

SPECIAL

Four Full Color Pages

THE NEW SDA BULLITEN

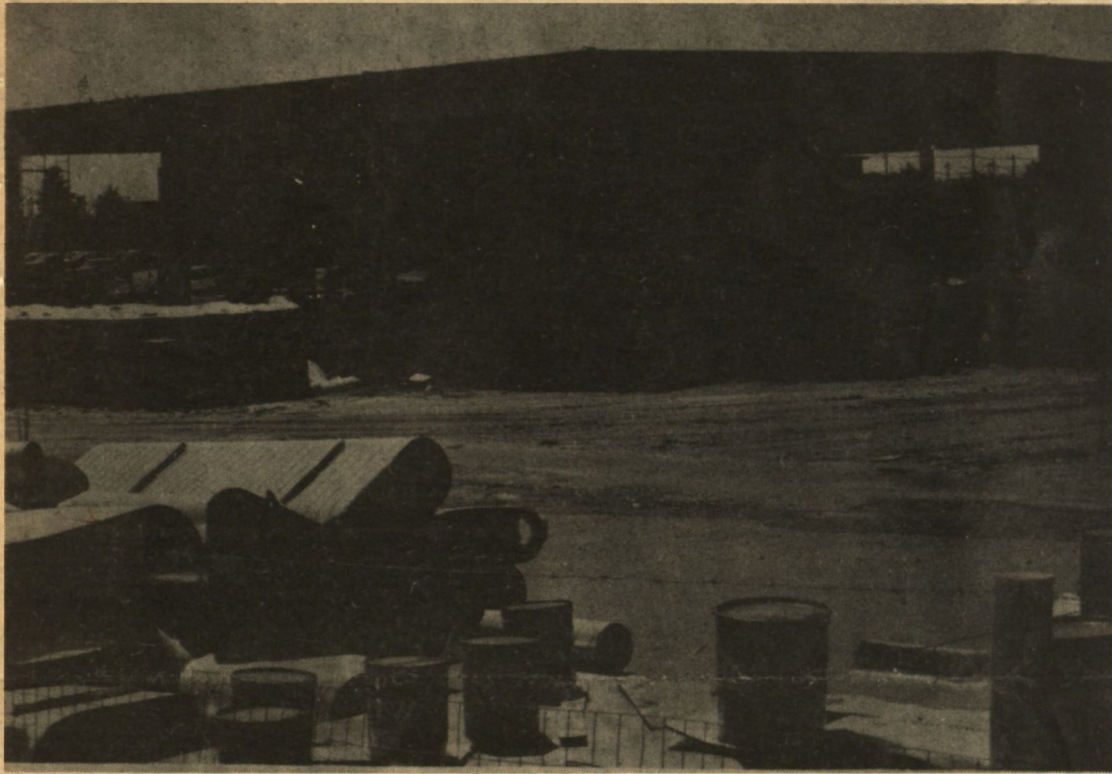
United States
Selective Service
Reinstates Draft

Vol. IX No. 8

Published Whenever For The BSU Community

April 1, 1974

New Student Center To Move



The New Student Center Prior To Move

Interstate 75 To Cross Campus

By Randaza Macelthorn

Surveyors disclosed today that due to a recalculation, the new Student Center, now eight months from completion, and 500 parking spaces would have to be relocated to make way for proposed I-75 construction. A highway commission spokesman gave few details on future plans but made a statement that alternate route possibilities had been discarded due to costlessness. It was projected that this leg of I-75 should be completed in time to inconvenience students and faculty by Fall 1972.

at night. (That site could bring the evening students the entertainment that has heretofore been lacking), Las Vegas, Nevada, and the White House lawn. On the parking situation, Georgia State University officials have agreed to share its ample parking facilities with BSU students and have them bused into school.

Alternate locations for the Student Services Center have been discussed but a final decision has not been made. Some of the new proposed sites are the Board of Regents office, a horse farm which doubles as a nudist colony

The Administration commented that the move should prove to be a profitable one for Acne, Inc., a student center moving company. Acne, Inc. has agreed to defer payments until the bookstore has time to sell off all of its used books at an outrageous profit.

Moving will begin as soon as the red tape has been cut or tied, whichever the case may be.

Militant Vets Storm Cafeteria

By J. Nause

Early this morning a group of veterans charged the Student Center, sans clothing, in a vain attempt to turn the juke box up.

Apparently expecting to pass as pre-dawn streakers, the Vets carried Mattel M-16's and Action Jackson survival kits to protect themselves from BSU's famed security guards. Fortunately, the BSU security guards (courtesy of Jim's rent-a-cop) quickly retaliated to chemical warfare.

Captain B.G. demonstrated the strategy that netted him the C.O.W. (cop of the week) award when he quickly threw open the lunchroom doors releasing the fumes of last week's super-hot Mexican chile with beans special.

Coughing and choking on the noxious gas, the confused veterans forgot their conspiracy and be-

gan to streak across the room wishing for their fatigues. Following close behind, the remnants of security guards were flinging dinner forks at the retreating students, striking in precarious and tender places.

By high noon the casualties were numerous, some were fatal and the Dimster Dumpster ambulance service had begun to arrive. To add to the confusion, cafeteria personnel were recovering their forks so as to wipe them clean in time for the 12:00 o'clock crowd.

By the time the BSU students and faculty began streaming in the doors, things were nearly back to normal and lunch (?) was being served.

In conclusion, Cpt. B.G. was given the C.O.W. award for the second week straight for preserv-

ing the peaceful, tranquil atmosphere at BSU which we all love and cherish.



Ambulance For Stricken Vets Arrives As Concerned Students Look On

THE NEW SDA BULLITEN

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Nixon Admits Guilt: Resigns Post

By George 'Precious' Williams

In an exclusive interview with *The New SDA Bulletin* (via tape), Richard Nixon today shocked the staff with a personal admittance of guilt with regard to the Watergate affair. Though the quality of the tape was poor, with loud hums and gaps of silence, the ex-President's message was clear. "I would like for the American public to know that I am (silence) guilty of investing the Watergate affair and am horrified with the results. (Pause) Let me clarify that (garble) planned the whole affair . . . like being President . . . fun . . . John Dean . . . pigeon. (It is clear that the President was referring to Dean's well known hobby of bird watching, thus admitting his personal fondness for Dean.) "I would like it to be known that I will . . . submit my resignation to Congress." In a somewhat higher pitched voice, accompanied by a loud, banging noise, . . . won't have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore."

The nation's future course is quite clear to this reporter. Will we stand idle by while our President is made to sacrifice himself to Communists? We must refuse to let Richard Nixon resign! We must think of our children. They are the ones who will suffer to allow such a blatant Communist move to go unchecked, "Remember the Alamo"? Then you're too old to help. WE need young, energetic, patriotic Americans who are willing to fight against injustice at any cost! Thank you for hearing me, America!

"Thank you for your patience, America. Let me make one thing perfectly clear (pause) I was the President. (click)."

Letter To Students And Faculty

TO: Students and Faculty
of Kennesaw Junior
College

As editor of *The Sentinel* I would like to express the wishes of the staff and myself in putting out *The New SDA Bulletin*. This issue of *The Sentinel* is intended to provide the college community with some well intended humor on April 1, the most humorous of days in the year. The articles and features are, of course, fictional with the exception of the center photography section.

We sincerely hope that no one was offended by material in this issue. Comments on this and any other issue are solicited and should be placed in

The Sentinel mailbox in the Student Center or brought by The Sentinel office.

The staff had a lot of fun putting this issue together and we hope you have as much fun reading it.

Sincerely,
Renee Matherne
Editor,
The Sentinel

CONVENIENCE

A thought: Convenience is a thing of the past. Man lives to do the things he must do, and dreams to do the things he wants to do.

... Love It or
Streak It.



Minutes Of A Meeting Of The Student Affairs Council

A meeting of the Student Affairs Council was held on March 26, 1974 at 3:00 p.m. in the Library Seminar Room.

Present: Wilscum, Alcoa, Black, Wood, Scotch, C. F. Burston, Goodrich, B. Batten, D. Tracy, Col. Dodgers, E. R. Buck, Sailor, C. L. Burston, Deel, and Bibbs, Sacs, Hooch, Linton.

Absent: Plumplins, Matterson, Pickel, Stevens, Cokeland, Heart, Washington, Duke.

Visitors: K. Scotch, J. Slick, Mackelthorn, M. T. Head.

1. Dr. Burston began the meeting by stating that he had apparently misinterpreted the statutes and that he was in error when he declared a recent SDA referendum null and void.

He then recognized the presence of Mrs. Slick from the Cobb County Election Committee and told her that, although this was an open meeting, to keep her mouth shut.

2. Mr. Scotch stated that the SDA was a wonderful organization and should be commended for their efforts. Mrs. Scotch and Mr. Should smiled and applauded.

3. Dr. Burston asked Mr. Hooch to speak to the report which his committee had submitted. He did. Mr. Scotch said that the committee was a wonderful committee and should be commended for their efforts. Mrs. Scotch and Mr. Should smiled and applauded.

4. Mr. M. T. Head questioned Mrs. Scotch on several points and con-

cluded that several senators were serving illegally. Mrs. Scotch started to respond when Dr. Burston said, "Not now." Mrs. Scotch then slammed down her books, stomped her feet, and (with tears in her eyes) yelled, "SHIT! You never let me speak! You never let me respond in here." Mr. Scotch patted Mrs. Scotch on the knee.

5. Mr. Should smiled and applauded.

6. Mr. Hooch said he wanted to go on record as officially objecting to the work "shit" being used in council meetings. Dr. Burston so instructed the secretary.

7. Mr. Should smiled and applauded.

8. Mr. Scotch leaned over and whispered in Mr. Should's ear. Mr. Should raised his hand and said something about "give me liberty or give me death." He further stated that the SDA was right, Right, RIGHT!!! Mr. Scotch patted Mr. Should on the knee.

9. Mrs. Scotch smiled and applauded.

10. Dr. Goodrich asked what the point was. Everyone shook their heads. He further stated that he was having bad vibrations and that he needed to be excused for a moment.

11. Dr. Burston called the question. Mr. Scotch objected. Dr. Burston ruled Mr. Scotch out of order. Mr. Should smiled and applauded, Mr. Scotch slapped Mr. Should across the face saying, "Not now, you damn fool!" Col. Dodgers said he didn't

know what the hell was going on, but he'd vote anyway. Mr. Hooch said that he wanted to go on record as officially objecting to the word "hell" being used in council meetings. Dr. Burston so instructed the secretary. Mrs. Sacs said that before a vote was taken she wanted all stray dogs removed from the room.

12. The vote was taken — the motion passed — and the meeting adjourned with Mr. Should looking very confused, Mr. Scotch saying something about "taking this case to the Supreme Court," Dr. Burston mumbling something about "the hell with student representation," Mrs. Scotch screaming "Will somebody please listen to me?", Dr. Goodrich calling for "reason, order, and common sense," Mrs. Sacs saying something about she hated dogs, and Col. Dodgers saying he "still didn't understand what the hell was going on."

Secretary and the fool who let all of this get out of hand in the first place.

A Chinese Proverb

If you wish to be happy for an hour,
Get drunk.
If you wish to be happy for three days,
Kill your pig and eat it.
If you wish to be happy for eight days,
Get married.
But, if you wish to be happy forever,
Become a gardener.

The Nudes Paper

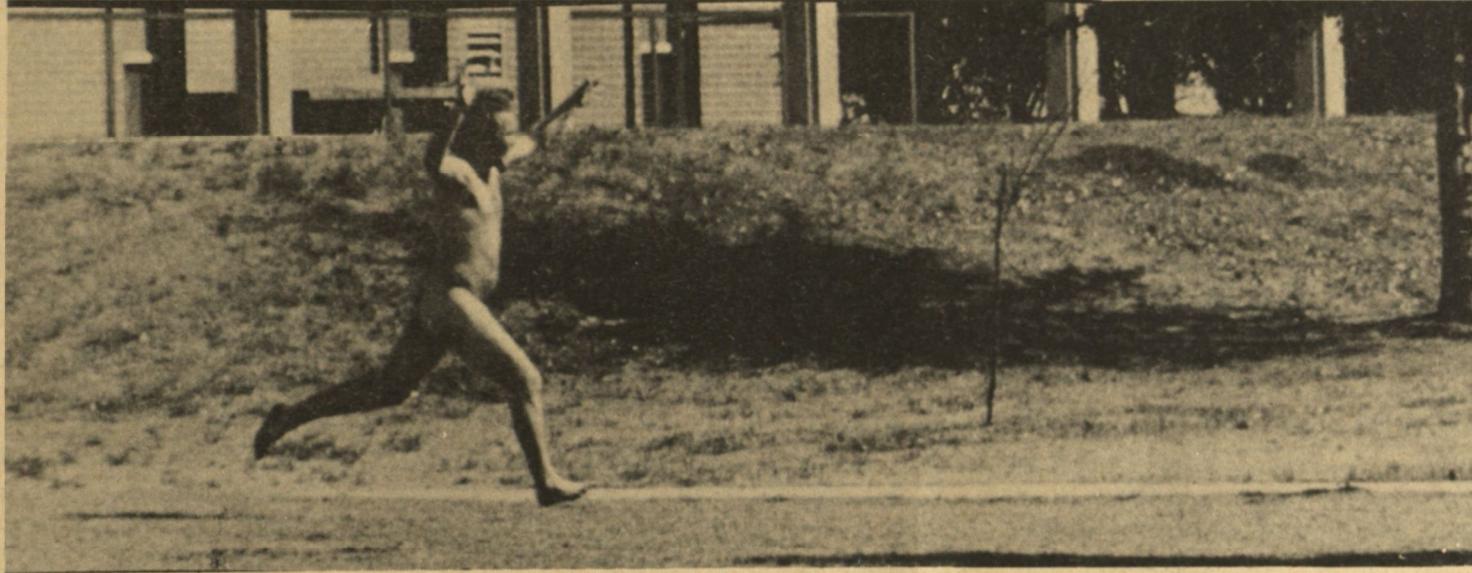
Community entertainment hit its peak as bare bottomed streakers crawled out of the woodwork, and crisscrossed paths throughout flora and

fauna hitting heights of social acclaim and ego mania.

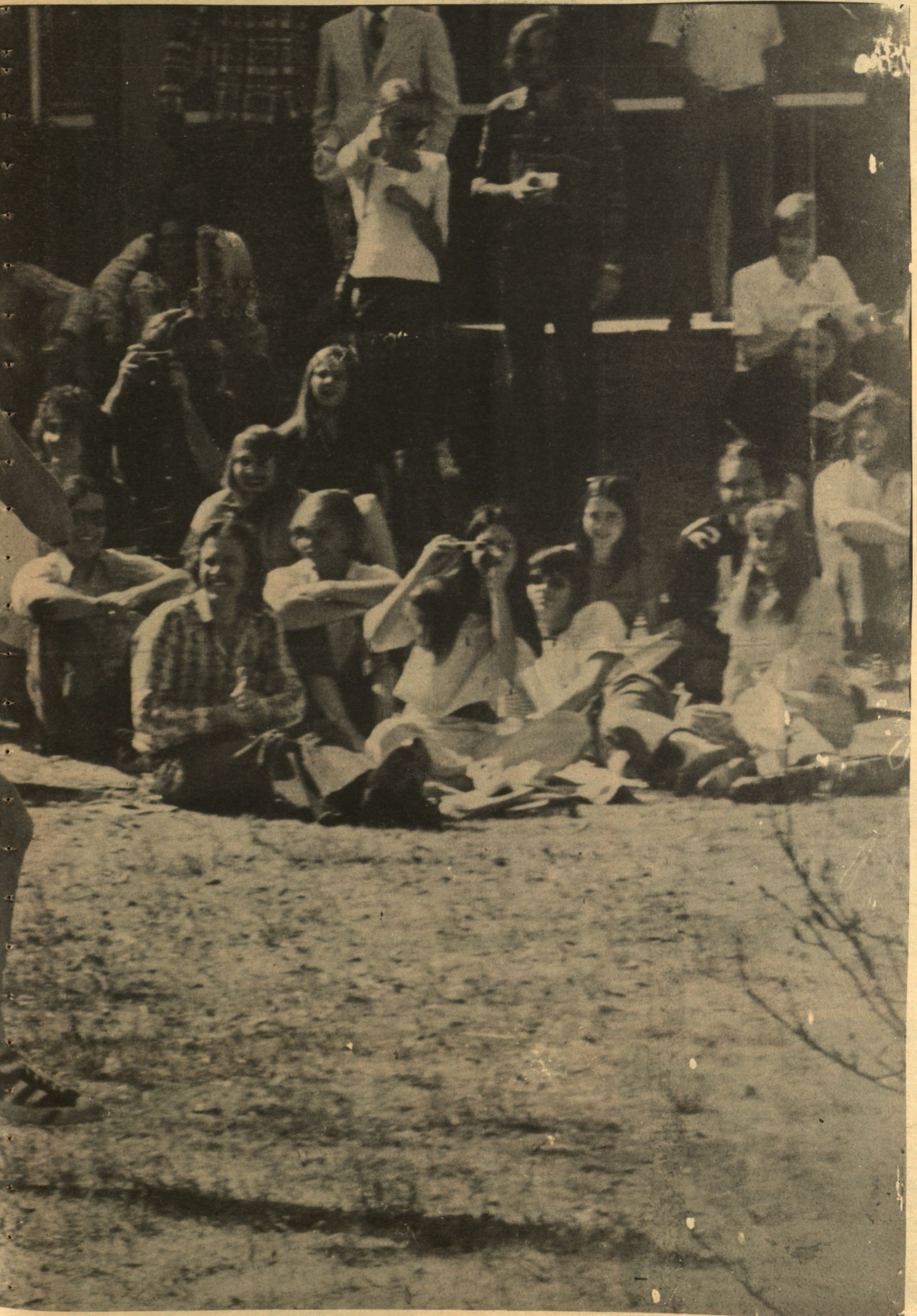
The following collage of pictures is our tribute to

the students and faculty of KJC who participated in the atmosphere of the streaking days, but most of all it is dedicated to those daring dashers who

risked their health, scholastic standing and prestige in an effort to contribute to the cultural betterment of the Georgia University System.

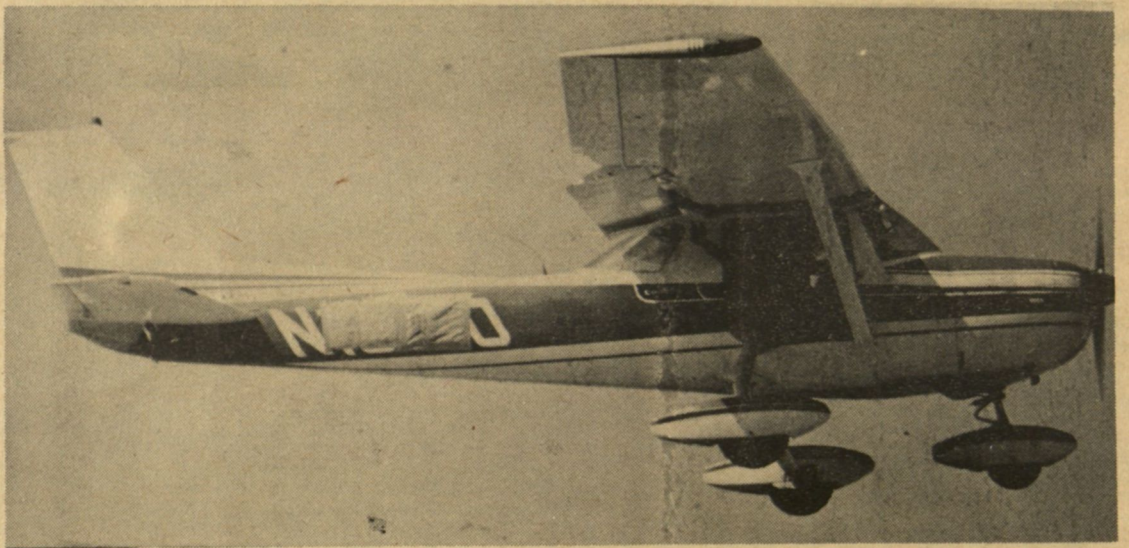
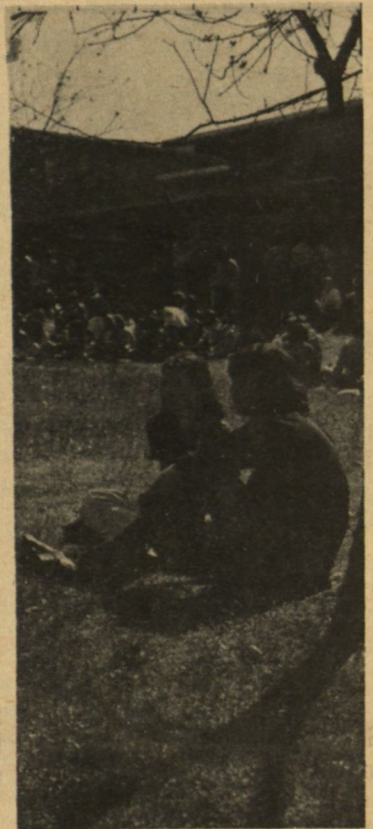








...As The Fever Continues..



**PARTING
SHOT**



New Library Completed

By J. Nause

BSU's new \$2 million library was completed last Friday. It features cantilever design, and is the first underground library in the United States.

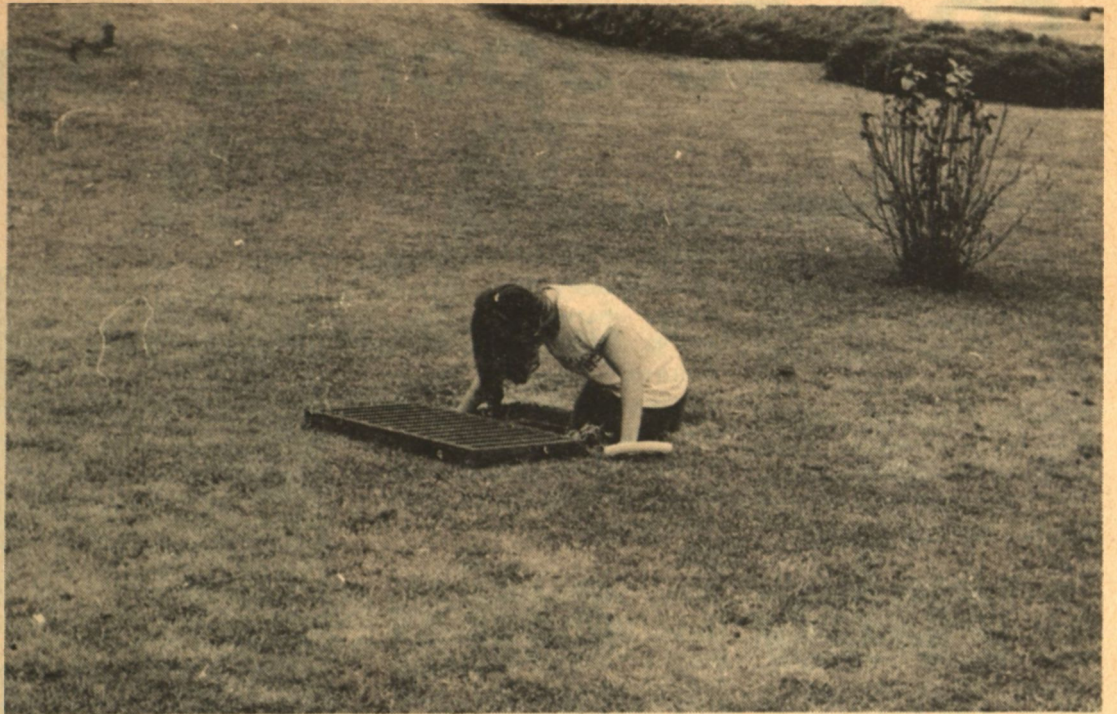
Ima Knut, the designer of this structure, retaliated to criticism of the new library by saying, "Them people said they wanted something down to earth."

Entering the library, is Mary Janes, currently a BSU sophomore. When asked on her opinion of the creation, Ms. Janes

said, "Wow, it's really a trip going down during class breaks."

According to night students, cries of imprisoned BSU graduates can be heard from the subterranean building. The current rumor is that the cooler-the structure supposedly containing last year's graduates-is located next to the library. The same rumor says that the administration will hold this year's graduating class also.

Watch your step when entering the new library, the first step doosie!!!



MORT, THE PIG:

A Ferry Tail In Reverse

By J. Nause

Once upon a time there were three little pigs — Huey, Louie and Mortimer. They were the stoned brothers. That is, all but Mortimer. Mortimer was a cute little girl pig.

Mortimer had no body — only a baseball sized pig head. People could tell she was a girl, unlike her brothers, because they had whiskers.

Since she had no legs, Mort, as she was called by her friends, had to roll everywhere. This was not as difficult as it may seem, for remember — a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Mort would roll along and watch all the other pigs that had bodies and legs, while wishing she was like them. "Just imagine," thought Mort, "if I was like all the other pigs, I could go to BSU

While the other pigs were snorting their approval with my brothers, or maybe be a sausage patty."

Of course, with two such ambitious goals, Mort dreamed a lot. One day she dreamed that she had a body and legs, and could run around with all the other pigs. Upon awakening Mort did have a body and legs. She joyously ran around and leapt the pig pen wall.

Snack Bar Has New Addition

By Little Nause

Tired of waiting in long lines for your food at the BSU snack bar? In an exclusive interview with champion server, Chuck Cokeland, the New SDA Bulletin learned that the snack bar has a new hamburger presser that will save the cooks 75% of the time they now spend pressing hamburgers. In his words, "We can finally throw away the old tomato can. Hamburger pressing, once an exclusive art for myself, can now be done by anyone with absolutely no experience."

A sneak view of the new hamburger presser was not available for fear that BSU's secret would be out. However, gathering from the information that leaked out, the new hamburger presser is shaped like the Social Science Building's missing plumber's helper.

for such a fine jump, Mort ventured into the highway and was killed.

Moral: Stop while you're ahead.

Mr. Roe Instructs

By Randaza Mackelthorn

Mr. M. C. Row, ancient professor of history, has decided to offer an elementary course in Southern Gentlemanry. The course will teach such basics as door opening for women, proper word usage, and respect. It will be taught on demand of fifteen women students.

The Women's Liberation Movement has promised to take Mr. Row to the Supreme Court for sexist discrimination. He has received several threatening phone calls and once, in his haste to be a gentleman, he opened the door for the president of BSU's Liberation Movement and promptly had it slammed in his face. He suffered only major cuts and bruises, and the severing of his right earlobe. Mr. Row said that it did not matter if the lack of a right earlobe could stand for his cause across the nation.

The Daughters of the Confederacy have awarded Mr. Row with the coveted Rebel Rousing Award for 1874. In return, Mr. Row has promised to be their special guest speaker at their regular third and sixth Friday meetings for the next fifty years.

The SDA Bulletin salutes Mr. Row for his fine efforts in continuing this long dead art.

Movie Review:

A Classic Bomb Revived

By Father Fanagle

That long neglected classic film **Abbott and Costello Meet Laurel and Hardy** has been revived to appreciative audiences. This film, which is playing at the Parvenue Theater, symbolizes all the decadence of Twentieth Century capitalist society.

The director, Tonny Sufte, whose career had included such fine efforts as **The Mud Maidens of Mercury**. He was twenty-two when he made this, his finest film. It was also his last, as he was eaten by sharks when staging the Battle of the Phillipine Sea during the filming of the unreleased **Rise and Fall of Western Civilization** starring Jimmy Stewart as Jesus Christ. His direction in **Abbott** unwittingly won him the title of "The Jackson Pollack of Tinseltown." I emphatically agree that the award went to the most deserving man.

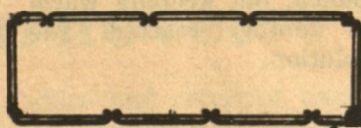
The stars of the film have accomplished the amazing feat of making

immortal comedy out of what was going to be their first tragic roles. The script by Gormuel Goldwin, fortunately, gives the stars plenty of opportunity to do so. Shep, the Wonder Alligator, is also very good.

However, the photography by that great alcoholic, Sergi Eisen-glass, is what gives the film its misty, dreamlike quality, due mainly to the fact that he was incapable of focusing his lens correctly when drunk.

This film was generally unappreciated when first released and then disappeared altogether when everyone concerned with the picture compulsively blocked its memory from their minds. Fortunately, the film came to light in New York where it was re-discovered by Andy Warhol.

The film has since swept the country with smashing impact, increasing the incidence of mental illness wherever it plays. It is an experience to regret.



Chemistry Building Launched

By T. Wolfmenn, M.D.

In a blazing triumph, the chemistry majors of KJC launched the Science Building from the campus yesterday. The structure was last seen over Canada, its plumbing and electrical connections trailing behind. Reaction to the event spanned the globe. NASA officials reached today had no comment on the outstanding feat. It was rumored that a Congressional in-

vestigation into the costs of the manned space program was forthcoming, which may have prompted official's silence. Radio Moscow repeatedly denied that the event had ever occurred, while Russian scientists were quickly devoting much research to the possibility of launching Czechoslovakia. Paul McCloskey made references to launching the White House, and the White House remarked that the first Congress in

space would be a major achievement. Meanwhile, Congress ordered an immediate feasibility study into sending the Supreme Court to Mars, while the Chief Justices pondered the question of launching the far-left American Civil Liberties Union to the far-right of Pluto. General Motors sent an invitation to Ralph Nader to test the first automobile into space, but Ford had a better idea: send both Nader and GM.

SDA To Sponsor Spring Contest

By Randaza Mackelthorn

Due to the recent college trend of streaking the Big Shanty University (BSU) Student Dictators Association (SDA) will sponsor the first annual Ms. BSU Streaker Contest. All female students, faculty, and staff are eligible for this contest.

The contest will take place on the 31st day of April, weather permitting. Judges and photographers will be located at strategic positions in the library, administration building, and quadrangle.

Each finalist will receive a standing ovation and a 3' x 5' poster of her streak. Second runner-up will receive an encore call to the tune of "Do it again, Sue." First runner-up will receive a virgin wool head and face covering with a matching

pair of Super Keds. The winner will receive a starring role in the next Walt Disney film classic, **Super Streaker**, and a guest streak on the Johnny Carson Show. Those now appearing in the finals will receive, as a consolation prize, a full length mirror to be their own judge.

The contest rules include: (1) The contestant must be a photographable female of the BSU community and sign release papers prior to her streak and, (2) She must provide her own transportation in the form of a speedy get-away vehicle. (Several obliging male BSU students have already offered their services after the streaks.)

Get into the streak of things and shed your inhibitions in the nearest ladies room and STREAK-IT!!!



Anxious Students Await First Contestant

Intramural Gang Wars To Begin At BSU

The P.E. Department announced today that registration was now open for intramural gang wars. This exciting sport, which has long been a favorite in New York City high schools, came to Big Shanty when the referee, Bart Fellingwig, or Blind Bart, as his friends call him, called a penalty on the first place Hyenas, during the final game of the football intramurals. The resulting brawl between the Hyenas and rival Gela Monsters drew such a crowd that school officials decided to make the fracas an indiction.

Among the players to watch for are: nine foot seven inch, Joe Mammath, a ceramics major who works nights at the Atlanta train yard switching locomotives from one track to the other when

the turntable is out of order. His hobbies include making earthen dams.

Krysztoff "Psyco" Kowalski, a transfer from Milledgeville, who is well known for his homicidal rages. Small but sneaky, nobody has ever successfully challenged him or even proven him guilty of anything.

Ma Maw Davis, the only female player, is a specialist in Molotov Cocktails. In an exhibition game, she gained five bonus points for her team by burning down the gym, wiping out the opposing team and 50% of the crowd.

Although the gangwar concept has been greeted with enthusiasm and Big Shanty, the idea has not spread to other units of the University System.

BSU Takes Its First NCAA Title

DATELINE 1980: Big Shanty's Crow croaks because today their team won the NCAA national basketball championship held at the University of Alaska colosseum against the highly favored UCLA. For the first time since N.C. State did it in 1974, the Bruins have been dethroned.

The small Big Shanty

University only recently passed the 10,000 enrollment mark. This win by them is a remarkable achievement that has been brought about mainly by the first woman coach of the year, Coach Tiby Jumper.

Congratulations to Coach Jumper and all the fine young women on the BSU basketball team.

Cheap Thrills by Burnt Smallfly

The energy crisis has put us through an emotional wringer. We have so far been threatened with some of the most difficult economic problems a nation can face in peacetime: gasoline rationing; regional allocation of home heating oils; shortages of literally thousands of products ranging from home insulation to ballpoint pens; massive unemployment and spiraling inflation; even the prospect of shivering in front of the livingroom fireplaces, for those lucky enough to have them and wood to burn in them. The stock market has sagged and there is talk of recession, even . . . depression.

The economic crisis we can leave for Trickey Dickie and his loveable bunch, but keeping warm is another matter. The solution:

"GUIDE TO KEEPING WARM"

1. Don't give up hope if you don't have a fireplace. Build an open hearth in the middle of the floor. Cut a hole in the highest part of the ceiling for the smoke, and start toasting. Don't forget the cork for the roof when the fire ain't on!

2. Eat heat: chili, hot peppers, curry, garlic, hot mustard, Tabasco sauce and onions. Don't try meeting new and exciting people.

3. Check the want ads for openings in crematoriums.

4. Sleep with cuddly animals. A musk-ox, a beaver—better yet, two rabbits. That way, it'll get

cozier as the winter goes along!

5. There's a cure for draughty basements. Pack snow around the walls. If you don't live in a snow-belt, pack sand. And if it isn't a sand belt either, try manure. Don't expect any visitors!

6. Pick fights. Take issue with everything. Nothing like a HEATED debate!

7. Pray for menopause. Hot flashes are guaranteed.

8. Put on weight. Get fat and jolly. Sleep a lot — for six year is possible. It might all be okay by 1980.

9. Try the medicinal cure—lots of hot toddies, brandies, Southern Comfort, bourbon, liqueurs, bloody marys. . . tummy bombs, so to speak!

10. Build a sauna. Sweat in the nude for best results. Invite exciting people.

11. Get a police radio. Chase fires until you find an arsonist. Make friends. Follow him on his rounds. Not recommended for law-abiding citizens.

12. Bear fat, blubber or even axle grease rubbed liberally over the entire body makes for a slippery, warm and definitely noticeable personality.

13. Ignore health department and campus warnings. Where there's smoke there's fire. So smoke as much as you can. Cuban cigars are tops, but if not that, burn your exams. They make a great heat source!

14. Indulge in a little self-mutilation; have yourself committed! Hospitals

will be the last—hear that, the LAST—to have their fuel supplies cut. So says Czar Simon.

15. Get closer to your friends. Try wrestling, hide-'n-go-seek in couples, stuffing imaginary phone booths or advanced forms of post office games.

16. Throw out your razor. Men should grow beards. Women, let your underarms blossom. The more there's hair, the less there's bare!

17. Fill your pockets with hard-boiled eggs in the shell. They're terrific for wrapping hands around while scurrying from the Gym to the far room in the Humanities Building.

18. Jack be nimble, Jack be quick. Jack sit on the candle stick. (And keep warm where it counts!)

19. Make love at every opportunity. Keep hot and bothered. And remember what Sir Isaac Newton proved: friction is one hell of a great heat source!

20. If all else fails, huddle with your nearest and dearest around the TV set and wait for the next press conference on the energy crisis. Bask in the hot air.

So much for keeping warm. Just pray for a warm summer if nothing else works. And don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today. The rate gas prices are going up nobody will be able to afford it!

And contrary to popular opinion, my initials do not stand for Southern Tech. But keep on guessin' and send them to me . . .