

GROUND ZERO



FREEMANID ↗

ME

↘ Editor Rex Strother

This is the "Extra Special, Fantastic, Colossal, Magnificent, Extremely Wimpy and Dull, Collector's Edition" first issue.

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Formerly "LowLights"

HOW TO SEND A LETTER TO THE EDITOR By Pat Brocklehurst, D.D.T.

= If there is anything you'd like to say, just drop a letter to the Editor. Nothing will happen, but that's what everyone tells you to do. So if it will make you feel better, slobber on the ol' stamp and stick that letter up the ol' mailbox. Next go home, sit down, think for awhile, and realize what a fool you are. If you think hard enough, you'll probably figure out why you don't have any friends, is when you go over to say HI to somebody, you end up drooling all over their bodies. What I'm trying to tell you is that if you have a suggestion for this paper, that's well and good, but nobody cares about, you're better off just staying in your cage and pluckin' the ol' nostril. Seriously though, we do need ideas, and editors, writers, personnel, and especially paper (the stuff we have now is on loan, and has to get back by Thursday, or we have to pay an extra charge). So if you have any ideas and can figure out who to give them to, we'll be glad to have them (Eut we sign our names to anything that recieves credit).

AN ARTICLE ON THE BLOODMOBILE by Rex S and Pat. E.

The bloodmobile is back by minority demand. We gave a lot of blood last year and it's been used up. Don't worry, it went to a good cause. The Bloodmobile sold it to Universal Pictures, cause it takes nearly 40 pints to make one good bucketful poured over some girl at the prom. The rest you saw in JAWS being chummed to sharks. Now, how to give blood (voluntarily, or not).

Inside the dimly-lit van, there are 3 El Monte Valedictorians in typical battle garb (Iron Maiden jockey shorts, and 3" long chrome plated ivory handled switchblade which telescopes to 4 2"). Their use of slang for the operation such as "shishkabob", "leaching", and "skewering" has chased off some of the more squemish. The actual operation is two-fold. First they strap you to the wall, axe a V notch in your chest (for girls it may look more like a W) and then place a bamboo shoot in your navel which collects the "sap" and channels it to a bucket at your feet. For any blood they missed, they hang you by your feet, wait ten minutes, then slit your cheeks. They're motto is simple and straightforward, "The more you got, the more we take". The blood given is credited in your name, so when you need it, you can reclaim it. You can have fun when your brother, for example, is undergoing open-heart surgery and you come in and reclaim the blood being fed to him intravaneously, to start a franchise with Heinz and Campbell's.

The day after the bloodmobile arrives will be Pale Day. A contest to see who can loose the most, and still retain their natural complexion. Hemo-philic are welcome. Albinos are disqualified, they need not apply

There are only 15,325,000,000 shopping days until science predicts our sun will nova.

The universe ends tomorrow. See next week's edition for further bulletins.

HOROSCOPES

LEO the lion

-March is going to be a good time to come in.

LIBRA the scales

-Nutrition is important. Eat a balanced meal.

CANCER the crab

-Relationships flourish as you grow on people.

GEMINI the twins

-Watch out for a tendency towards hypocrisy. If caught at it, blame someone else.

SAGITTARIUS

the archer

-Your health is in danger. Expect trouble with the bottoms of your feet and falling objects.

PISCES the fish
a

-You have a problem with being too gullible and will always be baited. Try to avoid believing in ideas hook, line, and sinker.

ARIES the ram

-Don't butt heads with a good friend in a controversy. Just submit your ideas and if accepted, you can blow your own horn.

TAURUS the bull

-Don't quit when the chips are down.

See how little humor is left without the sex, slander, libel, fear of having your name in the Gossip Column, in general, the spice of the last paper.

SEACLIFF: SPEAK-EASY OF THE STUDENT

Al Capone never had it so good. Over at the shopping center just across the street are such carousings and cavortings as to make even Jimmy Carter's heart blush. And nothing can be done about this migration. Liquor, cigarettes, in fact all the vices of the student body are encouraged by this unrestricted playground. If this campus is closed, I'm up for a Tower Award. With what you can get away with now, I won't be surprised when SeaCliff starts to attract draft evaders. Any day now, some Russian boy will hijack a MIG-25, fly it to SeaCliff and be granted diplomatic immunity by the Assistant Manager of Boy's Market. So by all means, Let's not let SeaCliff be closed down!

Rosalyn Carter has peanuts envy.

Queen of Courts nomination went to Karen Graham. Her application into the Bar Association was accepted some time last week.

Well, Key Club cries us a river, nearly wetting their diapers in the end but all are bright eyed because they got their own way and now have a half-completed marquis of their very own. Key Club member, would you also like a wine list with the Combo Lunch menu? "Hey Frankie, would you recommend a little Blue Nun wit da Poor Eoys?"

THE STROTHER MEMOIRS

Jan. 13.... I've been very depressed lately. I tried to commit suicide a again today, by wetting my nose and plugging it into a light socket. But there was a short circuit and only ricocheted off the freezer. Why can't I die with dignity instead of always mistaking bedpans for wash basins. I fell down in the mud after the downpour and ruined the white pants I was wearing. Don't I write as funny as I fall down? I sure hope so. I broke up with my girl friend after I told her she was too ugly. Now she's got her ASPCA lawyers on my back. I wish my mother had been a Thalidomide junkie.

THAT WAS IT. DULL AND WIMPY WASN'T IT. NOW YOU PROEABLY WON'T WANT TO READ THE NEXT ISSUE, WILL YOU, HUH.