rough, the sodden fool was lost. If not for the darkened construction site, our fool might still be mortal.

Perhaps you have noticed the construction on campus; if not, join us in this time zone please. We think that for the most part, the construction has not caused too much inconvenience, but for one student, the immense alteration of his lifestyle must have been rather rude. This young man was found face down in the new utility ditch Sunday morning. He had been seen drinking heavily the previous evening at Rheingold and other campus night spots.

It seems that this student whose name is being withheld to protect his family, had been very depressed lately. He had been performing poorly in many of his classes, those that he did attend. Failing grades following in such courses as HPER 110, tennis, square dancing, Psych 101, walking, Public Speaking, Intro. to Fine Arts, Japanese 101 and Psych 101 were assumed to be in the regions of Boreay, the Wad, or other areas swarming with females. Yes, he did have quite a reputation to keep up!

So where did this lost soul seek refuge? In a bottle of Jose Cuervo Mescal Tequila, with the agave worm, of course! After a night of serious boozing, so uncommon on such a pristine campus, the young man disappeared. His whereabouts were assumed to be in the regions of Boreay, the Wad, or other areas swarming with females. Yes, he did have quite a reputation to keep up!

The sad fact of the matter is that he met a sad, cold, wet and lonely death. Ah, the tragedies associated with the consumption of alcohol. Maybe he should have experimented with something of more natural origin, perhaps mushrooms?

**LONG LIVE THE KING!**

**BY HUGH G. REKSHUN**

The Ursinus Board of Directors announced this week that Ho Nympho, former Structural Engineer with the YourSinus Maintenance Department, has been appointed to assume the position of Dr. Don Loch Ness, Vice-President (of something).

The Board wasted little time in making their decision, a rather surprising one considering that Nympho had never formally applied for the job.

"We felt we needed someone who knew the campus from the ground up," stated one board member. "And besides, who can ever forget that battered Ford Pinto we all came to love so much. Joe is as much a part of YourSinus as... Chef Art!" Nympho, unavailable at this time for comment, is reportedly thrilled about his future in the administration. He would like, however, to request that his hat be returned to him at once. Once his hard-hat is back into his hands, he plans to come to work in September. Good luck, Ho!

### Sentimental Dump Found

Goofley sources have uncovered another dump on campus! Last week, a Goofley photographer was wandering around campus and snapped pictures of the latest Your Sinus College dump — Rheingold Hall.

Maintenance workers were spotted throwing trash into Rheingold Hall last week. The trash included empty beer bottles, old mattresses, and picture wrappers from the Vermin Tart Center.

When questioned about the dump, Director of the Trash Kred Flee stated, "The residents of Rheingold are such slobs that we figured they wouldn't notice the extra trash." Trash in Rheingold Hall before it was used for a dump was a problem.

Rheingold residents apparently did not notice the new accumulation of trash. "Like, ya know, I just thought this was left over from Saturday night's party," said one Rheingold resident referring to his fraternity, Tappa Keg, party. According to one source, this dumping in Rheingold Hall has been going on since the beginning of the Spring '89 semester. Rheingold Resident Assistants were questioned about trash. "We kept complaining to Dean Bottely about the problem," said R.A. Weena Whap Manelli. "But nothing was done about it. Now I know why."

Director of the Trash Kred Flee has promised to have all trash removed from the Rheingold Hall dump by next Wednesday afternoon. When questioned about what he was going to do about the dump, President Risker P.R. Whisker replied, "Much of that so-called trash has sentimental value. I plan to sift through it first to see if there's anything I want to keep."

Until the trash can be completely removed, Rheingold residents are requested to exit the building through the bathroom windows in order to keep from "trashing" the entire campus.

Generous Vermin Donate Purple Plymouth Valiant

**BY IMA LIRE**

President Whisker was visibly moved when Pilt-Up and Venerable Vermin visited campus late last week to unveil their latest contribution to the cultural expansion of the YourSinus campus. The work, a Marcus Costaffie original, consists of a large, lime green bust of Elvis Presley sitting high atop the twisted wreckage of a 1972 purple Plymouth Valiant. The piece has a special button that, when pushed, allows the viewer to enjoy the seductive strains of "Love Me Tender."

"It seems to be emblematic of the beauty of America and of the zeal for learning that our young people, especially the students of YourSinus, have inside them," said Venerable Vermin at a pre-ceremony cocktail gathering at the Whisker residence.

The piece is intended to sit at the front of the Art Center "much the way gargoyles were intended as guardians in days of old," Mr. Vermin told this reporter. Student reaction seems to be far more charitable than that to previous pieces. In fact, this reporter has witnessed numerous couples embracing before the work, thoroughly enjoying the music. One student (who wished to remain anonymous) remarked, "It's awesome! It's about time the King got some recognition."

Plans are currently being negotiated for a "garden" of artistic tributes to rock and roll greats, such as Costaffie's, to become the focuses of the YourSinus front lawn, eventually overshadowing The Temple. Works highlighting greats such as Bob Dylan, Mick Jagger, Buddy Holly, and Andy Gibb are currently part of the Vermin's vast collection and could be donated to YourSinus at any time and without warning.

President Whisker was unavailable for comment.
Noses! Kall-Me-Back WHO Kid

BY MEL O. DIOUS

After a ten year long battle in the paternity courts, YourSinus junior Fish "Sponge" Kall-me-back has finally hit it big. Kall-me-back claims to be the illegitimate son of rock legend WHO guitarist Pete Townshend. The verdict was handed down early this morning affirming that Kall-me-back is indeed the biological offspring of Townshend.

"There is an amazing likeness between the two," said Judge Harold T. Flopner. "I mean, their NOSES! My god! Who could dispute it? In the end, though, it was the blood tests that sealed the case."

The decision will leave Kall-me-back with approximately 6.8 million dollars in back child support and tuition. When this reporter questioned Kall-me-back about the decision, he exclaimed, "Dude, this is outrageous! Now I can afford Med School and a new guitar!"

Part of Kall-me-back's testimony involved his playing several classic WHO riffs on his beat up Electra guitar. It was an impressive showing that seemed to leave even Townshend with a glow of fatherly pride.

"I have to admit, if it has to happen, I'm glad the boy can play," said Townshend. "I'm blood-y proud of the lad."

Shrooms Still Send Students Soaring

BY T. ANDRES BYTE

Independent student research has been encouraged in all major academic departments. It appears, however, that it's the botany students that are benefiting the most from this development. They have recently taken this directive to heart.

It seems that several students from a botany class have been doing studies in conjunction with the Psychology students. Yes, it appears that the discovery of mind-altering psychedelic shrooms on campus are the products of this collaboration. Several students have admitted to experimenting with the aforementioned fungus, allegedly unaware of their psychoactive powers. We find it difficult to swallow this explanation, although the students appear to have no difficulty swallowing the magic shrooms.

According to the Biology department, this discovery was part of a senior seminar that focused on the identification and cataloging of a new botanical species in the Perkiomen Valley. Despite directives to the contrary, the student who discovered the shrooms tested them for toxicity while in the O-Chem lab. The results were interesting to say the very least. For this student, that particular lab was a unique and mind-expanding experience.

This student approached several friends in the Psychology depart-

Living through Natural Chemistry: Psychedelic "shrooms" found

ment in the hope of developing a new analgesic from these shrooms. The Psychology majors were more than willing to oblige in this altruistic search. The experiment designers garnered test subjects from their various classes. It seems that there was an overabundance of volunteers.

In an "attempted" interview with with one of the infamous botany students, we were unable to obtain any comments, new facts or any intelligible syllables for that matter. The leader of the students, pictured along with this article, was of absolutely no assistance whatsoever. Here we allow our readers to draw their own conclusions. Being the investigative reporters that we are and constantly striving to get the "full picture" for our readers, we set out in search of the controversial shroom patch. Our efforts allow us to include this photograph of the "fungal cultivation site." To prevent any spontaneous campus shroom hunts, my colleague and I have "disposed" of the contraband for the protection of our fellow students. May the wind be ever at your back and your feet tread lightly upon the ground. Have a nice day and see you when we come down.
Nun Nosin Next Mother Superior

Dean of Sister Life Weborah Holy Rollin' Nosin has been promoted to the office of YourSinus' Mother Superior due to her present condition. She will assume the new role some time in August.

Mother Nosin succeeds recent Superior Mothers Heifer O’Kneel of the Ickonomiks Department and Safarin Crampless of the Proctology Department.

Nosin claims her holy rollin' techniques have resulted in her heavenly promotion.

Inspired by Nosin's saintly aura, a new order of thirteen nun's has sprung up on campus. In keeping with the high morals of their Mother Superior, each Sister of Oh-my-God Christ has taken the vows of chastity, poverty, and silence.

Both the Sisters of Oh-my-God Christ and their Mother Superior Holy Rollin' Nosin are reputedly great with children.

Slay by the Stars

BY LUCINDA L'ETIQUETTE

Goofley Columnist

As a member of this banefully liberal society, one must strive to preserve the wholesome naivete of America's college youth. Ghastly rumors are being spread by left-over burn-outs from the 60's concerning college students and their supposed "lack of inhibition." It pains me so to have to relay to you, my devoted reader, that many obtsusely deluded adults actually believe that we indulge in loud music, alcohol, drugs, and worst of all, sex! How dare they slander us with such thoughts indicative of the lack of breeding which enables them to fall prey to such licentious gossip! I beseech you to join with me in reminding these basic creatures that we are students of academia first and foremost. One can accuse us of nothing less than upright behavior at all times - correct protocol is even included, by our own demand, in our curriculum. Under a barrage of idle banter, we must prove, at least to ourselves, that today's college students epitomize the terms mannerly and of breeding.

In keeping with the disheartening tenor of the aforementioned subject, the following is but a brief reminder of the proper etiquette to be executed by young adults at various intimate gatherings.

At a dinner party given for young people in a private house, a somewhat older sister suffices as an appropriate chaperon. Or the with her husband elsewhere than the main dining room, the parents' with her husband elsewhere than the main dining room, the parent's roof being supposedly chaperonage enough.

In going to tea in a college-man's room, or in a bachelor's apartment, the proper chaperon should be a young lady of fairly mature years. To see two or three apparently young people go into a bache­lor's quarters would be open to criticism. And finally, there are many places which are unsuitable for young girls to go whether they are chaperoned or not. No well-brought-up young girl should be allowed to go to supper at a cabaret until she is married, or has passed the age when very young can be applied to her. Failure to comply to any of these basic rules of conduct will undoubtedly result in the social death of the delinquent.

For Seniors Only: Interviewing Tips

2.) Dress code: Casual clothes are preferred; torn sweats and jeans are the fashion. If you don't have any, rip them yourself. For senior women, bobby socks and heels are in. Recommended hairstyle: teased pony tail perched on head. (Male interviewers love it.)

3.) Hand-write your resume legibly in crayon or magic markers. Childhood drawings are helpful extraneous extras, to demonstrate creativity. Resume should include: astrological sign (to check compatibility with interviewer), number of academic warnings, favorite color, favorite beverage (alcoholic choices only - be creative), and experience (sexual, that is).

Recommended Behavior:

4.) Always be fashionably late (at least ten minutes).

5.) Chew gum; large bubbles demonstrate youthful enthusiasm.

6.) Introduce yourself with a high-five and a greeting such as, "Yo dude, what up?"

7.) Compliment your interviewer on his/her hairstyle with, "Sweet do!"

8.) Other recommended vocabulary words to include often during the interview: anyways, well, um, and like wow (or just plain like).

9.) Refer to your college career as "totally awesome."

10.) When asked about your experiences here at Y.S., say, "I love the people; I know everyone from my regular attendance at weekend parties. I even socialized at the local bars on weekdays to keep in touch with everyone. (Interviewers look for social people who get along well with others.)

11.) Emphasize that you didn't have time to study because your friends are much more important. See Tips P. 8

WEEKEND PRIORITIES

ARDENT ARIES: Gala ball for your favorite charity calls for supreme elegance: brush up on those ball-room steps before Saturday.

TAWDRY TAURUS: Don't go one cent over $15,000 for that prize water-color at the auction Sunday afternoon - get a new suit with the savings!

GENEROUS GEMINI: Not too early to shop for Mum's Mother's Day present — Cartier's having a simply exquisite sale.

CANDID CANCER: Jealous and tipsy acquaintance seeks to throw egg in your face Saturday night — be sure to duck a public scene.

LAVISH LEO: A lewd elder will make off-color remarks at Sunday brunch — bite your tongue, smile graciously, then exit A.S.A.P.

VIRTUOUS VIRGO: Help out a neighbor with those bothersome tax forms — free of charge.

LITERATE LIBRA: No time like the present to delve into a little light reading; I suggest Emily Post's Etiquette, of course.

SCRUPULOUS SCORPIO: Call your mother! She's worried sick that you've been driving the convertible with the chartreuse tafta.

CAPRICIOUS CAPRICORN: Prove yourself the true lily of the valley at the prestigious Rockefeller flower show in the Big Apple.

AQUILINE AQUARIUS: Latest wave of '89 swimwear demands that you head for Rio to display your wardrobe's accoutrements.

PIOUS PISCES: Remember to leave the BMW at home when you volunteer at the soup kitchen or at least have the chauffeur drop you off.

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Friday    - Six Pierogies, Large Drink $2.50

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