

During the Orientation exercises year, one of the most asked questions I heard was "What kinds of clubs do they have here?" Having studied my material well (done my homework, if you will), I went about the chore of telling them that we had clubs for Psychology majors (known as B.O.N.K.E.R.S), Drama majors (C.A.S.T.P.A.R.T.Y.), Philosophy majors (H.Y.P.O.T.H.E.S.I.S.), English majors (H.Y.P.E.R.B.O.L.E.), Pre-med majors (H.Y.P.O.D.E.R.M.I.C), Literature majors (B.O.O.K.W.O.R.M.), and Physical Education majors (J.O.C.K.S.T.R.A.P.). The musicians on campus got together to form a club called O.C.T.A.V.E., while the artists formed E.A.S.E.L. The students who have a Grade Point Average in the area of three-and-a-half have their own little bunch they call E.G.G.H.E.A.D., while the members of the muck-rakers basketball team have their own off-court group called S.W.E.A.T.S.O.X. Then I told them to try to avoid becoming a Foreign Language major if they could possibly help it; especially if they were on a diet, because the French, Spanish and German clubs are named C.R.E.P.E., T.A.C.O. and S.T.R.U.D.E.L. I knew that Dr. N. D. Penance would never forgive me if I didn't mention the History Department's club, D.A.T.E.N.U.T.S. And of course, how could I go without mentioning my own group -- S.L.A.C.C.: the Society for the Limitation and Cancellation of Classes.

I found out a few weeks later that there was one group that I'd neglected to mention. Well, I hadn't

You are new at the University of North Carolina at Asheville. Many of you will grow old here. You will like it for about a week. This feeling will blossom into a more mature feeling which will be deeply entrenched in your heart. A passionate craving to burn. Do not confuse the warm feeling you get in your chest when that special someone walks by with the feeling you will have in your heart for UNC-A. If you eat here the feeling in your heart is heartburn.

Getting gas at UNC-A is common. Passing gas at UNC-A is a privilege reserved for tenured faculty and higher-ranking administration. Your first class here will be the most memorable of all the classes you will ever take. You will find that as time goes on it will be increasingly difficult to remember your classes. This is called senior senility and is brought on by excessive and sometimes lethal doses of free beer.

You read *Brave New World* in your junior year in high school. UNC-A's *soma* is produced at Schlitz breweries. Here at UNC-A, there are no Alphas. There are three Betas and four Deltas. The rest are Epsilons. The identity of the seven who are not Epsilons is being withheld pending their transfer to Cecil's Business College.

You have heard about collegiate sex. It is in the movies a lot. It is a lie. Your sex life will not improve unless you take Biology 169, taught by the professor known across campus for his lewd and immoral advances to a Leitz stereo microscope. Severny-two percent of those who finish this class get into leather. The rest get into graduate school. Those who drop out or fail lead healthy and normal lives.

Some of you will get involved with Student Government. Some will get involved with the radio station. Some will get involved with our little paper. Some of you will get involved with drugs and spend the rest of your lives in jail being beaten with leather by the seventy-two percent of the graduates of Biology 169. Then you will die and go to your reward. If you want to write you had best take asbestos postcards.

UNC-A is the most important school in the world. I go here. *Mark West* and *Darrell Parker* go here. *Ben Hyde* used to go here. *Sir Isaac Newton*, *Richard Nixon*, *Harry S. Truman*, *Frederich Nietzsche*, *Adolf Hitler*, *Francisco Franco*, *Torquemada the Inquisitor*, *John Travolta* and *Susan B. Anthony* did not. They all went to their toasty reward years ago and nobody cared.

If you read this article to the very conclusion, you have one important thing to learn in the next four years. Instead of wasting your time and ruining your eyes reading this garbage, you could read something intellectually inspiring and stimulating like Shakespeare. Or Milton. Or Dante of Dryden or Spencer or Coleridge. But not me. Otherwise you may leave this institution as stupid and ignorant as you are right now.

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exactly neglected it; the darn thing just formed out of the blue one morning.

We all know that few of us are really worth our weight in notebooks until we have that first cup of coffee in the morning. With this in mind, a small group of students began to congregate every morning in a corner of the cafeteria just a few yards south of the SLACC corner. It began with just three people, then to seven, then to thirteen, then to eighteen and finally (counting the branch office we had to open) to twenty-one. If it sounds like a bit of a crowd, you're right. It's even more of a crowd when you consider the fact that our little table was made to seat eight. To find enough room for such a crowd was one thing; naming it was another.

At first, we thought about calling it S.L.A.C.C. II in order to avoid thinking up a new acronym. But with two members of H.Y.P.E.R.B.O.L.E. in the crowd, the idea went flat quickly.

Cindy Syntax suggested calling it the "Every Morning Coffee Club and Ecumenical Council of Non-Academic Thinking." Fine, but somehow I couldn't picture E.M.C.C.E.C.N.A.T. splashed across a T-Shirt. It took the talents of Samantha Simile to come up with a more appropriate name.

"Well, as we are students of Muck University, and as we are all very studious people, why not call ourselves 'Muck University's Non-

Collegiate Hierarchy of Intellectually Efficient Students?" A broad smile broke out on Sam's face as she pronounced the acronym- "Or M.U.N.C.H.I.E.S."

There was a sudden dismissal to the Snack Bar and in the ensuing celebration over the christening, the newly-named M.U.N.C.H.I.E.S. con-

sumed 63 cups of coffee, 75 donuts, 23 Danish, 42 eggs, 39 pieces of toast with an equal number of bacon strips, 12 pounds of grits, 112 biscuits and a gallon and a half of Orange Juice.

So for all of those who are still looking for somplace to go after high school or are just looking for a good time, remember: UCLA has the

Notre Dame has the Fighting Irish and North Carolina State has the Wolf-pack. But ask any student of Muck U what we have and he or she will proudly square their shoulders and tell you: "What do we have? We have (Burp!) the M.U.N.C.H.I.E.S!"

Mike Seton
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KARL MARX

FROM EACH
ACCORDING TO
HIS ABILITIES,
TO EACH
ACCORDING TO
HIS NEEDS... BURP..