

# HAPPENINGS

by Marty Hendin

## Parking Fees Lowered

The Board of Curators has announced a lowering of parking fees to only \$10.00 per week. The lowering of fees was made possible by the erection of a parking garage for UMSL at the Normandy Shopping Center. The Jim Nelson Memorial Garage was built at the shopping center because the Curators felt that it was closer to the campus from there than from the far parking lot at UMSL.

## Library Opened

After a twelve year delay, UMSL's new library was opened last week at a campus ceremony. Part of the delay was caused by the fact that the workmen lost the key to the lock on the fence, and were locked out for three years before they found it. Immediately after the library was opened it was scheduled to be demolished because it was too small for student's needs.

## New Intramural Program

The UMSL Athletic Department has announced a new intramural program. Beginning next week teams will compete in brick laying at the site of the new UMSL Field House. The members of the winning team will receive free passes for their grandchildren to UMSL games when the field house is finished.

## University Changes Name

After considering a petition by students who felt that the name University of Missouri at St. Louis was not suitable because of the University's location in the county, the Board of Curators have officially changed the name of the University to the University of Missouri at Bel Nor.

## Slum Area to Be Discovered

by Dan Younger

Dateline: Sept. 4, 2799

Place: Old broken down section, up for urban renewal, of section six of megopolis number eight, comprising middle America.

Copy, Graduate student Malcolm Neal, 39, reported a great archeological find yesterday as he rummaged through the rubble of the wrecked slum in Section Six.

Neal, working under a Federal grant, found the remains of two buildings, and what Neal described as "many half finished bomb shelters, which were in vogue in mid-century, you know." The graduate student from The University of the United States, said he found up to 24 of these half completed structures, none completed above the ground.

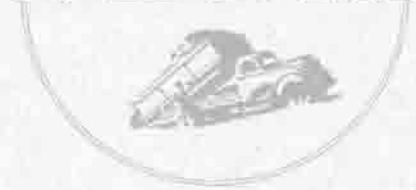
## Deciphers Ancient Papers

Another important find in these ancient ruins was the discovery of some antique papers in one of the completed buildings which Neal readily deciphered.

"Apparently this was a school of what they referred to as 'higher learning', compar-

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# SLUM



# CLEARANCE

APRIL FOOL'S EDITION OF UMSL CURRENT



"... and if I use this coupon, I get a free fish sandwich?"

## Clearance Interviews Slum Administration

by Hank Donnelson

In keeping with your newspaper's policy of bringing you all relevant news, so that all might be well informed of the policies and actions of the Administration and Faculty, we are proud to bring you a verbatim account of a recent Student-Faculty-Administration forum. The student interviewer is columnist Harly Lameberchain; The panel consist of Chancellor B., Dean E., Dr. H., of the English Dept., Dr. L., of Psychology Dept., and Dr. C., Professor of Philosophy.

Mr. L.: Hi Gang!  
Panel: Hello, Mr. Lameberchain.

Mr. L.: My first question concerns probably the most discussed problem here, that of parking. Would you, Chancellor B., or Dean E. care to tell us what improvements we can expect to see in present facilities, and what plans there are for the future?

Chan. B.: Yes.

Dean E.: Yes.

Mr. L.: I see - thank you, that was most informative. Would one of the faculty representatives care to express their viewpoint on the parking situation?

Dr. C.: The basic question on parking as I see it is, if a student falls on the parking lot, and no one is there to hear, does he make a sound?

Dr. L.: I hate the parking lot.  
Chan. B.: Dean E and I agree that the parking situation will get worse before it gets better, don't we Harold?

Dean E.: Yes.

Mr. L.: Then, Dean E. the students can expect better things eventually?

Dean E.:

Chan. B.: Harold says yes.

Dean E.: Yes.

Mr. L.: Is there any chance of the Legislature lending us the money for immediate improvement?

Dr. H.: Neither a borrower nor a lender be; For loan off loses both itself and friend, and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Dr. L.: I hate the Legislature.

Mr. L.: What is your comment on this Dean E.?

Dean E.:

Chan. B.: Harold says no.

Mr. L.: Another related problem is parking fees. Would someone comment on this?

Dr. C.: The parking fees do not exist.

Dr. H.: "... thou gaudy gold, hard food for Midas, I will none of thee; Nor none of thee, thou pole and common drudge 'Tween man and man . . ."

Dr. L.: I hate the parking fees.

Mr. L.: Would someone on the panel care to comment on the recent article in the newspaper about this campus becoming another Berkeley in a few years; with sanded and bearded students . . .

Dr. H.: Abak he stirte and thought it was amys. For wil he wiste a wommon hath no berd.

Chan. B.: Well, I don't think we'll ever have that kind of problem here; do you Harold?

Dean E.:

Chan. B.: Harold!

Dean E.: Yes?

Chan. B.: Harold.

Dean E.: No.

Dr. L.: I hate the students.

Mr. L.: Do you gentlemen see the emerging problem of student drinking on this campus?

Dr. H.: Drink to me only with  
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## 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 long over his eyes. But he had faced many of the trials that would have reduced older and stronger men to trembling and weeping and begging the gods for mercy. For this is the story of Ulysses II, sometimes called Ulysses the persistent one, and by certain others called Ulysses the sure-footed. Unlucky Ulysses 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 Florissant Exit.

And that one, the cashier, that heartless oracle of the gods, had said to him, her bright eyes glinting, her golden-tipped rubber stamp gleaming in the sunlight, "Withdraw yourself from here, and give to me 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 and who is so great that many myths have sprung up about him - even in his own time. It is fortunate for you that he seems to have disappeared for 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 Ulysses with the 2-S ferment 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, Ulysses II shuddered again, for he knew that all gods bear a lasting grudge, and that 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 Benton Hall.

And he saw that the goddess of construction had removed all the trees, and so 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 Ulysses II without delay.

For he was in the land of the raging glass-eyed demons, which sped hungrily around corners and over rock paths, making fearful squeeling 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 Ulysses 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 Ulysses the dust-gatherer traveled courageously onward, over many steep hills and down endless ravines, for he was of the race of the wild Missouris, and they were all of hardy stock. And the next horror that greeted him was the great concrete pit, a son of the goddess of construction. It gobbled up wood and metal rods and bricks, and slowly, very, very slowly, it grew mightier and bigger. And there was a great wall before it, which contained the faint remains of crude scribbles which were destroyed by those who had no respect for the myths of a primitive people, but this great wall could not hide the pit, called by some a hole and by certain ones of the laboring class a foundation.

And terrible and awesome noises reached the strong-hearted Ulysses 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 Ulysses bypassed the home of the booksellers, for he had heard that they were savage scalpers.

And now the undaunted and noble Ulysses approached the greatest of all dangers any mortal man would ever face. A danger so great that many of the gods themselves feared it and would not draw near. It was the land of the Servomations. The unhappy Ulysses II must travel a narrow path between the two great castles  
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Letter from SA President

Dear Students,
You know what I am? Well other than that I'm sick and tired of hearing profs 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 cuts the institution I'm not hacked. This type of prof has been with us for years and has seen us grow from infancy to adolescence. He knows whereof he speaks. I'm talking about the kind of guy who comes here teaches two frosh level courses and does nothing but slap the institution. We have one of the finest faculties in the Mid-west and for the most part one of the most dedicated but there are a few rotten apples in every barrel and there are a few bad profs in our unusually good faculty. As a student, I make a plea to the faculty. We are in on the ground floor of a fantastic new institution that will be one of the finest in the country in just a few years. We are aware of the shortcomings just as you are maybe even more. If your criticism isn't constructive don't voice it, and if you're not proud to be at UMSL, for the sake of the students, leave!

Charlie Chamberlin
President Student Association

HAPPY
APRIL FOOL'S
DAY
UMSL CURRENT

Drive In On Campus

Students are participating in a campus-wide park-in to protest parking fees on campus. The protest has been taking place every day since the rumor began concerning the alleged \$10 a month rise in fees to take place next semester. Protest time is from seven a.m. to three-thirty p.m. every day. Students wishing to participate are instructed to drive in and park their cars all over the parking lots and not move them until they are ready to go home.

Although the greater part of the student body has already been incorporated into the park-in, leaders of the protest said many students did not realize a park-in was in progress. Leaders attributed the unawareness to lack of communication on campus.

years of exhausting travels, through dangers unmentionable to even the bravest, and at last he found the level to which he had been assigned.

And there, written in beautiful and firm script, for the rulers and leading men in Benton Hall were truly gods, and therefore skilled in such things, were the words: "3:40 class dismissed." And the brave and noble Ulysses II wept bitterly.

INTERVIEW

(continued from page 1)

thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
Dr. C: The answer to that question can only be known through the process of right reason; a problem exists only if you clearly and distinctly know if 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 exists.

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 student involvement in the University?

Dean E: Well, I think
Chan B: Harold
Dean E: Sorry.

Dr. H: . . . . . Now by heaven. My blood begins my safer guides to rule And passion, having my best judgement called Assoep to lead the way; if I once stir, or do but lift their arm, the best of of you Shall sink in my rebuke . . . . .

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 immediate problem on our campus?



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VIRGIN. Will sacrifice. Have small stone altar and wood. Also idols, crosses, stakes, lions. Call The Pagan.

PERSONALS

CHUBS, come back, now! I NEED you, NOW! Kathy.

SUE, keep an eye on Charlie; he's 1 1/2 timing you. Tom.

WE BUY, sell, trade, "borrow" lumber. Student Union Board. Local 8001.

LOST

BLUEPRINTS for library. Of no use to you. Grins for us. Call construction shack.

- Dr. H:
DR. C:
Dr. L:
Dean E:
Chan. B: Harold.
Mr. L: Well, congratulations to you all for a job well done. I must be rambling off now, Bye Gang!



Current Co-ed? No, this is Athlete-of-the-Year Izzy Spaztic. Izzy can hold a basketball under his chin while scratching the backs of his thighs.

SLUM AREA

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able to our present day grade school. They taught subjects such as History, and Science, and an interesting course in Practical Real Estate, where the students could rent, at their option, a piece of land, 6 feet by 15 feet that was completely useless, each containing a small concrete block. This was probably to teach the student the futility of renting. Some, however, never learned this lesson, and continued to rent this piece of property year after year.

"There was much research in the Life Sciences going on in this school, and they had apparently discovered a new insect, for many papers were directed to it and about it. There were mixed feelings about the "Bug" and attitudes of the instructional staff ranged sometimes to vehelmant extremes."

Untimely Demise of School

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 of the shelters on their shoes and clothing. During this period however, the Second Hundred Years War was raging, and most of the male students were drained off to fight. Then, most of the female students left because of the lack of male students, and in the end, there was no way to carry off the mud. Then one horrible day, a 30 foot sea of mud rose up and buried the campus, and nothing was left but a flat plain of mud. There are records of former students returning from the war and swearing nothing had changed."

A YOU-KNOW-WHAT. If you see one in vicinity of tree-shaded soft grass by lake, it's mine. Please keep secret and don't tell for reward.

LOVE. Need it. If you got it call Jane. I got it to give. To you.

FOUND

HA, HA! I found it! And it's too bad because I know it's yours, and I'm gonna tell EVERYBODY!

Rablin'

with Dave Depker

Hi Gang,

Just heard that certain sophomores will do anything just to get one A. Seems as though there's no limit to their creativity . . . . Where have all the students gone? Don't feel bad Senate, at least the Servomation lady stayed to hear your words of wisdom. Seems as though Perry's whizzes forgot your microphone for Meet Your Senate. Oh well at least the Senator with the red and black Beanie carried on in the traditions of the silver tongued orator.

Congrats to the Young Repubs and Demo's for their tremendous turnout at the MISL Pre-Convention. Unfortunately, Rich Galosy never could find out who was running for chairman. By the way, Bob Barcrey you may go to a SLUM every day, but the rest of us prefer our walk over the lushious green hills . . . . Have you ever tried driving through the campus at 2:00 on Saturday night after dropping a date off in Florissant? Seems there's an unmarked patrol 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 Thumper disguised as the Green Horney. We were disappointed however to learn that it was actually a recently evicted resident of Bellerive Acres who has set up camp across the lake and was simply protecting his homestead from other squatters. The land rush is on!!!

Congratulations to the new Freshman Class Officers. Looks as though DXK is the only group that has a hospitalized mascot. Best wishes to musical pursuits of the men of AXK. Seems as though UMSL has outdone itself academically with three Woodrow Wilson fellows. A real tip of the hat Stanley Peromish, Sally Jackoway, and Neill 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 this column always ends with some dedication I would like to dedicate these efforts at literary expression to Underdog, Sweet Polly Pure Bred, the mad sign painter, and the University mail truck. Last but not least my rival columnist, the true love of little Orphan Annie, Charlie Chamberlain. Bye Gang!

after they tasted the food they died of poisoning, and many choked. And many of Ulysses' companions perished there, because they were weak and could not resist the charms of the beautiful servomations.

And now Ulysses the sure footed was on the last year of his journey, for he could see the gleaming towers of Benton Hall in the distance. And he approached warily, for he had known many hardy souls who had breathed their last climbing the endless steps to the promised land.

But at last Ulysses II reached his goal, after many

THE EPIC

(continued from page 1)
of the Servomations. And they sang irresistable sweet songs of good food and resting places for the weary traveler, but it was a deceitful trick of the heartless gods, for those who ate in the land of the Servomations lost all their desire to reach Benton Hall, and in truth never left the boundaries of that rugged place. And they died slow and painful deaths, for once they filled their hands with paper cups and plates they were unable ever again to find a place to sit down, and after they tasted the food they