

Coconut Bay

Sniffer

1971



Cover Story
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Dedicated to:

The Seniors of '71

This final edition of the sniffer for the school year of '70-'71, is dedicated to the Seniors of '72. They are the ones who fearlessly led us through this great school year. Actually, all joking aside, they are a bunch of good guys and we'd like to show our appreciation to them by editing this paper to the best of our abilities. Some gratitude, huh? Thanks, Seniors.

For those of you interested, the first reply by Lew Blanders is not in the correct column. It is in the paper elsewhere. Happy hunting.

This section is not intended to be humorous. It is merely for your information on a few facts about the faculty of Mater Cleri Seminary.

Father Skylstad is known as the "Apple valley Kid". Born in Omak Washington nestled protectively in the Methow Valley. He is the oldest from a family of six. In his younger days he played intramural Basketball and Softball. According to an inside informer, he never played baseball because he's afraid of bats. He is a twin and he is now 37 years old. He is 5 feet and 7 and a half inches, and he weighs 166 lbs.

Father Steiner is a true Spokaneite, born in the heart of our own beautiful Spokane in Washington State. He is an only child and at the moment he is 27 years old. As commented by one observer; "Father is an only child, no family could ask for more. When asked what his weight was he meekly replied, "None of your damn business". So ended the interview.

Father Danner was born in his home in Williamsport Penn. It might interest some of you English students that when Father's father died he was laid out in his home just as described by Sarah Jewitt. Good old unforgettable Sarah Jewitt! He comes from the home of little league baseball and he's the son of a textile worker. He's been in all 50 states except for Florida, Vermont, Alaska, and Hawaii. Also in his younger days he played intramural Basketball and Baseball. He also played in his highschool band, he took a horn. With a background like that how can you lose? Also, he never had a pair of long pants until he was in the eighth grade; he wore knickerbockers before that time. Also in his younger years he wore glasses. But since then his sight has improved.

Father King's background is a little vague, but as far as we can tell he was born. (We think). We can't tell too much about his past but we do know that he's somewhere between the ages of 20 and 40. We hope he shouldn't get anything out of his because he had to run.

We would appreciate any comments about the paper and whether or not it would be wanted next year. If you have any comments please feel free to bring them either verbally or written to either room 11 or 10. They will be appreciated. Thank you.

The Sacred Menagerie

They had finally started to build it. It wasn't much, but it was something for the menagerie and so it was important to them. They were the ants in the menagerie. There was also a dog, a mouse, a bird and a piglet. The ants were basically split up into four main groups. The lowest was also the youngest and they will be called the "R" group. They ended up doing most of the work in a roundabout way. The second group will be called the "S" group and they were the loafers of the four. They liked the others to believe that they did most of the work when actually they did the least of all the groups. The third group shall be called the "J" group. They did their share of the work but no more because they felt that all the others weren't doing enough. The last group and the oldest, will be called the "G" group. They did as much as the "J" group but they didn't really want to.

The mouse was sort of the head of the menagerie, but whenever he tried to say anything noone understood what he was trying to say because he was too much smarter than the ants and he didn't know how to get his ideas down to their level so they could understand. The dog usually didn't say anything unless he had something important to say, that's why he took the time to say it. He usually wasn't to be found around the menagerie because he was always out digging up old bones. The bird would usually talk endlessly on the minutest things which had no real relevance but if you put all the small ideas together he was usually saying something. And last, of the piglet. He usually tended to take sides readily and he would say rash things without first thinking about what he was about to say.

Now to get back to the object they were building. The four bigger animals were sort of the overseers and guiders while the ants did the actual work. No one knew exactly what it was they were building but they all realized that it would be of some value later and so they continued to build it. Not even the bigger animals knew quite what it was but they too knew that it was necessary to

try and so they did. Now they were well into the construction of the object.

It seemed that more and more the two older groups began working and talking together and that the same held true for the two younger groups. The mouse and the dog tried to do something about it but the ants didn't seem to understand what they were trying to say. Whenever the bigger animals were around the ants would shut up so as not to embarrass the bigger animals by making them feel awkward. Sometimes the ants just didn't want to hear what the bigger animals were trying to say and this seemed to be one of those times.

Finally the inevitable came. It was a still morning and the work on the object had ceased. The two older groups were talking on one side of the object and the two younger were doing the same on the opposite side of the object. The piglet hurried off to find the dog who was busy digging up old bones as usual and told him there was going to be some trouble. Together they ran off to find the mouse. By this time the bird was chattering so that noone could understand what he was saying. The piglet was so excited that he could hardly contain himself.

At last it broke; just as the mouse was heading for the object the fighting began. He tried to stop them but it was no use, they just wouldn't listen. The piglet was watching it all bating that the younger groups would win. (He liked high odds.) Almost as soon as the fighting had started the object fell and the fighting ceased. It seemed that the fight was over who the object belonged to. Now that the object was gone there was no reason to fight. Someone remarked that it wouldn't be worth having if it couldn't stand up to a little fighting. Without any further malice or argument, they began methodically picking up the pieces of the old object and began making a new one.



If I were Student Body President for M.C. I would:

Jim Swindal: make everyone walk around on their knees
Tom Robinson: make the school a coed seminary
Dave Posklawite: make the students wear purple uniforms (one per person)
John Faerber: hold classes down in Hornar's barn
Jerry Moro: make everyone take a course in dirty fighting
Dan Love: make everyone take a course on "Examining Your Moral"
Mike Cunningham: have classes in the showers
Randy Chapman: issue all personnel squirt guns and official gas badges
Joe Wilson: fire our secretary and hire his (Kathy Kelly)
John Greiner: have extra pairs of crutches in case of emergencies
Kevin Wolf: have us hustling all the time
Father Skylstad: make everyone get pigshaws everyday
Greg Patyk: make everyone wear toupees
Joel Siler: ...well, we sure wouldn't drink milk
Barry Redshaw: out out all classes
Ken Tackitt: make everyone raise their pants cuffs two inches
Dave Siler: hock all the showers
Rick Martin: make everyone brush with a whitener
Doug Baird: set aside an hour after lights out for combing your hair
Steve Nolan: install a compliment machine, put in a nickel and it compliments you

The seniors were omitted from this little exercise because we would like in a small way to show our respect and admiration for them. (Besides we can't do anything to them because they're not here.)

Wi: Hey, did you see what Zimmer is doing?

Erd: No, what?

Wi: He's brushing his teeth with toothpaste.

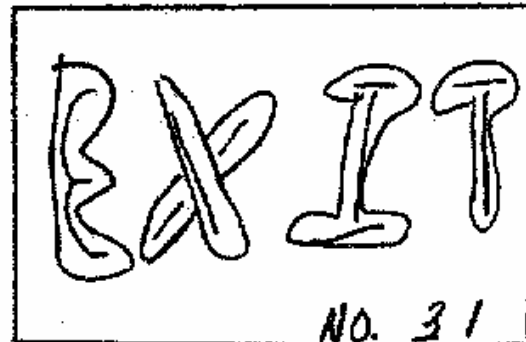
Erd: What's so weird about that?

Wi: It's still in the tube!

Did you know that there are 556 windows in our school and 152 doors around the building? Also, there are 34 exit lights throughout our school. 26 of them are regular and 8 are double.

According to Webster's Third New International Dictionary a blue blazer is:

A cocktail made of ignited Scotch Whiskey and boiling water with sweetening and lemon peel added.



WARNING:

that Gazing at lights which flash approximately 8 or 9 times a second can be dangerous. The alpha waves in a persons brain are about half frequency in the frequency of a strobe matches the frequency of ones own alpha waves, the resulting amplification or neutralization can lead to violent headaches or even pseudo-epileptic seizures. Be careful at light shows.

The fastest poison is thiopentone: when it is introduced near the heart, respiration ceases in one to two seconds.

The worst smelling substance is probably ethyl mercaptan (C_2H_5SH).

The world will end on November 13, 2026.

The opposite of diabetes is hypoglycemia.

The dwarf star, LP327-186, has half the diameter of the moon.

President Pro-tem of the Senate David Atchison was unofficially president for a day on March 4, 1849 during the 24-hour lag between the Polk and Tyler administration.

Fulton's steamboat success was not named the "Clermont". It was the "North River Steam Boat". Clermont was merely its port of entry.

The opposite of myopia (Nearsightedness) is hyperopia (farsightedness).

The limit of stellar density is the neutron state. At that density, one cubic inch of stellar matter would weigh 1.8 billion tons.

The taste of strawberry can be broken down to the taste of tomato combined with the taste of sugar.

The London Bridge is in Lake Havasu City, Ariz.

Absolute zero is $-273.16^{\circ}C$ or $-459.69^{\circ}F$.

The renks, a fish in Lake Constance, on the boarder of Switzerland, can be found nowhere else in the world.

The doodle bug always walks backwards.

INSULTS

Dear Barry: One of these days your going to be arrested for impersonating a human being.....

Sean Herrin: Sean, People like you dont grow on trees, YOU SWING FROM THEM.....

Rick Martin: Rick, When the stork brought you he flew around the zoo for a week before he had the nerve to drop you off at your parents house.....

Mark Hertz:

Hey Mark, Did you know your father passed out from sheer fatigue from throwing rocks at the stork. He should have kept the cigars and given you away.....

Joe Kiefel: Joe If you ever need a friend, youll have to get a dog.....

Fr. King: Remember when you asked me for a dime so you could make a phone call and I gave you twenty cents and told you to call all your friends.....

Fr. Skylstad: When you were born they fired a twenty one gun salute, to bad they missed.....

Fr. Stiener: Gee father you havent been your self lately, every one has noticed the improvement.....

Fr. D : Father your the one person who would make a perfect stranger.....

Steve Nolan: Dont worry Steve everyone doesnt hate you, I here father Skylstad has named his first ulcers after you.....

Joe Wilson: Hi, Joe, I here your quite a smallebrity.....

Randy Chapman: I here you like to travel. You go from city to city, greeting old enemies and making new ones.....

Tom Robinson: /If a revolution ever breaks out in this country, it will everybody against you.....

Randy Lowe: Randy your the one person who should speak well of your enemies after all you made them.....

Joel Siler: If you ever have the chance to live your life over again, dont do it.....

USE THEM ON YOUR
FRIENDS.

WORDS OFTEN MISPELLED

ASTIGMATISM

fall

INCOMPLET

ALON E

ALMOS1

EXXTRA

OUTCKEAND

CLIMAX

XOGA

NONCONFORMIST

COU^{GH}

COCKEYED

LIFT

BALL^{OOONS}

INTOX^{hi}CATED

e
s
i
r

gradual

JUVEY

JOKES

The teacher asked him, "Who shot Lincoln?" and he snarled, "I don't squeal on nobody."

The only sure cure for kids like him is birth control.

The school psychologist advised the teacher, "You'll have to handle this boy carefully. Remember you're dealing with a sensitive, high-strung little stinker."

He's 6ft. 7ins. until he gets a haircut, then he's 5ft. 7ins. (Chris Greiner)

His parents almost lost him as a child. Unfortunately they didn't take him far enough into the woods.

Heredity is what makes parents of kids like him wonder about each other.

Children can be a great comfort to parents in their old age--and this kid sure is helping his reach it faster.

Look out Holy Cross! Here we come!

Sniffer
editors

TRANS
= HAPMA

Sie
NOLA

DEAR PAUL & DAVE

Way to go down

Dear Phenol Red and Dioxide,

I've been meaning to get in touch with you about a problem concerning the boys. They seem to have this figmentation that I'm a...a...a bald...a...a...a bald mouse. Really I haven't thought too much along these lines, although I am concerned about the boys...ya...a...a...Okee...a...getting back to the subject in mind... (WOJOE - a little play on words there...mind - head...get it?) The boys seem concerned over my lack of substance on my...er...a...my head - mainly hair. It all started in the apple orchards back home when we accidentally spilled hydrochloric acid (HCL) acidious on my head. Well, I'd...I'd...a...WE gotta run. Always busy, busy, busy, Right?...Right!

God speed be with you,
Fr...a...a...Bill, a former...a...a

Dear...a...a...

We would suggest a transplant...
..from the neck up. Right?...Right!

Dear Pygmalion and Dreiser,

Basically, I think it's my attitude toward soap. The other day, the Sophomores threw me into a bathtub of liquid lye. Doesn't that just eat ya up? It wouldn't have been so bad but I had my only pair of pants on. It wreelly burned me up! EE HAW, EE HAW! I think I have the answer but what's yer opinion?

Men in Black

Dear Hot Pants,

We would suggest a transplant...
..from the neck down.

way to be
GO TO NEXT
column

Dear Pancreas and Dung.

----! I mean ----, the students today are as arbitrary as ----. I mean when I was back in Saddle, ---, the profs wouldn't let us make salad in our sinks. Me un' Bruxxer use ta sneak down to the tavern and have a few beers - but Bruxxer used ta drink all the beer - cus, ---, I hate beer - it tastes like horse ---. I just ate all the pretzels - that's why I'm tippan the scales. But ---, the students today shouldn't be able to do that. I think we should take an evaluation or something. OK, now that I'm finished shovelin' it, I'd kinda like yer opinion on it.

Tub A. Lard

Dear Tabsy,

We would suggest a transplant...
..from the chin to the nose.

Dear Patunia and Daffodil,

The sanity of some of our theology students is in question. A certain third year lad with lack of hair stability likes to display his vocal graffetti. This young lad makes me ponder at the thought of America's youth and future men. His lack of ability to mature along the lines of the other men of this lad's age points out his bumbling manner in which he exists. He is like the rock of ages - there, but not too useful. His inadequate mind matches his floundering but inadequate body. In what method would you suggest I "HELP"?

TRANSGRESSORS' WAYS

Dear Tangy,

We would suggest a transplant...
..from the floor up.

CONNECT THE DOTS

HSD
DE
LE
PERRA

PHILOSOPHY

WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE TO HAVE PATYK AS RECTOR -> SCHOOL DRESS (LITERARY)

Dear Poland & Denmark,

The guys have been perturbed about my cage rattling. "Hey, whatta ya mean," I said in retaliation. And when no reply was given I told 'em to, "shut up, and if you wanna teach this class, then come to the front of the room. And would the super dumb-dumb in front of the row.... ..SHUT UP....Now I mean it....SPUT UP!" But by the same token I shouldn't yell at the whole class, because my debaters never do anything. Especially Mike and Mike, I'd never do anything to hurt their feelings. We're going to nationals. They don't even have to do their assignments or take the tests. But we do a pretty good job of covering it all up. Anyway, back to the peerrt gallery. To tell you the truth, this class is really gettin' me down. No joke, man, I'm on the verge of a mental rapse and my body looks like a slice of cantelope and my head looks like a pale sangerine. I just wrote a letter to ABC and asked them to play the "Childrens Actor Snow" a tad little more often, but they couldn't because they had a court case on their hands. What am I goin' to do?

T.C.

Dear Top Cat,

We would go beyond our normal bounds, and suggest a bottle of Clairol, PASSIONATE PINK.

(Anything would be an improvement!)

Dear Potatoes / Dumplings,
(both de-hydrated)

The boys have been swiping the turnovers. Just what in the hell am I supposed to do? I try to be nice, but it's hard, especially when a certain anonymous boy named Kelly Judgens comes in and bothers. Just how much do I have to take? I mean the food isn't that bad. I always stick to the governments grade A meal plan. And then they tease me about my surp's pick-up. And then I

go home and get the same thing from Tom. Why, it's just too much. I've had it! What am I to do?

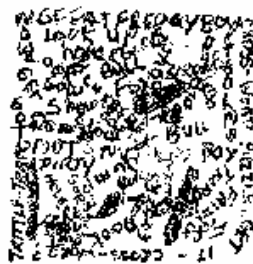
Sissy Bear

Dear Mom and Apple Pie,

We would suggest: 1. Overcook the food at 8:00 in the Morning; 2. Put it in the hot box till it's time to serve;



Thro Th... Th... Th... THAT'S
ALL FOLKS. (ALMOST)



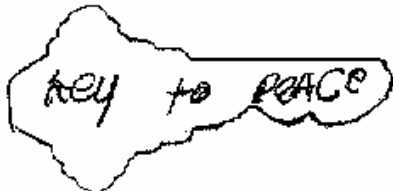
PAUL & DAVE'S
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: [] [] [] []
DOWN: [] [] [] []

WILLIAM PAUL JOHN McDONNELL, SENIOR, EDWARD
DAVID MICHAEL JOHN GAFFIN, JR., SENIOR

DE RIERRE -> THAT'S FRENCH FOR END.

The wind blows to my back on a cold winter's day,
 I listen to the whisper of the trees as they seem to say.
 Listen my son to your brother's plea; Open your eyes that you may see,
 Open your ears that you may hear, for the time for peace is near.
 Open your eyes make it clear for you to see,
 Love is for everyone not just you and me.
 Open your ears wide so you can hear,
 The cries of desperate people surrounded by fear.
 When you're all alone and you've got no friend,
 Just stop for a moment and listen to the wind.
 Think about the wars in faraway places,
 And the haunted looks on many frightened faces.
 What about those who are lost and forlorn,
 And those who are hated before they're even born.
 Yes, listen my son to your brother's plea and open your eyes that you may see,
 Open your ears that you may hear, for ~~the time~~ for peace is near.



The snow is slowly sifting
 Settling upon the ground,
 I'm all alone in the street
 There's not a sound.
 The darkness of the night
 Engulfs the silken sea,
 The snowflakes gently falling
 Floating wild and free.
 I sometimes wonder if it's true
 To say that I am free,
 With all the problems in the world
 Like hate, war and poverty.
 Can I just turn my collar
 As I do to the snow,
 And act as if in ignorance
 And say that I don't know?
 Can I just live in oblivion
 To my brother's cry,
 Will I let a person hunger
 Or let a young man die?
 All of this is reality
 It is nothing new,
 I know I'm like the whiteness
 And like the darkness too.
 The whiteness of the snow
 Is the color of my skin,
 But the darkness that engulfs me
 Comes from within.

It's a long and weary journey
 Down the straight and narrow path,
 I walk through my subconscious
 In which I stumble and fall.

The obstacles set before me
 Are all in my mind,
 I walk onward aimlessly
 As though I am blind.

I try to ignore them
 But I guess it's fate,
 Problems keep popping out
 Like poverty, war and hate.

I see a small dot of light
 Far off in the distance,
 To reach that dot of light
 Is the reason for my existence.

I will grope towards that light
 As people everywhere are crying,
 As long as I know they're there
 I'll keep on trying.



Dear Lam Blanders,

I have a most serious problem. I am a crime fighter part-time and I work the night shift. I usually go around town rampaging and act like I'm catching criminals. I like the job because I don't have to do that much really and I still ~~dit~~ see keepin in great shape. I usually keep my costume on a hook above the toilet in my bathroom. The other night I was on vacation and I got up to go. Well, as you probably know, when you've just woke up you don't like the light in your eyes and so I tried my best in the dark. Just as I finished the toilet, I heard a strange gurgling w sound and when I decided to turn the light on all I saw was my s mask slowly s rising with the water level. Now I've been laid-off and my costume hasn't shown up. What should I do?

Flustered

Dear Lam Blanders,

I know this real far out chick, the only problem is that she's got a real bitchie of a mother hen. What should I do to get her to recognize me?

Ruffled

Dear Ruffled,

Your problem is nothing to lay an egg about. Just sit around and wait, she'll break out of her shell sooner or later.

Dear Lam Blanders,

I met this nice girl in my dentist's office. There's only one problem, I'm a seminarian. How can we get together?

J.B.

Dear J.B.

You should have no problem getting together over the summer vacation. Keep the faith.

Dear Lam Blanders,

I have a real neat room-mate. He is well dressed and well groomed but he has the frissies. From brell to protein 26, nothing seems to work. What can I do?

Splits Pad

Dear Splits End,

Don't get your dandruff up. Maybe it's a sign that he's getting bald. Bare with him.

Dear Lam Blanders,

I was once stranded on an island for twenty years and all I had to eat were coconuts. Now I'm about to go to a buffet dinner and I haven't had a pea in twenty years. What should I do.

Have to go

Dear Have to go,

Either eat kidney beans or warn anyone who can't swim to grab the chandeliers.

Lam Blanders

WEEKS MENU

Breakfasts:

Nice Crusties:
Frosted Fricks:
Sucked Wheat:
Wheat Rejex

Lunchs:

Goop Soup
Sand-Fitches:
Brownies
Pitted Prunes
Sour Milk

Supper:

Armour Party
Style Leftovers
Crackeronie
Celery Stinks
Barnovers
Mice Cream

Breakfast:

Pork Salvage
Craeps Suzecch
Cough ee
Whole Pint of Half Milk

Lunchs:

Garlic Bread that Melts Your Mouth
Sham Cowder
Lice-a-Roni
Ripped Potatoes
Fork and Beligs
Whole Pint of Half Milk

Supper:

Spit Pea Soup
Soalped Potatoes
with Sewer Cream
Battered Rools
Finger Licken Chicken
Whole Pint Of Half Muck

Deserts:

Charcoal Chip Cookies
Chalklate Pudding
Brittle Griks
Peanuto Griddle

AFTER THIS WEEK, THIS GOES WITHOUT SAYING, ^{ALL} ARE ON
A TRASH DIET.....

AS YOU ALL KNOW DUKY'S TIME IS RUNNING OUT. SO KEEP YOUR
FINGERS CROSSED, EYES OPEN, AND PRAY FOR FRESH MEAT.....

The story I'm about to tell occurred when I was twelve years old. I was staying with my grandparents for a year while some family difficulties were being straightened out. They lived on a typical street in a typical Louisiana town of about 400 inhabitants. The town had only one officer of the law by the name of Bubba Wilmore. I hated Bubba because he was very prejudiced against the Negroes of the town (as were most of the other people in the town), and this seemed to be very unfair in my eyes. As you may note, I was innocent of the sin of prejudice at the time. I don't think the people of the town ever really got over the Civil War, and as a result the colored population of the town suffered greatly. Every once in a while there would be a lynching and for days to come the whole town would be in an uproar. One of these lynchings is the subject of my story.

The Negroes of the town had an unspoken leader. His name was Frog, as you might guess it's because his voice was very deep and croaky. He was a short stocky fellow, with big, baleful, white eyes and a bulldog nose. He was considered the darkest Negro in town, and he seemed proud of it. How he escaped lynching before I'll never know! He used to let me help him slop his hogs that he kept in his back yard. Whenever I went to see him, it was in a secretive manner; because if the town ever found out about it, they would have killed him. Whenever I caught suckers down at the bayou, I would give them to him. White people think they're no good, but a Negro can fix one so that your mouth will water. Whenever I got the chance, I'd go over to his house and listen to him for hours telling of how his ancestors had slaved in the very cotton fields my uncle now owned. I used to listen to him ramble on for hours. When he wasn't telling stories, he was reading out of the Bible. He had once told me that his mother had taught him to read when he was a boy, but other than that he had no formal education. I had come to know, love, and respect him. He was a real human being to whom I could pour out all my troubles. To me he was the model man. But one day all of this was knocked out from under me.

I'll never forget that day. It was a chilly autumn day, the sun was shining and brilliantly colored leaves were strewn about on the ground. A smell of burning

leaves was in the air. I was feeling great until my grandfather walked in the room. His face was clouded with anger as he sat down in his chair. He asked me what I'd been doing over at that "nigger's" house. I was surprised to see that he knew but I didn't want to hurt Frog so I lied. I told him that I didn't know what he was talking about. He hit me across the face and then left the room. Frustrated and bewildered I ran aimlessly from the house and into the streets of the town. When I was thoroughly exhausted, I stopped to see where I was and realized that I was only a few blocks from Frog's house. I thought that he was the only one who would understand, so I started for his house. When I was a block away I heard loud voices in the yard. The whole town was at his doorstep with shovels, axes, pitchforks, and most horrid of all--a rope. I just stood frozen to my tracks, waiting breathlessly to see what would happen. They carried Frog to the town square where they spat at him, swore at him, and mocked him. Then Bubba slung the rope around the thickest bough of a tree and slipped the noose over Frog's head. All the while Frog never made a sound. I guess he had known that this was coming all along. The only problem had been when I guess all of his troubles were over then. I heard Bubba screaming obscenities at him and then four men took hold of the rope and heaved Frog into the air. The picture of him struggling in midair is still firmly implanted in my mind. I got sick and turned away. I slowly trudged homeward and began packing my clothes. When my grandfather arrived I told him I was leaving--that I was going home to my parents and that I never wanted to see him again. So that evening I boarded a bus for home. As the bus pulled out of the station, I began to think of the last year I'd spent in that hate-hole where people couldn't get along together. This year had turned me against all humanity because they were all prejudiced. I guess I hated prejudice more than humanity though. Prejudice had killed my best friend. I had seen him struggling from the end of a rope for life. But he not only struggled from the end of a rope but from life itself everyday he lived. Just as his brothers struggled before him and will struggle for some time to come to be free. My Frog had been defeated long before he was born just as many of his brothers are now defeated even though they aren't given a chance. Even though Frog

had been defeated long before he was born he hadn't lived in vain. He had brought light to a young boy's mind and this light would grow and be spread to others so that some day Frog's brothers would be given a chance and they wouldn't be defeated from the start. This had been a painful, miserable, exhausting, memorable year, and it would long be remembered as the year I saw my friend hanging from a rope.

SURVEY ABOUT YOU

DID you know that most people in the school own a wristwatch. It also seems evident that the T.V. is RARELY used and there are many neckties floating around. Everyone has a radio because the priest are walking around with ear muffs on. Did you know that most of us have drank a whole bottle of beer and we have smoked at least once in our lives. Naughty, Naughty..... Harmony seems to ring throughout the school with all the guitars sitting around. I wonder if the priest have figured out why most students go to two or three movies a week. But we know dont we. Most think that priest should be allowed to marry. If you want to know more on this subject talk to Ray Valdez. Sorry Ray That the way the Sniffer moves. With all the pop being gussied we should move the pop back to ten cents. Someone is making a lot of money. Right Fr. Skylstad. Many go into town quite often. It makes you wonder doesnt it. Brown eyes seem to rule the place but dont worry you blues and hazel and what ever eyes we arent prejudice. most in the school do not wear glasses so well just have to live with the ones that do. It seems evident that most do not show up for breakfast. Why?? Most of us spend a fair amount of money on laundry, it seems fishy to me.... It looks like everyones wait is going up steadily. Come on now you guys this goes with out saying.... Gee with all this going on it seems we need a little more free time. ARE YOU WITH ME? ARE WE GOING TO DO IT? ALRIGHT LETS MOVE WITH ME THROUGH THE SNIPPER, NOT AGAINST ME.....

SECTS & THE SINGLE SEMINARIAN ♀

The faculty has given us the following proclamation for publication in our great paper, the SNIFFER. Since it concerns a topic of immediate interest to us all we felt obligated to print it at the earliest possible opportunity, hence this special edition. I'm sure that this new proposal will result in some static and the SNIFFER would like to be the platform for the airing of the arguments of both sides of this most vital issue. If you have any comments, favorable or sane, to make about this proclamation, please address them to:
The Editor; The SNIFFER; Mater Cleri
No obscenities, please.

THE DATING PROBLEM

It is obvious to all that the seminary cannot become the local version of the Playboy Club- it costs too much. We, the faculty, also feel that unrestricted dating can also be a harm to the community as a whole and should be avoided for obvious reasons. The solution we have arrived at has been the result of hours of serious thought and discussion. What we propose is that a system of limited dating be instituted, allowing for full depth of relationship, but without posing any threat to the possible vocation of the seminarian. For these reasons dates will not be restricted by how often or where they can take place, but only on the basis of whom a seminarian may date. During the summer the faculty plans to get together and draw up a list of girls approved for dating by the seminarians. The girls chosen will be those who will be likely to encourage the seminarian to stay in the seminary. In judging this we will take into account such factors as personality- not too likeable or she could mean more to the student than the beloved faculty, and looks- if she looks too good we'll keep her for ourselves. The girls chosen will be placed on three lists, according to the maturity level a seminarian must have in order to be considered for dating her. The categories will be: G- she's no danger to anyone, even John Greiner, GP- for general use, but something undesirable could conceivably develop, and R- restricted for use by the boys who are going to quit soon anyway (she knows how to handle guys like O'Reilly).

The girls considered for inclusion on the lists will be those personally known to the faculty and staff here, and it goes without saying that they will be required to hand in a written report after each date, filling in answers to three general areas: where we went, what we did, and how I felt about what we did. These will be kept on file here for the use of the faculty and of the girl's parents, should anything conceivably develop. The seminarians will be placed by the faculty on three lists, according to how much they are judged to be able to handle and how many brownie points they have. Any seminarians caught dating girls not on the lists or on one of the lists forbidden to him will be campused for the rest of the year and will not be allowed to stay during the coffee and doughnut hour on Sundays (possible bad influences). It goes without saying that we will remain open to suggestions in this regard. If you want to date someone not on the lists, an appointment can be arranged for her, for interviews with Fr. Skystad, a psychological profile by Fr. Steiner, indoctrination by Fr. Denneker, and helpful hints from Fr. King. If the prospective date passes these tests and receives recommendations from all of the faculty members, she will be considered after a detailed (9 months) study of her home life and prior relationships. Once these formalities are completed, she will be put onto one of the lists and the seminarian may begin dating her immediately.

If there are any questions, comments, or criticisms concerning this or any of the other policies of the seminary I would like to see you in my office right after chapel.

I am
Devotedly yours in
Christ, Very Reverend
William Skystad, Dean
of the Northern Diocese
secretary of the
priest's senate
pastor of St.
Joseph's
parish
and

part-time rector of
Mater Cleri

THINK!

I remember, I remember perfectly the day he left us. He waved vigorously and he had a wide grin on his face. He told us he'd be back soon and that we were not to worry about him; that he would be alright and he'd write. He's my brother and he was 18 at the time. We were real close up until he left, but then nothing seemed to be the same. We got letters from him and we all wrote telling him how much we missed him and how we wished he'd come home. I sometimes wonder if all that we wrote him was true, because now that he's home I wish he wasn't. He's 21 now and it's not the same. We used to go to shows and talk about all kinds of things and play baseball together, but now we don't do any of that. Everything around here is so quiet now. Even the anticipation of his coming home is gone now that he's here. Now he's leaving again but he's not waving and the grin that was once was on his face is no longer there, because he no longer has a face. It was blown off when he went away. Now he's not leaving in a bus but rather a pine box. He was my brother, but he was your brother also. He wasn't just 18 or 21, he was any age you want him to be. Yes, I remember. I hope you do.

Love;
what CAN it do
for YOU?

People, they're the key to peace
They're the ones who can make hate and war cease,
They're the ones who are involved in mankind
But sometimes I wonder if they're not all blind.

I pledge allegiance to the flag
of the United States of America
and to the republic for which it
stands, one nation, under God,
indivisible, with liberty and
justice for all.

P B C B
A
W R
Which
WAY now?

We are individuals
Centered around the world,
And the world as a whole
is centered around us.

Love thy neighbor

Who is your
neighbor?

DO YOU
HAVE FAITH?
(Believe in
someone.)

It's reality, It's nothing new
If something is to be done, it's up to me and
you,
If we're not here to stop hate and war
Then what on earth are we here for?

PEACE, what does it mean? Does it mean
that you hate your neighbor? Does it
mean that if someone is a different color
than you that you turn your nose up to
them and ignore that they're even there?
Does it mean that wars are to rage all over
the world with thousands of men dying be-
cause of it? Does it mean that we should
just stand by while lives and loves are
lost daily because man can't get along with
his brothers? I don't think this is what
Peace means, what do you think?

UNCE Again to bring you life as it really is:

ANOTHER SPECIAL SEVEN many heads make light heads

SC
PEJ

EMPTY SPACE FOR ANYONE TO WRITE IN.

STU: WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?

PUD: OH I KNOW THAT ONE! TO SEE HER CHILDREN

STU: NO, HER HOUSE IS ON FIRE & HER CHILDREN WILL BURN.

PUD: BOY, DID YOU BLOW THAT ONE!

STU: OH YEAH, I DID.

There are 114 ridges on a dime and 119 on a quarter. Moral: Rolling quarters wear out faster than dimes.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A SMOKEY BEAR!



EMER ESOTERIC CORNER:

CARPENTER PLAYED HIS PIPES SO WELL THAT ALL THE TREES AND ROCKS IN THE FOREST TRIED TO FOLLOW HIM

POPCORN

B. ODERANT LICE BOY SOAP

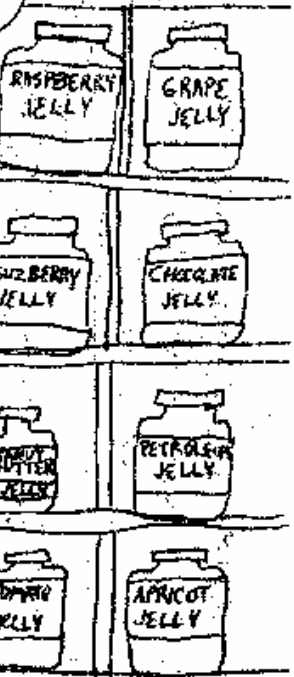
SAWDUST

JUDGE CRATER WILL RETURN ON AUG 6 1987, and it will be too late.

THIS IS BEAR PILE WATCH OUT FOR IT!

MONSTA

BUG has done it again. Here he is knocking all the popcorn out of a bar of soap (& taking up most of the SIC PEG, too, the pig!)



Answer to riddle at bottom of page

The Grain

Joke of the week:

Two martians came in a spaceship & landed in a man's back yard. After getting out, they walked up to the door & knocked until the man answered. Martians: We came from the UFO. Man: I already gave at the office.

2nd. Adequate:

Timmy: My brother swallowed a dime.
 David: My brother swallowed a nickel.
 Jim: My brother swallowed a quarter but it was Canadian so it came back out.

SOME OF THOSE PANMAN- PLEASE QUICK CHANGE ARTISTS

A man with 5 watches
 says: I have 5 watches.
 A man with 10 watches
 says: I have 10 watches.
 A man with 15 watches
 says: I have 15 watches.
 A man with 20 watches
 says: I have 20 watches.
 A man with 25 watches
 says: I have 25 watches.
 A man with 30 watches
 says: I have 30 watches.
 A man with 35 watches
 says: I have 35 watches.
 A man with 40 watches
 says: I have 40 watches.
 A man with 45 watches
 says: I have 45 watches.
 A man with 50 watches
 says: I have 50 watches.
 A man with 55 watches
 says: I have 55 watches.
 A man with 60 watches
 says: I have 60 watches.
 A man with 65 watches
 says: I have 65 watches.
 A man with 70 watches
 says: I have 70 watches.
 A man with 75 watches
 says: I have 75 watches.
 A man with 80 watches
 says: I have 80 watches.
 A man with 85 watches
 says: I have 85 watches.
 A man with 90 watches
 says: I have 90 watches.
 A man with 95 watches
 says: I have 95 watches.
 A man with 100 watches
 says: I have 100 watches.



We the editors of the Sniffer would sincerely like to thank all those who contributed to the paper. It is for your enjoyment and a way for you to express yourself in some way. If we are offensive to anyone we would like to know. We are seriously thinking about continuing the paper next year, but we need your support and help. Your thoughts would be greatly appreciated. Please tell us what you think of our work and it will be a great help to us.

Thanks

Armando Guzman	Steve Nolan
Doug Zimmer	Randy Chapman
Pete Van Tuyl	Joe Wilson

And all the contributors to the paper.

FUN - 14

An Open Letter to a Vocations Director

Dear Sir,

I am a catholic. I have attended Saint Hedgewick's grade school for ten years now and I don't know what to do. I am normally an all-catholic boy...but well, I've got my problems, if you know what I mean.

My eighth grade class is different from me so I figure that I'm kind of special--in the good all-catholic sense. Anyway, I have devotedly thought of occupations, or as we catholics call them, vocations, that really and truly entertain me, but sir, I have failed. So I thought that the seminaries definitely has something to give me, if you know what I mean. Again, I've got my problems.

I was a straight "A" student until third grade (but you know how teachers are once you're in third grade). My grades now are good and I'm thinking of becoming an astronaut as well as a priest, after all, I've got to have something to do that is somewhat exciting. Anyway, as I was saying, my grades are good enough for me to be an astronaut, so I figure I can be a priest just as well.

I figured you'd want to know what how religious I am, again I am a catholic and so that clears everything up. Also, you might be interested in knowing that I have memorized the entire Baltimore Catechism---both forwards and backwards. My teacher (a nun) was good, but she died of old age last year. I attended her funeral which emphasizes even more my maturity and dedication to the life of our lord and savior, Jesus Christ.

Your Buddy,
O.K. Fynn

1. Love her maddy- Kevin Wolf
2. Love Story- John Griener
3. Ode to a dentist ass.- Joe Wilson
4. The King of Glory- Fr. Stiener
5. Its a long rode to freedom- Tom Robinson
6. Of my hands- Mrs. Perry
7. Said the Lord- Fr. Skylstad
8. Lets get together- Terry Orisly
9. What so ever you do- Kevin Wolf
10. He aint heavy- Dave Guffin
11. Hair- Chris Griener
12. If I had a hammer- Barry Paul Redshaw
13. Mickey Mouse Theme- Fr. Skylstad
14. Kids in the sand box- Joe Wilson

TUNE IN
NEXT YEAR.

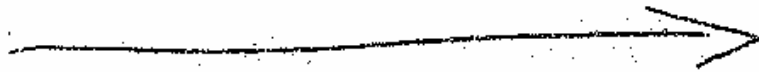
LAM BLANDERS
ANS.
FLUSTERED

Dear Flustered,

It seems that your problem is going down hill, so I suggest that next time you hang your costume in above the toilet fill your pockets with corks....

HAVE A

NICE - Summer -



and as you go about, always
keep these words of wisdom
in your heart.

ALMA MATER II

(to tune of; "On Wisconsin")

Mater Cleri Seminary

Busy all the time;

First the (dread, fault, frown)

And then the fight

And then resort to dynamite

O, but mister,

Who resists the showers but the frosh

On till the kitchen finally kills us all off.