



"ALL THE DIRT THAT FITS WE PRINT"

None of this is True.

The Canchor

by Admiral J.T. Kirk

State Worker Caught Working

We're Gonna Have a TV Party Tonight

The Okay, the Nasty, and the really rather Homely. A filmmaker's fiasco, this movie brought in an astounding \$9.38 in box office sales--just enough to pay the cast and crew. Crib Westwood starred in this movie set in the unexplored territory west of Burrilville. Westwood played a gun-flinging member of the toddler set who struggles with his Colt 44 against his babysitter to escape the horror of life in a crib. Known as a typical "macaroni western" because of Crib's habit of throwing his dinner onto the kitchen floor.

A television slap (not quite a hit) called Friday Night Dive. Set in a seamy little bar way off Broadway in New Yick, New Yick. The cast-offs are a bunch of unknowns who have since sunk to even lower depths of obscurity: Pontiac Chase, an up-and-going would-be comic; Jane Drapery, a silly window dresser; Dan Arachnid, frequently mistaken for Spiderman's cousin; Johann Babushka, an angry young white suburban Samuri punk; Eydie Murky, a dark semi-comic, and lastly, Mary Gross, her name a testament to sick humor in today's world.

Friday Night Dive was cancelled half way through it's second commercial, never to return to the airwaves.

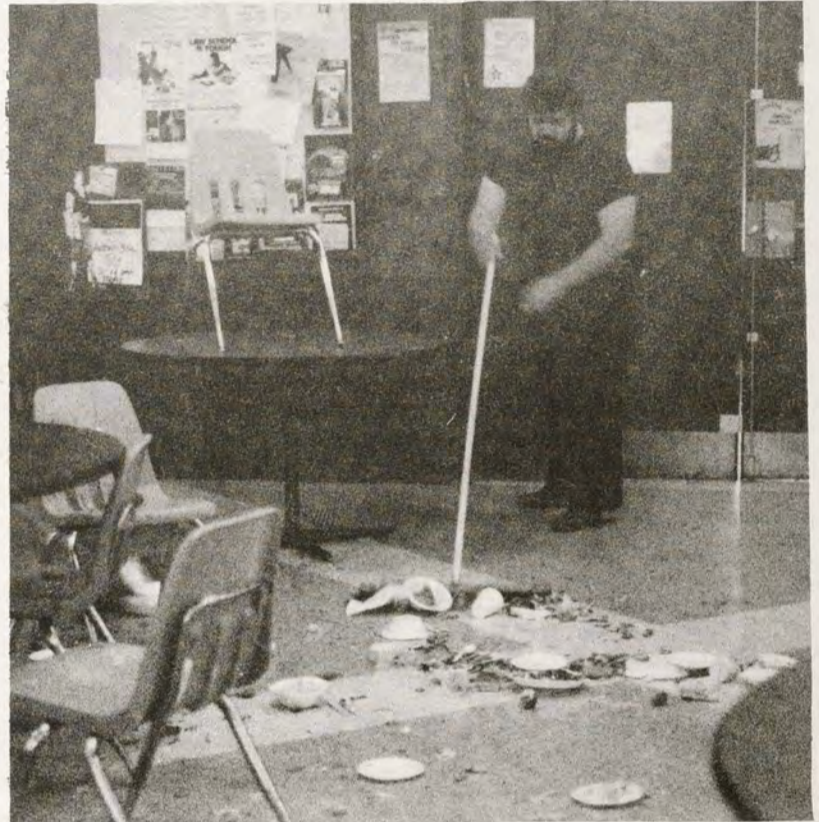
Out of Luck in Africa "Let this be a lesson to you, Meryl Stripper and Bobert Pinkford--don't leave home without it." --Karl's Baldin'

To Kill a Mockingbird. A black and white movie, this was about a mocking bird who taunted Gregory Henpeck until Henpeck finally turned on the bird and--that's right--murdered it. Henpeck crows that it was the greatest role in his career and says he's forever grateful that he got the part. He was up against stiff competition for the role, including, Robin Williams, Peter Finch, Bob Crane, Woody "Woodypecker" Allen, and a flock of other talented actors.

Ben Hurts A spectacular extravaganza (that means it cost big bucks) of a man run over by a chariot during a thrilling race. A marvelously exciting film that would have done well except a take-off of almost the same title happened to be released the same week. Tough luck, Benny.

A 1974 film about the White House scandal. The biggest to rock the country. To shock the country. Of crock in the country. No, no Watergate. All The First Lady's Men. It's based on the National enkwirer's uncovering of the President's wife's numerous affairs. Good thing she could pay the men to keep them coming around. (meow, meow...)

State Worker, Russell Bixby, was caught in the act of pushing his broom. Bixby, half-brother of Bill Bixby who starred in the series The Incredible Hulk, claims his shoulder was tired from resting the broom on it. He was recorded as saying, "I was only leaning on it, I wasn't even sweeping up nothing." Local Union President announced yesterday that Mr. Bixby, even though he has a famous half-brother, will be put on suspension until his case can be brought up. On hearing of his suspension, Mr. Bixby claimed he was just standing there when all of a sudden the food on the floor began sliding toward his broom. He went on to say that he was in the process of shaking the food off his broom when the photo was taken. When cornered, President Thomas Harem replied that since Mr. Bixby wasn't being paid double time he shouldn't have been pushing the broom to clean up after the slob. We at the Canchor know that something else other than this man's commitment to his job caused the food to actually touch the broom. We therefore set out to find some viable reason for this unnatural event. My answer to the question was found at the National Weather Station at Greene Airport in Warwick. The meteorologists claimed that Halley's Comet was effecting the Earth's atmosphere in such a way that dirt and garbage became negatively charged while millions of brooms across America became



Bixby caught sweeping
photo by L. Nimoy'

positively charged, and we all know that opposites attract so the dirt flew to the broom. The meteorologist showed me records that similar events have happened when Halley's Comet appears during Spring Equinox. The druids

dancing at Stonehenge and Comet just threw nature completely off balance. Presented with this information, Mr. Harem said that Mr. Bixby was exonerated on all charges and that he could go back to work.

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Finance Commission Allocate \$3.5 Billion for Conferences

Rho Diland College's Finance Commission, a part of the Beatrice Corporation, allocated the Student Activity Fee Fund, the RIC Foundation Fund, and half of the National Defense budget in their regular weekly meeting last Wednesday.

"The Activity Fee Fund is just too small," said Commission Chairman B. Lamborghini, "so we just dipped into a few other accounts to cover some really important expenses."

When Lamborghini was told that she could be held accountable for the money her commission allocated, she said that Daddy usually takes care of these things.

The first group to come in for a special allocation was the Nurses at RIC's Cost (NARC). They had the opportunity to attend a conference at Honolulu Memorial Hospital. Jane McSpghymomenometer, President of the NARC's, said that this was an important conference. So the Finance Commission gave them \$350,000 to send all the Nursing Majors to the conference, including deluxe first class air fare ("we don't want RIC to look shabby," said Commission member Pol Goshates), cottages on Waikiki, meals and Coppettone (it just wouldn't do to have a nursing major get a sunburn).



The next group to go before the commission was WGYN, the campus radio station. They asked for \$50,000 to send their executive members to Brown University for one year. "It will look great on their resumes," said WGYN President Jacob Marley. WGYN also requested an additional \$20,000 to go into their Big Switch To FM Account. A member questioned the usefulness of it all and was told to shut up. The motion to allocate was passed unanimously with one vote in favor and nine abstentions.

The Communications Club was on the agenda for an allocation but there was no member to represent them. So the commission decided to double the request in appreciation to the club for making the meeting that much shorter.

The Chess Club was next. They requested \$1.49 to replace two pawns

missing from their only chess set. They had been using cigarette lighters, but these, too, are now missing. Member Paul Perrier said that the Finance Commission should not be responsible for the Chess Club's lack of appropriate theft security, and motioned to reject the allocation and to send Jay Dee to steal the rest of the chess pieced and the board, because it has a Backgammon Board on the reverse. The members also congratulated the chess team for being the best in the solar system.

In other business, one of the members began to talk about abolishing stipends (money paid to students who do a lot of work on the elitist student organization). But the sound of rapid gunfire drowned out his words.

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EDDYTORIAL

The editors of the Canchor would like to take this moment to address the entire student population of this college.

We at the Canchor have come to a bold realization, and we feel our duty as exceptional journalistic reporters forces us to pass this knowledge on to our readers. Though we fully realize the grave consequences that may result from revealing such confidential information, our integrity and dedication to you, the students of RIC, outweighs all possible repercussions.

So, here it is: you suck. All of you. The combined IQ's of the entire student body doesn't hit triple digits. You are socially inept and you look like your mothers dress you. You have the personality of sea otters. You suck. Have a nice day. Thank you.

Commentaries Letters

All opinions expressed in this section, with the exception of the editorial, do not necessarily represent the opinion of The Anchor. Letters to the editor must be typed, double spaced, and must contain no more than 500 words.

ANCHOR STAFF WRITER DEAD AT TWENTY-FOUR

None of this is True.

By Canchor Staff Writer
Duffy Rewhouse

For the purpose of filling out this article with useless personal facts, Gallagher's parents were called and informed of his death. They said that they were very happy for the information but that they could not stay and describe what a wretched individual their son was since they had a party to organize.

Brian Gallagher, an Anchor staff writer for a year and a half, was found dead by *The Anchor's* staff in one of their garbage containers this morning. The cause of his death is still a subject of debate (and will in fact be one of the subjects at this weekend's debate tournament) since the workers union, who knew of the presence of Gallagher's corpse two days before, is still not sure what kind of removal of a dead body from a room requires. The deceased was twenty-four at the time of his death and will probably not see his twenty-fifth birthday. He was single (and into some really sick things if people were willing to send a SASE to his P.O. Box) and leaves no friends to speak of. He does, however, leave two parents--John and Margaret-- and an older sister and younger brother--Mary and Sean. His death has also deprived his poodle of a role model.

Gallagher's body was discovered this morning by William Wilson, Photography Editor and a person who satisfies his brutally sadistic hatred for Chuck Barris by forcing Cabbage Patch Dolls and G.I. Joes to breed. "I thought Gallagher was simply making a lame attempt at shifting the manifestation of his obnoxious personality from a verbal performance to a physical performance, if you can associate with what I'm putting into words. So, I did the logical thing and ignored him. After all, why should I acknowledge the existence of a guy ignorant enough to cause a pile-up in our primitive garbage system? It wasn't until the unopened envelope containing his stipend sitting in his mailbox caught my eye that I deduced that this was something far

more sinister than garbage piling up on the floor. The fact that he smelled worse than a rat's excited sweat glands truly aided me in my deduction."

"Hey, what were we supposed to do, huh? The guy's been in that bin for the past three days, counting today," said a disgruntled George Laconic, a RIC janitor for forty thousand coffee breaks (only two years, in layman's terms), as he and his fellow union members exited from their meeting on the matter for a much needed coffee break. "Sure, on the first day I thought he was just being a wise-ass. Ya know, like, practicing for the circus... a magic act or something like that. But hey, I talked it over with my boss and he said to me that we gots no jurisdiction over live students. But, on the second day I caught on to where the kid was coming from. 'This is a whole new bag of oatmeal,' I says to myself. But, the boss said we can't do nothing till we have meeting on it. I mean, it takes proper supervision. And - hell - we gotta figure out how to get the guy out of the garbage. It's a complicated matter anyhow you look at it."

More complications are under way as rumors of murder and suicide fill *The Anchor* office. There is some speculation that the writer's death was the murderous handiwork of the infamous Glad Bag Murderer, the insane killer who tosses full garbage bags primed with explosive into crowds of unsuspecting people. Gallagher had asked to investigate the madman's bloody trail last week. Perhaps he had gotten too close. The only clue is a plastic baggy with a note in it stuffed in his mouth. But, until the union can hold a meeting without a coffee break nothing must be touched.

"But, Brian never finished his stories. Or, if he got them in they were usually too late for the deadline," observed Mimi Audette, the poor person who was coerced into taking the thankless job of Assignments Editor. "What self-respecting, homicidal maniac would worry about that procrastinating ninny? And, suicide? It took him three hours

to type out a title him an article. I bet he wanted to hide from me bacause he didn't have this week's story ready. Sheesh, all I was going to do was tell him off for the upteenth time. Some staff writers will go to any length to avoid a confrontation with an editor."

Jen Cole, Cultural Editor and a person who would never put lithium in Jon DePetro's beer, had this to say concerning Gallagher: "Toss him out the window! Come on, I've always wanted to see what happens to a body when it falls from the third floor. Maybe we could set it on fire before we throw it out. Oh, come on, the union will never know and Brian certainly won't mind."

When asked to comment on his associate's demise, Don Asmussen, decadent -- yet fashionably dressed - resident artist of *The Anchor*, said: "Jumping Barbi Benton! He smells like the excited sweat glands of a rat! How am I supposed to bite my fingernails in conditions like this? I have feelings. Sensitive feelings. I weep every time I sense that some ignorant farmer frying up a platypus' eggs. I don't have a great fear of death. Just its consequences. Buy my book."

What Mark Jacobs, the Editor of the paper and a really nice boy despite his negative attitude towards recreational drugs, minds is that "the bastard won't meet deadline for this week's issue. In fact, he never met the damn deadline. What did he do anyway? Someone answer that question (Schott Desjarlais, Production Editor and J.D. Walker's press agent, shouted: "Poisoned our eardrums with his noxiously stupid thoughts, if you can call them that!"). His death is the best thing happen to the paper in a looooooong time. I think we can get at least four hard news stories out of this. In fact, you could say that this'll be the first story he ever got in on time."

Funeral and fumigation services will be conducted during the free period on Wednesday in *The Anchor* office.

The Canchor Founded 1986 Editorial Bored

Editor-in-Chief
Jack Makkobs

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The Lorax (speaking for the trees)

Important Editor
Heath Bar

In Charge Editor
Missive Punster

Overseeing Editor
Grandma Moses

Newspaper Editor
Of King Cole

Canchor Editor
Don Buymibooke

Editors of All
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Staff Writers
Wendigo Binges, Mikhail Caveman,
Barbarian Clingpeach, Leah Alvin,
Brian "IRA" Supporter, Glem
Lessetli, Ronnazine Cone

Photographers
Tush Calves, Peg Asis,
Jeff Gone-fishin

Typesetting Staff
Barabarian Stringbeans, Diane
Friggan, Sara Fresh, Delmama
Ramamos, Diane Carousel

The Canchor is located on the
Fourth Floor of the Student Union
Building, next to the pool.

The Mailing address is:

The Canchor
Next to the Pool
Rho Diland College
600 Mount Sinai Avenue
Providence, R.I. 02908
Telephone (401) 456-8088

All Editorial decisions are made
completely sober by majority vote
of its student Editorial Board.

No form of censorship will be
taken seriously. However, any
material submitted by J.D. or
found unsuitable or unacceptable
in the board's opinion will not be
published.

RIC Goes Ivy League: Catatonic Numbskulls Beware

Academic Requirements Soar - Rampant Fear Among Students

In a surprise move, President Zeppo stunned students with the announcement of Rhode Island College's new academic requirements. "I'm shocked," expressed a nearby dumb communications major, "She expects us to really study and actually be able to think when we graduate. If I wanted to learn I would've gone to URI. The only reason I went here was because there was a coupon in one of those books they sell at the bank."

Obviously unaware of the real world, Zeppo has definite plans for making RIC a legit school. After days of intense research, she has developed a plan to bring this college to a respectable academic level. At a glance, it ain't pretty.

President Guardo's seven point plan for intellectual success is as follows:

1. Students must maintain a minimum of a 3.0 grade point average.
2. Credit/No Credit is no longer valid.
3. Students must take at least 24 credit hours in the upper-level math and science courses.
4. Senior seminar paper comparing the number of vertebrae in a large German Shepherd's back to the number of inches of P.M. Magazine's Sheila Martines' hips.
5. Students must estimate the number of times Alan Alda has heard, "Hi Alan" in his entire life within in 3-failure to do so will result in the viewing of every single episode of "Four Seasons" and a baseball cap autographed by Ann Jillian.
6. The ability to have an hour conversation with a RIC computer major without the slightest remnant of a smirk.
7. The ability to define "WEDGY".

As could be expected, student response bordered on pissed.

"What the hell," fumed senior communication major Orf Switzer, "This really screws up my plans to go to Texas. RIC sucks."

"I guess Block Island's out this weekend..." verbalized a nearby, unidentified stupid woman.

An informal Canchor poll showed 99% of the people on campus really hate the new plan, and are willing to work full-time at Kip's Big Boy instead of going to school. The other 1% are either dead or unavailable for comment.



Communications majors flee college due to higher academic standards.

WNIX

But this Canchor reporter asks - but what about all those rockin' parties that WINX used to throw? Those wonderfully drunken brawls where people are thrown out of wind. And spinning TNS?

"Now we'll have retreats, and sing-a-longs for the college communittee. And we'll have fund raising bake and bible sales to raise

money to send to that TV evangelist," said Barley.

The Canchor would like to wish WXNR good luck with their newest embarkment into the music world. We hope that it is more successful than their career as a non-commercial progressive new music station. Even this Canchor editor remembers that fiasco.

WGYN Holds Party for Its Listener

WGYN, Rho Diland College's student run radio station has announced that it will be throwing a party for its listener next Thursday evening. The Listener, Angelo Custodiani, was unavailable for comment, but GYN Executive Jacob Marley said that he would tell Angelo the next time he saw him.

"Angelo is great," said Rolodex Director Jon D. Gorbachov. "Since our signal doesn't go farther than this office, we depend on the listeners who drop by the office to hear our new format."

GYN used to be broadcast to the dorms, Donovan, and the Coffeehouse. "But people used to make fun of us, so we opted for a more selective listenership," said freshman member Michelle Montecalvo. The new

listenership has decreased to roughly the size of its membership. In fact, the listenership is the membership.

And Angelo, of course. The party will be held Thursday night in the Student Union Ballroom. "There was a series going on, but we called the band and told them that they weren't needed. Programming won't mind."

XGYN will be planning a number of other events this semester. The end of this month they will be holding a fundraiser to promote their switch to FM. "That will help us get almost \$3 million into our account for the big switch. We've been saving since the FCC allowed Frequency Modulation bands to open up in 1936," said Marley.

None of this is True.

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J.D. WALKER CHANGES NAME, HAIRSTYLE AND GENDER

In a recent press release from the office of J. D. Walker, the Canchor has learned that J.D. Walker has decided to change his appearance in a drastic sort of way.

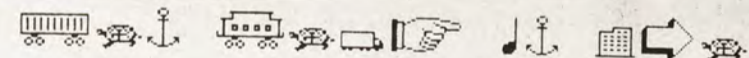
Walker is a pillar of respect in our little college communittee. Not only does he serve on Student Communist Government, but he is the Backgammon Club President for this year. Not something to shirk at.

But now, this man that we have grown to shower with respect and adoration has decided to change. Below you will find a small portion of the 12

page computer printout press release recieved last night...

"...To everyone who knows me:

I would greatly appreciate it if everyone would call me Debbie from now on. Last year in High School I was called Debbie by the others in the classes and I decided to try J.D. as an experiment, which I believe has failed, and I want to go back to the way it was. I enjoy having a woman's name. And I feel much more comfortable with it. Also I will be dying my hair blond, so don't look shocked. Thanks in advance for your cooperation. Debbie Walker (formerly J.D.)



In keeping with The Anchor's policy of printing submissions in foreign languages, we proudly present this most important story.

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In keeping with The Anchor's policy of printing submissions in foreign languages, we proudly present this most important story.

by Esmaralda Zipp



Don Johnson as he appears in person

Photo by Wild Bill Hickock



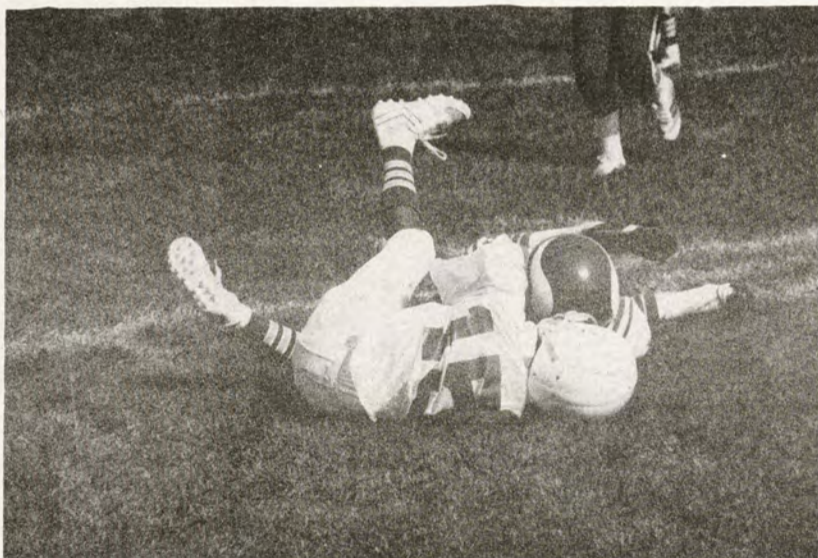
Don Johnson as he appears on posters

When I first saw him standing in the corner of the ballroom my first impulse was to scream and rush over to him to tear his clothes off. My wildest fantasy had come true, Don Johnson had come to a Thursday Night Series. I kept my composure, took his picture, and walked slowly over to talk to him. He took the standard celebrity format and kept answering "Please don't bother me." Soon others spotted this superstar and throngs of women began crowding

around him. He began to relate how he and co-star Philip Michael Thomas cruise the bars after filming an episode. Don said he came to RIC to experience the full flavor of a Thursday Night Series. Tom Keegan and the Language were still playing but only guys were on the dance floor. One angry dancer shouted out "If he's Don Johnson then I'm Philip Michael Thomas!" a few people in the crowd turned around and one person yelled "But you're Tony Randall!" For those of you who weren't there, you can decide for yourselves.

None of this is True.

Football Team Wins Big



(football photo) RIC safety, Jimmy Slick (15) stops the running back of the "Midget Maudraders" Photo by Rh Factor

By Orson Buggy

Last fall, the RIC football team, the "little sailors", wrapped up their first and very successful season. The "little sailors" finished with a big win over Brown's "baby bruins." RIC's field goal kicker, Thomas Regalo, broke a team record with five successful field goals. In an interview after the game he had this to say, "I kicked de ball good." Team captain, Tim Nasmuth told me his opinion on why they finished the season with a record of 12-5. He claimed, "...with everyone on

the team shorter than 4'7", the legs are the only targets they can hit. And once you knock their legs out from underneath them they're as short as we are."

I spoke with Phil Beard, director of athletics, and asked him why everyone on the team was shorter than 4'7". The reason he gave was financial. With everyone shorter than 4'7", RIC could get used equipment from the Pee Wee leaguess at cut rates. He claimed as long as he was in charge here, he would keep the team short. And so another injustice has been done to the students of RIC. The only way that this college can have a football team is if the team members can fit into kids equipment.



In a late breaking story, which occurred Friday, two weeks ago, a RIC student by the name of Pedro Garcia, a Communications major, died from a freak potato accident. This story would have no significance except for the fact

that he was the only staff writer; and in fact, he wrote this article (which proved very difficult for him). To make things worse, he was late for deadline and got fired.

Ghosts Haunt Canchor Offices

By Abby Normal

For the better part of this year, ghosts have been haunting the Canchor offices. Mysterious shouts, "Ban Llama Press", "Impeach Assmussen" have been heard echoing throughout the office. Maniacal and drunken laughter reverberates throughout the third floor every Thursday night after midnight. The idea of ghosts was brought up at a recent meeting but was voted down because of insufficient evidence. Our photography editor, Wild Bill Hickok, armed only with his camera spent one whole night up at the Canchor waiting. Below are some of the photos he took. I ran into him the next day and he appeared quite shaken from this ordeal. In his own words, it was "...a night that I'll never be able to forget." The

following account is what actually happened that night. Wild Bill arrived at about 11:45pm and set up his equipment. Nothing happened until about 1pm when one ghost floated across the floor carrying old copy. Then another spirit with a beer appeared at a desk. One of the more fiendish ghosts spotted Wild Bill and posed for his picture. Then the last ghost appeared from nowhere and threw Wild Bill out of the Canchor Offices. Now that we know the Canchor is haunted by these specters, who can we call?

None of this is True.



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The ghosts of Canchor's past still haunt the office. Photos by Wild Bill Hickock