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All the president's men

Harding security police inspect a car with an improperly-displayed sticker.

A group of advanced nursing students recently had moderate success in an experimental study of euthanasia. According to Professor Jack Whatshisface, four students developed a means of theoretically putting a volunteer to death by chemical means and then reversing the chemicals to revive him.

Governor Moonbeam

Bull endorses Jerry Brown, page 2A.

Nurses experiment with euthanasia

According to one of the experimenters, "We noticed that a group of fruit flies in a Patti Cobb cafeteria were fatally affected after inhaling vapors from an unusual purple substance on the Thursday night meal. Actually, it may not have been just the vapors. Some purple thing with claws would reach up and swat the flies, causing severe brain damage and massive hemorrhaging. We thought that this substance — 'pathogenic purple,' we named it, or 'PP' for short — caused the death, and that it logically had some relationship to the popular connection of the purple color with the emotion of rage, which, psych-emotionally speaking, is a death-force. So it makes sense that it's the purple which caused the deaths.

"Now, purple's a complementary color to yellow. Since purple led to termination of vital processes, yellow should readily lend itself to a reciprocal action of reviving the convivial organism which has been fatally killed to death by the PP.

"We injected 28's of the PP into a volunteer who somehow had the idea that he was just a "practice" specimen for nurses who were learning to administer shots to oranges. After receiving the injection, he started gagging and barfing — er, he suffered respiratory and digestive disorders, and shortly thereafter was determined to be fatally dead. The theoretical link of PP and rage was proven, because once he realized what was going on, the substance induced a rage in him, as if he were mad at us for some reason.

Once we had decided he was thoroughly terminated, we administered solutions to PP and sodium chloride. We injected various chemical extracts from the life-giving yellow substances, also taken from Cobbs, such as corn, squash, and the milk on Tuesday mornings. It began to take effect about two days later when the subject's face began to turn yellow. We thought this was a sign of life returning. But he just stayed there on the floor and wouldn't even move when we yelled fire, and flood or anything.

"We were somewhat disappointed. The theory seemed to fit so perfectly, and it was so simple. But the experiment was partially successful; the subject did die, and at least we have the first half of the research done successfully. That's good."

Bull examines age-old problem (see above, page 72)

Bull looks at a pattern of buildings to be used in many 'different' ways.

Buildings to be used in many 'different' ways

Those tacky little grey buildings which have been obstructing nature's beauty in front of the New Science Building will soon be put to use. The cover story has been that they're part of some research project on gardening and all that garbage about energy conservation.

However, these buildings have actually been used as top-secret storage of valuable resources which are sorely needed on the Harding campus. Now, the Bull dares to expose this scandalous scheme, as well as report the coming more appropriate use of these three dinky little buildings.

One night as this reporter was cruising the campus, I saw one of the security guards slip into one of the shacks to sleep. I, some salary. He carelessly left the door open, however, and I cautiously made my way to peek in. What I saw stored in that room was an incredible shock.

It's no news that everyone and their cousin Elmer grooves on the shortage of parking spaces on the Harding campus. And the administration does say that there are plenty of parking spaces.

Well, the administration is telling the truth; the only thing they haven't told us is where those spaces are. And if you're with me, you've figured out just where the administration is storing all those parking spaces!

That's right — inside those three little hamster hut! There must have been two hundred spaces in that one shock, neatly stacked against the wall. I was pulling some out as quietly as I could when the guard startled and woke up. Forgetting which side his gun was on, he drew his billy club, pointed it at me and threatened to shoot. I grabbed four parking spaces and folded them under my arm. I dashed off toward my room. By taking the shortcut across the roof of the Little Theatre, despite that the slopes of the Benson Auditorium, I managed to lose him, and those four spaces are happy to this day hidden in a special place, being saved for some special purpose.

And for the other part of this story, there is a good use soon coming for the three little terrariums there. You're aware of the housing shortage around here due to the fact that all 20-year-olds are mature enough to survive without the benefit of a curfew. The housing office has finally received enough funds to set up some more dormitories housing at low cost. But the money is limited and it allows only for remodeling, and not all new construction. So what already-existing facilities do you suppose will be worked on?

That's right — those funky little closet-sized condominiums! There will be a few, maybe three, restrictions, however.

First, new security will be hired so that there will be two guards inside each "house" all day, and four will take over from 6 p.m. until 9 a.m. No one will be allowed to sleep, of course, since males and females do not sleep together, at least not with each other.

Secondly, the guard will have a special belt fully equipped with smelling salts and rubbering alcohol to help keep any trouble from starting. And, in case of unseemly behavior, the belts will contain Chemical Shield and Cold Showers. Furthermore, no one will be allowed to have pets.

This may lead to some complaints from those students who cannot tolerate the slightest restriction, but such immaturity is to be expected, as it always sprouts from the insolent mouths of such turds as "Old Bullie" or "La vie, as they say in Spain.

By the way, if you're wondering about those parking spaces, they're to be moved to the Little Theatres. That cover story you've heard about it being parked will be old news next year. Classrooms, my third eye! They just like to see us have to park in the trees, sewers, and on top of other cars. One day we'll break in to these closets and just take all of those spaces, valiantly cast them down in front of the illy pool, and park all we want!

Parking situation borders on phases of cosmic reality

The parking problems at Harding are nothing new. Face it. There simply are not enough well-located places around this campus for all of us who have a car or two and need to park once in a while. And we're becoming rather vibrated about it.

In a recent survey conducted by the Bull, students voiced their feelings. For example, a second-year freshman observed, "Every year when the Bull does its standard story on this scene, the administration rattles off the jive about how we've got a nice gobs of parking places just running out of our noses. Snail slime! Eighty percent of those mythical parking places are for the boondocks that I have to keep a submarine gun with me for protection out there!

A junior pre-nuclear-

"We were somewhat disappointed. The theory seemed to fit so perfectly, and it was so simple. But the experiment was partially successful; the subject did die, and at least we have the first half of the research done successfully. That's good."
Bells prove annoying
We Bull staffers have decided that it is time to speak 'bout on a long-ignored issue: Bells. Now, Mike Bradley and I are not normals nor a rather non-controversial topic (which is one reason we chose to speak out on them — our motto is "Blessed are the pacifists"), but a problem with some of the bells on campus has been brought to our attention.

It seems some bells, especially those in the Olen Hendrix Building, are entirely too long and loud, therefore awakening students utterly and mercilessly from their tranquil slumber in class. The bells, which of course, sound off at every hour, are an unnerving nuisance.

Recently, one passerby noted a throng of students reeling out of a classroom, hands to ears, and the observer began to look for the other "see no evil" and "speak no evil" signs. Rumor has it that some student has even used the old cotton-in-the-ear trick, but alas, to no avail.

Perhaps a tasteful alternative to these bothersome bells would be something a little less obnoxious, such as a wake-up-to-music alarm clock in each classroom which would gently rouse the restful from their naps.

One day an irritated student reportedly in a fit of rage hurled a look at one particular bell which adeptly reduced its volume to a whisper, but we believe the administration would find ours a more satisfactory solution. We urge them to investigate and take action on the problem immediately.

M.C.

Hate triumphs over love
How many times have you found yourself doing something despicable, and then saying to yourself, "Wasn't that a wonderful feeling?" Yes, hate is a unique emotion. You just can't hate somebody without feeling to pass it on. Hate will never let you down. Actually, hate is very constructive and often preferable to love. Hate means never having to say you're sorry. I know what you're asking now. What is the proper way to hate? Admittedly, it's not easy. But before you hate someone next time, remember these points: 1) Do it with a cheerful smile. Hate looks warm and fuzzy with the world and everyone never gives it another thought. 2) Try to understand that person, that's it. 3) Be sure and mention their lack and overall consideration in their basic up-bringing, and 4) Don't forget to remind them that all hypocrites will be going "there.

Hate is not a four letter word — love is. Remember, hate is a many-splendored thing. The important thing to remember is to hold your emotions back until you have truly let it grow and flourish. It's not enough to hate, you must learn to despise, too.

Dear Editor:
A lot of people at Harding have been criticizing me of late, so I'd like to take this opportunity to defend myself. First, I have been called a Socialiist. I love America just as much as anyone. Next, it's not enough to hate; I have become as sounding brass or a tinkling symbol.

The kind of hate I'm suggesting is not unscriptural. In fact, I feel that anyone who yells, "Raca! Raca!" on a city corner should be killed on sight.

Some may hate me from all prejudices we have. That's not true — it actually comes from a basic human nature.

Dear Editor:
I have an answer for what to do with the Ayyothall. Put him on a rocket to the moon. Some say that it would not work because the rocket would melt when it gets too close. But that is easy to solve. Put him on a rocket of your own. Of course, dummy, that's the whole idea! See your closest, three times even.Listen, I don't make Sunn Classic rip-off movies — all my flicks are gassy. But, if you don't like what you hear at my movies, go chicken cross the capitol. I don't keep a Über idea. Send anything you like. I'd... Dear Editor: How do you break a Ball-staffer's finger? Hit him in the nose. Chuckle, chuckle, snort. Signed, Gopher II (Editor's note: The Ball-staffer feels that gross, crude, derogatory trash should be exhibited as an example of the disgusting perversion which controls the childish behavior of some students. Letters from railroad tracks."

Signed, Erik Estrada


Dear Editor: I have an appointment I must keep, but my watch has stopped. Do you have the time? Neither do I. I have Newsweek. Signed, Ronald Reagan


Dear Editor: Mork is a Comme. Patrioatically, R.R.

Dear Editor: I do not listen to letters from railroad tracks. Signed, me again.

Dear Editor: How do you break a Bell-staffer's finger? Hit him in the nose. Chuckle, chuckle, snort. Signed, Gopher II (Editor's note: The Ball-staffer feels that gross, crude, derogatory trash should be exhibited as an example of the disgusting perversion which controls the childish behavior of some students. Letters from railroad tracks."

Signed, Erik Estrada


Frustrated student crashed through barrier outside Benson Auditorium. The hero was apprehended at the lake at Heber Springs.

Feedback...
On feeding the world:
An alternate solution

Editor's Note: The following is a guest editorial by Dr. Laxee Faire.

The topic of the day is feeding the world. May I suggest an alternative — mass genocide.

Isn't it a lot better to have several thousand healthy citizens around the world, than to allow millions to suffer in hunger and poverty every day? Darwin was right — the fittest will survive. Isn't it about time we found a way to help them as well?

Let's never forget that 200 years ago man was not able to sign his name without charcoal, speak English without mumbling, use the bathroom by himself. And just what would these words have meant 20 years ago — Betamax, junk food, Dolly Parton?

The Socialist idea of making people equal doesn't work. The democratic idea of making people equal does. Some people are just naturally better than others — take my wife (please).

What's wrong with materialism? I enjoy it and my wife will enjoy it when I die.

It's time we returned to the good old days where materialism was respected and held in awe. It's time to return to definite class structure where a man who was "different" knew his place.

And whatever happened to the election campaign? The following is a planner of the election campaign by the Bull. The election campaign was sponsored by the Bull. The election campaign has ended.

On April 1st, 1968, the Newsletter was printed.
News Shorts

Tri Nu and No Data Beta have been kicked out of Spring Sing competition for incorporating "identifiable dance steps." Their show, entitled "Dino Dance," will be taken to Broadway instead.

Sylvester Stallone announced at Hollywood last week that he will film "Rocky III" on the Harding campus this fall. Many of the students will play bit parts in the film, especially in the climactic scene where Rocky, late for chapel, runs up the Benson Auditorium steps.

James Beard, well-known food critic, has rated Harding's cafeteria food to be exquisite and will include some of the cooks' recipes in his new book, "Cooking on (or with) a Shoestring." Says Beard, "It's been years since I've tasted green beans like this, since I was in the army in fact!"

Not one was offended by last week's issue of the Bison. Editor Martha Collar explained this phenomenon as being due to the illnesses of Boo Mitchell, Mike Reden, Linda Hillbin, Glenn Gilley, Gary Hanes, Tim Farmer, and no letters to the editor. Jo Gia defeated Mohicans in club football last week, 50-2. The Mohawks scored their only points on a safety when tackle Newt Garbowski caught quarterback Sute Lovejoy behind the goal line.

Billy Ray Cox, Former vice president of Harding, revealed in Dallas this week the real reason for leaving the University. He has purchased the Dallas Cowboys football team, and plans to start this season as middle linebacker. Cox said this would not interfere with his other duties at Hollywood last week that he tasted Sylvester Stallone's phenomenon as "unidentifiable." The student, assessed to be in the army in fact!, was flung from the heads of the physics building!

Ejection System is far-flung idea

This week the administration plans to meet to review the efficiency of the Chapel Skipper's Ejection System (CSES), with consideration of discontinuing the ten-week old program. The system, installed over the Christmas holidays of this year, was designed to reduce the large number of chapel skips from that of last semester. Several situations have arisen, however, which have brought into question the effectiveness of the $3,5 million system.

The CSES is a complex system connected to the University's computer. Chapel roll-checkers punch into the computer the seat numbers of chapel absentees immediately after checking. Then the computer, which has been electronically connected to large springs under the beds of all the dormitories and campus houses, activates the Ejection System in which sleeping students are propelled from their beds. Thus far, however, the system has proven unsuccessful in increasing chapel attendance.

As reported in last week's Bull, there have been several "misfire" ejections which have resulted in serious consequences. Last week alone, five students were overpropelled and slammed into their dorm walls. One male sophomore was flung from his bunk and out of his fourth story American Heritage window. He spiraled through the air and crash-landed on the front lawn, barely missing the heads of two surprised coeds who were late for chapel. The student, assessed to have broken both legs, was told to report to the Health Center for a sick excuse.

The number of injuries resulting from misfires has in itself caused a higher number of chapel absences. Arrangements are being made however, to pipe chapel services into the rooms of White County Memorial Hospital.

Another factor explaining the ineffectiveness of CSES has been traced to a certain junior pre-engineering major (who prefers not to be named). He has reportedly invented an Anti-CSES system which he calls the Chapel Skipper's Ejection Protection. For a small fee (three meals off one's meal ticket), this particular inventor will short-circuit the electronic impulse from the computer, and the electricity which normally stimulates the ejection will instead heat electric rollers or turn on the stereo.

At this week's meeting, the administration will also consider a supplementary program, such as administering chapel tests or perhaps requiring chapel as a three hour class for all full time students. The tuition from the chapel course could then go to pay for the CSES.

Oops! There's goes another science building!

Physics 301 class is successful in an experiment with nuclear power. Dr. Joe was quoted as saying "Eureka!"

Campusology

Today
American Studies Program: Abbie Hoffman, speaker; dusk, Benson Auditorium.

Wednesday
Timothy Club: Pat Boone, speaker "How to Speak 256 Foreign Languages Affluently."

Thursday
Bison Basketball (This is similar to donkey basketball, except you are required to ride a bison).

Friday
S.A. Movie: "Rocky Horror Picture Show II" midnight, front lawn.

"The Wiz," 8 p.m., Little Theatre.

Saturday
Dead Week Concert: Elvis Presley, Jim Hendrix, Jim Croce, Janis Joplin, Nat King Cole, and Guy Lombardo.

Sunday
est awareness seminar, Camp Wyldewood.

Monday
Beard Day (males and females).

Warm spring days bring chapel to the lawn. Record attendance was reported.