

NEWSLETTER MAKES HEADLINES

Now what the hell is this thing anyway, huh? Junk mail? A Teamsters' bulletin? A Children of God plea? More from the Young Socialist Alliance? You decide. This is your very own newsletter - you can write it, read it, and/or use it for litter in your kitty box. Whatever creature this thing becomes, what its life span will be, what psycho-socio-religio-ethno-politico-techno-loco influence it will yield depends entirely on you, about sixty other folks, and innumerable cosmic happenings beyond anyone's control, like the death of the sun.

You too can be a parent (apparent?). The newsletter is still in its babyhood. You can name it, feed it, discipline it, even change it when it gets dirty or starts to poop-out.

Unlike most modern developments, the idea for a newsletter did not evolve after years of study. Here's how it got hatched:

Once upon a time, in the vicinity of South Minneapolis, someone - who knows who? Probably a former B-string yearbook writer - squeezed out the idea: "Hey guys and gals, let's play noozpaper. Let's say everyone gets to write whatever they want. Let's say everyone can have their own columns if they want 'em, just like Barbara Flanagan or Don Riley. Let's say everyone gets to write as much as they want - a whole bunch or just a little bit - depending on their energy level, time commitment, and race, creed, or color. They can put in recipes, letters, jokes, invitations to parties, ads, opinions, even real reports. We can have by-lines and collect dues. Hey waddya say? We've got the first Amendment; let's not waste it. 'C'mon, waddya say?"

Those inspiring words spilled the ink and got the presses cranking for this pilot issue.

For a floating community like ours, a newsletter could be a good way to keep in touch, especially with the deserters who now skulk along the beaches of the West Coast. A newsletter could also provide an opportunity to muckrake, gossip, lampoon, test out ideas, dump opinions, clear the air, praise the Almighty, or damn the government. If you have multiple personalities, you can give them all expression for once; Besides weak attempts at humor. There's room for serious things too - open letters, announcements, essays, etc. Yes, a newsletter can serve some real functions: each issue can be made into a paper airplane or a spy glass. You decide.

Seriously, if you want to get your two cents worth in, and if you don't want to be a

nerd brain, get your \$2.00 in.* Either give your money to Mick Ripperger in person, or if that would be too traumatic, you can send it to him (see the address list). Also, if you've got anything at all that you want to contribute to the newsletter, pass it along to Nick.

*The money will be used for printing and mailing costs. If any money remains after paying for the cost of the newsletter, we guarantee we will use it to buy political favors.

NAME THE NEWSLETTER

Ringo Starr, drummer for the now immortal Beatles and teenage idol for more than a decade, would not believe it.

A Scandinavian city in one of the Northern-most United States chose his name to head their evening Chronicle.

The Minneapolis Star (second r dropped in memorial of the Beatles break-up) realized the importance of choosing a name for their newspaper. The editors of this newsletter, likewise, realize the importance in choosing a title. It is therefore, with total disregard for tradition and journalistic responsibility, that this task has been reserved for you, the reader.

In what will undoubtedly be recorded as journalism's most tragic hour, the naming of this newsletter has been relegated to a contest. The rules of which are listed below:

1. Interested contestants must fill out the entry blank below and mail it to the address given.
2. Judges will draw the winning entry from a hat.
3. If, in the opinion of the judges, the first entry chosen is unsuitable, the judges will continue to draw entries until they come across one they like.
4. Winning contestants will receive notoriety.
5. If no entries are received, all subscribers will be severely reprimanded in future issues and continue to be reprimanded until an entry is received.

The Rumor Mill

For too many years now, a beastly misconception has dogged Robert Sater. This unfounded belief, having infiltrated the minds of some of his closest associates, has bedeviled his reputation, bruised his morale, and brutally raped him of the dignified social standing he so richly deserves. Obviously, it has done nothing to help him cultivate the aristocratic tastes and more delicate civilities that befit a man of his advancing age and rank.

To what misconception do I refer?

I'll be direct. Because of certain physical characteristics - most noticeably, heavy fur-like tufts that bristle over the most prominent contours of his body, a distinct bulk in the limbs, a stout trunk, a lumbering gait, and (formerly) an ample, shall we say robust, paunch - also because of a surly, grizzly-like belligerence that manifests itself during heated debates; because of the otherwise Pooh-Bear gentleness that has endeared him to us; because of his brawny, full-bodied embraces, and his determined bearlike dance steps; because of his recurring attraction to the mountain wilderness ... because of all these traits, many have long held the belief that Bob Sater was suckled by a She-bear. As suggestive as certain characteristics may be, it is time to lie to rest the unfair and untrue rumor concerning Mr. Sater's infancy. It is time to lie to rest the falsehood that has led to sophomoric nick-names like "Cubby" and "The Bear", appellations that would make most grown men hide their faces in shame. Such names are for house pets and stuffed animals, not men of Sater's status. The cruel misconception has menaced our man too many years. Working, as it does, continually on his impressionable mind, shortly Mr. Sater himself will suspect he has a more than casual link with Ursinus Americanus. The bear-baiting must stop!

Fortunately, it will, for we can at this moment finally lay to rest the pernicious rumor. Informed sources are prepared to reveal that Bob Sater was definitely not suckled by a She-bear. He was suckled by a buffalo.

And remember - Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Clause.

I suggest we name the newsletter:

Tear out this coupon and mail to:

NEWSLETTER
2443 Pillsbury Ave. So.
Apt. #26
Mpls. Minn. 55404

THE BERNIE WENKER LEGEND

"Hi, I'm Bernie. Just call me Bern."

A huge meat-hook of a hand extends itself toward you. Your gaze rises to meet the steely blue eyes of "The Swede". His face is tanned and healthy, bearing the unmistakable stamp of Southern California.

"Say, aren't you ... Bernie Wenker?" You can hardly believe it. Here's the man you've heard so much about, standing right in front of you.

The corners of his mouth twitch upward in the patented Wenker smirk. "Yeah, that's me all right."

Bernie Wenker was born in a confessional in St. Stanislaus Catholic Church in Moss Falls, Minnesota, in 1950. To his family's dismay, that's the closest he's gotten to a church since. Bernie did, however, develop an interest in athletics at an early age, which pleased his father greatly. Old Man Wenker tried out for the Twins when they came here from Washington in '61. While not in the market for a 45 year old pitcher, Calvin Griffith did like the old man's style and competitive spirit; he hired Bernie's dad on the spot to be chief beer concessionaire.

"If there's one thing I've taught my kids, it's how to pour a perfect glass of beer every time," Old Man Wenker is fond of saying.

As Bernie grew up, his skill in sports began to catch up with his interest in them. By the time he was seven, he could run 20 miles, throw a football 100 yards, and stay afloat for over half an hour. By the time he was in high school, Bernie was a good enough athlete to lead the Greater St. Cloud Parish League in every sport and event in which he participated. He was voted the Moss Falls High Most Valuable Player his sophomore and senior years. He didn't win the honor as a junior due to the fact that he had a girlfriend.

The two years following Bernie's graduation from high school, are referred to as the Hidden Years. It is known that he attended the University of Minnesota, Morris. Some say he spent these two years studying. Some even say that he had another girlfriend (or maybe the same old one). The only thing that is known for certain is that Bernie once went out and stood in front of the cafeteria door at 3:00 a.m. because someone set his alarm to go off four hours early. Bernie has not trusted anyone since then.

After Bernie "found himself" some time during his sophomore year, he was ready for the Free Scouts. From the start, he was a trend setter, whether it was rock climbing, camping, or taking flag football seriously. He worked hard and played hard, and took shit from no one. It was during this early Free Scout period that Bernie began to acquire nicknames as easily as the rest of us acquired broken hearts. "Bern," "Big Bern," "Boint Out," "The Big Swede," "Strink," "Strenker," "Strenker" - all these names would get Bernie's attention.

He acquired "Strenker," and its variants "Strink" and "Strenk" at a party at Bob Sater, Jim Ramsey, and Jim Shekelton's apartment. Bernie, thinking that the party was a costume party, came dressed as a construction worker - complete with hard hat and flashlight. During the course of the party Bernie became more and more intoxicated, and soon was "flashing" people. He would go up to someone, flash his light in their face, and demand to know their name. Finally, he did this to a short, buxom woman sitting by herself in a corner. "Polly Strege" was her answer to his questioning of her identify. A smile played at the corner of Bernie's lips. He flashed his light on a person sitting watching T.V.

"Bob Strater," said Bernie. The light played around the room, coming to rest on a man standing in the center of the room, muttering Spanish to himself.

"Jim Strekelton," said Bernie.

Bernie singled out others. "Jim Stramsay," he said. "Nick Stripperger."

Finally, the light came to rest on Bernie himself. "Bernie Strenker," he said, with a triumphant smile. Polly, the woman Bernie had been addressing, burst into tears and ran from the room.

There are a hundred more stories that typify Bernie Wenker, but none probably gives the essence of the man more than that of his college graduation.

Jack Imholte, Provost of Morris, was handing out the diplomas at the ceremony. Each student's name, major, and home town were announced. Finally it was Bernie's turn for glory.

"Bernard Wenker, Biology, Moss Falls, Minnesota."

Bernie strode across the stage, stuck out his big paw of a hand, looked Imholte in the eye, and said, "Thanks, Jack. It's the least you could do for me."

Northern Lights

All of us have seen the northern lights at one time or another. And, depending on how drunk we were at the time, we may have wondered what caused them, these draperies of green and white writhing across the northern sky. I've had a vague idea what the "aurora borealis" was ever since sixth grade science, but I recently decided to refresh my memory.

According to the theories the northern lights occur when charged particles streaming from the sun are captured by the earth's magnetic field and are funneled toward the magnetic poles. The north and south magnetic poles, incidently, are not the same as the geographic poles. The north magnetic pole is in north-west Greenland - that's why compasses don't point exactly north.

The particles being drawn toward the poles consist primarily of protons. Remember high school physics? An atom was made up of basically three things: protons, neutrons, and electrons. The protons were positively charged, the electrons were negatively charged, and the neutrons had no charge. Remember also what the simplest element was? It's hydrogen, consisting of one proton and one electron.

When the protons streaming in from the sun combine with electrons in the earth's atmosphere, hydrogen is formed and light is radiated. The result is similar to the light in a cathode ray tube, or something much more common - a neon sign. There you have the northern lights.

Here are some interesting facts about the northern lights: the ribbons and streams of light we see have actual physical dimensions, usually being at least 800 feet thick, and stretching for 1200 miles or more. They never actually touch the ground although they arch toward it. The aurora normally stops about 60 miles from the earth's surface. The base of the aurora is visible for a distance of 600 miles or so until the curvature of the earth hides it. Also, the auroras occur around the south magnetic pole as well as the north, and occur most frequently and most prominently during sunspot activity and disturbances in the earth's magnetic field. As to their brightness, on the average the northern lights increase the illumination of the night ten times; short bursts of intensity can make the sky 100 times brighter.

Next issue: Stars.

poetry

dedicated to Bob Sater

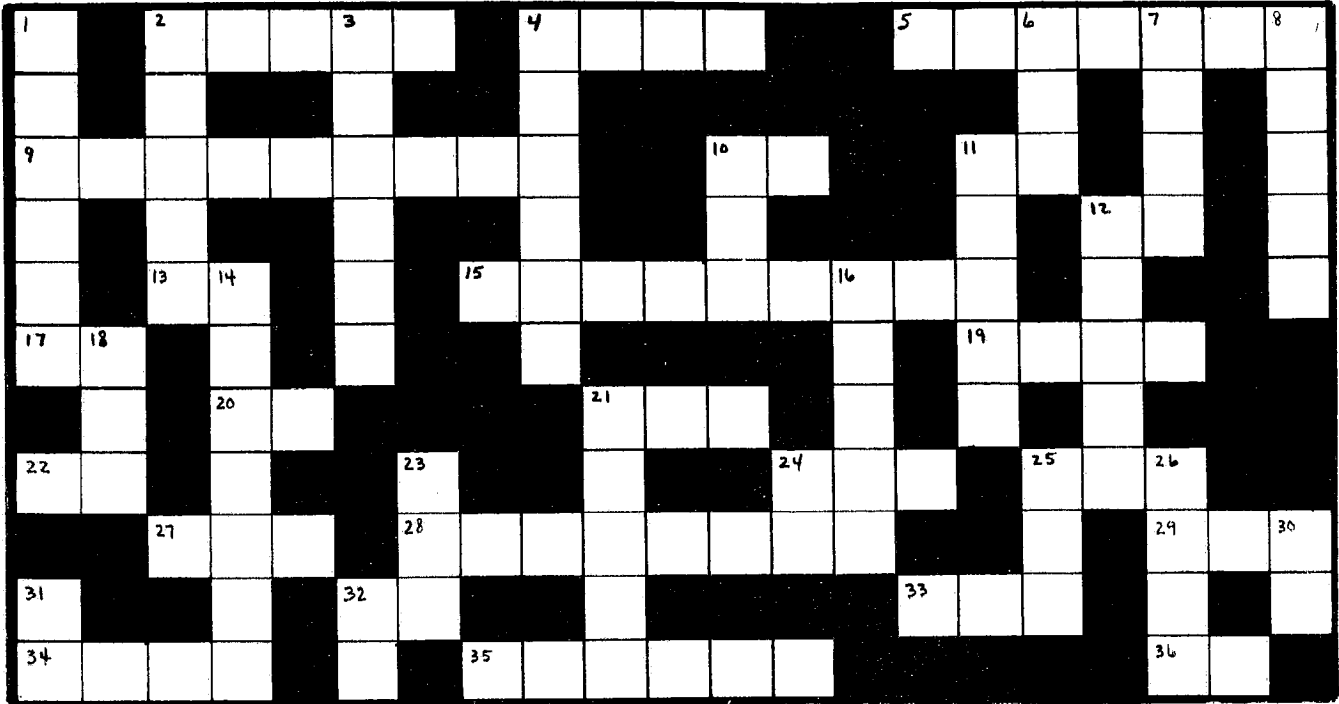
The old man farts in his last snowstorm.
A sudden explosion,
the howling wind.

That mustache is like an awning
covering a window.
that smile is still there too,
Showing might make it too hot inside,
though.

for just an instant
the leaping golden carp
notices both her reflection
and her nature.

You remind me of those stories of my childhood.
Neither those Grim brothers or Ovid
could pale your smile.
Susanah going to the water,
but her hair was much lighter
and the elders both elder
and more aggressive.

PUZZLE



ACROSS

2. Speech Pathologist (available to those plagued with that career shift stutter).
4. One will be the Director of the Golden Brew Retirement Farm, the other will be in charge of activities there (like geri-jarts, bingo lessons, 12 bounce wheelchair volleyball).
5. Patches, our darling, in Rochester-town.
9. Last saw his face in 1969.
10. Teaching Onamia children about life.
11. One is off to look for America, one is off to look for a new bowling technique, and one is still looking for his way out of Cyrus. (All have the same initials)
12. A root beer stand, one often frequented by MFS softball players.
13. First woman to receive the coveted Sieve Award.
15. Oregon Sadness Representative, Chapter President, and only member.
17. UMM is located somewhere _____ of Hancock (direction, abbr.).
19. Social worker and long time Cyrus resident. Winner of the Igloo award for being snowed in 14,023 times and never once breaking down and buying a snowmobile.
20. Wayne and Mary are MFS representatives and Sieve talent scouts in this state.
21. Synonymous with 9 across.
22. Stalked the dangerous and elusive Fossil out west this summer (initials).
24. Bowling for dollars until she and Rennie go into the Dial-A-Corilla business.
25. She can teach you the subtle techniques of air mattress floating; she is now working at a branch of UMM. (initials)

27. A Howard Cosell on Life; last MFS hold-out in Morris.
28. Still asking his students how they spent their summer vacation.
29. If you're _____, see 12 down. He will send you to 26 down.
32. Into acres and X-rays. (initials)
33. Tip Top _____.
34. Now that we formed a league, some of us are learning how to _____.
35. The Kirk Douglas of the Free Scouts, he can help you develop Sieve services at any of your work sites.
36. Works at St. Kate's in Graphic Arts, sometimes known as "Shee-Shee" (ask 34 across). (Initials)

DOWN

1. First person to program a computer to get high.
2. The Original Sieve.
3. Defected to Wisconsin to lead college students astray.
4. Former Moss Falls resident goes Hollywood (almost).
6. Where we spent our formative years (most of us).
7. Now sharing an insurance policy with Nick.
8. You can view his artistry on any major highway or parking lot, he winters as an Anthropology student in St. Paul. Ask Pat Harty if she still recognizes him (he was gone alot this summer).
10. Studying the fine print on how to be an attorney and a sieve at the same time, and still do a good job at both.
11. Ms. MTC and new home owner.
12. Steve _____, M.D. (Practicing in Colorado. As soon as he's had enough practice, they might let him come back to Minnesota).
14. Brand new little free scout, _____ Liam Moore.
16. Didn't want his friends to embarrass him, so he tried to escape his own birthday party.
18. Cubby didn't want anyone to know that he was 30 years _____.
21. What every free scout aspires to be. (January is coming soon, folks, so be sure you qualify).
23. Our Talking Blues Man. (Initials)
24. I want to _____ just like Hoppe.
25. Finnish Jazz Man.
26. Sold enough pills to buy a house.
30. Second youngest free scout, hangs around with Jim and Barb Moore. (initials)
31. Carpenter/cabinet-maker in Morris. Some know her as "Carrot." (initials)
32. The State most of you live in (no, not high).

For a newsletter subscription send \$2.00 to: NEWSLETTER
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Mpls. Minn. 55404

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Rodger & Marcia

ASK AUNT ARTIC

Aunt Artic is a free-lance Columnist who is widely read in the area from 38th Street to a few blocks north of Lake Street.

Dear Aunt Artic,
Last night my husband Jerry, really lowered the boom on me. He told me he'd been seeing another woman for the past 14 months. He really complicated things by telling me that he still loves me and that it's all over with the other woman. He tells me that he wants to start over with a clean slate if only I'll forgive him and let him have a second chance. I just don't know what the heck to do.

Perplexed

Dear Perplexed,
Don't you listen to that "please forgive me" bologna. You drop that two-timer like a hot potato and do it now.
Tomorrow, when he goes to work, you pack your bags and get out of that place. Call your lawyer and tell him to start divorce proceedings as soon as he can.
But, remember, the first thing to do is get away from that rat, pronto ... or maybe you should stay. I don't know, it's a tough problem.

Dear Aunt Artic,
Please help me with my problem. I guess I shouldn't really say it's a problem because these two guys I know, really like me alot. I just can't decide which one to go steady with.
Larry comes from a real wealthy family and he's got more money than I ever knew existed. The problem is that he's really a cheapskate. I mean, I tell him that I'd like to go out for dinner and he takes me to Burger King. If that's not bad enough, he makes me pay for half the gas we use.
Then there's Brian, his family's never had any money and the only money he has is what he earns working at the grocery store one night a week. But Brian treats me like a queen. I swear he spends every last dime he earns buying me flowers and taking me nice places.
I just don't know which guy to choose. Can you help me?

Torn

Dear Torn,
You just have to remember what my great grandmother Artic used to say, "It's not how much they have, it's what they do with it that counts."

Confidential to: In a pickle, Outa Luck.

Don't worry about a thing. I had a girlfriend in Worthington who had the same crazy accident. She did absolutely nothing about it. She didn't even see a doctor. It's been two years now and she hasn't had any problems. As a matter of fact, she's found that its had a prophylactic effect.

Rumor has it that Jay Fier's new boutique, "Frontier Threads," will open in Donnelly shortly after the close of the zucchini harvest. According to Jay, earflaps and bowling shoes will be musts for the winter fashion parade. Look out Bill Blass.

This question comes up time and time again: how did Paul Moore, the original, the perennial, No-where Man, ever find his niche? The Paul Moore of today, the up-and-coming (no pun intended) chef, the man of confidence, loyalties, and purpose certainly differs from the aimless, dead-end soul of yesterday. The Rumor Mill has probed into the question of Paul Moore's remarkable turn-around and has come up with a startling discovery: the present Paul Moore is an imposter.

The real Paul Moore, we've learned, never returned from his wanderings in Ireland. It is believed that he was gun-running for the IRA for a time. Subsequently, he became involved with other radical terrorist groups, and today, the real Paul Moore is a body guard for Yassir Arafat.

Some sources believe that the man impersonating Paul Moore is a Soviet agent and should be avoided at all costs. Will the real Paul Moore please stand up?



Don't buy the rumor that R. T. Johnson is building his own H-bomb. The reason he's been holed up in his subterranean hideaway has nothing to do with present fads.

Recently, over cocktails at Frog's, the musical Morrisite revealed that he is currently engaged full-time on a major new project. In his words, the project will be "immensely more important for the advance of Western Civilization than either nuclear fusion or the discovery of underarm deodorant."

The former MCUB impresario has confided that he is working on an elaborate new organ fugue. "It's so involved," he says, "Bach's music will sound like the MacDonald's jungle by comparison." He went on to say: "The piece is so complicated that I'll have to find a three-armed concert pianist or a pair of externally coordinated Siamese twins joined at the hips to play it." Good luck, Richard.

Kip Peltoniemi has not yet named his running mate for the 1980 presidential race. There are rumblings that he is considering either Dinah Shore or Pat Paulson for the number two position. Mr. Peltoniemi claims he's serious this time and won't be just another also-ran. When asked about measures he would take to combat the current economic crisis if elected, Peltoniemi responded: "The first step, and I've said it for years, will be to change the name of our country to Iran."



"QUOTES"

"I'm getting tired of looking forward to yesterday."
Dave Hoppe (circa 1974)

"You can meet me on the corner of Gin & Vermouth."
Jay Fier (1605)

"Non-conformists are getting harder and harder to tell apart."
Alfred E. Neuman (1968)

HOT FLASHES

I think it might be fun to organize a banquet, not for any special reason, just because eating good food together sounds like a healthy activity that could be enjoyable. Maybe I miss the prom?

We could all get dressed up formally or funnily, and then get together at a hotel or fancy restaurant for eats. Afterwards we could go out on the town. Sometime in the dead of winter might be a good time to do it. I'd like to hear what anyone else thinks about the idea.

PEDANT'S CORNER

Do you recall having to cram your brain full of all kinds of names, facts, axioms, and dates, because your teacher promised (threatened) such things would be useful "later in life?" Well, they weren't joshing, gang. "Later in life" is all around us, and the time has finally come to reach back into the recesses and retrieve some of those dust covered gems. Can you ace the following pop quiz? Answers will be in the next newsletter.

1. Math: If a good ten-cent cigar cost 35 cents, how many cigars can Groucho buy with his life savings if he has twice the amount of the life savings of Harpo, whose life savings are in turn 15% greater than the sum of Chico's and Zeppo's life savings, which together are worth three hundred dollars more than the current value of 17 good ten-cent cigars? Show your work.
2. Math: What is a rhombus? How do you find the area of a rhombus?
3. English: Explain the difference between a clause and a phrase.
4. English: Diagram the following sentence: Forking down foreign goods, the portly politician patted his paunches politely.
5. What is the correct usage of the word presently? Differentiate it from currently.
6. History: Who invented the cotton gin?
7. History: In what year did Martin Luther post his ninety-five theses on the door of the castle church at Wittenburg?
8. History: In what year was Rome sacked?
9. History: Rome was first sacked by:
 - (a) The Vandals
 - (b) The Franks
 - (c) Alan Page
 - (d) The West Goths
 - (e) The East Cretins
10. History: The Magna Carta was:
 - (a) a large vehicle for carrying dung.
 - (b) a dynastic leader of the Huns.
 - (c) an elaborate robe worn by Thomas Beckett.
 - (d) a French delicacy favored by Louis XIV.
 - (e) none of the above.
11. Biology: Explain the functional difference between xylem and phloem tubes.
12. Biology: What is meiosis?
13. Biology: What is mitosis?
14. Health: What is halitosis?

HOPP'S FACTS The Sports Oracle

"If you don't have a score keeper, you don't have a winner."

Well, it looks like Minneapolis is going to get its bubble. Out of doors is out of fashion: No more fly balls soaring into blue skies; no more strong winds from center field; no more mud-caked linemen; no more sno-mobile suits and pints of brandy; no more rain-checks; no more tail gates; no more sun, wind, rain or snow.

We're shutting the elements out and caging the games in - into an air-forsaken bell jar. Where has stoicism, pride, toughness, and the all-American fighting spirit gone? Lost to room temperature and a crowd of anemic namby-pambies. For me, I'll hoist an ice cold bottle of reality before I'll suck on the milktoast of today's commercial sports scene. Big business, Big bucks and money-grubbing prima-donnas. Jock rot!

Give me the war horses of the past: the Lou Gehrigs, Red Granges, Bill Browns, and Harmon Killebrews. Give me hometown boys with big hearts and regular-sized wallets. Give me muddy cleats and cold benches. Give me real grass, real dirt, real clouds, and real stars (both kinds). Give me fluttering penants, honest air, and genuine blood, muscle and gut.

And when the legislature passes their next "special tax," let them take up a collection for something more important than a palatial play pen. Let them take up a fund for a new dumping ground, a place where we can throw away the old values and memories that tie every game, every base hit, every first down to a rich web of honest tradition.

One can't be too careful about baseball facts. It is not a fact that the Minnesota Twins arrived here in 1961. This careless statement occurs in the Bernie Wenker story. The fact is that the Minnesota Twins first arrived on the shores of Gitchy-goomey in 1960.

Question: Is it legal to throw two forward passes on a single play if the football does not cross the line of scrimmage until the second pass is thrown?

That question comes up year after year at Sunday football games. And, year after year, it has the same predictable consequences: play stops, players stomp, voices rise and tempers flare. Eventually after about fifteen minutes of crude negotiations, order is restored and play resumes. But the question squirts away like a loose ball. It isn't answered. Usually, the offensive team just takes the down over.

I think its time for the facts - the hard facts, the Hopp's facts.

The answer is NO. According to the NFL rulebook, only one forward pass can be thrown per play.

A modification of this rule is predated, though. If we abandon the NFL rulebook, Pat "Rubber Knees" Deutch assures

me that city touch leagues permit two forward passes on one play, provided the first pass is completed behind the line of scrimmage and the second pass is thrown from behind the line of scrimmage.

Nothin' But Blue Skies

Imagine that we stand on an ordinary seaside pier, and watch the waves rolling in and striking against the iron columns of the pier. Large waves pay very little attention to the columns - they divide right and left and reunite after passing each column, much as a regiment of soldiers would if a tree stood in their road; it is almost as though the columns had not been there. But the short waves and ripples find the columns of the pier a much more formidable obstacle. When the short waves impinge on the columns, they are reflected back and spread as new ripples in all directions. To use the technical term, they are "scattered." The obstacle provided by the iron columns hardly affects the long waves at all, but scatters the short ripples.

We have been watching a sort of working model of the way in which sunlight struggles through the earth's atmosphere. Between us on earth and outer space the atmosphere interposes innumerable obstacles in the form of molecules of air, tiny droplets of water, and small particles of dust. These are represented by the columns of the pier.

The waves of the sea represent the sunlight. We know that sunlight is a blend of many colors - as we can prove for ourselves by passing it through a prism, or even through a jug of water, or as nature demonstrates to use when she passes it through the raindrops of a summer shower and produces a rainbow. We also know that light consists of waves, and that the different colors of light are produced by waves of different lengths, red light by long waves and blue light by short waves. The mixture of waves which constitutes sunlight has to struggle past the columns of the pier. And these obstacles treat the light waves much as the columns of the pier treat the sea-waves. The long waves which constitute red light are hardly affected but the short waves which constitute blue light are scattered in all directions.

Thus the different constituents of sunlight are treated in different ways as they struggle through the earth's atmosphere. A wave of blue light may be scattered by a dust particle, and turned out of its course. After a time a second dust particle again turns it out of its course, and so on, until finally it enters our eyes by a path as zigzag as that of a flash of lightning. Consequently the blue waves of the sunlight enter our eyes from all directions. And that is why the sky looks blue.