Baconetti Eyes Shack-Up-Now's; Nikstrike Violates Minimum Law

As anyone at YU knows, the stainless do not lead to etribe—several cars are taken as funnels into the Game Room, otherwise known as "Shack-up-now's Pool Hall and Vice Parlor." Crowds have been known to jam the stairs (especially during hour classes) due to lines outside Shack-up-now's.

The lines have become so long that YCSC president Manny Meulabond has seen fit to institute an alternate day rationing plan—students with even numbered ID cards can get in on even numbered dates, and those with odd numbered cards can get in on odd numbered dates, Musclebond has also imposed a three dollar minimum purchase, in quarters.

This system, however, has not succeeded in diminishing the long lines — it has merely created longer lines at noon's cash register for three dollars in change. Mayor General Jimmy Marmo, security director for the university, has also reported a rash of muggings outside the ramp entrance to Last Hall, but only quarters were taken. Asked what his department was doing about the rash of muggings, the比喻 replied "Let 'em carry nickles and dimes, and the rash is Dr. Saul's problem!"

Out To The Bin!
The problem has even permeated the upper echelons of the university. Due to a ban on preferential treatment for regular customers, Belkin Samuels has been known to go in on the student's account without leaving their gnomos. Students this system too has failed. The students are not willing to take a substitute. They want to be where the action is. (Either that or they don't want to be where the action isn't!) Belkin Samuels, overworked due to this failure, retreated to the fifth floor and has been playing with his Barbie and Ken dolls ever since.

Behind The Screen
There has also been an interest expressed in Shack-up-now's by the Matza. Glangland boss Isaac ("I am you Dean Baconetti has employed an out of work sociology teacher, Miss May-sell-it-you've-got-the-money, to work (Continued on Page 4, Col. 4)

Sterilnione State Famihtman Gets Free For Nothing

Colones Muddelstein announced today that he had received a communication from the Sterilization Agency stating that with a sense of "profound frustration and disgust" they wished to report to Dr. Joshua Famihtman, newly appointed Vice President in Charge of Academic Affairs at Yeshiva University. The army claims to have kidnapped Dr. Famihtman sometime last month.

Col. Muddelstein, reading the Liberation Army letter phonetically, disclosed the huge frustrations experienced by the kidnappers over the past weeks. According to the letter, the kidnappers first suspected something was wrong when, after their public announcement about the abduction of Dr. Famihtman, everyone at Yeshiva staunchly denied knowing who he was. It was only after finding that a certain Dr. Famihtman had not yet paid his $75 fee for his parking spot that Yeshiva's Administr- ation acknowledged the existence of a Dr. Famihtman at the University.

In the initial negotiations for a possible ransom the army tried communicating with Yeshiva's authorities through ambiguous letters. This proved disastrous at all the letters written in code went unread. When all three letters all turned up in the YU Radio station, the army tried an impassioned speech on revolution and freedom to the inebriate disk jockey on duty at the time. Army leaders were reportedly shocked to hear their entire message dedicated to Stern 80. The broadcast was followed by up by WYU's entire listening audience and Mr. Glenn Hertz, hastily relayed through the life-and-death (Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

LNA Abducts Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous
Reinstatement One Of The Demands

In a recently disclosed communiqué, the kidnappers of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous, noted teacher (he's taught Topics 71-78 continu- ously for thirty-five years) have lowered the tone of the communiqué, directed to Dr. Vincent, head of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous's department and cre- ator of the course in Jewish historical knowledge known as the Traditio de the Jews as Seen Through History. The kidnappers have lowered the tone of the communiqué, directed to Dr. Vincent, head of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous's department and creator of the course in Jewish historical knowledge known as the "Tradition of the Jews as Seen Through History." The kidnappers have lowered the tone of the communiqué, directed to Dr. Vincent, head of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous's department and creator of the course in Jewish historical knowledge known as the "Tradition of the Jews as Seen Through History." The kidnappers have lowered the tone of the communiqué, directed to Dr. Vincent, head of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous's department and creator of the course in Jewish historical knowledge known as the "Tradition of the Jews as Seen Through History.

The communiqué, directed to Dr. Vincent, head of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous's department and creator of the course in Jewish historical knowledge known as the "Tradition of the Jews as Seen Through History.

The second condition would be the reinstatement of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous as an Assistant Professor. The kidnappers, members of a group known as the Liberated Nutritional Army, said that these long-neglected institutions must be cared for.

The second condition would be the reinstatement of Dr. Not-Too-Rigorous as an Assistant Professor. The kidnappers, members of a group known as the Liberated Nutritional Army, said that these long-neglected institutions must be cared for.

As a final prerequisite, they would have to be granted immunity from prosecution and inspec- tion. The kidnappers, who operate under the name You-See-A University(!?), Wessy-son's Ollie Gomachs, saying that those who try to box them out at the Main Center and at Steers In College for Families' Develop- ment must be kept out of the atmosphere.

Rabbi Dr. Fahnheart Bumpkin, in reply to the demands, stated that the University has already complied with the first demand. He noted the now-fa- mous plan for keeping the haskels (Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)
**The Commentator**

**SOY Demands Sammar As Shofar's Exchange**

The most recent political kidnaping has struck Yeshiva University to the quick, as the abduction of Ben Shlomo of South Bronx. SOY has thus far in- telligently stated that "I am not a crook ... I 'flew over the fence' and now I'm not a crook." SOY has maintained that the time has come for some to "behave properly." Major-General Bimme Mamelade, director of Security, bonds and solicits has, in fact, not once graced Yeshiva with his intelligence. His long awaited march in three months of un- Marking Tickets, is far from complete and his minor directives, more often than not are dead-on pins and needles instead of libraries. THE COMMENTATOR can no form or fashion condone such academic indiscretion and it is with a deep sense of duty that we call upon an old soldier to fade away.

**Pareve Burgers**

We wish to commend the recent establishment of a new food service on the YU campus. As a result of the partnership between Shloimeleh's and The Money Burger, the new SOY's offers many specialties and innovations not seen previously. For seating students can dine at tables set up by the YU staff during the day to (and even during the dorms), and close during testing periods. If curfew is so intent on saving energy and money, then why not destroy the dorms and sell the furniture? The COMMENTATOR can no longer feel the time has come for some to "behave properly." Major-General Bimme Mamelade, director of Security, bonds and solicits has, in fact, not once graced Yeshiva with his intelligence. His long awaited march in three months of un- Marking Tickets, is far from complete and his minor directives, more often than not are dead-on pins and needles instead of libraries. THE COMMENTATOR can no form or fashion condone such academic indiscretion and it is with a deep sense of duty that we call upon an old soldier to fade away.

**Wesson’s Oily Gunshots Out Of It To Maintain Reputation**

In a singularly exciting debate staged by the YU Debate DEPARTMENT last Tuesday, Mrs. A. Lundy, head of the Biology Department faced Rav Lezon, the issue for the debate: do students look alike? For Mrs. Shin while Rav Lezon’s topic is not clear, she says that he is to the extent that both speakers are to be actually articulate and effective. They both lost.

**Yeshiva's radio station, WYU- ARE was recently offered a huge grant in aid, an offer which SOY will accept that it receives from continuing to play Beshkerle Baboker and Abe Nuss. Resembling another claim, this station’s performance has created an unprecedented emotional outburst on the Washington Heights community. The FCC, though notified of this torture in early September, was unable to hold the station off the air until telephone. In fact, the YU campus is not in the YU campus.

**Parin 7974**

**NEWS IN BRIEF**

**Young Israel of the Bims**

*Coronation* of Rachel’s* V’chavie Kesef*

*with* TYPICAL SINGING SONGS

COME DOWN AND TRY US ....

*CROSSED* OBLATION -

Rabbi Zulu Harlette Cantor Racy Allman

*night classes strangely recommended*
Bimethal Is Left Shortest After Burglary Attempt

By BORIS MEPHISTOPHELES

Noman Bimethal, Editor-In-Chief of THE CONSTITUARY, was recently arrested for burglarizing the dorm room of Nuef Elphiek, Editor of the HAMEI VOMITER.

Authorities are, as yet, uncertain how this ruthless crook managed to penetrate the securely locked dorm room of his rival editor. Upon his arrest, Bimethal offered little explanation for the stealthy undertaking. In his usual indifferent fashion he merely muttered something about "looking for a change of underwear." In contrast to Bimethal’s maulding Epilepsion was characterized eloquently as he stated "this is a barba and a cheekless for Bimethal and all of Kilat Tironal. I am confident that Hoshen will be meanesh this chertyn if not in eylins halts then certainly in eylins habors.

Bimethal was locked up in the reserve section of the Gaggleman Library where it was said that he would be totally incapacitated. This extreme precaution was taken to minimize the chances of any contact with the disputing members of his governing board.

From this most excluded area, Bimethal issued his first relatively comprehensible statement. Following an accusation that his arrest was simply due to the fact that he's an EMC student, the so-called editor claimed that the conditions in local penitentiaries is a remnant of the arboreal European notion that prisons are just for punishment and not part of the learning experience. In response to Bimethal’s arraignment, USP was little outcry from the University. When approached by reporters most administrators denied any knowledge of Bimethal of THE CONSTITUARY. One administrator confessed to having been familiar with the crook and his sleazy bent but found himself with his "hands tied behind his back."

However, as other members of Bimethal’s governing board were being implicated, Rabbi Bereshit, secretary of FIS (French Strick School of Hebrew Studies) affirmed his inviolable trust in the honesty and sincerity of all of THE CONSTITUARY’s editors. Even Dean Streik got into the picture as he delicately commented “I lay one finger on Danny and I’ll wrap ‘em in the mouth.”

In response to the recent crisis, President Selkin Samuels appointed special prosecutors Moses Not-so-Tender and Joseph Samuels to deal with Bimethal. The two prosecutors appeared particularly amorous to handle the case and are attending to it with alacrity.

Derranesto Attempts To Find YU: Edselstien, Bascanon Can Not Help

A frail and stringy youth adjourned the bench on his Roger Marc baseball cap as he stepped off the subway train at 181st St. It was to be Derranesto Yanush’s first day at YU and by now the bulge of vitality growing in his chest must surely have become visible. I must get a hold of myself, Derranesto wrote paper clustered the refuse bag that he was using as a valise to his heart and made a break for it. For the first time in his life, he heard, as he snatched the bill with Lincoln on it and looking at his watch, commanded: "Now wait on line."

"There is no line here," observed Derranesto and he was the puzzled daze of a trampy pussy.

"So matter," retorted Edselstien. "We must follow procedure. You must fill out forms 3, 6, 7, 9, 14 in duplicate and then each of the duplicate copies will be stapled."

After a half of an hour of distressing paper work and Edselstien’s stupid manner, Derranesto decided to start pleading.

"Look, all I want to know is how to get to YU."

Edselstien winced in surprise. "Ah-oh! Is that all you want to know? “It’s all I want!" Derranesto surged out a delighted chuckle of relief.

"Ah-oh, ah-oh, ah-oh ah-oh. Well for that you’ll have to go to the office of our illustrious dean."

"Oh? And what does this Dean Bascanon do that he might be able to help me?"

"No, you seem to know," replied Edselstien reflectively, and then, under his breath, "I don’t think he does much of anything."

"Ah-oh, I have important work to do. Scale that hill over yonder and noise kneen your grievous dilemma." As Derranesto disappeared in the distance he added, "I know you’re perfect Annunciation, and then bused resumed his counting.

Over the hill, was the YU campus. But it was a few blocks down and a few blocks over that Derranesto encountered a proverbial dead end. On one side of the street stood the scherangers in their battlefied zone defense. On the other side a group of women, if a thing is possible; there stood a disorderly band of rowdy youths, who, with their presence, rendered the orchestra of the neighborhood. Derranesto had heard that this was a rough end of town, but not this.

These youths did not look too intelligent, and they exuded Derranesto by the anticlimatic name of "The Seniors."

It was now that Derranesto’s peculiar talent of being able to keep his head while surrounded by commonplace entities was truly a blessing. Though they thought it came from the other police, the local police officers were actually hearing an announcement, "Engagement party, for the Junior class. Of course they all scattered and Derranesto was able to slip into luxurious Furst Hall, although he was still wearing the stolen shoe of his chest, the curb, Derranesto understood that he had walked into a big pile." The first thing he first said: "Watch your step."

Once inside the dean’s outer office, Derranesto said to himself: "I’m Derranesto Yanush and I want to speak to Dean Bascanon."

The secretaries paid no notice to the brash youth while eating juicy Florida oranges. "I say Mr. Dean," she interrupted impatiently, "I’m occupied now and the dean is a very busy man. I’m sure he’s not going to give you the time of day."

"I’m sure he’s not going to give you the time of day."

Derranesto took a seat and tried to get a grip on his nerves, jumped on the chair and started...
Samuels’ Barbie, Ken Can Keep Him Busy

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 1) behind the inconspicuous screen in Scheck-up-now’s. Students have been known to come out front of beholding screens muttering something about the sociological effects of wearing glasses. "Isn’t this a bit far-fetched for a proposal," said "Ruth"? He went on to say that there were patients coming in from behind the screen, to which this reporter answered with a Bill Colson’s “Right!"

A law judge has been raised against all this corruption. Rabbi Maurice ( Really-love-your-peace-chasers) Bedrin has voiced concern over the failure of the alligator pinball machine to pay off a free game. He claims to have played forty-seven games and the scores never matched. He has called for an investigation. Mrs. Tromski was appointed consumer advocate, Mrs. Tromski amongst players and added in twenty games later, having let only one quarter slip through her bandaged hand. "When asked why she answered this, she replied, "A little shake will get you anywhere." whereupon she was possessed are unable to form a coherent sentence. Moreover, as demons always manage to find now hosts they never have been identified, it is hoped that Belkinminkas will once and for all expunge the evil that stalks YU.

The exorcism, as always, promises to be a most uplifting experience. All those who wish to see the transformation of these irritable, bleary-eyed bundles of nerves into normal human beings are advised to secure tickets at once.

Derraneo Attempts To Find YU; Edselstein, Bascon Can Not Help

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 5) day, with each ‘P’ that the woman pronounced he got antichristed with orange juice. In the meanwhile, a YU student marched straight into Bascon's inner office, knowing better, after years of experience, than to kvetch around with secretaries and appointments. Derraneo listened in on their conversations.

Student: Dean, I'd like to take 18 credits this one—
Dean: No.
Student: But you don't seem to understand—
Dean: No.
Student: But, sir, with that extra $1.50 credit I can graduate—
Dean: Following suit Derraneo head- on in. There amidst piles of bubblegum cards, he saw Dean Baxter's 'The Melapham.' "Is this Dean-Bascon's office?"

Cautious at his unawares, the dean located the office in part of my research project on the effect of asulamps on chw- ek-moments, and was alarmed at the nonsense of it. He sidled over to Derraneo and slipped him a dime. "Keep quiet about this. There's more where that came from," he whispered from the corner of his mouth.

The Dean, in one of his generous moods.

"Now what can I refuse you?" Derraneo asked.

"Yes sir," began Derraneo.

"Well actually I wonder if you can tell me how to get to YU.

Bacson looked on in amuse- ment at this mere pipsqueak. "You feel sick, my boy. In fact I think it's a terminal case. Why don't you go see the school doctor?"

Derraneo flew out of the seat of his pants and soon found himself walking into the infirmary, hurrying behind his seat. The desk stood a man, though it appeared that he was sitting and on the right lapel of his "Gor- geous Rash" toshidad was a card that read: "Try Rabbi M. B Esper. You have to know the text."

Appalled, Derraneo cried out, "But you're not a doctor..."


Derraneo did, and pacing back and forth, Bobin told him frankly. "You can't expect us to help you any. Your orientation is over. You're on your own from now on" Later, sitting at his dorm- room window, the student had a glimpse of the girl taking a shower in the apartment building across the street and realized that he would not be alone throughout his college career. There were hundreds of others watching with him.

Tattler Wonders About Ethics; Fears Random Administration

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1) morning for three years. The child enjoys the taste and anti- cipates each morning the reward- ing sensation of the orange ex- tract. One day, a doctor, whom the child had seen giving it with exercising pain, offers this child a small cup of orange juice. The child is aENAMEL, a condition caused by live poliomyelitis virus. The child immediately associates the needle stick with the sight of the prescription ascribed by the physician with the cup of orange juice, and thus develops a morbid fear of needles. Simultaneously, the child releases a torrent of tears down his cheeks. Instinctively, the parent attempts to soothe his young switt whack to the child's padded gluteus maximum.

The child is then presented with yet another cup of juice which he now associates not only with pain, but with retribution as well. This time the physician forces the liquid into the oral cavity of the child. Simultaneously, it all comes to a head. The child discards a distinct tang to the drink which he has never previously sensed. Emues of orange juice burst from his cere- brum and embrocate his cranial membranes from Marcus Welby flash into his cere- brospinal fluid. He begins to act like the usual self-asserting, untried sets in. The child refuses to drink orange juice ever again, especially when accompanied by orange peels, orange soda, orange flavored vitamins, and even Romper Room orange bal- loons. Orange growers and pickers are laid off. The economy is saved. Science is saved. Scrofula, spreading gaitety, and Bozo Cherchinski abandoning "culture" and trying to figure out how to button his jacket.

Who's Whose

Doc. Levison 1860 — to Ethyl tungsten. 
Joseph Dummar 1984 — to Bellis Aberg. 
Aries. Loves-me–Loves-me-not.
W. Loves-me–Loves-me-not.