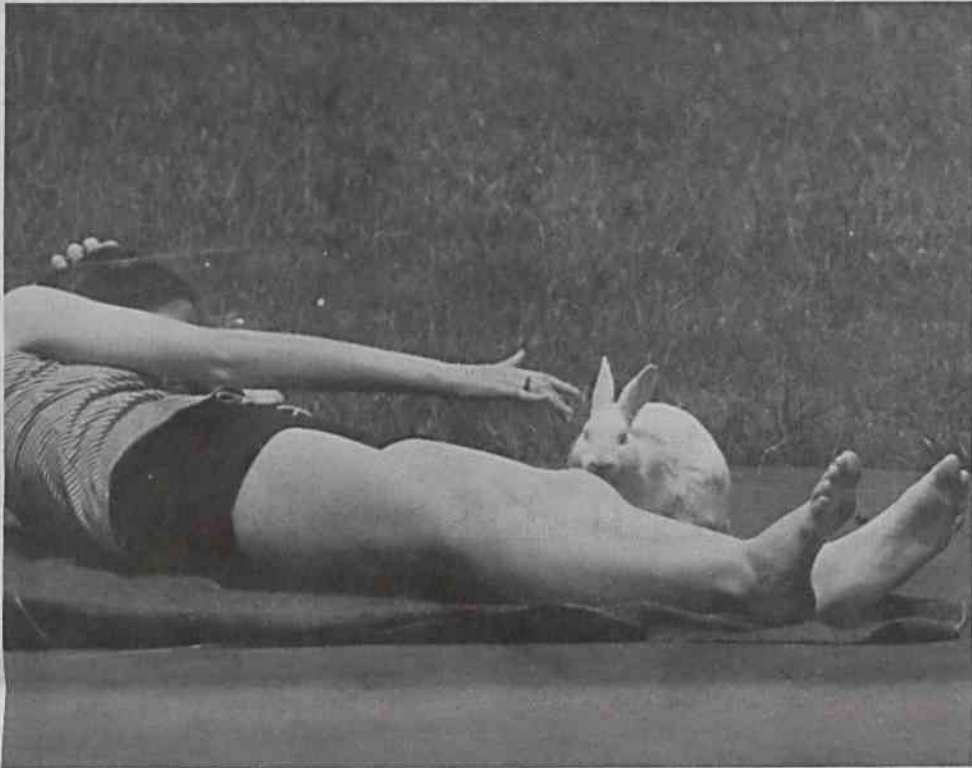


the

RIDGERUNNER*don't forget to get your funnel at the RR office!***FLASH!! MURDOCH BUYS RR;
INSIDIOUS PLOT REVEALED!***Photo by Gene Jones***MES Wilderness Work-out Beared!**

This year's Middle Earth Society (MES), in addition to their "Municipal Splelunking" experience, is offering some interesting side lines to students with varied tastes.

The MES Outdoor Workout is one such offering. It emphasizes the "back to nature" philosophy that is so dear to the American culture (and a few others besides)—the wilderness experience.

Prior to the field proids (which vary from 10 day backpacking episodes to a two-week canoe trip, which teaches balance in the white rapids), the students read independently various classics which bear

on the wilderness experience. The readings emphasize the techniques of the Indian and mountain men, and concentrates on the methods of the wild trappers and fur traders.

In the natural setting, discussions of the readings arise spontaneously on the trail, alongside a mountain stream, or by the evening campfire. The Wilderness Work-out has attracted students from regions near the dorm areas and the student center.

Applicants are accepted on a first-come first-served basis, and a minimum of experience is required.

**ESCAPES
INJURY****Head Put to Use**

A Maintenance electrician narrowly escaped injury last week when he fell from a turning ladder while holding a light bulb, to replace one of the ten that have burned out in the Lipinsky Student Center.

The electrician was reported to have landed on his head, so that no vital organs were damaged. He is now taking two consecutive coffee breaks for his recuperation period, and should be back on the job for the next fall semester.

When contacted for comment, the electrician stated, "Duh, I didn't know you were supposed to oil the wheels instead of the floor." He also stated that more men are needed to help in turning the ladders, and some more to hold nets for future falls.

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The Australian publishing magnate Murdoch has gained a controlling share of *the Ridgerunner* by deviously plotting with the Business Manager to control the ad revenue. Greatly upset, the loyal staff of Ramona Griffin held a late night meeting to discuss future plans on how to change their writing styles rather than give up their lucrative positions. Ms. Griffin has disappeared and no one knows where she is. It is rumored that she was stuffed into the closet behind the piano in the Coffeehouse.

Murdoch found out about *the Ridgerunner* via a staff member who is shorter than 5'7" and weighs less than 130 pounds, and who was carried to Australia by a Big Hairy Bat. The staff member, under duress, confessed that the legendary *Ridgerunner* did indeed exist and was located at UNC-A. He also requested political asylum.

**BEWARE!
NARSISIST
LOOSE**

Students of UNC-A, beware!!! There is an insidious plot to undermine the credibility of all Student organizations on Campus. I am referring to the deranged and basically narcissistic plot to have the Ramona Griffin Fan Club recognized by the UNC-A SG. While this organization might give direction to those left wandering aimlessly by the disbanding of the Order of the Funnel, I personally feel it to be the creation of a sick and twisted mind, though I know I had nothing to do with it.

What do I mean by sick and twisted? Consider the initiation rites. First, the prospective members are required to display their adoration of Ms. Griffin by parading around campus en masse with funnels tied over their noses. Bizarre, eh? Well, it gets worse. Every hour, all prospective members must bow in the direction of *the Ridgerunner* office fill their funnels with dirt, and then dribble the dirt all over campus (obviously symbolizing *Ridgerunner* preparation and distribution). Each candidate for membership is also required to greet each person encountered during their rounds of campus with a stirring salute, both hands wiped across the tip of the funnel, and the chanted words: "Drip...Drip...Drip." And, as if these requirements were not demanding enough, each candidate must think of ten nice things to say about Ms. Griffin. No duplications are to be permitted among the candidates. Talk about grueling.

Even though the initiation ritual is highly unusual, perhaps I would not object to it so strongly had I not entered *the Ridgerunner* office one day last week and encountered Ms. Griffin reciting "How Do I Love Thee?" to a full length mirror, while 30 be-funneled neophytes huddled at her

The Chancellor was reported to be in seclusion, and is considering how to get Murdoch enrolled. The faculty is wondering if this means that a method will be sought whereby to control the University system, and are now figuring out how to declare dual citizenships. Accusations are flying, in which some are charged with tampering with ballots in order to insure that their citizenships are supported by the AAUP (Associated *'s of Univ. Profs.).

The Student Government has recovered quickly and will immediately implement Plan 101.11, How to Become Associate Members of the Press, Or At Least Be Known As Sympathesizers. Maintenance, reacting the most radically, has ordered the windows painted and the floor covered with a thick layer of scrap paper. The *Summit* has reserved a 16 page section for photos and mug shots of the infamous Murdoch.

**Short
People
face
perils**

Short people, beware.

You may have heard about the Big Hairy Bat Hunters, an organization currently being formed on campus. You may have even been asked to join. If you are contemplating membership, however, there is something which you should consider seriously: Personal risk.

In a recent study conducted by a noted Zoological Biologist, the late Dr. Ignatius L. Rymoreson, formerly of the St. Louis Zoo, it was revealed that big hairy bats are very big indeed. They grow up to twenty feet in length and have a wing-span in excess of 30 feet. Though they grow to these phenomenal sizes, they are hollow-boned and can only lift objects under one hundred and thirty pounds in weight. The short length of their grasping hind legs also prevents them from siezing anything over five feet seven inches in height. It was discovered by the late Dr. Rymoreson that the big hairy bats are carnivorous, and have exceedingly hostile reactions to being hunted or stalked. Dr. Rymoreson discovered this little known fact while he was attempting to capture a specimen for laboratory study. Being only 5 feet in height and 120 pounds in weight, the doctor made an excellent target for his intended specimen and (it is hoped) an excellent meal as well. Dr. Rymoreson's discovery has been recorded for science by his field assistant, John McCormick, a former professional basketball center.

So if you are under five feet seven, weigh less than one hundred and thirty, and are not a particularly good shot, be forewarned. You might be asked to dinner one night by a big hairy bat with no Rymoreson.

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