




4-4-1995

## The Grizzly, April 4, 1995

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# THE GOOFLY

Happy  
APRIL  
FOOLZ

VOLUME XVII

NUMBER XX

URSINUS COLLEGE

APRIL 4, 1995

## COLLEGE CUTBACKS HIT THE GREASLY

### STAFF FORCED TO WRITE WITH CRAYON AND HIRE KINDERGARTEN WORKERS

BY JAY BLOCKHEAD  
AGE 5

DUE TO RECENT  
CUTBACKS PRO-  
POSED BY DR.  
MAYFLOWER,  
THE GREASLY

HAD TO GET THEIR QUALIFIED  
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THIS DOES NOT BIG DADDY MAC,  
CAUSE THE GREASLY CO-  
EDITOR IN  
CHIEF.

## Professor Dick Nerry Wins Election!

BY U. BASTARD

*Greasily Political Correspondent*

In a shocking upset in the political world, Ur-SIN-us professor of Politics Dick Nerry won the race for the United States Presidency.

Nerry's campaign got off to a slow start last fall. As reported by *The Greasily* last September, Nerry threatened his opponent for the 150th District Pennsylvania House seat, Lon Jawless, calling him a "Red" and threatening to shoot the "bastard."

Experts thought this would be the end of Nerry's political aspirations, but they couldn't have been more wrong. Nerry not only won his race for his House seat by a landslide, but Republican party officials asked him to attempt a campaign for the nation's highest office.

Apparently, Nerry's remarks had important effects on several key voting groups in the country. For example, when the National Rifle

Association heard Nerry's comments, they asked him to become their national spokesman. Nerry jumped at the chance, and aided in the writing of the NRA's new motto, "Have Gun, Have Dick Nerry, Will Travel."

Also, Nerry found support in the professional sports world. According to I. Reek Chasm, *The Greasily's* Cincinnati Correspondent, the baseball team in that city found incredible support after Nerry's comments. The Cincinnati fans, hearing that Jawless was a "Red," flocked to Riverfront Stadium to see if it was true.

While it turned out Jawless didn't actually play for the team, this was not the end of the story. Cincinnati Reds owner Marge Schott asked Nerry to come out to the city to "play an important role" in the future of the franchise.

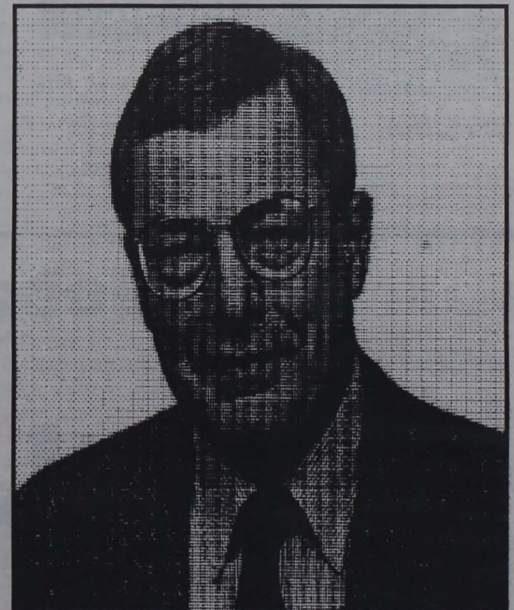
Schott, mourning the death of her dog and team mascot Schotzie, asked Nerry to fill in until a re-

placement could be found. When Nerry heard these comments, he got extremely insulted, pulled out his .22 pistol, and blew three rounds into the head of the 68-year-old owner.

This, in turn, thrilled the baseball world, and the American public in general. Nerry became a national hero, and had the support he needed to win the presidency.

When asked for his thoughts, Nerry's colleague, Professor Nerdy Fitzbuttlick, replied by saying, "Nobody likes the Reds. And Marge Schott is so damn annoying. Dick Nerry is my hero!"

Nerry could not be reached for comment, but Ur-SIN-us student B. Job Titti was not short for words. Titti said, "I am happy for Nerry, but I'm not sure he'll last long in Washington. After all, if he pulled a gun on Marge Schott, there's no telling what he's going to do to Gingrich, that bastard (no pun intended)."



Ur-SIN-us Professor Dick "Big Guns" Nerry elected to Presidency

## Local News Roundup

BY I. REEK CHASM  
*Of The Greasly*

**Note:** Since Colledgeville and its surrounding areas are boring as Hell, I. Reek Chasm often has to seek news from other areas which have more exciting happenings.

### New Booger King to Open

On Friday, April 7, a new Booger King will open on Low Street in Hickville, Tennessee. "We's really happy to have a real live Booger King to call our own," exclaimed Billy Bob Joe Jim Daniels. The new Booger King will serve chitlins, refried beans, bananas, and Spam. SPECIAL--THE MANAGERS OF BOOGER KING ARE OFFERING FREE CHEWING 'TABACA' FOR THE FIRST 2 CUSTOMERS.

### Shit, Jed, It's a Rodeo!

Texas just finished hosting this year's "Rodeo-O-Modeo." There were many good performances including that of Jed Smith and his wife/sister/cousin/mother Jed Smith. They took first place in the Bucking Horse Competition. Congratulations! Next year the competition will be held in 'Shit-Stomping' Idaho.

### San Francisco Man Run Over by a Steamroller

Last Wednesday, a San Francisco man was hit by a steam roller. The driver of the steam roller tried to stop, but couldn't. "I always told him to look both ways before he crosses," said his mommy, an octagenarian. Apparently, the man didn't listen.

## Quote of the Week

"Sex is not the answer, sex is the question. Yes is the answer."

--Anonymous

## Spews

### A&E Editor Critically wounded at Jazz Band

BY JACQUES STRAPP  
*Sex and Music Correspondent*

Colon Tickler, also known as the Movie Maniac, was wounded by a piece of metal becoming lodged in his forehead at jazz band rehearsal last Wednesday. The incident occurred because the band director was banging two metal dowels together to keep the beat while the band is playing, and a stray piece of metal hit the poor A&E Editor in the forehead. Tickler is in critical condition at the Lady of the Worthless Miracle hospital.

Band director Bony Tanker denies the incident, but, Dark Liar, an eyewitness, said he saw it happen. Liar, a tenor saxophone player, said "We were playing, and all of a sudden I heard a scream, his trombone fell to the ground, and Colon fell on top of it."

Prosecutors are seeking an involuntary manslaughter charge for Mr. Tanker. He could serve up to 78 years in prison, which makes him eligible for parole in four months.

The campus is brokenhearted about the possibility of not having a "Movie Mania" column in The Greasly. Freshman Phil McCracken says "Now all I have left on campus if I want to hear about movies are those two schmucks on the radio. The Goober Movie Hour doesn't hold a candle to *Movie Mania*." President Cheeseburger says that it would be "an irreparable loss to the urSINus campus" if they could not read *Movie Mania*.

## Ned Key Arrested

### Four Innocent Lives Destroyed

DISCOURTESY OF COLLEGE MISCOMMUNICATIONS

Physical Plant Director, Ned Key, was arrested yesterday and is being held in a cell in the Old Men's Barracks.

Without realizing that the phone system had malfunctioned completely and thinking that no one would notice their absences, the maintenance staff declared it a holiday and went fishing. Ned, freed from the responsibility of answering his phone, checked his e-mail messages for the first time all semester. Over eight million messages had been left and the computer--assembled by O'Stand and O'Sneezes, distort specialists--malfunctioned. Since Ned does not regularly attempt to access computers that don't work anyway (such as the ones in the fiery-hot dungeon of F.W. Stolen Hall), he assumed that the malfunction was not ordinary. He attempted to call over to the Moron Academically Scary Library. Mid-dial, he glanced at the clock, which was three hours slow, and realized he was late for an appointment with his parole officer concerning an earlier misdemeanor setting fire to trash cans in a campus building.

At this point, details are quite sketchy. Apparently, Ned, dazed and confused, drove the Ur-SIN-us mail truck (not intended for road use) down Main Street at over 75 miles per hour. He left a wake of destruction, not even paralleled by

the tornado/wind storm of 1904. After narrowly missing a homeless woman and her baby stroller full of tin cans that she had stolen from the recycling bin behind Dismal Whining Hall, Ned struck and killed an innocent family of four squirrels who were trying to cross the busy road. Untrained student epidemics rushed to the scene, where Jimski Perklunski and Gwen Passton tried unsuccessfully to revive the once bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, nut-throwing squirrel family.

Ned, afraid that the new President and the Strategically Aimed Cost-Cutting Committee would be displeased by higher insurance rates and points against his driver's license, was later coaxed off the building at the ever-popular tourist attraction in Ameri-Kick, the Nuclear Power Plant Facility. It appears that he stepped too close to the cancer causing pollutants that help make Ur-Sin-us' environmentally challenging setting so conducive to medical school disacceptance rates, for Ned's hair has grown overnight to his ankles.

Mrs. Key, who refused to post her husband's bail and did not want to be quoted, said, "I am afraid Neddy did a dishonorable deed. Those squirrels were our friends. May we never forget them."

In honor of the squirrels, Geesa Barner, director of the Doormen Museum, has arranged for a statue of a naked squirrel to be erected in front of Ned's cell.

## Globally Disrespectful

# O.J.

# Newt

(Compiled by Spike McSpuen from EVERY major news source.)

# Pennsylvania's Lebanon Valley On \$0 A Day

**JOHANN STRAUSSBURGER**  
*Goofly Music/Travel Critic*

When planning day trips, travelers must figure in the cost of getting good, regionally appropriate cuisine. But if you're a college student on a budget, head to Pennsylvania's Lebanon Valley, and forget budgeting for food--there's no charge.

True, you'll be feasting on samples, and samples may not a proper meal make. But this is perhaps the one place in the world, other than a pregnancy support group, where you'll be introduced to the joy of craving chocolate and baloney at the same time.

Last summer, I decided to trip back to my birthplace armed with the storied perspective of an uppity college student.

I certainly picked the right Friday night. The Lebanon Bologna Fest (Italian for "Baloney") was opening, drawing thousands to the Lebanon Fairgrounds in order to view the cultural and economic focus of the region, an eighty-five foot long roll of the sweet bologna which so eponymously embodied it.

Walking past the meat (spread prophetically alongside the fairgrounds' port-a-johns,) I made my way through a maze of food stands which were frying everything from guts to greenery, and arrived at the building's auditorium. American flags were painted on the doors, country music drawled behind them, and I kept going, straight back to my car. I had absorbed enough of

the culture--too much, perhaps.

Yet I was determined to travel the circuit. On Saturday, I joined a westward, 25 mile-per-hour stream of traffic onto US 422, for a 40 minute, 5 mile trip west into Palmyra. The town through which I passed seemed home to many businesses selling plywood, until I realized that they were simply advertising the region's less-than-healthy economy.

Turning north onto Palmyra's College Avenue, I found it *not* to be eponymous. You won't find a college. Instead, the road dead-ends into the Seltzer Lebanon Bologna Factory ("Tours Welcome"). Who would tour there? Well, several blue and white mini-buses were parked outside. (In a nod to Medieval Europe, their nursing-home names all ended in Farm, Village, and Estate.)

There were *some* other people, closer to my age...the toothless, looking-like-they-wanted-my-Timberlands, smokehouse-working locals manning the sawdust fires beneath long rolls of baloney and jerky. If you go, skip the smokehouse and instead proceed directly to the packing room. It's hard to avoid thinking of Judd Nelson's query to Molly Ringwald in "The Breakfast Club" when you're watching machines inject plastic tubes with warm bologna.

And finally, of course, there's the sampling room. There, I discovered the delight of Seltzer's Sweet Bologna, Seltzer's Spicy Bologna, Seltzer's Low-Fat Sweet

and Spicy, Seltzer's Spicy Smoked and Cured. A nearly infinite range of possibilities--if you can stomach the thought (or taste) of them. (If you've never had Lebanon Bologna, imagine eating a sandwich containing a soft, sweet, flat swath of Slim Jim.)

Stop in at the Palmyra Friendly's to vomit before you continue west on 422 to Hershey. But don't expect what Homer Simpson saw when he dreamed of his land of chocolate--you can't bite into the dogs or the streetlights (even though each one is topped with a giant Kiss.) Instead, avoid the \$3 lot fee by parking at the PNC Bank on Chocolate Avenue, scaling the fence behind the Italian restaurant next door, and enjoying your brisk walk across the fifteen-acre parking lot surrounding the Hershey Kingdom.

You'll arrive at Chocolate World (the building with the free samples) utterly exhausted and ready to unwind on a slow ride. Some time ago, Hershey officials determined that visitors to their factory were interfering with the expeditious process of chocolate making, so they designed instead a simulation of the chocolate-making process, through which you will sit on a moving cart.

At this point, large vents overhead blew cocoa-scented air over me, as I wondered, "How am I going to get my hands on as much chocolate as possible, right now, here, at this very second? I mean, right now." My prayers were answered by a giant York Peppermint

Patty waiting near the exit, who stood holding a tiny basket of assorted, complimentary chocolates. Behind her was spread a much larger array of chocolate for sale.

To get your free chocolate, and to avenge the capitalists who piped the chocolate smell into their shamelessly self-promoting tour (knowing it would make you would buy their stuff later,) simply point to an area behind Patty and grab her basket when she turns to look.

To complete your whirlwind tour of the vicinity, continue west onto Route 322 for a short drive over to Indian Echo Underground Caverns. The ten-minute trip offers a striking panorama of forgotten 1950s highways lined with brown weeds that flourish where road paint once did.

Upon arriving, you'll have to rappell past the ticket stand and rappell down the cliff past the physically-challenged-accessible ramp. Tours depart at fifteen and forty-five past the hour, so make sure to plan a surreptitious entrance and exit accordingly.

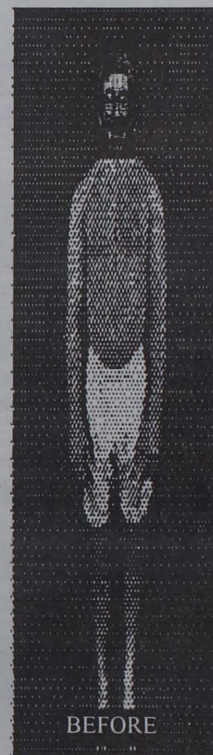
Once inside, you'll be able to wash down your Krackel and Whatchamacalit Bars with underground spring water (which will provide more than the eight essential vitamins and minerals, in much greater doses.) For some fun, you can hide in the hermit's hollow and slowly reveal yourself to the tourists--preferably nude--as the guide is telling them the story of his murder.

For your trip home, take a starchy drop-kick by heading back east into Annville and following the signs to Lebanon Valley College's Mund Center, where dinner is served from 4:30 until 6:30. You can access the cafeteria through the library side door. Tell the nearsighted card checker that you left your ID in your roommate's car (which you can "truthfully" tell if your roommate drove.) Grocery sacks are located beneath the server stand next to the salad bar. Enjoy!

*If You Go:* Tours and samples are offered by Seltzer's, as well as Weaver's of Lebanon. (Kutztown Bologna does only mail-order business.) Contact the Lebanon County Tourist and Visitor's Bureau at (717) 272-8555.

## "Walk Your Buns Off" Day a Success

President Cheeseburger took part in Ursinus' "Walk Your Buns Off" Day. The results are incredible. Take a look...



Here's Cheeseburger before he exercised. See the bottom of page 4 for an "after" shot! I'll tell you one thing... Rudy likes him now!

THE GREASLY



Sally Widman

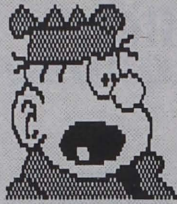
Director of College Communications

(Since she writes everything we print anyway)

**Disclaimer:** All names and stories in this issue are completely fictitious. Any resemblance to real people is completely coincidental. This issue is not intended to insult any of you jerks or wimps who can't take a damn joke. Enjoy!



# Sgt. Grease... "Nothing But The Wrong Facts."



3-26-95 at 8:30 p.m. Security is called to respond to a disturbance on Main Street. However, security cannot be reached. It is later determined that the officers on duty were enjoying free pizza in the Greasly office, and had ignored the call.

BRAINY DorCULLOUGH WOULD LIKE TO INFORM ALL MEMBERS OF THE Ur-SIN-us SECURITY STAFF THAT THE GREASLY STAFF MEMBERS ORDER PIZZA EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT SOMETIME BETWEEN 5:00 AND 7:00 P.M. YOU ARE ENCOURAGED TO TURN OFF YOUR PAGERS AT THIS TIME, AND MAKE YOUR WAY TO BOMBERGER. THE PIZZA IS DAMN GOOD (better than doughnuts!), AND THE COMPANY CAN'T BE BEAT!! PLUS, IF YOU'RE LUCKY, MARK AND ALICIA WILL HAVE THE FLYERS GAME ON THE RADIO FOR YOU!

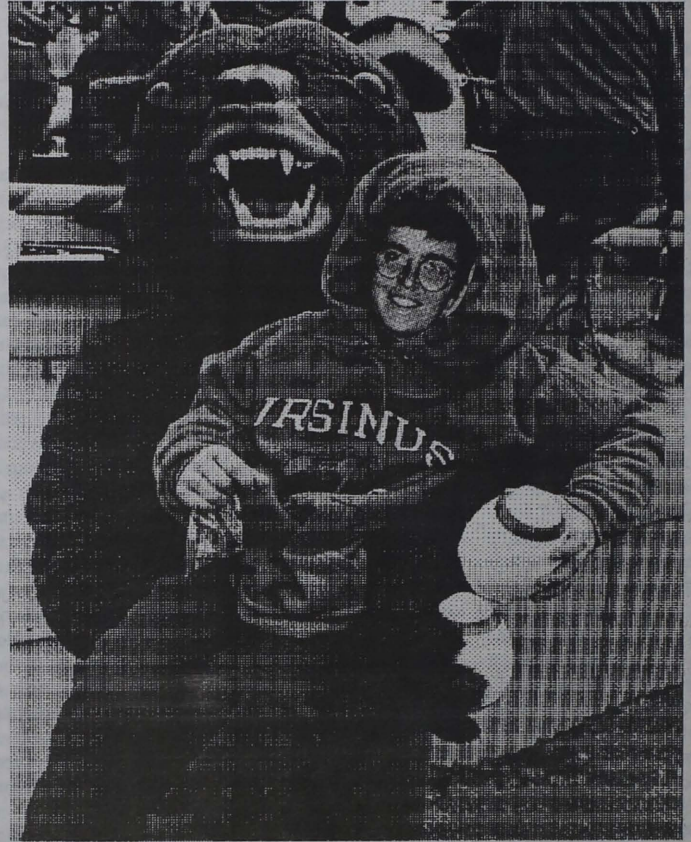
3-27-95 at 3:15 p.m. Security responds to a caller reporting that a suspicious man is driving President Cheeseburger's automobile. After stopping the car, and questioning the driver for three and a half hours, it was determined the driver actually WAS President Cheeseburger.

3-28-95 at 12:58 a.m. An off-duty security officer recognizes one of the Wismer chefs in a Collegeville residential area on 11th street chasing dogs and cats. The chef claims that he was "just playing around," but it is suspected that he was looking for something creative for "Mesa Jake's."

3-30-95 at 7:35 a.m. Brainy DorCullough arrived for work twenty-five minutes early, and heard strange noises coming from his office. Upon further inspection, he noticed officers Gary "Hot Rod" Dodgson and Mindi 'Tantali' Zerr in a rather compromising position. The fire marshall was called in to cool things down, at which time Officer 'Tantali' Zerr began making lewd comments about the marshall's "hose."

MR. DorCULLOUGH WOULD LIKE TO MAKE THE PUBLIC AWARE OF HIS DISGUST OVER THIS INCIDENT. IN A STATEMENT TO THE Ur-SIN-us COMMUNITY, DorCULLOUGH STATED, "THE SECURITY OFFICE IS MEANT TO BE A RESPECTABLE, PROFESSIONAL SANCTUARY. IF YOU WANT TO BE RUDE, CRUDE, OBNOXIOUS AND PERVERSE, GO TO THE GREASLY OFFICE. Mak Daddy AND Big Daddy Mac THRIVE ON THAT KIND OF STUFF."

# Can a guy in a bear suit get a hug from Fartgo Smelley?



# Cheeseburger after "walking his buns off"

(See "before" shot on page 3)



### Geen Tip

**FACTS:** Geen is the international color of horny-ness. Wearing geen on Thursdays symbolizes extreme hornyness.

**TIP:** Wear geen on Thursday. Be horny. Get lucky. HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!!!



Note: The Greasly suspects that steroids may have been involved.

# Porno Palooza

**BY MERLO THE MAGNIFICENT AND BOOM-BOOM**

**Straight A's-** The budget... too high. The plot... too complex. The actors... too sophisticated. The sex... too ROMANTIC. If you have the blues and are looking for a good adult movie to relieve that aching loneliness, *Straight A's* is not the one for you. Higher education, mutual affection and admiration, and mindless slobbering whoopie do not mix. Unfortunately, director C.B. Deville strayed from the status quo of the adult movie genre. His revolutionary directing debut neglects the time-honored porno-movie doctrine; "Remove clothes as quick as possible and get busy."

Even before the opening credits, the ambience of that "adult-movie experience" was ruined by the disclaimer that appeared after the FBI warning; "The sexual situations in the following adult features are shown for entertainment and *informational* purposes." The entire viewing room, myself included, were aghast at this affront to our

intelligence. A vicious onslaught of curses filled the room until the first sight of skin rendered the viewers silent and anxious.

Immediately it was obvious that this was not your typical adult movie. The cinematography and sound quality were, to our chagrin, of high quality. Music director, I.B. Deffman, rather than relying on the much appreciated 70s funk music, utilized a mix of more contemporary songs such as "I'm too sexy." Also to our dismay, instead of experiencing the excitement of amateur, home-videoesque cinematography, it appears that the production company, VCA Platinum, incorporated a sizeable budget into their film crew and lighting specialists. This move towards big budget adult movie productions victimizes the small entrepreneur, typically housewives, who are trying to make a living with their portable video-cameras.

The stars, Sierra, Meo, Chelly Supreme, Nina Suave, Tom Byron, Wise Mark, and Tall John were good actors but not suitable for this type of film. Sierra, who played the

eager but innocent Silka, was strikingly beautiful, but she spoke too often. Tom Byron, who played her boyfriend, Henrei, portrayed a loving, kind, and faithful character or what amounted to a gross aberration on the adult movie landscape. He was so loving, in fact, that he enrolled her into a Sex Academy where she learned the finer points before their eventual reunion on the day of her graduation. This overly sentimental flick climaxed with the consummation of Silka and Henrei's love in a virtual pool of Bertoli Olive Oil. The height of romantic nausea occurs when, in anticipation of the use of Bertoli, Henrei prepares a bed of Hefty Garbage Bags to halt the dispersion of oil.

Obviously, the influence of the Hefty Bag and Bertoli Olive Oil cooperations, who paid millions of dollars in endorsements, ruined *Straight A's* by trying to legitimize the adult movie industry with skilled labor and a hefty budget.

In conclusion, *Straight A's* does not provoke the same reaction its title implies. What could have been truly a film about *higher* learning,

fell disappointingly limp in the hands of director C.B. Deville.

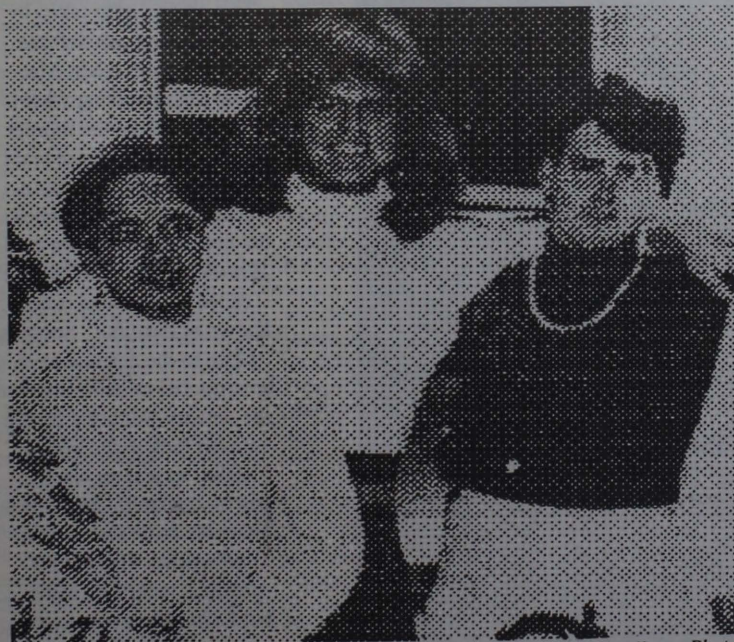
**Bachelor Party-** Few, if any movies, can illustrate such wondrous images as does "Bachelor Party", a movie unlike any other. I think the comment "they did what?" best suits this movie, as the content explored the deepest crevices of human imagination and ingenuity. Although the actors, including screen legends Peter North, T.T. Boy, and the infamous Ron Jeremy, were truly explosive and willing to do almost anything, I must give the credit to the writers. These gifted individuals created a movie of such magnitude even people with the strongest stomachs were forced to evacuate the room for many a scene. This movie truly exhibited the uninhibited nature we have come to love in this type of film, and gave new meaning to the phrase "go where no man has gone before."

"I have never, ever seen anything like that before," said one horny Old Men's resident after viewing the film. I couldn't put it better myself, for nothing this incredible

has ever been created before, and I believe nothing ever will. Experimentation is used freely in this screen epic, and flexibility also adds a special blend of uniqueness, a fervor, if I may be so bold, one which resonates through every wondrous and imaginative scene.

If creativity and love is what you seek in a movie, I highly suggest "Bachelor Party". The love in this movie between the actors is so very strong it is contagious, and will definitely encourage you to show someone just how much you love them. This truly is a film of epic proportions, one I will highly recommend with three thumbs up.

**Porno Quote of the Week-** Congratulations to Nichelle Cryan for identifying last week's quote; "Ooooooh wheee, baby! Work it!" from *The Adventures of Big Dichter*. This week's porno-quote is, "Tangerine, you're positively outrageous!"



(Surveillance Photo)

**GREASLY INVESTIGATIVE REPORT:** Co-Editor-In-Chief Mak Daddy Liar was caught cross dressed in a Philadelphia gay bar. Here he is pictured with "friends" Bominic Dui and Ban Darry.

## Comics

Beat Off

By Bominic Dui



(Bominic Dui was sick this week, so Colon Tickler has taken over as illustrator.)

## Alien Gymnast On Campus

BY KAREN DREW

*Maker of the World's Best Scrunchies*

Until recently, UFO sightings and other unexplained phenomena that others attributed to extraterrestrials seemed distant, but not anymore. I have reason to believe that a member of Ursinus College's women's gymnastics team is, in fact, an extraterrestrial.

This member of the team, known to those unaware of her extraplanetary origin as Kim Miller, performs contortions and movements during her balance beam routine the likes of which no human has ever witnessed before and certainly cannot duplicate.

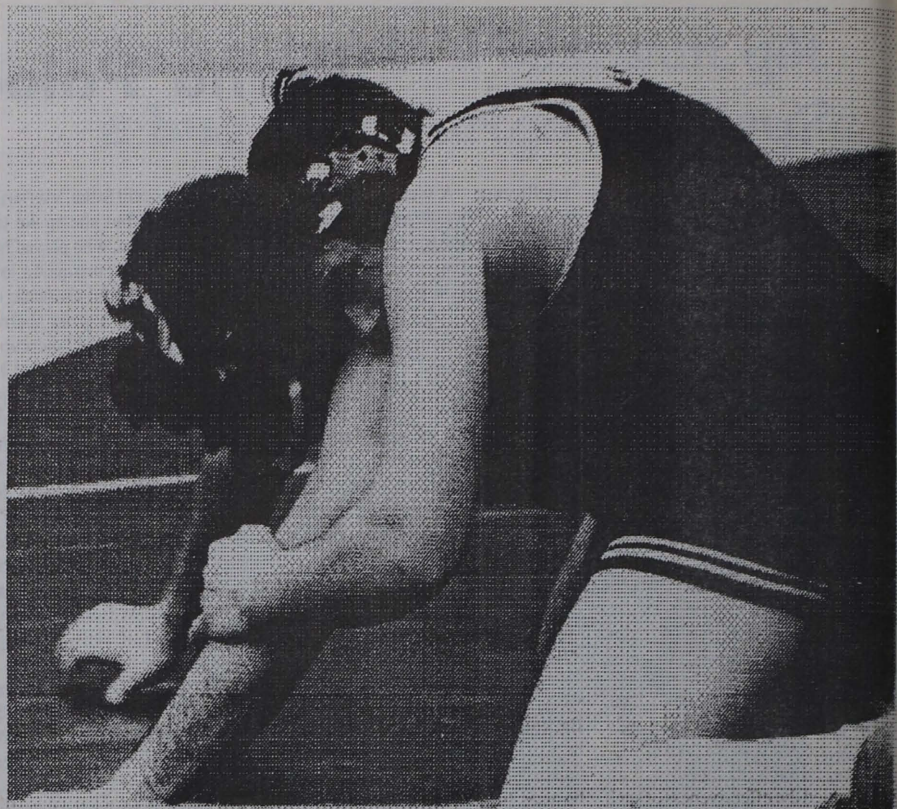
There was still doubt in my mind as to her origin until the day she attempted a jam on the balance beam. It was then that I knew for a fact that she was an alien. No human has ever attempted or even contemplated doing a jam on the

balance beam!

Her facial expressions are just as extraordinary, reminding this gymnast of the special effects utilized by Jim Carrey in the popular movie *The Mask*.

Further proof of this "thing's" alien origin was provided during Ursinus's annual Air Band competition, as she slinked and strutted around the stage with such an odd rhythm that she certainly can't be of this planet.

All those in the Ursinus Community must beware of this strange creature. She is known to carry condoms in her wallet, but no one knows from what planet she originates or much else. She is likely to spontaneously freak out at any moment, as she does on the balance beam, and if you see a girl running as no other human does, turn around and run the other way. It's her and you never know what she might do.



Bob Backlund goes for the Cross-Face Chicken-Wing, as Kirk Holt flounders helplessly



Could this be Nicole Brown-Simpson's killer and the infamous murder weapon? This recon photo taken by the OJ Simpson defense team pictures a Mr. Matthew Miller holding what is presumed to be the murder weapon. The defense team plans to admit this photograph into evidence when the defense presents its case. Whether Matt Miller will be called to the stand is not known at this time. Sources close to the defense have been quoted as believing that the defense will bring up the crazed look in the eyes of Miller, as well as his firm grip on the knife. Miller was not able to be reached for comment. There is no previous record on Miller, but he has been seen associating with common criminals.

# BACKLUND AND COMPANY WHIP UP ON HOLT

BY JESSE "THE BODY" VENTURA  
*I Tell It Like It Is*

For weeks the Kid has been running his mouth. All he's been saying for weeks is that pro wrestling is fake. I could kill all those guys in real wrestling. You gimme the freestyle, the greco-roman, the scholastic style. I'll kill 'em all. Well, Kirk "The Kid" Holt, star 142 pound wrestler for the Ursinus wrestling team, may have talked himself into a world that he has absolutely no understanding.

Two-Time World Wrestling Federation champion and former assistant coach at Webster's high school Bob Backlund is the master of the awesomely painful cross-face chicken-wing maneuver. The move, a hammerlock of one arm coupled with a ripping cross-face, is designed to rip the shoulder right out of the front of its socket. Of course, through his musings, Kirk has denied the effectiveness of such a maneuver. Plus, he claims any ref worth his jock would call a poten-

tially dangerous as soon as his arm gets hammerlocked. But Holt wouldn't leave it at that. He personally insulted the WWF star Backlund and his beloved family.

Allegedly Backlund got wind of Holt's comments through the snitching of another unidentified student trainer. So on March 22, Backlund stormed the training room looking for Holt. The 6'2" former NCAA wrestling national champ from the University of Minnesota clad in his customary suit and bowtie, grabbed a crutch from off the wall, and was swiftly confronted by Cubbie. She asked, "Can I help you?" Backlund replied, "I am looking for the fallacious one that professes he can withstand the procurement of my move, the cross-face chicken-wing." For those that don't know, Backlund's WWF gimmick is that he is from the older generation, and in an effort to reform society, he uses big words all the time. Cubbie responded, "I think Kirk went to the bathroom." Backlund

had his chance.

Backlund hid behind the Reebok Pump machine in the guy's locker room. As Kirk made his way back to the training room, he spotted Backlund and screamed in fear. Kirk cried out, "You're not Mr. Bob Backlund, are you?" Backlund replied, "Indeed I am, young man. I demand you wrestle me in a true match on Saturday, for retribution for your vicious comments." Kirk never thought he would ever have to meet with Backlund or his devastating hold. Nevertheless, being the tough guy he is, Kirk accepted the match.

The stage was set: Kirk "The Kid" Holt versus Mr. Bob Backlund in the wrestling room. The first minute of the match was just circling and collar and elbow tie ups. But then Kirk exploded with a double. Backlund countered with a very tough shot, but Kirk had the left leg in deep. Kirk was able to get behind for 2 points. This was what Kirk was waiting for. They call him The Leach because of his great ability to stay on top for riding time. The period ended with

Kirk up 2-0 with 0:54 riding time.

But then it got ugly. Kirk got reversed with a lightning quick Backlund switch. The score was even at 2. But Backlund then took Holt down 3 times, letting him up each time. But as Backlund let Kirk up for the third time, to make the score 8-5, Backlund dug into his singlet and came out with a handful of what appeared to be a white powder. Kirk went in for a shot and got a fist full of salt in his eyes. Being stunned made him very susceptible for the cross-face chicken-wing, and that was indeed Backlund's intention. Backlund got behind Kirk and applied the vicious maneuver. Kirk began crying out in obvious pain. He cried, "Please, Mr. Backlund, let me go. Please, I give up. I submit. I submit." Backlund wasn't done yet though. He dropped down to his knees and applied a body scissors to increase the pain.

Of course, there are no submissions in real wrestling. So Backlund out of boredom released the hold. In true pro wrestling tradition, after

the beating of his life, Kirk was 100% healthy. He shot again on Backlund and sent him to his back. Two back points, 3, the pin. Holt had beaten the great Backlund, but then the lights went out and IronMan by Black Sabbath came on.

As the lights came back on, in walked with his red & gray Asics Tigers, The Wagon. Apparently it was The Wagon who tipped off Backlund. The Wagon challenged Holt and after weeks of constant badgering, he finally accepted. The Wagon faked a shot and got behind Kirk and reapplied the cross-face chicken-wing. Kirk began screaming again. "Chuck, let me go. Chuck, let me go. You win." The Wagon asked, "Who you talking to, Kirk? Huh, who's this Chuck? I know it's not me. My name is not Chuck." Kirk responded, "Charlie, Charlie, please, I'll never call you Chuck again. Let me go." Kirk was finally let go and was left there for the training room personnel.

Let that be a lesson to us all. The Wagon's name is not Chuck; it's Charlie, and wrestling is not fake.

# WRESTLING ICON SEEKS ULTIMATE CHALLENGE

BY DANNY LY  
*And Written On A Computer Built By Kevin Kochensperger*

His list of accomplishments rivals those of the greatest men in history.

He was a 103 pound District 11 wrestling champion at Easton High School who was recruited heavily by the Naval Academy, but left there at his own will to pursue his new religion, Segaism, and too wrestle at 118 pounds for Ursinus College.

Once at Ursinus, he realized he had a small weight problem, having packed too much muscle mass onto his chiseled physique during his days as a professional body-builder, so naturally it took quite a bit of time for him to reach his goal of 118 pounds.

While losing the necessary weight, a process which would of course be grueling for anyone with 2.7 percent body fat such as himself, he wrestled competitively in both the 140 pound and 134 pound weight classes for the Bears. Hell, if the 126 pounder hadn't have been a close friend he probably would have decked him too!

Soon after reaching 118 pounds, he sustained a disabling knee injury while practicing for his off-season job as a wide receiver for the

Dallas Cowboys, but this was only a minor setback in what was already a stellar career. Troy Aikman, the quarterback for the Dallas Cowboys and the man who couldn't live without Gino's golden hands, spoke of Gino's injury with tears in his eyes, "Gino is truly the world's greatest athlete. You'll see. He'll bounce back within a week and probably catch 120 passes next year and run back 9 kickoffs for touchdowns."

What peaks were left for this wrestling icon to surmount? He had done it all, from wrestling three weight classes above his usual slot, to playing Tetris for 12 hours straight and truly validating his claim as the number one video game player in the world, and possibly the universe.

Gino Cerulli has found one thing he has yet to complete. While his name is often mentioned in the same breath as wrestling gods Dan Gable and Lincoln McClravey, he has yet to pass the ultimate test, the final frontier in the world of wrestling. Sumo wrestling!!!

Gino Cerulli, America's best, is currently in Japan training to be a sumo wrestler, the first American sumo wrestler in the history of the sport! He, with his wrestling



savvy and knowledge of sound nutritional practices, is a sure bet to eclipse the current champion.

Will his athletic performance be hindered by his knee injury? Pan Chlad, MS, RN, ATC says of Gino's injury, "Gino is an exceptional athlete, and for someone with Gino's physical gifts a patellar subluxation, as he sustained, should pose no problem. In my day I've never seen an athlete recover as quickly as he has. In his rehab we employed a regimen of whirlpool, patellar taping to pull his patella medially, and, oh yeah, there was no meniscal damage, and....."

Now that he is injury free, his train-

ing for this event will be intense. It is not something for a mere mortal man to attempt, you must be Gino. It entails 18 hours of sleep a day, but not the usual sleep that you or I experience. This is a deep, dark slumber, for great powers of concentration are required to sleep in a Wawa.

Why does he sleep in a Wawa? The man's in training! Where else is he going to be able to meet his 24,000 calories a day diet? And we're not talking about 24,000 fattening calories a day. We're talking the breakfast, lunch, dinner, and snacks of champions. Tuna shortsies!

Gino Cerulli, despite his short stay, is already loved by the Japanese. He was voted Japan's number one sex symbol by Cho magazine, has already signed multi-million dollar endorsement deals with Seiko, Wawa, Kodiak, and Volvo of Japan, and is rumored to be fighting Mike Tyson in January of next year.

Gino Cerulli is truly a legend, more than a mere mortal, a person who has bettered the lives of many people, and one all children should strive to emulate. Gino Cerulli is America's super hero and a friend of tobacco farmers worldwide.



# SIXERS GET PICK OF THE LITTER

## GEORGE WHITE NEW COACH

BY SONNY HILL

*Straight From My Living Room*

In an expected move, Harold Katz, the owner of the Philadelphia 76ers, fired coach and general manager John Lucas yesterday and hired George White, a first year basketball coach at Ursinus College, as his replacement.

This move comes as no surprise. The Sixers weren't a very competitive team under Lucas's leadership, competing only for the worst record in the league. Lucas seemed unable to motivate his players and was, at best, destined for the worst record in the league and likely a high draft pick.

George White comes into the Sixers' front office with the reputation of being a tremendous motiva-

tor. His first season at Ursinus wasn't the most successful, but, then again, *he* didn't recruit the players he was playing with. Besides, he's got years of basketball experience, first playing with Harvard and then moving on to a position in the Denver Nuggets organization.

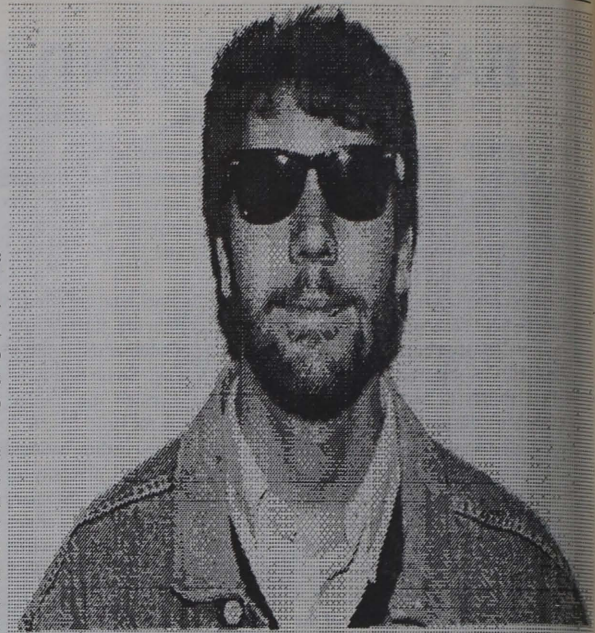
This move has upset the Philadelphia fans tremendously for one reason.

The Sixers are in dire need of a high draft pick, and this is what most fans want. Lucas, although unsuccessful in the win column, certainly had that high draft pick in his sights.

With the hiring of White, the Sixers are certain to turn things around this season and move up into that grey area between really bad teams and playoff teams, lead-

ing to a mediocre draft pick. George White just has that kind of ability. His always exciting and short practice sessions will really sit well with the Sixers. From form shooting to shell drill to ball handling, White is the man the Sixers need to pile up those wins.

Aside from the fan reaction, the hiring of George White, in this sportswriter's opinion, is one that will be good for the team in the long run. Although Lucas has dug too much of hole for White to climb out of this season, with a fresh start next season White will surely be able to use his apparent coaching talent to propel the 76ers into the playoffs, as soon as he gets *his* players in Philadelphia, that is.



George White in disguise as he enters the Spectrum for his press conference.

## HOW MUCH YA BENCH ?

BY SCOTT CHALBERT

*I Can Bench 315 Pounds*

SC: Hi everybody and welcome to another article of *How Much Ya Bench?* with me, Scott Chalbert. I can bench 315 pounds. This week, I've gathered several members of our close-knit community here at Ursinus, and asked them how weight lifting has helped them in their daily endeavors. I feel weight training is such a key part of, or at least should be a key part of everyone's lives. It makes you so much bigger and stronger and faster. I mean when I get that big muscle pump, there's nothing else in the world like it. It's fantastic. Jon Oliver, what do you think about that?

JO: Dude, lifting is so awesome. Yesterday, I was doing pullups and, yo, I was squeezing my lats. Without lifting, I don't know where I'd be. I'd be playing baseball or something. It really pumps me up for Saturdays. Yo, it helps make me the best football player I can be, dude. And plus it makes me party better than you, dude.

SC: Thanks, Jon. I'm right with you, man. How about your buddy, national champ Scott Winot. Hell, he's in the weight room every day. If he's not there, he's playing Sega. Scott, how does your routine help you?

SW: Honestly I have to attribute my weight program 100% for my win-

ning the national championship in Bill Walsh. I do a lot of forearm work, focusing on my flexor carpi radialis so I can keep my finger reflex time up. I recomend to any serious Sega players that they hit the weights. It works. Believe me.

SC: Wow, I didn't know lifting helped that much with Sega. Since I play NHL 95 all the time when I'm in Maples, that's some big info. Now to 2 of my favorite people here at school, Pam Chlad and Cubbie Dahl, the head athletic trainers. Cubbie, Pam, what do you think about lifting?

CD: Weight training has been a big help for me, especially lately. The 2 big things that lifting has made a difference with are my ability to throw people's stuff out into the hallway if it's on the floor or tables and also my ability to throw people out of the training room. My added muscle tone has given me the confidence to stand up to training room culprits, and I'm really glad I started to step up my workouts.

PC: First of all, Scott, the proper term you should be using is resistance training. And what resistance training does is cause hypertrophy of an aerobic muscle fibers in the active tissues being trained. And.....

SC: Thank you, Pam. Thanks, but we don't really have the time for an in depth analysis. This is only an 8 page paper. Brian Suth, you're in

the weight room pretty often. What can you tell us?

BS: Are you making fun of me? Huh, I work really hard. Why you making fun of me? I'm gonna stab you with a knife if you don't leave me alone.

SC: Good enough there, Suth. How about some other athletes? Let's go to a real high flyer, 2 guard Chris Cervellero.

CC: Weights....

SC: Wam, Flam, Bam. We know what weights can do. And now to a real PTPer, point guard Bernie Rogers.

BR: Weights help me.....

SC: Of course they help you. They help you shoot the rock. And now diaper dandy Joe Bond.

JB: They....

SC: You better believe they make you a better player. And now to the human eraser Jim Zurad:

JZ: They feel light, and they look good on my feet.

SC: He's 6'7". He can talk as long as he wants. Even if the quote has nothing to do with what we're talking about. I used to play basketball, and I know without weights, there would be no way I could dunk with the authority that I do now. How about head basketball coach George White? Coach, how does the weight room fit into the team's routine?

GW: Well, weights have given me the confidence to be the great motivator that I am. My greater bulk has

given me that extra intimidation factor to bully my players into giving me and themselves the very best that they have. I have my guys lift for 15 minutes the day before every game. I know that's a really good policy. I also got "Team, can't be beat, won't be beat" out of Muscle and Fitness.

SC: How about a women's basketball player? Laura Coulter?

LC: Lifting makes me a better player. Plus it makes me cool. Derrrr.

SC: Sure, Laura. What was I thinking? Ashok Parameswaren, you're generally considered the biggest and toughest kid in the school. What do weigh in at these days?

AP: Scott, I'm tipping the scales at about a buck thirteen these days. The other day, I benched 405 and squatted 585. It was only an off day for me.

SC: It's those kinds of numbers that are going to get you into body building, Ashok. They're also the same numbers we hear from baseball's starting center fielder Dan Tomlinson.

DT: Yeah, 405 on the bench and a 585 squat are about an average day for me. I need the weight room. I live in the weight room. I am the weight room. We are as one. ROID RAGE!!!! AHHHHHH!

SC: Hey, get some help in here. DanTom's muscles are coming through his skin. I'm sure he'll be

okay. Let me now go to APes Doug Hovey. Hovey, you're in the weight room. You're on the lacrosse field. How do weights help you?

DH: Well, you know Scott, the big thing for me is lifting helps get my voice as loud as possible so when I yell when someone drops a plate in Wismer, everyone can hear me.

SC: I don't think you have any problem with that, Hovey. I'll just make sure it's not me that drops any plates. Up next a representative from residence life. You really wouldn't think RLO would have a need from weights, but let's hear what their rep has to say.

RLO: Well, weight training helps us in our major overall goal: To make as many people's lives as miserable as we possibly can. That's really what we do. Whether it's dealing with people that get written up, or room problems, or picking clowns for RAs, or screwing over returning RAs, the weight room has given us the beef and bulk we need to accomplish what we need to do. You wouldn't think weights would have that big an impact. But ask around, I think our goal is pretty well accomplished.

SC: Okay, after that, I think we may have heard enough. I'd like to thank everyone here today for answering my questions, and I hope everyone will get in the weight room and reap its great benefits. I'll see you in the weight room.