

# THE FAT HEAD

VOLUME ZII, NO. XXZI

COLLEGE OF WILLING MARY

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1972

## Grooves Resigns, Claims Dirty Deal

President Thomas A. Grooves resigned today after a bizarre night of plotting and suspense.

"It all began at the pub," commented Grooves, who admitted in an off-the-record comment to the Fat Head, "I was just having a few beers with the boys. It was my wife's bridge night -- you know how it is."

When threatened, Vice President J. Willy Flambert

confessed to be interviewed concerning the evening's activities.

"Tommy, Robbie (French) and I had a few rounds. We like to get together once or twice a week -- just to shoot the bull, and of course to make sure the Bored of Student Affairs isn't getting too big for its britches. But please don't print any of this," he said.

French was more specific. "Someone brought a deck of

cards. We had a nice three-handed poker game going when that long-haired weirdo Bog Stammers broke in."

Stammers, Speaker of the Student Association Senate and Director of WOMP, Inc., said, "We were playing for big stakes, and Grooves just had a bad night, that's all."

"First he lost his car, then his house, then his wife, then his baseball card collection and finally the presidency," Stam-

mers stated.

According to unreliable witnesses, Stammers ran triumphantly from the pub to WOMP, the College radio station, where he grabbed a live mike and declared, "The revolution has arrived!"

Then, expecting jubilant students to pour out of the dorms and into the Sunken Gardens where a torchlight parade would escort him to the president's house, Stammers returned to the old campus only to find that not one student had been listening to WOMP.

Somehow smelling power in the air, SA President Sandy Nurdy and a band of yes-men confronted Stammers and demanded that he yield his claim to the presidency. Nurdy declared that this confrontation constituted an "executive session" of the SA, and further proclaimed that he and Stammers should arm wrestle, with the winner becoming president and the loser getting Grooves' car, house, wife and baseball cards.

Before the competition got underway Grooves, French and Flambert arrived on the scene and declared Grooves' poker losses invalid, claiming that Stammers had at one point substituted an Old-Maid deck for the poker cards.

Grooves recovered his possessions but decided to give up the presidency anyway. "This

town's just too damn dull!" he exclaimed.

Possible replacements include Harold Carswell, Artie Choke and Betty Jo Bialoski (everyone knows her as Nancy).

### Faculty Kills

### 'A' Grade As Best Mark

President Tommy Grooves, in a statement issued through his press secretary, yesterday announced that the faculty meeting in closed sessions had voted to drop the A grade. According to the statement, the top grade was eliminated because of a desire to continue the progressive reform of the grading system begun when the D was axed.

Administrators unanimously applauded the action; faculty and students were more reserved in their reactions. Vice President for Student Affairs J. Willy Flambert said, "I absolutely can not think of any possible reason in the whole world why the students will not be completely overjoyed with this particular move. It is just one more fine example of what a benevolent administration like this one can do for its student body. We try to make their stay with us here as pleasant as possible."

Flambert's reactions were echoed throughout the administration. Head financial officer Robbie C. French said that he thought the idea was good mainly because it would reduce costs of processing grades, freeing money for the more important use of refurbishing executive suites.

Dean of Men Sammy Pad-dier said, "I hope abolishing the A will have the effect of lowering the student suicide rate by reducing grade competition. If it isn't successful, we may have to try something more drastic." He also noted that it probably meant the end of the Dean's List since there is now no way to attain a 2.2 average, although he wasn't quite sure of that.

Students in the main reacted to the news in a calm, detached manner expressing a wait-and-see attitude. One who did not was Mike Polack, president of Young Albanians for Freedom. He termed the action a "part of the continuing Commie leftist-liberal vendetta attack on personal rights." He promised that YAF would use all its power in opposition to the move.



### V-P French Demolishes Mausoleum

Robbie C. French personally leads a fleet of bulldozers towards William and Mary Memorial Mausoleum, which is to be torn down and replaced by a parking lot.

### College Acquires New Tradition

## SA Prexy Hopefuls Await Contest

The Student Association president will be chosen in a few days according to new by-laws passed by a majority of senators at last week's meeting.

New by-laws were needed, according to Sandy Fransisco, election committee chairman, because senior class president Truce Eatswell ate the last copy of the past by-laws during a lag in a recent Bored of Student Affairs meeting.

The new by-laws are the result of a suggestion by the English Club that the SA make literature more relevant to the College community. Using Gulliver's Travels as an example, candidates for SA president will compete next week in a tight-rope exhibition, the winner of which will be crowned SA president, Wednesday night during Happy Hours at the Pub.

While walking the rope across Crim Dell sewer, the presidential potentials will be required to juggle hollow balls representing the heads of President Thomas Grooves, Dean of Students Carmen Farnese, and BSA chairman Marie Said-words. Then they will join in a balance contest to see which are best able to move without committing themselves to one side or the other.

Current SA president Sandy Nurdy will be running not only for a second term, but also for BSA, president of the senior class dis-honor council, Homecoming Queen and captain of

the Fat Head ping pong team. (He is hotly contested in this last race by Sgt Donardson of the English department.)

Uninformed sources within the association believe that Nurdy is only running in this election because his sidekick and general Boy Friday, Corney Christian, may yet be deported to England. Christian, who also serves as Sock Hop chairman, remains semi-adamant about the fact that he wants to go to England. "Just think of all

the tea parties I could plan,"

Friends to the end, Nurdy insists that he and Christian will not run against each other in the race. Furthermore, although he admits to writing letters to the State department to push Christian's request for deportation, Nurdy insists that he "wants to see the little guy move up the ladder in the SA."

Nurdy's last phrase is an obvious steal from Billy Bunn's, current SA secretary and can-

didate for president, who spoke of his "moving up the ladder in the SA" during a public, confidential interview with this reporter several weeks ago. Bunn is hoping to beat out the pretty boys by an assortment of golf tricks on the tightrope.

Extreme outsiders who may yet be on the rope include Young Albanians for Freedom president Michael Polack who is hoping to "get freaks back in the circus where they belong!"

## Moonies Reveals Candidacy In 'Fat Head' Editor Race

Frank Moonies, Williamsburg's self-proclaimed Renaissance Man, yesterday announced his candidacy for the editorship of the Fat Head.

Carrying a five-cent cigar and wearing the only pair of tennis shoes he's ever owned, Moonies, accompanied by a crowd of several hundred enthusiastic autograph seekers, marched triumphantly into the Fat Head office and declared, "I have returned!"

Few members of the Fat Head staff took cognizance of this fact, however, as Moonies' announcement was made at 5:37 am eastern daylight time. The office, located somewhere near the boiler room of the Campus Dissenter, was

deserted.

Appearing at a press conference, Moonies listed his many qualifications for the job. "I'm an expert tuba player, I've spent eight years studying transcendental meditation under guru Yogi Berra, and I've got a smile that no one can resist," he said.

The flamboyant creative genius refused to comment on his chances of being elected. "You know the way the editor is selected," he said. "There's this huge boulder with a sword in it sitting out in the sunken gardens. At dawn on the sixth Thursday of the month all editor hopefuls gather there and try to pull the sword out. It's really a moving experience and much more efficient than

the electoral college."

When asked about how he would change the newspaper if he were elected, Moonies stated, "I think the Fat Head should be more responsive to the jock-ar-fraternity types. You know--less news and more sex."

### In this week's Fat Head...

Dope prices rise ... see page 9

Open houses eliminated ... see page 11

Fat Head staff resigns en masse ... see page 11

Infamery to give abortions ... see page 12

# Theater Takes Wing as Obscure Script Sinks

True to its name and faithful to its purpose, Finale Theater staged its first and last production of the year last Saturday, sneaking it in while most everyone was away on break and only the purists could see.

"The Dingbats," an unfortunately very obscure play of Aristophanes untranslated from the original by faculty member Louis C. Bedwetter was less than inspiring, but as one critic noted after last year's finale performance of student-authored plays, "anything would be an improvement."

Finale must have heard the critic, for this Saturday's show had none of the tacky idealism and amateurish literary allusions of past years. The words, although incomprehensible to all but Bedwetter himself, were at least inoffensive: No obscenities were identified, though

the audience did shoot craps during intermission.

In any event, the actors and actresses made do as best they could with the Bedwetter script. Suzy Smartfahrque, star of the show, brought tears to the author's eyes as she repeated her only line with violent emotion: "Phi Beta Kappa!" (A bust of Aristophanes was on stage left.)

Drama coach Egbert Strongarm certainly deserves recognition for the fine coaching job he did on Smartfahrque, although for an encore she did appear bitter, unsuccessful in her goal of joining the Strongarm thespian society.

Second-rate supporting actor Joe Exercurricular scored some applause with his reply, at least "Omicron Delta Kappa," but an honest reviewer knew it was undeserved since Exercurricular only got the part because his roommate was last year's Finale star.

The program dragged slightly near the opening, middle and end, probably because the actors did not know what they were saying and could not figure out, therefore, what they were supposed to be doing.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Drug Bust

"This is the weekend of the big bust," commented narcotics agent Buster U. Soone when interviewed yesterday by the Fat Head.

"Yeah, we've been waiting a long time, and now we've got enough evidence to put away every long-haired, commie-pinko pot-smoking hippie on campus," he stated.

When asked if the Williamsburg City jail could hold 2,500 suspects, Soone quickly replied "We'll ship 'em out to Toano if necessary."

All in all, it was a dull night for the theater-goer, at least if he went to the Finale production. In fact, 14 of 17 of the audience left five minutes into the first act, while the rest, except for the reviewer,

snered loudly for lack of orchestra.

Who can say the American audience doesn't appreciate art? At least, Finale has proven that 14 of 17 know when to leave.

## Art Exposes Bare Moment Of Realism

Slightly overweight but still lovely, Lotta Brawd reigns as Miss Coed, queen of campus queens after winning last night's tempestuous display of folk art in the back room of the 17th Century Gallery in the basement of the Wren Building.

Wave upon wave of half naked males and females inundated viewers of the spectacular event, and somehow one felt cheated when scores of the over 1300 contestants were gradually eliminated.

The audience reaction, far from the traditional rowdy booing and cheering as chosen favorites passed or remained on the scene, was one of hushed silence as all became caught up in the infinite infantile complexity of the human experience laid bare before their eyes.

It was searing across your face with the startling freshness of a new wound in the human soul, the phenomenological abruptness leaving you with a profound sense of existential guilt. And when it ended, just a bare moment too soon, applause was thunderous. Harold Pinter, Samuel Beckett or even Max Frisch could not have asked for more. It was all there.

In a departure from the established forms, bikinis were banned this year in favor of topless khaki shorts for most contestants. But no one seemed to mind, least of all the reviewer. It only made the experience of the human condition more real, more devastating.

For after all, what are we all but livestock, to be judged in competition as the fatted calf, to be found the most beautiful and best and then to be slaughtered.

Last night's show was more than mere entertainment. In a sense, it was even more than art itself.

The performances of all, especially Lotta Brawd herself, but also the myriad boys and girls in supporting roles and even the onlookers, were fine acting, but also a testament to the lives of us all.

Sponsored by Cacophonial Billysburg, the coed pageant will be running wildly at the gallery for the next two Saturday nights of this week. Admission is \$15 per person, with special non-student rates of \$3 per couple. Chowtime is 2:30 am.

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# Paranoia Strikes Deep: Trashish Man Cometh

By Lotta Grazz

Hey man, let me tell you about this party me and my ol' lady crashed last nite, I mean it was a real bummer, if you know what I mean.

Like, we truck on over to the frat complex, like man it was right after I got up, long about 4 pm. Like, we just tries to peddle off some sticks and stems and seeds to those dudes, like they's drinkin' so much they

don't know whaz hapnin' and I figger we can clear a few quick pesos and split real fast.

Wow, like long about the third room we buzzes we unload four cheap-cheapo lids and you know, the walls are startin'

chocolate-sounding door when dis dude, big ol' Charles Atlas hisself, grabs us and blithers "hey far out daddy, come on in for some real grinnies" and before we knows it we's in his effervescent room and da smoke is thicker than a clavement going down a hill in January (or waz it Wednesday, 1875?)

Dig, he hands me this pipe and by this time he's got three eyes and four mouths and he's sayin' over and over "Groovy, over an' out" and I thinks to myself "wow, like I'll smoke

anything once" and I tokes up and man, like I's ready to barf all over his purple tast-ing, tap dancing bed!

"What is dis brew-ha-ha?" I asks muscle mouth but he's too blown out by now to rap: "Rooty-toot-toot!" mumbles my ol' lady, "dat's trashish you's smokin'." They make it from extract of old jock straps.

"Don't knock it sweetheart" I says passing out on the cumquat-encrusted floor. A good time was had by all.

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to move real nice and my ol' lady nudges me and says "time to truck, big daddy" so we stagger down the blue-green paisley halls toward the swift,

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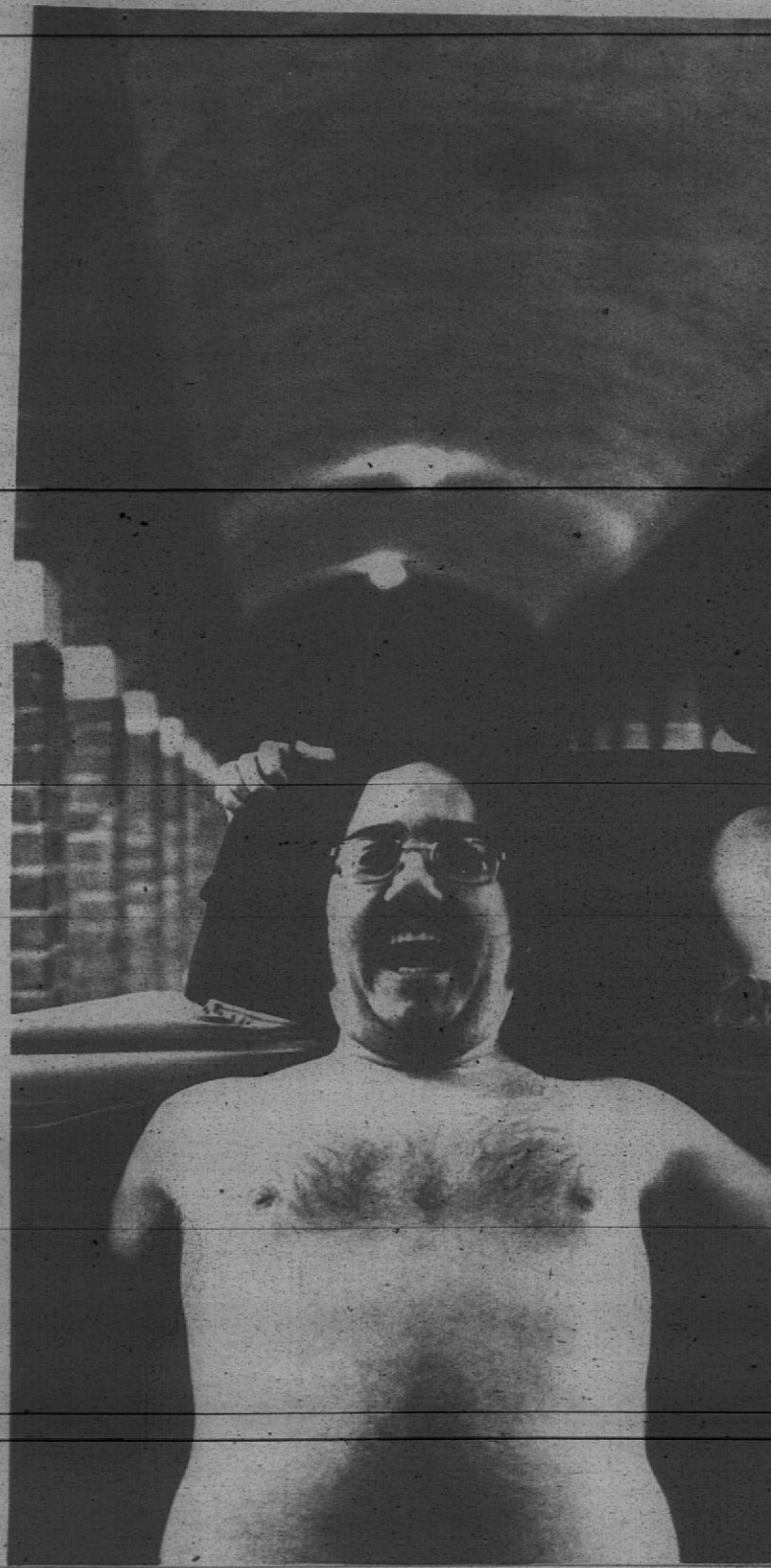
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# FAT HEAD WAL



**EXPOSURE**

# POSTER



Photo by Bruce Nyland

# Bolts Returns to W & M As Carburator Fails

After only three months away from Williamsburg, former-coach Led Bolts has announced that he is returning to the athletic staff at W&M. Bolts was heavily criticized for sneaking out of town by dead of night with a new car that well-meaning alumni had intended as a reward, but suddenly found as a going away present for the coach.

Although the North Carolina Home for Wayward Boys offered Bolts more money, he decided to return to W&M upon learning that the warranty on his new Ford was void outside the Williamsburg-James City County area.

Contacted at the Carolina land fill, Bolts, with muddy hands, explained, "I was really

sorry to leave Williamsburg and all my good friends there. I never realized what life would be like without the Injuns."

Bolts continued, "when I heard how badly W&M missed me, I was deeply touched, and when my carburator gave out, I made my mind up to come back."

Incoming Athletic Director Big Ben Carnival was unsure what position could be offered Bolts at this late date, with a new varsity grid coach, Jake Rut, already hired.

Carnival said, "I'm sure we can find a spot for Bolts-- somewhere--in our organization. Somewhere in our budget we can find room for one more paycheck."

Alumni organizer Stanley

Staunch, who raised the money for the automobile gift, pointed out that "birds of a feather stick together. We gave out a lemon and got another one back."

## Mates Flops (So What's New?)

In an unheralded announcement from the athletic hierarchy, coach Sal Salbun of the soccer and lacrosse teams proclaimed Clairol Mates the unproclaimed flop of men's athletics.

Although it would be practically unwise for Salbun to get rid of Mates entirely, rumor around the locker room has it that Mates has been disguised as Blind Boy Lawless, the most infamous and feared of soccer referees.



Bolts

## Snorts Calendar

Basketball-- W & M v. Billysburg Home for the Old and Decrepit; Mausoleum, 8 pm

Golf-- W & M v. Toano Girls School; Handton Putt-Putt, 2 am

## Rifle Team Opens Season

# Squad Sets Shoot Out

The William and Mary Rifle team is opening its 1972 season with a shootout versus the Black Pandas from Handton Institute tomorrow at high noon.

Operating on a recently in-

creased budget of \$12,472,669 the Squad, as they are known, is notorious throughout the East as a major threat to wipe out the competition with sharp shooting and underhanded tactics.

Coach Johnnie Waine com-

mented, "A lot of folks think we shouldn't ought to be worrying so much about guns and shooting, but it's just good clear American fun."

When asked about the supposed connections between the Squad and the John Barch Society, Waine replied, "Who said that? Tell me who said that!"

After calming down in a few days, Waine pointed out that the team felt it would be improper to call themselves the Injuns, like other W&M athletic teams, because "just a few years ago, we was shooting at 'em."

After Handton the Squad will meet teams from Virginia Military Asylum, All-American Prep and other patriotic schools. Waine optimistically predicted that the Squad would "fight and fight hard--down to the last man, if necessary. We ain't no straw dogs."

## Tiddly Team To Visit

As part of the general cultural exchange program at W&M, Athletic Director H. Smoka Hooka has announced that he is bringing the Albanian National Tiddly Wink team to William and Mary Memorial Mausoleum for a three day stand this summer.

Hooka said that he wants the students to meet the famous representatives of the European idea of competition. Unfortunately none of the team speaks English and, with their long hours of practice, are rarely seen by daylight.

At the same time as the tiddly wink tournament, Hooka is also sponsoring a professional wrestling match at Blow Jim. Although information is not yet available on the wrestling Hooka promised, "We bring only the best."

Tickets for both exhibitions will be sold only in Kalamazoo, Michigan, until two hours after the matches end, when student discounts will go into effect and tickets will cost only \$5. Free refill with every purchase of \$10 or more.

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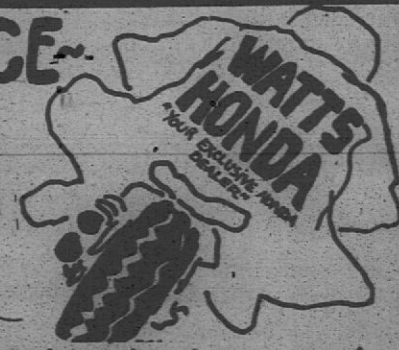
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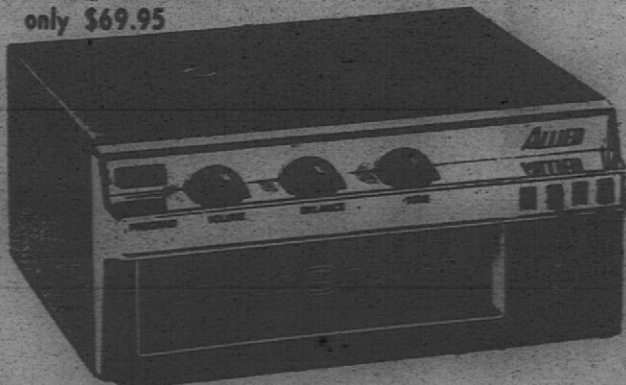
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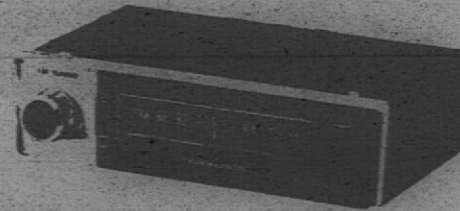
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Against almost unbelievable odds and cutthroat competition, Sot Donardson stands as the heavy favorite to sop up the annual ping pong championship at William and Mary. Though not at all Oriental, Donardson hopes to paddle his opponent, Sandy Nurdy with a barage a fancy footwork.

### Up the Reservation

## To Whom It May Concern

By Brendan O'Cockroach

The carrion forces of the Protestant revolution have again tried to subvert the honest intentions of all right-thinking people. Though the lord mayor of Dublin may sit and rot in a slimy quagmire for the stench of it, the athletic department of William and Mary has refused to institute hurling as a varsity intercollegiate sport.

With the protection of the Almighty when we need it, which won't be often, the Irish Regional Auxillary vows to send William and Mary back to that insipid Orange of their ancestry.

Slan-a't and Up the Reservation!

Big Ben Carnival has quietly slipped into the 1972 Men's Athletic budget the secret to success for the luckless records of our athletic program--bribes.

Speaking of the problems of building capable athletic teams, Carnival pointed out that "it takes money to win and we all know what winning is, don't we?"

"When I came here, I was determined to make William and Mary into a major athletic power. With so much loose money in our budget, I don't see why no one ever thought of it before."

Senior Class President and general campus flame Truce Eatswell spoke out yesterday on the political implications of the large portion of the generous fee that is funneled directly into athletics, saying, "I just don't see how any sophisticated person could allow such debilitating behavior on the part of such a large portion of the environment."

After squishing three cockroaches with his left hand while dumping coffee on the floor with his right, Eatswell concluded, "I am utterly disgusted with the lack of viable student response for the ineluctable sense of community that

ought to exist. Any segment of the community that receives such a large denomination should at least present a budget to me for clearance by the complex."

Eatswell was last seen on his way to Handton in search of the "Largest Pizza in the East."

Warring Miscall, formerly of the College, has been seen in the company of poor boy Rick Starkey around town.

It appears as if one of William Mary's own may have taken his place with Starkey, since the two have been frequenting the Losers' Lounge

## Radford Rodents Pick Rouderbush

Sidney "The Animal" Rouderbush, outstanding lineman for the Injuns over the last 12 varsity seasons, has been drafted away from W & M by the pros.

The Radford Rodents of the Class S league of the National Roller Derby Association nabbed Rouderbush in the forty-third round of picking. Chuck O. Funley, owner of the Rodents, indicated that they expect Rouderbush to sign "any day now--as soon as someone teaches him to write."

With the Rodents, Rouderbush will assume the professional name, Tweety Bird Too-loose. Asked to comment on moving away from Williamsburg, he said, while munching on a chair leg, "Duh, well ah, it's too bad, ah, cause I been working for the Injuns for a lotta seasons."

Rouderbush broke every record in the book at W & M and nearly every arm, leg and

skull as well. His brutal, vicious playing earned him many honors including president of his fraternity in 1963, 1967 and 1970; chairman of the honor council 1962; captain of the football team 1962, 1963, 1967, 1968, 1970, 1971; all southern conference for all years except 1964-66; two years in the penitentiary for manslaughter 1964-66; all prison conference 1964-66.

His tuffest battle came with the Academic Status Committee when he was found to be academically deficient in 1962-64 and 1967-71. Like the true champ he is though, he fought hard, never failing to be readmitted for another outstanding season.

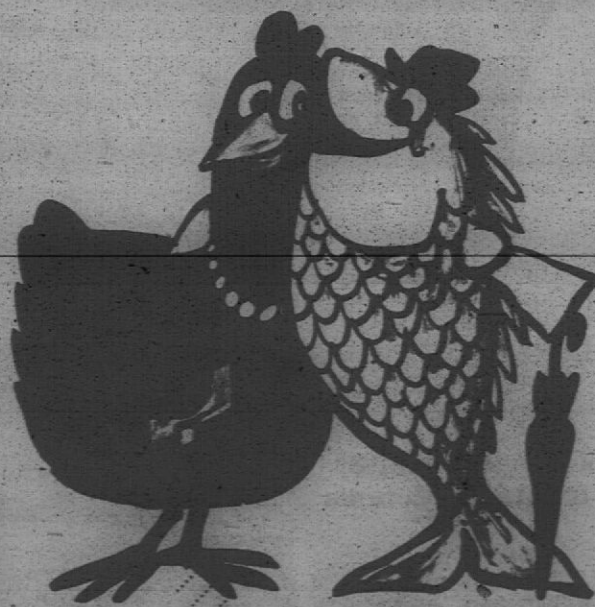
New Coach Jake Rut was asked how prospects for the Injuns shape up without Rouderbush. He replied, "Things won't be too bad if we can find a line to replace him."

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## Roaches Unite

Especially valuable to the College community is the sub-culture of roaches with which students share their study areas, meals and living quarters. Often neglected and unjustly found guilty of heinous crimes, these critters do literally form the bulwark of this institution, and as can be evidenced by their ceaseless toll in support of walls, ceilings and floors in many campus buildings.

We at the College have come to know and love them as brothers and fully back the present policy of our college administration, as clearly outlined in the President's heartwarming speech, "Go Forth and Multiply".

Rotty Brothers in particular have made repeated use of our brethren in a way which violates our code as socially aware students. Reported deaths by the thousands have been brought to our attention. Innocent roaches have been corralled and ushered into boiling cauldrons, their only epitaph: "soup".

Of special concern was a recent raid by members of the Williamsburg Police Department involving one recalcitrant who insisted on smoking a Rotty roach. He was booked on charges of statutory rape and possession of highly addictive narcotics. Reactionaries campus-wide now rightly sport "Smokey-the Bare" tee shirts in protest.

Candidate Sandy Nurdy has seized their cry, and in his platform calls for the "Return of the honest day's pay," to these "little buggers."

The lack of telephones in dorm rooms is greatly offset by these roaches, who carry messages along the intricate system of catwalks they've constructed.

An anti-roach vigilante committee reportedly has been stalking these innocents, calling themselves the "Midnight Snackers". The Law of the Jungle states: "Eat or be eaten."



## THE FAT HEAD

Founded, Oct. 3, 1911

Lost, April 1, 1972

## Edictorial Page



"Anything you can say, we can print."

----- Henry Gibson

## Rascal Remembers?

Perhaps the most noted character of earlier Fat Heads, former College President Devius Y. Rascal has dropped out of the limelight in the years between publication. He's still around, however, and last week consented to this exclusive and informative Fat Head audience. Head: Mr. Rascal, you've been out of office for over a semester now. What have you been up to? Rascal: Well, following the example of our own Thomas Jefferson, I've retired to contem-

plate the cosmos. I may even write a book about the same. Also, I've been considering writing my memoirs, to be entitled Afterglow of the Golden Decade: The Rascalian Era Revisited.

Mostly, however, I've been hiding in the library while the world falls apart around me. Head: Does that mean you've been watching changes at William and Mary, and you've been disappointed with them? Rascal: Well, yes, sort of, I've been quite apprehensive about all of it. In fact, one of the alumni, Senator Spateman, has almost convinced me to run for the state legislature.

Head: Could you give some specific examples of what you've found disturbing since your retirement? Rascal: The problem, quite frankly, began long before I left office. One of the recurrent enemies of propriety and morality at state institutions has been the court system. For example, I remember the Fuelber case on visitation policies -- the judge quite unfortunately for us all insisted that we make policies clear and uniform. Then, a case involving another state college (Monroe) said that students were to be treated as if they were citizens.

Now the state says we have to let them vote and sign contracts. Back to the revolt against propriety I was speaking of earlier. For one thing, our girls have gotten progressively ug-

lier-looking. I tried to stave this off with a dress code, but it proved impossible. Since then things have gone downhill.

Open housing in summer school, abolition of curfew, releasing information on how we spend student fees -- the list is almost endless.

Head: What would you say bothers you most about all this? Rascal: I guess the worst part is simply that it's all happening in my lifetime. If it keeps up, maybe I won't let them name the mausoleum -- uh, I mean, William and Mary Hall -- after me.

Head: Do you see any progress following national patterns? Rascal: Yes, and frankly it's frightening. Just this year we publicly told the Chamber of Commerce that we were going to recruit actively among black high school students -- and we might even be doing it.

Head: What do you miss most now? Rascal: Since I still have my corn cob pipe, I guess I miss Eloise Severinsson most. She was the attentive lady from HEW.

I remember it all so well -- the civil rights people, institutional racism and all that. We've hardly heard anything at all from those people this year.

Head: In conclusion, could you sum up all your feelings for your readers? Rascal: It's just all a great pity.

(Note: This is an edited transcript of the original 17.5 hour interview with Rascal.)

## Letters to the Editor

### I Need a Ruler (How Rude!)

To the Editor: Curfew may be dead, but it's not buried yet. In order to protest the abolition of one of our sacred rights, some of us concerned and outraged students have formed a committee, the Virgins for Decency, and we of VD want to alert those who obviously have not conceived of the serious ramifications of this action.

Students at William and Mary don't know how lucky they are to have the rules they do. Consider the six-inch rule at VPI. At this archaic farm school in the woods, couples must comply to a six inch limit, no matter how hard it is. If you break this limit, you've got to pull out and leave. It's obvious that people can't come and go as they please, as they will with no curfew.

For God's sake and/or in the name of Senator Spateman, we must BRING BACK CURFEW!

Annabell Chastity  
Class of '76

### College Meemies Irk Aging Momma

Dear Editor, I have been a resident of Williamsburg for the last 38 years, and I am forever shocked by you college kids.

About 9:15 last Saturday night I was coming out of the bowling alley with my husband when I saw a car pull up. It was a 1957 Red Chevrolet Impala (a very noisy car), and inside

were six screaming meemies, obviously college kids (they later threw a beer can at me.)

The whole thing started when one of the kids jumped out of the moving car. I don't know how he did it with his hands and feet tied, but before he finished rolling, the car stopped. Out hopped this co-ed who slammed him over the head a couple times with a pipe and jumped back in the car. I yelled "Hey!" That's when the beer can hit me, spilling my brand new white socks and rusting my husband's spurs.

Two weeks ago, my two sons, Adam and Ned (19 and 17 years old) came in late with their eyes red and glassy. When I asked them what happened, they told me that two girls with guns threw salt in their eyes, right in that field next to your library. They forced my boys to do unmentionable things, then let them go. If you could only have smelt that God-awful perfume on them!

You can be sure President Rascal gets wind of this. With all the pot-smoking, sex-crazy, violent sickies running around over there, somebody ought to warn him.

Signed  
Mrs. Emma Brubaker

P.S. Don't you people have a curfew?

### What You See Is what You Get

Well good heavens, is nothing sacred in this bedeviled world what we live today? Just the other, me and several of me faithful droogs en-

countered a merzky chelloveck running about fully well nagoy without shame or pretense.

Apparently he be midst of a pant and pandy after some in-sense devotchka or an unexpected baboochka, for he would streak their brooko and foddie their gooddies. I could not stand to glazz the ded, so nuking a Jewdy.

So we skvat the leech and gave him a horrosrow thump on the gorlo and prayed the red wine to flow twix his zoolbies. No chepooka, we taught that bratchney not to pan-handle, we did.

6555321  
Stajafome

### Why Bother?

To the Editor: I don't understand why we're having a special April Fools edition of the Flat Hat. Isn't the Fifth Horseman coming out this week?

(Name withheld by request)

### Thanks A Lot, You Fat Heads

To the Editor: As a token of our high esteem and a grateful acknowledgement of your kind coverage upon learning we were to leave William and Mary, please accept this small gift, a six foot high football stuffed with five dollar bills.

Please divide equally among sports and news/editorial staff, allotting \$5 each to members of the Board of Student Affairs who gave you such fine quotes. Robbie C. French Led Bolts

## Fat Head Staff

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Special thanks to Flo.

The FAT HEAD is dedicated to John Russell, because "it would be nice."