SLUM CLEARANCE

APRIL FOOL'S EDITION OF UMSL CURRENT

The Great American Epic

by Christine Winter

I sing of hardships, and a boy - a boy of tender years, for like the great Achilles he had not yet trimmed his golden tresses in the ritual of celebrating the arrival of adulthood, and they hung down over his eyes. But he had faced many of the trials that would have reduced other and stronger men to trembling and weeping and begging the gods for mercy. For this is the story of Ulysseus II, sometimes called Ulysseus the persistent one, and by certain others called Ulysseus the sure-footed. Unluckily Ulysseus II had incurred the wrath of the gods, who made him travel far around the world for many long years, and park his car on the lot by the Pictorial Exit.

And that one, the caskier, that heartless oracle of the gods, had said to him: "Behold, brighter eyes glistening, her golden-tipped rubber stamp gleaming in the sunlight. "Withdraw hence from the court of the wise men. They have been sent to you as an offering to appease the angry gods, who dwell in the nether regions, all your money, and park your car on the back of Lot 5, for you have made angry the father of the gods, the great tuition-gatherer, who strikes with a thunderbolt at any man who does not love them as much as Heracles, and that many myths have sprung up about him - even in his own time. It is fortunate for you that he apportioned the money among you and your friends in a short time, and consider yourself further blessed in the hour of your misery, for future offenders will pay a higher fine yet." And so saying, she disappeared into the darkness.

And Ulysseus with the 24-bit deterrent shuddered, for this was a cruel punishment, worse and more dangerous by far than the sacking of Hanoi, which had lasted ten long years so far.

And after he had parked his car, Ulysseus II shuddered again, for he knew that all gods hear a lasting grudge, and all his complaints would fall on deaf ears, and that the trials which he faced would not be over until many seasons had rolled by, and he could once again see the shining shores of Bloomingdale.

And he saw that the goddess of construction had removed all the scaffolding so that the wind lashed at his face. And the goddess of rotten weather had by some evil magic turned the ground into bubbling pools of mud which pulled and grabbed at his feet. And the first of many dangers approached the brave Ulysseus II without delay.

For he was in the land of the rising sun - a land of castles, which sped hungrily around corners and over rock paths, making fearful squealing and skidding noises, and seeking human flesh or other demons. And they took the forms of many ferocious beasts for they were called Mustangs and Wildcats and Jaguars and Cougars.

But the god of ambition and dedication was at his side, for Ulysseus was his favorite, and he protected him by wrapping him in a cloud of exhaust and dust, which made him invisible to all the monsters of the back lots.

And Ulysseus the dust-gatherer traveled courageously onward over many steep hills and down endless ravines, for he was of the race of the wild stallions, and they were all of hardy stock. And the next horror that greeted him was the great concrete pit, the cooling chamber. It gobbled up wood and metal and rods and bricks, and slowly, very, very slowly, it grew taller and mightier and bigger. And there was a great wall before it, which concealed the far ends of crude scribblings which were destroyed by those who had thrown respect for the myths of a primitive people, but this great wall could not hide the pit, called by some a labyrinth, by others the laboring class a foundation.

And terrible and awesome noises reached the strong hearted Ulysseus II's ears from the clouds. And after Dawn had painted the sky with her rosy fingers, he could see that there were thousands of silver metal vultures swooping low over the countryside, because their nest was nearby. And their cruel screams pierced the quiet morning. And he feared that they would pluck him from the mud and carry him away, but again he was protected by the cloud of smoke.

And Ulysseus bypassed the home of the book-sellers, for he had heard that they were savage sculptors.

And the undaunted and noble Ulysseus approached the greatest of all dangers any mortal man would ever face. A sandstorm; a tempest; the howling of the gods themselves feared it and would not draw near. It was the land of the sandstorms. The unhappy Ulysseus II must travel a narrow path between two great castles (continued on page 2)
Letter from \nSA President

Dear Students,

You know what I am? Well other than that I'm sick and tired of hearing profls knock the school, the facilities, the students, and the rest of the faculty. To here them talk they were the only good thing that ever happened to UMSL. Don't get me wrong. If a Dr. Burns or a Dr. Hamlin takes upon itself to musical pursuits of the men in this school, and they had apparently discovered a new insect, for many papers were carry off the enormous amount of mud produced by the construction office. Now by heaven. There is such an unmarked patrol car car from some insignificant police department which has taken upon itself the responsibility of protecting UMSL from looting and pilaging. Apparently they have assumed this burden, asking neither gratitude nor permission! At first we thought it was Mac the Mad Tomper from Green Hornery. We were disappointed however to learn that it was actually a recently returned settler of Belleville Acres who has set up camp across the lake and is simply using it as his homestead from other squatters. The land rush is on!!!

Congratulations to the Freshman Class Officers. Looks as though DIX is the only group that has a hospitalized mascot. Best wishes to musical pursuits of the men of AXK. Seems as though UMSL has a musical group or two with Woodrow Wilson fellows. A real tip of the hat to Stanley Pennom, Sally Jackoway, and Neil Sanders.

Now that Spring is here I would like to congratulate the Business Office for their excellent efforts to find oil on the hill by Benton. Since the end of the semester, there are now endless steps to the promised land. And lastly Ulysses II reached his goal, after many years of exhausting travels, through dangers unmentionable and through the process of right awareness to lack of communication on campus.

Dr. C: The answer to that question can only be known through the process of right awareness to lack of communication on campus. A problem exists only if you clearly and distinctly know that the computer exists, we cannot know if the drinking problem exists here. Ultimately the question is superfluous anyway, since I am probably the only thing that is out.

Chanc. B: Harold says no.

Dr. L: I hate drunk students.

Mr. L: Next is a question of much concern to everyone here. What do you gentlemen think can be done to increase adequate involvement in the University?


Dean E: Sorry.

Dr. H: . . . . . . Now by heaven. My blood begins my safer cup, and if you're not proud to be at UMSL, for the sake of the students, leave.

Dr. C: The students do not exist.

Dr. L: I hate you too.

Mr. L: Well, for my last question, I wonder what any of you gentlemen see as the most inadequate problem on our campus?

HAPPY APRIL FOOL'S DAY

UMSL CURRENT

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

SA President

Student Neal, from his extensive studies of the ruins, discussed the end of school. The school operated on a checks and balances system, where the students would carry off the enormous amount of mud produced by the construction office. Now by heaven. There is such an unmarked patrol car car from some insignificant police department which has taken upon itself the responsibility of protecting UMSL from looting and pilaging. Apparently they have assumed this burden, asking neither gratitude nor permission! At first we thought it was Mac the Mad Tomper from Green Hornery. We were disappointed however to learn that it was actually a recently returned settler of Belleville Acres who has set up camp across the lake and is simply using it as his homestead from other squatters. The land rush is on!!!

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