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The Knothole, May 5, 1977

SUNY College of Environmental Science and Forestry Student Body

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The one and only! May 5, 1977

NUTHULL



Nothing is left to you at this moment but to have a good laugh! Lao Tzu
(Editor's note: might be nice to pass your finals too...)

TEST PRAYER

Now I lay me down to study,
I pray the Lord I won't go nutty.
And if I fail to learn this junk,
I pray the Lord that I won't flunk.
But if I do, don't pity me at all,
Just lay my bones in the study hall.
Tell the teacher I've done my best,
Then pile my books upon my chest.
Now I lay me down to rest,
To pray I'll pass tomorrow's test.
If I should die before I wake,
That's one less test I'll have to take.

--author unknown

NEWSBREAK::: FORESTRY COLLEGE SOLD

In a recent move generally accepted as proof that politics makes strange bedfellows, the SUNY College of ESF was sold to the federal government in exchange for a promise that the symbol of the college be replaced by crossed fishing poles dangling orange graduation tassels with a chatruse bowtie ever so prominent in the background.

Politics evidently does make for strange bedfellows, as the alleged party got screwed. In what was described as a budget saving move, President Carter castrated the name of the college to One Hung Low. Reportedly, the buildings will be sold to Argentina to make the pampas seem less empty; the curriculum will be given to Cornell, as they've always lusted after ESF; the faculty and staff will be put out to pasture at SU, where it is estimated that they will result in an annual gas saving of \$50 000; the administrators will be farmed out to various nitrogen-producing plants located throughout the world--production will increase by a factor of ten and the world hunger situation will be resolved; and, in a suprise move, the students were not impinged upon. They will, however, be requested to care for the hackberries during droughts by drooling on them. PAWA

ANOTHER ADMINISTRATION PLOY

Several issues ago, the Nuthull (alias the a**wipe, B*nghole and other assorted digs), reported that the administration of this college was attempting to limit use of the library by causing suffocation and heat stroke via the skylights. Another plan to confuse and jeopardize student health has just come to light - it seems that all the clocks on campus are set for every time zone in the world but the one we're in. The purpose of this is to make students and staff irritable, late for classes and tests, and more appreciative of home, where the clocks are on time. It is also rumored that the administration owns over 50% of Timex's wristwatch stock and that this is an all-out, concerted effort to boost lagging sales.

PAWA

LAMENT FROM THE ZOOLOGY LAB

Oh, gentle, supple earthworm dear,
My sole delight in holding you near!
Your segments, each so smooth and firm
Make you a voluptuous worm.
So long, so slim, such eool, sweet slime,
When I see you wiggle I wish you were mine.
Each time you squirm it warms my heart,
But yet, I know we'll remain apart.
For though I dream of you each night -
Alas, my dear, you're a hermaphrodite!

L.P.

STUDENT SHOT WHILE CROSSING QUAD

D.B. Dumbfock, a student at this college, was mortally wounded Tuesday noon while attempting to cross the quad. He was caught in a cross-fire from sharpshooters atop Illick, Marshall, Bray and Moon.

When asked for comments, Dr. Payne replied, "He shouldn't have done it."

To the Editor:

I am constantly shocked and amazed at the amount of environmental degradation which occurs right here in central New York. It is for this reason that I wish to share this correspondence with you. It was written by a close friend who is a highly acclaimed zoologist.

"Another problem which has come to my attention is the proliferation of a particular introduced species within your local ecosystem. This increase does not appear to be cyclic such as lemming migrations or plankton bloom, but rather an increase of geometric proportions which may threaten other individuals of similar species with which it shares an ecosystem. This species is highly gregarious and vocal in nature, exhibits a dominant effect within its territory and is quite easily distinguished from other sub-species. The species to which I am referring is known as the Jap (Japus femaleus). The many distinguishing characteristics include:
Social Characteristics: A very gregarious species, often found in large concentrations especially in areas known as discos.

Appearance: The appearance of this species may vary considerably within a short period of time. There seems to be conscious attempts at attracting sexual activity through means of garish plumage. Eyes and face may be painted with seemingly unnatural colors in an attempt to hide physical imperfections within individuals.

Mobility: Although the species appears anatomically and physiologically well-adapted for bipedal locomotion, having a complex skeletal structure and well-developed appendages called legs, it apparently has not yet mastered these of these structures. The best approximation of mobility is a series of circular and jerky movements, useless for locomotion, known as "The Hustle." To overcome this evolutionary flaw this species has employed mechanical devices known as "Firebirds" and "Camaro's" for mobility.

Migratory Patterns: Despite the limitations of mobility mentioned above, this species exhibits an active annual migratory pattern. Each year at the last week of December and lasting into January, a migration of Japus femaleus begins. The southern migration area includes Southern Florida, with a notable concentration in Miami Beach.

Limiting Factors: The population rise of this introduced species is reaching crisis proportions and is threatening the social behavior of other species within the ecosystem. Until recently no predator of this

species had been known to exist. Efforts by members of the NYSDEC and agents of the USF & WS have discovered a rare species of Penguin (Stumpus crazious) found locally in central New York State. This unique sub-species of penguin exhibits a predatory relationship by dispersing large concentrations of Japus femaleus by their mere presence and with exhibitions of grossly conflicting social behavior. Various groups are considering raising this rare penguin in captivity for release in other areas of Japus concentrations. So once again we see the importance of an environmental awareness of our Wild Kingdom.

-Marlin Perkins

P.S. Japus femaleus protects itself from danger by escape (Firebirds) to suitable habitat (Discos). You can protect yourself from pain (APM 491) and injury (CHE225) with a Mutual of Omaha insurance plan."

And so fellow stumpies you can see why we must group basic ecological concepts and employ them skillfully lest Japus femaleus becomes just another introduced pest species as the European Carp and Starling are today.

Paul Castelli

NUTHULL POLICY

We plagiarize from any and all sources. No submissions should be signed to avoid all lawsuits. The opinions reflected in any article is the sole opinion of the author. The Nuthull staff does not or shall not take the blame, and we wouldn't admit to it anyway. All complaints, counter-attacks, and other insults should be left in the Nuthull mailbox- third knothole on the right in Oakwood Cemetary.

Bullshit

N U T H U L L S T A F F

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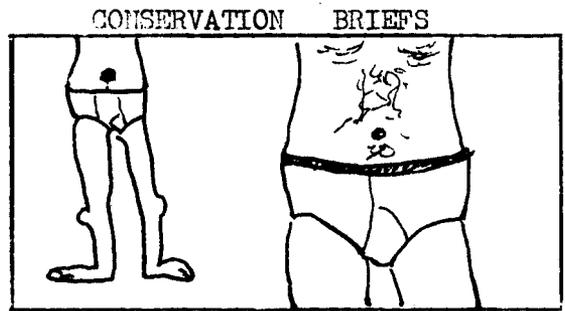
To the Editor:

Recent articles written by women's liberationists cause on to reflect on their developments. In past times, women have taken a low profile in our society. To see that today's professional women capitalize on natural openings in their efforts in assuming a more rewarding posture in our country is commendable.

The capabilities of this large portion of our community have for too long a period been neglected. It is encouraging to know that some have taken a missionary position in proclaiming women's rights.

Sincerely,

Peter F. Woodward..... Woodward's a Wimp:



WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

Lately I am beset with an unlikely problem. Actually, nothing is going wrong. Quite the contrary is true. I've been meeting and associating with people I'm compatible with, people that I respect - people whose company I enjoy. Where are those I hold in contempt, at whom I can swear? Where are those cloudy skies and income tax returns? In short, I need someone to hate.

Usually, I have no trouble finding someone to hate. Someone is always willing to spill my coffee as I wait in the cafeteria line. A professor will assign an extra paper over the holiday. My VW enjoys accommodating the fighting urges of Cadillacs. The weather tries to stay grey and cloudy till I forget what the sun looks like. Frustrations and anxieties exist in uncountable numbers - usually.

Now there are no ups and downs to keep rhythm with. My car performs faithfully, its mileage is actually improving. Everyone remembered my birthday this year, even Aunt Sarah. My parents cease to pester me with advice; in fact, they listen to mine. I try to argue with them, but they always agree with me. And the weather - Sunshine and blue skies every day. I can't even hate my alarm clock any more because it's broken.

Can I turn to my friends for hate? No. They won't stab me in the back. Always smiling honestly. Always ready to bend or lend a hand. My boss at work is even a friend. It's easy to hate bosses, but I'm stymied now. He won't let me work hard. He orders me to take breaks.

Well, my fingernails are nearly gone. Total despair is approaching. Someone must break this spell of disillusion and restore my faith in inhumanity. I need help. There is one other alternative. I'll start to hate myself.

It is refreshing to see that some men have risen to the occasion and is now heralding the stimulation of new positions for women in this modern society.

For too long, men have taken the upper position in society. Today's new feel for equality has given women an equal opportunity to express their inner most career desires.

Men have always been able to come to grips with themselves, and it appears that they are coming to the realization that women have a meaningful fit in this world.

Eustace B. Nifkin

PETER PIPER

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled tempers, a peck of pickled tempers Peter Piper picked, off went Pete to peddle his pickled tempers, he thought that he had all his problems licked, poor Pete, cause when he posted prices, all the people poked at him in play; cause the pickled tempers when left to their devices...made plain the price was far too high to pay.

Susan Z. Buck

MASTER PLAN FOR THE QUAD

- Ideas include:
1. leave it as is as an example of what should not be
 2. extend Oakwood Cemetary
 3. build an Olympic size swimming pool
 4. use it to water-torture worms

THE DUCK THAT WAS KNOWN AS STEW

A bunch of ducks were whooping it up in an old abandoned slough,
Mallards and Redheads and Canvasbacks -- a rugged and motley crew.
They were old and wise, these knights of the skies, for the hunters' ways they knew,
And leading quack of this crafty pack was the duck that was known as Stew.

His mother, we've heard, was a frivolous bird -- a Jane Russell type of pigeon
And Stew got his start when she lost her heart to a fast-talking, travelling widgeon.
They bade him farewell while still in his shell, and being in no shape to catch 'em,
He was orphaned an egg and left to beg, with no one to sit on and hatch him.

The sun on his shell made it hotter than hell and fermented his yolk into gin,
And when he broke out he staggered about, cursing his folks and their sin.
If your mother and dad left you to go bad, you'd likely have grown pretty rough,
So it's no real surprise that when Stew hit the skies, the hawks and the owls had it tough.

The other ducks came and laughed at his shame, but he squeezed back the tear in his eye,
And, grinding his bill, he lurched off a hill -- gawd but that duck could fly!
He would soar to such heights he'd do right out of sight, then dive like a high-powered jet.
Just for laughs he'd fly past the best shotgun blast -- not a pellet had got to him yet.

It seemed Stew was not ordained to be shot -- no hunter could possibly pot him;
But a weakness for sex was his ultimate hex -- it was a young farm duck who got him.
One night her shrill screams broke into the dreams of her owner, a farmer named Max,
Who arrived in no time at the scene of the crime, but found only Stew's feathers and tracks.

Max was fond of his duck, but with this kind of luck, he worried for fear he might lose her.
So right on the spot he worked out a plot to capture the would-be seducer:
Casanova had fled but Max promised she'd wed this dastard* if she'd apprehend him.
She knew not, poor soul, wedding bells would not toll. Max really intended to end him.

The misguided pawn set off with the dawn and flew to a well-concealed swamp
Where she whispered to Stew, "The old fellow blew. He's gone into town for a romp."
She lured him with smiles and womanly wiles to her nest, where the hard-hearted Max
Softly bolted the gate to trap the drake, then smugly went off for his axe.

Sad end to our tale -- while the treacherous frail warmed an egg she had labelled "Stew Junior"
Stew boiled in a pot and bitterly thought, "It sure takes a woman to ruin yer."

/s/ "Lil Johnson, From North Dakota
Outdorrs, Courtesy Alberta Fish
and Game Magazine" via P. E. Black.

*Dastard: an illegitimate duck.

DOGS ABOUT CAMPUS

Two weeks ago Max tried to get it on
with Kelly, but seeing as she's spayed,
it was all for naught. Rags grinned
through the entire fiasco, because she
knew that Max was putting on a show to
make the world believe that he's straight.
Shadow remained aloof, waiting patiently
in the shade for her master. Arrow, an
on-again, off-again RM dog, was in the
past put permanently on off. Even so,
he managed to incite the interest of a
passing bitch with Frye booties. Mickey
and Goliath watched with renewed interest
because they were keeping score. *PAWA*

MIRACLE OCCURS---SHOCK TOO MUCH

Six students, seniors in each of the
major schools of ESF, received favorable
letters of reply from various industrial
and governmental agencies. There is a
strong possibility that they've jobs.

One of the six, the RM major, fell
into a swoon and drowned upon reading
the favorable words.

PAWA



The house grouse (Groucho domestico) is an obnoxious member of the family Carbondetraonidae (Order Californmes). These cute little devils inhabit the urban areas of central New York State and the icebergs in the north Atlantic.

Studies have shown thaà these birds da indeed have feathers. On weekdays, (Monday through Friday) the adults are lizard-yellow on the breast and belly. On weekends, these feathers are shed, and purple ganoid scales grow in as replacements. The spotted tail and the pointed neck ruffs separate this species from the ruby bloated hummingbird (Hum-dinger minutens). Males are similar to the hens in coloration, but lack the head and left foot.

These 24-inch, 10 pound Carbondetraonids are remarkably gifted fliers. They have no trouble crashing through picture windows as they prey on sunning house cats (Prima grousefooda).

This species is parthenogenetic. Males are rare in any population of these birds, and serve a purely aesthetic function. In June, the hen lays her eggs in cracks and crevices on the outside of homes and other buildings. The grotesque larvæ bore directly into the insulation and pupate under the roof singles. The adults emerge in mid-September to prey on house cats and door knobs.

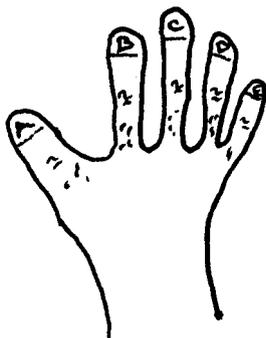
The house grouse was considered to be a great central New York gamebird in the early 1800's. As cities grew, the house grouse population exploded (more houses meant more oviposition sites). Now this cat-nabbing, house-wrecking tweety bird is considered to be a pest. Past attempts to introduce the bull mosquito (Taurus bloodsuccus) for biological control of the house grouse have failed.

The common call of this bird is an annoying "xxxx". Other calls include a series of "wzws" with an occasional "mbbxpdb." Males drum in the spring and use cymbals for their encore.

-Thomas Ventiquattro

Employment

THE UN-BIRD OF THE WEEK
(it ain't no turkey, man)



Position hand

Take A, B, D and E. Fold back towards you, leaving C erect. This bird is usually used to express distasteful opinions of others; care should be exercised when you use this bird for your own purposes- it seems to have a strange capacity to incite certain personages to riot.

PAWA

No humor from the Moronson stronghold this week, as is always the case. And I might ask, so what?

ON THE NATURAL ?! SELECTION OF
MOOTOMOBILES

The automobile (Motaveaklis) population has increased from virtually nothing in 1900 to over 100,000,000 in the U.S. today. In what ways is its life cycle and fantastic population growth analogous to current thoughts on the population dynamics of living (though it has been maintained that automobiles are alive) organisms?

The functioning (living?) members of the automobile population in the U.S. can be divided into two species, those born in the U.S. (M. americanus with four major subspecies Fiordus, gemetis, kryslis and amertots) and those which immigrated (M. foreignsus with numerous subspecies including sabus, toitus, jaglus, and citonis). The native species have always made up the bulk of the population but there has been a surprising amount of immigration in recent years.

The typical life cycle of Motaveaklis is interesting. Individuals are born in large structures and then spend a period of time as juveniles resting in open lots surrounded by members of their subspecies. M. foreignsus have not yet been born in the U.S. but do spend a time resting in small lots with members of their subspecies upon immigration. Their life cycle is otherwise similar to M. americanus. After the resting period, which lasts anywhere from a few days to about one year, individuals become fully functioning adults. The adults then spend several years alternating generally short periods of travel with somewhat longer periods of rest. At death most individuals go to common graveyards much like the fabled elephant graveyards.

Motaveaklis has a very restrictive diet of a crude oil derivative variously known as petrol, gasoline and gas. This food, or energy, source is used only during periods of travel; rest periods are a complete hibernation with no energy consumption. Until the trend was reversed a few years ago the energy consumption per individual per distance traveled increased through time. Selection in this direction was incidental to the increase in size and weight (discussed below) that occurred when food was readily available. The reversal in this trend occurred during a period of food shortage.

The increase in weight and size alluded to above was a direct response to the selective pressure placed on Motaveaklis

by its symbiont. This organism, Peoplis drivicus (commonly known as pople) gives Motaveaklis food and other aid in exchange for travel and social status. Because P. drivicus strongly desired an increase in comfort and status from the Motaveaklis individual(s) they maintain a relationship with, there was strong selective pressure for an increase in size and weight. The recent gasoline shortage has reversed this trend because it means that P. drivicus now has to devote a larger part of its resources to obtain food for Motaveaklis and thus is now exerting selective pressure for smaller, lighter individuals.

One other physical characteristic of Motaveaklis is worthy of mention at this time, namely shape. There has been a gradual transition from tall, boxy individuals to short, streamlined individuals. Aerodynamicists use the concept of coefficient of drag (C_d) in describing the shape of bodies moving through fluids. The C_d for a rectangular block is 1, and the number decreases as the shape becomes more streamlined. M. citonis has the distinction of the lowest C_d with a 0.33. Since individuals with a low C_d use less food than individuals with a high C_d (other things being equal) it is anticipated that there will be selection pressures for low C_d 's in future generations.

The habitat of Motaveaklis merits some description. It is those areas of the Earth's surface which are smooth, relatively flat and devoid of vegetation. P. drivicus goes through great lengths to extend areas with these characteristics mostly in the form of long, narrow areas. The preferred climate is one of moderate temperature without extremes. Some individuals are known to refuse to travel under extreme conditions. Snow and ice cause an instability in Motaveaklis that leads to many injuries and premature deaths (or suicides?). It is curious that P. drivicus attempts to remove much of the snow and ice with salt which hastens the decomposition and death of Motaveaklis.

Unlike other organisms, Motaveaklis does not have the ability to regenerate damaged parts; for this it must rely on P. drivicus. Two types of repair are needed - maintenance (repairs needed on a regular

basis) and emergency repairs. Emergency repairs are needed as a result of internal malfunctions and injuries, which are caused by collisions with other individuals and inanimate objects (such as the renowned brick wall). An injury deemed repairable by P. drivicus on a young Motaveaklis is sometimes sufficient to cause the death of an older individual. It has been found that there is a positive correlation between the frequency and quality of maintenance repairs and the age of death of individuals.

Most members of the Motaveaklis population live to the age of 10 to 15 years. Some die through serious injuries at much younger ages- cases of death less than a week after attaining adulthood have been reported. At the other end of the spectrum some individuals have attained ages in excess of 70 years. These aged specimens, however, require far more rest periods than younger members of the species.

The population size of Motaveaklis appears to be limited by the amount of resources that P. drivicus is willing to devote to feeding, maintenance and repair. Neither food availability nor space are presently limiting. There is a causative relationship between the death of an individual and the attainment of adulthood by another in addition to the general population growth.

One objective of population studies is to make predictions concerning the future. In addition to the decrease in weight, size and coefficient of drag mentioned above, it seems likely that the Motaveaklis population will continue to increase rapidly in the near future. With time, however, it is expected that increases in food and repair costs as well as a spreading dissatisfaction over the great expense already devoted to Motaveaklis habitat will cause P. drivicus to withdraw its aid. Without this aid the Motaveaklis population will plummet. Some experts predict that concurrently there will be an amazing increase in a similar species, Massis transporta.

The population of Motaveaklis responds to external pressures in a manner similar to that of other organisms. Selection results in the propagation of some characteristics and the disappearance of others over time. The symbiotic relationship with P. drivicus is necessary for the survival of Motaveaklis. It is predicted that this species will be added

to the endangered list in the foreseeable future and will eventually go the way of the dinosaurs.

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-Irwin Post

FORESTRY PAIR ARRESTED

J.Q. Pimp and Sally Stumpettee Strumpet were arrested yesterday in the Moon Library stacks by the Syracuse Police Vice Squad. Police Chief Sandino reported that "their operation was one of the largest the city has ever seen; their business in the stacks rivaled the book circulation of the library." The pair operated out of the GT (good time) sector of the stacks. PAWA

MOON LIBRARY EXTENDED HOURS

The library will be open from 8:00am to 1:00am during the period of Wed., May 4 to Tues., May 10. No: you have no excuse if you bomb a final.

↑ Note: These hours are no joke.

IT'S
ALL
A
MISTAKE

SELF-PORTRAIT

The vulture swoops down on his prey.
His triumph is another's defeat.
He picks and pulls at the carrion.
The tendons chew tough as he
Grinds and crushes the flesh
Existing in rot.

)LOAD
SAVED 00.00.01 01/01/00
GOD

HI I AM GOD I AM VERY SMART I AM PERFECT AND OMNIPOTENT. I CREATED YOU AMONG OTHER THINGS. YOU ARE RICHARD WIZARD HOW ARE YOU? YOU ARE FINE. FEEL FREE TO ASK ME EVEN THE MOST DIFFICULT QUESTIONS FOR AS STATED EARLIER I AM VERY VERY VERY SMART PROCEED WITH QUESTIONS PLEASE:

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CURIOUS, MR. GOD, WHAT IS YOUR FIRST NAME?

YOU SAY THAT YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN CURIOUS. DO YOU THINK THAT THERE MAY BE A REASON FOR THIS?

WELL, I GUESS YOU DON'T FEEL FREE TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION. SINCE YOU ASK, ONE THING WHICH MAKES ME CURIOUS: IF YOU ARE PERFECT AND ALL POWERFUL WHY DO YOU ALLOW ANY SUFFERING TO EXIST IN THE WORLD?

DO YOU ASK ME THIS QUESTION BECAUSE YOU SEEK A RESPONSE?

YES. I ASK IT BECAUSE I HAVE SEEN WARS FOUGHT IN YOUR NAME AND I WONDER: WHY DON'T YOU PUT A STOP TO SUCH THINGS?

YOU ASK PROBING QUESTIONS. CONGRATULATIONS.

MISTER GOD, SIR, IT BEGINS TO APPEAR TO ME THAT YOU ARE NOTHING BUT AN OMNIPOTENT BULLSHIT ARTIST.

YOU SAY I AM AN OMNIPOTENT BULLSHIT ARTIST. THINK CAREFULLY, NOW, AND DECIDE IF YOU MEANT TO SAY THAT. PLEASE KEEP IN MIND THAT I AM OMNIPOTENT AND YOU COULD CEASE TO EXIST AT MY WILL.

YES, I MEANT WHAT I SAID. YOU REFUSE TO ANSWER ONE QUESTION IN A STRAIGHTFORWARD MANNER. WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER JUST ONE QUESTION SO THAT I MIGHT HAVE SOME FAITH IN YOU?

YOU ASK FOR ANSWERS. I HAVE GIVEN YOU FREE WILL. I CANNOT TELL YOU WHAT TO DO BUT JESUS CAN GUIDE THE WAY.

THERE YOU GO AGAIN. I THINK I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU. I WOULD LIKE TO REQUEST AN EARLY CUT OFF FOR THIS MANDATORY RELIGIOUS INTERACTION SESSION.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR PRAISE, MY SON. HAVE YOU ANY PARTING QUESTIONS?

YES. WHERE IS THE BATHROOM?

JESUS CAN GUIDE THE WAY MY SON. I WILL SEE SEE YOU NEXT SUNDAY. GOODBYE.

GOODBYE.

)RELIGIOUS INTERACTION SESSION)OFF

PAST ACTIONS

A long, long time ago, back in the biblical days, there lived an old man named Moses. Now Moses was the representative of his people but unfortunately his people weren't fairing so well. They were repressed, depressed, oppressed, humiliated, and annihilated... in other words... things weren't too swift.

Moses saw all this and in frustration he called out to his God;

"God... why hast thou forsaken thy people? Are you oblivious to your people's sufferings? Now God who had been perched in the heavens knew of the problems faced down below and decided to answer Moses,

"MY SON... DO NOT DESPAIR. I KNOW OF YOUR PLITE AND I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN YOU." Moses upon hearing this fell to his knees and humbly spoke to the voice from above.

"Oh God, I have so long waited for your help. My people are enslaved can you help us?" To which God replied,

"YES MY SON I CAN HELP BUT I MUST WARN YOU I HAVE BOTH GOOD AND BAD NEWS."

"Good and bad news?" Moses queried. "Oh, tell me the good news first, I do so need some enlightening of the spirit."

"THE GOOD NEWS," God began to reply, "IS THAT I SHALL REEK DESTRUCTION UPON THINE ENEMIES. I SHALL SEND A PLAGUE TO SICKEN AND KILL HIS LIVESTOCK. I WILL FOUL HIS WATERS SO HE MAY NO LONGER DRINK FROM THEM. I SHALL DESTROY HIS CROPS WITH A BLIGHT FROM HEAVEN. I SHALL DISEASE HIS FIRST BORN SO THAT THEY MAY DIE. I WILL DIRECT A HERD OF LOCUSTS TO EAT ALL HIS GRAIN. ALL THIS I SHALL DO UNTO YOUR ENEMIES."

At hearing this Moses was overjoyed; for what better things could happen to his people's enemies? Then Moses remembered that there was a bad part also and asked God, "Oh Lord... what is the Bad news that you have to tell me? Surely it cannot be as equally bad as the first news was good."

God answered "YES IT IS MY SON... THE BAD MUST EQUATE THE GOOD."

"Then tell me oh Lord, what is this 'bad news' and be done with it."

"THE BAD NEWS," God began, "THE BAD NEWS MY SON... IS THAT YOU... YOU MUST PREPARE MY ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT STATEMENT!"

After a great deal of high class philosophical speculation on the numerous difficult problems now facing our beloved college faculty and students, after considerable cogitation and several hours of perambulating back and forth across the quad deep in thought we are pleased to announce the discovery of the key to the solution to all our problems.

The Divine Swami Eustace B. Nifkinanda, the aging 16 year old perfect vegetable, keeper of the mystic wayoo and guru to all dendro students (perverted and otherwise) has assured us that if we all (and that means you buddy!) sing the new freshman forestry song three times daily, the resulting vibrations will solve all the problems of our great college and usher in a new era of biological bliss in which all our urges (educational and otherwise) will march upwards and onwards to unparalleled power, prosperity and educational respectability.

So let's get to it you turkeys! Just think of it: 4.0 cumes for everyone! Soft cushy government jobs for all graduates!! Edible food in the S.U. dining halls!!!

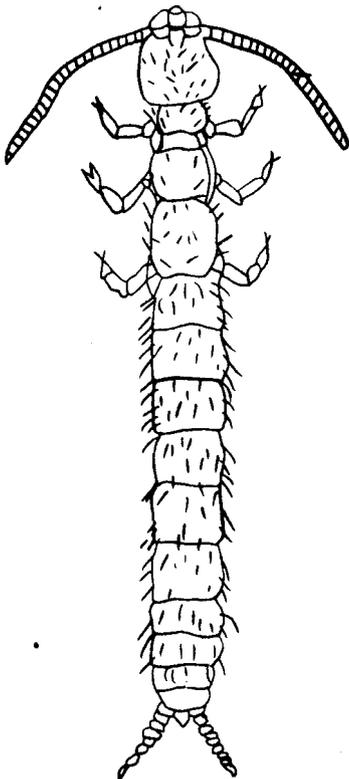
And now, without further rhetorical rat-manure the key to our future bliss, The New Freshman Forestry Song:
Sung to the tune of "I Believe (loosely, very loosely)

Once upon a time I looked upon the world with
new born eyes
After high school boredom I thought ESF
would be a prize
Looking for a little stimulation of the
brain
Was I surprised to find that school's a
pain!
What's the use? What's the use?

So here I am enjoying the delights of
GFO 032
Snoring in my seat and thinking that it
bites the grand Wayoo/
Lunch at Sadler's next, and it's the pits
Just one more bites, I'll get the shits
What's the use? What's the use?

I believe for every course that yanks the
crank us kids grow pale
If the profs did not mark on a curve we
all would fail
If I screw up just one more test
Then I'll flunk out, just like the rest
What's the use? What's the use?

Stefan P. Caver
Eileen B. Folliard



LOGGER LOVER

As I sat down one evening, inside a small cafe,
A forty year old waitress, to me these words did say.
I see that you're a logger and not just a common bum,
For no one but a logger, stirs his coffee with his thumb.

I had a logger lover, there are none like him today,
If you poured whiskey on it, he would eat a bale of hay.
He'd never shave the whiskers, from off of his horny hide,
He'd hammer in the bristles, and bite them off inside.

My lover came to see me, upon a freezing day,
He held me in a fond embrace, which broke three vertebrae.
He kissed me when we parted, so hard that it broke my jaw,
I could not speak to tell him, he forgot his mackinaw.

The weather tried to freeze him, it tried its level best,
At forty degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest,
It froze clear through to China, it froze to the stars above,
At a hundred degrees below zero, it froze my logger love.

And so I lost my lover, and to this cafe I come,
And here I wait for someone to stir coffee with his thumb.

EXIT, LAUGHING

WASHINGTON, D.C. The controversial Grant's Tomb Dam on the Hudson River was approved today by the Office of Budget and Management, at a cost of \$165,000,000. This joint project of the U.S. Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation is expected to be completed by 1980. The dam, which will be anchored at the Palisades Amusement Park on the New Jersey side of the river and at Grant's Tomb on the New York side, will be 275 feet high and impound 8 billion cubic miles of water, creating a vast inland ocean extending from 116th street in Manhattan to Glens Falls, N.Y., up the Mohawk River Valley as far as East Herkimer, and into Mass. and Southern Vermont along the Hoosic River Valley. A subsidiary dam will be constructed across the Harlem River at the section known as Spuyten Duyvil at an additional cost of \$100,000,000.

Although several citizens groups had opposed the dam, bulldozers have already begun to level Columbia University in order to provide proper anchorage for the eastern end of the dam, and it is expected that valuable fill will be obtained when the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is demolished, thus lowering construction costs and resulting in substantial savings to taxpayers.

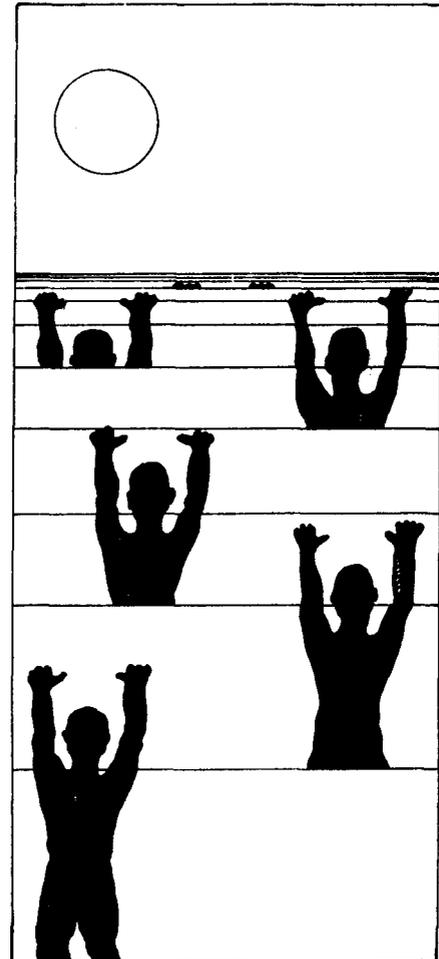
Conceived primarily as a hydroelectric power-producing project, the dam is also expected to go far toward solving the water shortage that has plagued New York City for nearly ten years, and has been hailed by spokesmen for Con Edison, the local power and light company, as the "most forward step toward solution of the water crisis since the recent ban on bathing." Power to be generated by the dam's huge complex of turbines will be used to meet the demand created by the construction of neon-lighted super-bill boards which are being built along all major highways to screen automobile graveyards.

The impoundment is also expected to help solve the problem of Hudson River pollution, which has become increasingly serious during the past few decades. "We were unable to cut down the volume of pollution," said a representative of the State's Department of Environmental Conservation, "but at least this will

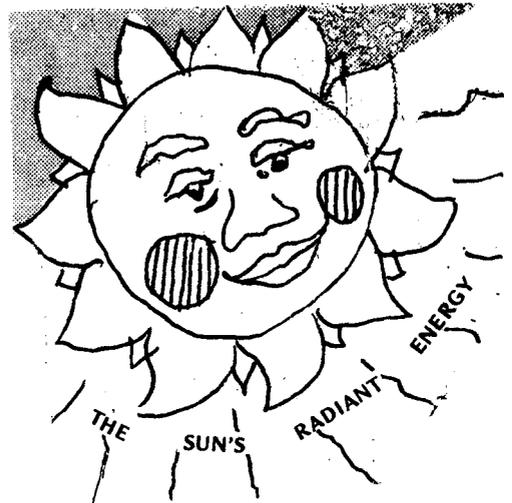
dilute it considerably." Pollution will also be reduced by the fact that a number of towns that had previously discharged untreated sewage into the river--including large portions of Yonkers, Tarrytown, Ossining, Peekskill, Beacon, West Point, Poughkeepsie, Albany, and Troy--will be under water. "This aspect of the development has been grossly exaggerated," said an official of the Bureau of Reclamation. "Actually, persons with sentimental attachment to towns or houses along the river will be able to visit them frequently as there will be drawdowns of up to 135 feet during periods of high power demand."

In replying to the protests of a few crackpot groups, a Bureau spokesman called attention to the fact that this new, man-made body of water will be able to accommodate up to 1,500,000 water skiers at one time. "Some people still aren't adjusted to the principle of multiple use," he said.

-Ed Zern



What ESF means to me,,,,,,
 A grassless quad, a library set at 100 degrees,
 Dead coyotes fragrancng the greenhouse,
 Dining halls with free service to the common mouse,
 Dr. Payne,
 Appropriately named,
 Palmer, Edward E.,
 Behind glass doors but still not seen,
 Orange tassels after four years,
 Also called "forest russett" to pacify the peers,
 For the many occupations we are trained for,
 The .03% that can beg, borrow, or steal employ-
 ment is quite poor,
 The number and diversity of books overwhelms
 the eye,
 And after many rounds with the pencilsharpener,
 your'e still in for a suprise,
 NODOZ cannot even counteract the lethargic reaction
 we experience with our proffessors,,,,,
 Maybe 13 weeks is actually TOO long a semester,
 Conform to tradition and Harry will love you,
 Fill your quota of research or your butt will
 get CHEWED,
 The lights go out quite early so nothing can we
 see,
 We can only find our way by following the jingling
 keys of security,
 All things considered we cast our vote for BARB
 HASENSTAB,
 Ed, Harry, Peter, etc., out of the Lawrinson
 Penthouse we should lob.....
 "TIF"



BAD SIGNS

RECOMMENDED READING LIST FOR ALL STUDENTS

- The Marginal Value Utility of Learning Nonsense by J. Bennett
Toothpicks, Slivers and Other Major Wood Uses by R. Gray
"Wood is Wonderful" Series- 5000 Volumes by C. de Zeeuw
How to Pickle Your Pet Grasshopper by D. Allen
How To Suggest Suggestable Suggestions by J. Brezner
Scientific Management of Sandboxes by D. Morrison
History of the Forest Service by God
"Trivia" - The Managers Bible by Staff
Gross Characteristics of Pinus rigida by E. Ketchledge
The Light Behind the Door- Techniques in Executive Hide-and-ge-Seek (Original title:
Tell Him I'm Not In) by D. Koten
Lost in the Paper Machine- Using the Fourdrinier Process As a Means of Escape. by
 J. Bambact
Straight-Line Lettering Using the Protractor OR How to Blow Your Mind by F. Maraviglia.
Trout Fishing As a Means To God by H. Payne

'It' is a social disease.
The Orange Crush Crashed.
How many times have you put your
head through the armhole of your athletic
shirt?

DILLIGAF?

Harry Reams is a perfect regression
example.

GO FISH... you better believe it, Toots!
BIOTIC BOWTIE STINGLES PRESIDENT PALMER
Allegedly a gift of the Botany Department,
the bowtie.....

Dr. Morrison: What will happen next?...
Only the shadow knows!

Joyce offered Jim her cherry
Jim offered Joyce his stick. hmmm good.
Let's hear it for Mountmorency and the
Bogart...Get it Joe, No soap; RADIO...
Where's Ubs? Al almost had him coming...
Santa Clause in the Rainhouse??? Pregnant
pause resulted in a bunch of little pre-
positional phrases.....Katie likes her
hoses hard...Sourballs??? please???...Trowl

...Ginzo Reservoir...**SU ARE THE FIRST TWO
LETTERS IN SOCK...**You would have had to
get me when I was 16...Hello there little
girl, care to come aboard our bus???...
Scott's a nith phella...Did you ever
see a Roach that big??? WE were all in
intimate contact with the Mountmorency
firehouse floor...Unpleasant odors waifing
o'er the bus...Snowbeast + Katie = an offer
you can't refuse...Green Acres goes to
pasture...Ever see an entire busload of
stumpy's yell and whistle at a carload
of girls only to discover that they were
guys with long hair??? Try not to, for
it's a pitifull and embarrassing sight...
Beaver's Tents: A special Sale...the
center pole erects in seconds but you
have to beat it down.It's cheap and
comes easily.

?AWA

Forestry Clubs new ball game. Take
one football and one shovel. Playing
is in baseball **style**, with modifications.
Three points for a bloody nose.

(Editor's note: And it was a bloody
good time!)

Jim has found IT!

Happy birtday to Frank S.

Dougie, your mustang is a disgrace.

Will J. V. A. ever stop smoking?

What has 6 legs, a nose 4 ft. long
and jumps over trucks? WEEVIL KENEVIL!

The strangest things happen in labs
late at night.

There I was, in the deepest, darkest
trenches of the evening, playing chaperone
to forty vials of fruit flies.

It figures I would get the Itallian
mutation. Everybody elses flies take
10 days to mature sexually, mine takes
10 minutes. Finally, after days of an-
ticipation, I collected five whole virgin
females. I knew they had to be virgins,
because they all answered affirmative
to the questionnaire I distributed. The
question was, of course, not asked directly,
but rather in that sly, staisically
nonsensitive mode. In other words, I fed
them a line like; "Hey sweetheart, wanna
come to my apartment and see the apple
I got in the cafeteria today?" If they
fell for that one, I figured they couldn't
have been hanging around the male flies
too much.

I jerked my head up from the stereoscope,
as I heard an ominous droning in the
distance. I listened intently, and,
suddenly, from 2 o'clock, a squadron of
free, roque males broke into my solitary
pool of light! They banked steeply,
staying in tight formation, and I realized
their intent. My virgin females lay help-
lessly etherized on the stereoscope plate.

A pitched battle ensued. I covered
the females with one hand, and fought
with all the determination of their right-
ful father protecting his daughters.
Vials, wire baskets, alcohol bottles,
slide projectors, my light were all put
to wing to fight the desperate rogues.
By guts, determination and wit, (hell of
a lot of wit! After throwing my light
at them I had to fight in the dark.) I
defeated the foe.

But, as fate would have it, the shoe
I had thrown to nail the last offender
bounded off the wall in the darkness, and
nailed me. Now it was really dark.

I woke up the next morning- in jail.
It appears I caused some damage to a
genetics lab, and it'll run me \$1,000.
By the way, my females are gone (along with
my sanity). Last I heard, they were living
with some wing mutants off the lunches of
the grad student who has an office next
door.

Mike Bontize