

THE ROPE

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JOHN LILLEY STATUE COMPENSATES FOR PRESIDENT'S LACK OF CAMPUS ATTENDANCE



The proposed presidential statue, poorly Photoshopped.

In an effort to boost presidential attendance and strictly adhere to Vision 2012's eighth imperative -- place as many inanimate figures on campus as possible -- Baylor University is honoring current Baylor president John Lilley with a statue of his person.

"It started -- with a dream..." said Baylor vice dreamer John Barry. "I was lounging in my inflatable chair in my 'Bubble Room' when I thought, 'Barry baby, what can we do about this whole, 'Lilley's not a campus presence' conundrum?'"

Barry immediately removed himself from his inflatable chair and began plans for the erection of a John Lilley memorial.

"Statues have solved a majority of our campus problems," Dr. Douglas W. Crow, professor of German and sculptor-in-residence said (that's right- Baylor has invested so much time into statue creation that they have a 'sculptor-in-residence). "A lack of spirit, a lack of prominence, a lack of faith- all have been solved with the strategic placement of inanimate objects."

The John Lilley statue has served as an exceptional place holder for the

animated Lilley.

"Actually, if it wasn't for the fact that Lilley isn't actually entirely of bronze, I wouldn't be able to tell them apart," Lariat reporter and Dallas junior Regina Pear said. "Same scowl, same rigid demeanor, same zeal for campus politics. It's uncanny."

Crow said he believes this is the entire premise behind Vision 2012's 13 Imperative.

"Statues help identify our campus," Crow said. "A Jesus statue next to Truett Seminary; indifferent modern art statues next to the art building; a giant bear next to the SLC; an angel ghost statue next to Draper; Burleson at Burleson Quadrangle; Immortal Ten at Tradition Square; Baylor on Baylor campus. With the Lilley statue we can now point to it and say, 'That's our president.' And people will be able to say, 'Sure, I've seen our school's president- a pigeon was crapping on his shoulder last time I saw him.'

Katy freshman Theodore Snartletoober said he was at first ecstatic to finally see his university's president, but upon witnessing the memorial was largely disappointed.

Continued on page 3

PRESIDENT LILLEY SIGNS OFF ON CAMPUS HAZING RESEARCH GRANT

In a tragically comic turn of events last week, Baylor President John Lilley accidentally signed off on a new hazing research grant, allocating \$30,000 to members of KOT to be used in the study of "effective methods in the execution of harassment, abuse, or humiliation as they pertain to university hazing."

While most of campus is abuzz wondering how Lilley could accidentally sign a grant advocating hazing, Dr. Donald Schmeltekopf, who has nothing to do with anything, is hardly surprised.

"I rarely read through every page of

a proposal I was sent (when I was provost), and I signed off on a lot of grants ... If you get a proposal on a particularly busy day, you could sign off on something you weren't aware of."

He went on to clarify that he was also drinking a lot back then, especially at work. While John Lilley was unavailable



Donald Schmeltekopf-
Provost, alcoholic emeritus

Continued on page 3

AXO FOAM CRUSH UTTERLY DISAPPOINTING AFTER CHAPEL LEADER MAKES APPEARANCE

Last Thursday's AXO Annual Foam Crush came to an abrupt halt Wednesday afternoon after the new Chapel Leader, Burt Burleson, was discovered swimming amongst the suds.

Burleson reportedly showed up uninvited to the foam crush around 6:30 p.m., a half-hour after the event began, performed a few calisthenic stretches, and dove right into the fluffy goodness.

Emily Rogers, a Lorena Sophomore, was surprised as anyone to catch a glimpse of Burleson.

"I was just tossing some foam over my boyfriend Robby's head, when I saw a graying, bald head bobbing around," said Rogers. "The head then emerged from the foamy pile, gave me a polite greeting, and promptly submerged into the froth below."

After the encounter, Rogers and her boyfriend immediately took their leave, clearly disturbed by the incident.

Other crush attendees expressed similar dissatisfaction with Burleson's appearance at the sorority event.

"Well I showed up to the crush about an hour late and when I was walking up with my date, I saw everyone just staring at the foam pile with disgusted looks on their faces," said Katy senior Kelly Pinkerton. "When we saw a sudsy-covered figure walking around trying to make conversation to no avail, we knew something was amiss."

Despite the disappointing appearance, some members of the sorority agreed that things could've been substantially worse.

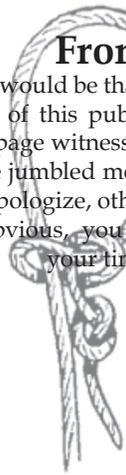
"No one at the crush was 'pleasantly surprised' by his arrival, especially after he asked us if we've had any enlightening experiences recently," said AXO President Katie Sampson. "I'm just glad we didn't go with our original crush idea, 'Jell-O Wrestling,' or it could've gone sour fast."



Dallas sophomores Catherine Huburth and Jenna Swenson were the only AXO's to enjoy Burleson's unplanned attendance.

Front Cover.

That would be that clever little item on the front of this publication, most likely the first page witnessed unless you picked up some jumbled mess of a paper. If you did we apologize, otherwise, that was blatantly obvious, you shouldn't have wasted your time reading this.



Current Material.

That's what you're reading write now, the Table of Contents. Go on, stop wasting time and skip to the relevant stuff you ignoramus.

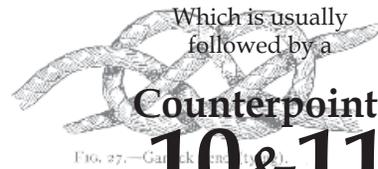
2&3

Point.

Which is usually followed by a

Counterpoint.

10&11



More things.

They're scattered about the page. Are you really wasting your time on the Table of Contents? If life has taught you anything, it should've taught you to skip this part.

1to12

Mr. PuZzle.

If you find him, tell him he really needs to eat something.

(Look right)



Really, this whole Table of Contents won't be much help to you unless you're going to count the pages to find that article you're looking for. You know the one. The one that wasn't not funny. I swear it's in here somewhere.

Good luck finding anything without page numbers.

?

Keko Muckity Muck! Keko Muckity Muck! Mene Mene Tinkel Upharsin! Satchel on Brother LongNoZe, Satch! BMMC! HRHGS! BSSS! JLRC! LHOOQ! Turkey Day draws near, a favorite time of the year. We'll eat and we'll eat and bask in good cheer. It's what we all need, a holiday break, especially after hearing Lilley made a horrible mistake. Don't you hate it when your campus rag is quick on its toes? And we're not addressing this fine paper from the Noblest of NoZe. A word of advice, all you Baylor Bears, use your time wisely, count all of your hairs. Count ceiling tiles and twiddle your thumbs, watch a lot of T.V. and sit on your bums. Because soon will arrive this year's dreaded end, it's getting too late- your grades probably won't mend. That was kind of a stretch, some times poets miss or catch, which rhymes with fetch, I'm a literary wretch. Setch? I mean, Satch? Perhaps a satchel!? Well then, how about a Saaatchelissimmooooooooooooooooo!!!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE ROPE

Keko Muckity Muck! Keko Muckity Muck! Mene Mene Tinkel Upharsin! Satchel on Brother LongNoZe, Satch! BMMC! HRHGS! BSSS! JLRC! LHOOQ! Turkey Day draws near, a favorite time of the year. We'll eat and we'll eat and bask in good cheer. It's what we all need, a holiday break, especially after hearing Lilley made a horrible mistake. Don't you hate it when your campus rag is quick on its toes? And we're not addressing this fine paper from the Noblest of NoZe. A word of advice, all you Baylor Bears, use your time wisely, count all of your hairs. Count ceiling tiles and twiddle your thumbs, watch a lot of T.V. and sit on your bums. Because soon will arrive this year's dreaded end, it's getting too late- your grades probably won't mend. That was kind of a stretch, some times poets miss or catch, which rhymes with fetch, I'm a literary wretch. Setch? I mean, Satch? Perhaps a satchel!? Well then, how about a Saaatchelissimmooooooooooooooooo!!!



FIG. 60.—Bow-line on hight.

11

A letter that was entirely ignored but then published. That's how the Rope rolls- we don't need to read it before we print it. The reading comes later.

FIJI letter to the editor.



FIG. 25.—Garrick bend (finished).

Because in order to get good grades your going to have to risk this more than once. Hell, I've almost died seven times since I first came to Baylor. Of course, I own a jet pack, so my life's a little more risky than your humdrum one.

Health tips. 6

5

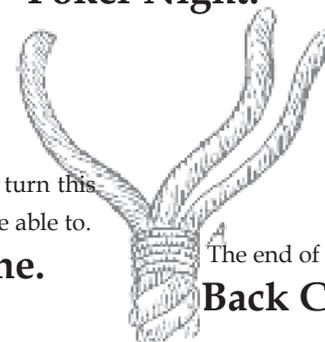
An article devoted to 'that guy.' Not that one, the other one. The one who you hate but you have no reason to hate. You'll see. Or will you...?

Poker Night.

13

It's not worth your time to turn this page. I doubt you'd even be able to.

Ignore this one.



The end of the line.
Back Cover.

THE NOBLE NOZE BROTHERHOOD

CUNNING LINGUIST

Bro. Electric NoZealoo

LORDE MAYOR

Bro. Hurricane KatriNoZe

SHEKEL KEEPER

Bro. Ted KenNoZedy

BORED OF GRAFT

Bro. TheNoZeaous Monk
Bro. NoZe v. Wade
Bro. AbstiNoZe

E-BRO

Bro. Love Potion # NoZe

THE BROTHERS

Bro. KuntNoZe Kinte
Bro. Ted KenNoZedy
Bro. No Means NoZe
Bro. NoZey Loves Chachi
Bro. Panic at the DiscNoZe
Bro. Grand NoZe Party
Bro. N-O-Z-E etc.

VENERABLE EXILES

Bro. Kurt VonNoZegut
Bro. NoZe Table for One
Bro. Charles K. PoNoZi
Bro. Fear and NoZeing
Bro. Fats DomiNoZe
Bro. Cliff's NoZe
Bro. ArgentiNoZe
Bro. Bush's Krispy TacNoZe
Bro. NoZe Quervo
Bro. Mu Mu Mu My SharoNoZe
Bro. SerpicNoZe
Bro. NoZeanderthal
Bro. NoZencrantz
Bro. Ultra MagNoZe
Bro. Al PaciNoZe

NEOPHYTES

Bro. NoZa Parks
Bro. Dulce & GabbaNoZe

AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS...

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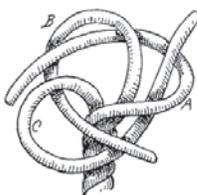


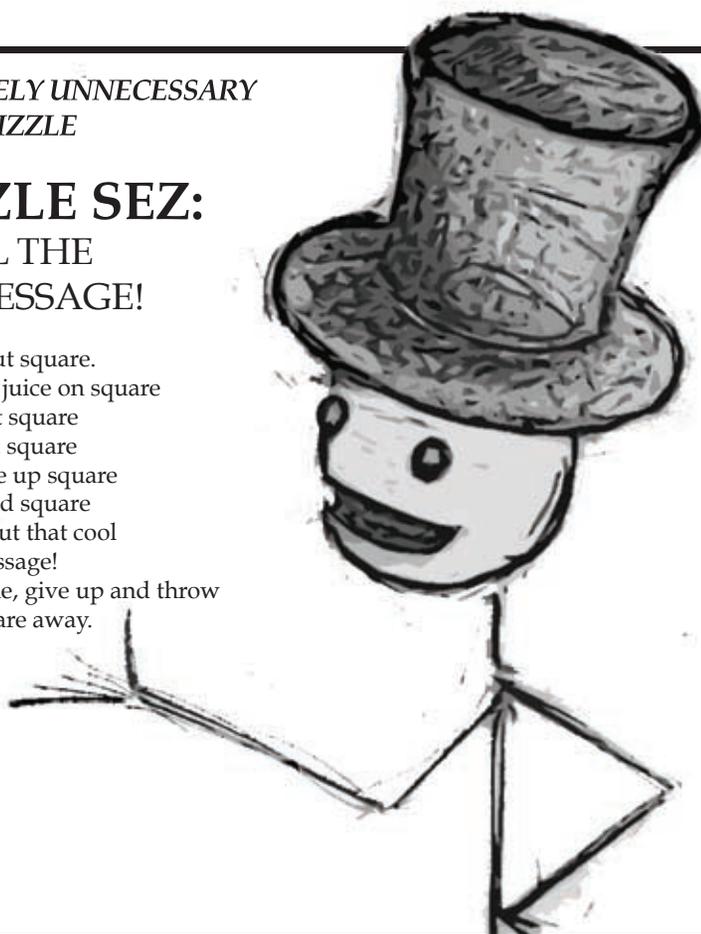
FIG. 115.—Wall knot (making).

© 2007 The Noble NoZe Brotherhood

A BRIEF BUT LARGELY UNNECESSARY NOTE FROM MR. PUZZLE

MR. PUZZLE SEZ: REVEAL THE SECRET MESSAGE!

- Step 1: Cut out square.
- Step 2: Wipe lemon juice on square
- Step 3: Heat square
- Step 4: Fold square
- Step 5: Crumple up square
- Step 6: Unfold square
- Step 7: Check out that cool secret message!
- Step 8: If you can't see one, give up and throw message square away.



THIS SQUARE HERE:

WARNING: LOOKING AT THE SQUARE TOO LONG MAY CAUSE IT NOT TO WORK.

PRESIDENT LILLEY SIGNS OFF ON CAMPUS HAZING RESEARCH GRANT

Continued from page 1

for comment, he had his PR buddies address the issue.

"We can assure you that Lilley is very much anti-hazing, as he would tell you himself if he was present at this meeting. He just happened to sign something he didn't read; it's a fairly common practice for him these days," said Lori Fogleman.

"This grant was actually a gift to the university that went through university development," Fogleman said. "It did not go through the academic side of the house and follow that standard procedure of external funding evaluation - department chair, Office of Sponsored Programs, dean and provost."

When asked how Baylor was supposed to prosper when its bureaucracy was crippled and its president doesn't even care enough to read the proposals he supports, Fogleman quickly changed the subject to the construction of the shiny new football practice facility.

While no one in the administration seems to care anymore, members of the local KOT chapter are eagerly anticipating the grant.

"Now that we have this money, we can break down and study the key components of hazing in order to have a much more effective and efficient rush process next semester," said Bill Acorn, KOT's nut in residence.

"We've been in a contest for the bid with Chamber for some time now," said Marcus Chester, another KOT with a last name somewhat resembling a type of nut. "Some of us were worried about securing the grant considering Chamber had actually killed a rushee during the 60s by forcing him to swallow [a foul concoction]."

"I think our commitment to the fine tradition of hazing is why we won out," said another KOT member whose last name unfortunately had nothing to do with nuts. "Chamber's been pretty tame for quite awhile now, but we've been putting Baylor on the map the past few years. We're hoping this grant will establish Baylor as a forerunner in the university hazing race again."

The administration has made it clear that despite supporting the grant and research pursuit, Baylor has a zero tolerance policy towards hazing, and any group caught hazing will be prosecuted, unless the group exploits "Baylor Baptist nepotism," which is a common practice when dealing with these issues.

"It breaks my heart to see these young boys going all silly-nilly with this hazing," said Lilley, who commented only after exhaustive work on the part of the NoZe Brotherhood (Satch!) to track down the illusive figure.

"We all know that research grants are a good thing for Baylor, being scientific and all, but I feel like KOT took advantage of my lack of interest regarding Baylor affairs and made me look quite the fool when I attached my approval to this grant."

Despite the situation, most of Baylor campus has yet to react in any manner whatsoever.

Lilley's representative noted that Lilley plans to continue on with his lack of sincerity for the remaining 3 years of his contract. Nuwer, Hank "Wrongs of Passage: Fraternities, Sororities, Hazing and Binge Drinking." Indiana University Press, 2002.

JOHN LILLEY STATUE COMPENSATES FOR PRESIDENT'S LACK OF CAMPUS ATTENDANCE

Continued from page 1

"He's wrinkly," Snartletoober said. "And that pilgrim hat is very unbecoming. I really don't like him. I wish he would disappear."

But Baylor does not plan to remove the memorial or any other any time soon.

"We're only apprehensive on one facet of the statue- vandalism," Associate professor of business Dr. Dave Hurtt said.

Baylor University has battled vandalism since 1924.

"Vandalism is a sign of social ineptitude and savagery," Hurtt said. "It's base, ignoble; the people who would engage in such an act rank intellectually with the like of those that laughed at the word 'erection' in paragraph four. Disgusting."

Hurtt said he is enraged that anyone would ever deface campus property.

"It's sacrilegious, and anyone who vandalizes our statues is no better than the worst of pagans."

"Actually," professor of Religion Dr. Eric Holleyman said. "Sacrilegious would be the worship of anything that isn't God. So spending all this time and energy on trinkets of past Baylor figures to a point of violent zealous action is far more sacrilegious than vandalization."

Lilley was unavailable for comment.

LARIAT WRITERS ON STRIKE DESPITE UNIVERSITY'S LACK OF CONCERN

Last Wednesday, the student writers of *The Lariat* announced their plans to go on strike in protest to recent squibs regarding their "journalistic integrity."

"Over the last several weeks we've been catching flack from everybody," said Lariat staff reporter Sommer Ingram. "First it's Lilley calling upset at us for not padding our stories about him, then Waco Chamber of Commerce for not agreeing with them and now Student Government for not publishing anything noteworthy about them. How can we, student government? You don't accomplish anything!"

The writers for the Lariat seem adamant in their resolve not to write until people stop complaining about the job they're doing. "If they don't like the way that we want to do things, we're just not going to do them at all," said Grace Maalouf, current editor in chief for *The Lariat*. "Or, the least they could do is let us know how to do our job, so there's no confusion."

Opinion editor Brad Briggs felt that the strike was the necessary action to take. "I think people will stop complaining about the job we're doing once they realize how bland the campus is without an official newspaper."

Despite his thoughts on the matter, a recent NoZe Brotherhood (Satch!) poll has indicated that in fact, of the students that noticed the strike, a majority of them still complained about the factual inconsistencies and grammar in *The Lariat*. However, 93% of campus either failed to notice the lack of fresh Lariats, or continued to re-read old editions of *The Lariat* oblivious to campus affairs.



Lariat reporters striking outside of Castellaw. If Castellaw was in New York. And if the Lariat reporters were Broadway stagehands.

As an emergency maneuver, John Lilley has declared *The Lariat* as permanently being under the jurisdiction of Baylor Public Relations. Being the only person who saw the initial situation as a potentially hazardous one, he went on to say, "After I bullied them into making up nice things to say about me in their paper, *The Lariat* has been an invaluable tool in making me appear like an effective president who cares about what's going on at Baylor." Lilley chuckled to himself and continued on, "But now that I have those cry-baby students out of the way, it's time for the big boys to take over. The guys at the PR department have multiple degrees in making me look good, why trust that job to a bunch of sleazy undergrads?"

Upon hearing about the strike, members of the Waco Chamber of Commerce were especially delighted. "We don't particularly care about the specifics of the strike, we're just glad that *The Lariat* won't be featuring Cody Lee's editorial cartoons anymore," said Marcia Gaffigan, official spokesperson for the Chamber of Commerce. "I think he tried to comically depict us as a bunch of buffoons, but only succeeded in coming off as an insecure amateur who learned to draw from Helen Keller. Any day of the week I'll take Family Circus over the [shit] he passes off as funny."

Cody Lee commented only by proclaiming the word, 'poop,' until this reporter walked away.

Also entering the fray was Student Senate, formerly known as Student Congress before they developed an inflated sense of ego. "Just because we don't have any real power and still like to think that we're making a difference around campus doesn't mean that *The Lariat* staffers can write whatever they want to about us in their paper," said Bryan Fonville, EVP and an "important" member of the Student Senate. "My mom always said, 'if you don't have anything nice to say, then don't say anything at all.'"

Another member of Student Senate, Lloyd Franklin, continued on. "While I empathize with the majority of *The Lariat* staff writers and the lack of mother figures in their lives, they need to realize that just because something is true doesn't mean they can print it on a campus wide newspaper. It's their job to make it look like we're fulfilling our duties despite our general lack of purpose."

While a few people seem to be more concerned than necessary, the student populace hardly noticed a difference in their day. When confronted by this realization, Briggs lamented that since he spent so much of his time in *The Lariat* offices pretending to be working at a real newspaper, the student body should be more interested in what he has to say.

"One day, they're all going to stop and realize that their life has passed them by and that they don't have the opportunity, nay — privilege, of reading *The Lariat* anymore. They will yearn for the type of bush-league journalism you can only get from *The Lariat*."

Until the strike is resolved, students are encouraged to read the latest edition of *The Rope*. With far fewer calories and less bullshit than *The Lariat*, four out of four scientists agree that reading *The Rope* is a viable alternative to most anything you can think of.

BEN HUMENIUK TO RECEIVE HIS SIX FREE MONTHS ON MATCH.COM

Ben Hugemaniac, after countless attempts at dating at Baylor, posted his profile on Match.com late last May. Now, after six months without a single pick up or match, Ben is being awarded his six free months on Match.com.



A socially awkward Humeniuk.

Hugemaniac is a Baylor senior who has tried and failed at dating all over campus, most of Europe, the lesser parts of Russia, and now the far reaches of the internet. You may remember him from his opinion articles in the Lariat, on such diverse topics as dating on campus, dating in Waco, and his time alone in the shower.

Ben's reaction to the free membership is not quite what you'd expect.

"To be frank, I'm not really that surprised. After the mail order brides from Lichtenstein and my brief stint auditioning for VH1 reality dating shows failed, I should have seen this coming," Hugemaniac said, looking up from his editorial on how hard single life is at Baylor. "They told me, be a cartoonist, you'll get all the girls. Obviously that's not true; it didn't work for me and Cody Lee isn't exactly Zac Efron."

Match.com is an internet dating service which offers six free months to individuals who can't find a match within six months of registering. The service, which has been around for years, is endorsed by Dr. Phil, Montel Williams, and Baylor's own Dr. Riley.

We here at The Rope didn't want to pay the \$39.99 for a membership to view Ben's profile, although the free sample we could view told us he's an Aquarius, who enjoys motocross, Model UN club meetings and Wired magazine.

DANCING BEAR PUB

1117 Speight

Mon-Thurs: 4-12

Fri-Sun: 12-12

MORE FUN THAN A REAL-LIVE DANCING BEAR,
WITHOUT THE ANIMAL CRUELTY AND/OR RISK
OF THE BEAST BREAKING FREE FROM ITS MASTER
AND MAULING YOU TO A DEATH SO HORRIBLE ONE
COULDN'T FATHOM THE PAIN WITHOUT CRINGING.

Happy Hour: 4-6 p.m. 50 cents off everything
Tex-Mex Tues: \$1.00 off Texas and Mexican beers
Sunday: \$1.00 off drafts



BRIAN, I LOVE YOU MAN BUT YOU'VE GOT TO STOP BRINGING MATT TO TUESDAY NIGHT POKER.

By: Brent Lucas

Remember the days when you, me, Cody, Dave, Truck and Jason would sit around the green felt, drink a few and enjoy a game of poker? Because I don't. But I'm willing to bet if ever we did it was a time long ago when you weren't friends with that Matt douche bag and we were actually playing poker for fun.

Three dollars. That's how much I've got left in my wallet right now and you know why? Matt walked home with the pot last night. Not cool Brian.

Yeah, I've got more money in my checking account but it's the principle of this whole thing. We're not here to lose money, Brian- we're here to have a good time.

Listen, he seems like a good guy and all, and we're not saying you've got to stop seeing him all together. Hell, we like hanging out with him, we just wish we could have a good time and not be five bucks in the hole come every Tuesday night. And it's blind luck.

I wasn't going to say it but you know he's no good at poker. He's just been catching cards for the past seven

Tuesdays!

He's got such a damn ego on him too, and no, I'm not just being a little bitch about this, that kid needs to shut his mouth before someone loses it on him. When he beat Truck with those pair of Kings Friday the guy was being a dick about it.

Admit it, he was being a dick, how he was going on mocking him, being all, "Ooh... it was luck. You had me till the turn, good hand bro." Truck near flipped the table and charged at him. And you know what? I wouldn't've blamed him if he had.

Just tell him we're not doing poker on Tuesdays anymore. Hell, we're willing to even move to Wednesday poker nights to clear up the whole situation.

But this can't keep happening. Your going to have to do something about Matt.

This isn't one of those, what do you call them? Ultimates? We're not giving you an ultimate or nothing, we just want you to know the guy's ruining Tuesday night poker.

DEAR LORDE MAYOR

Dear Lorde Mayor,

I can't believe the eternal flame tradition has been snuffed out. What a tragedy.

Signed,

Always wears a hat for a reason

Dear Travis Plummer,

Nice to hear from you. So are you president or something?

Dear Lorde Mayor,

Hey I think you should definitely tone down your paper. I just might have to give you guys a talkin' to ...

Signed, Johnny Pilgrim

Dear John Lilley,

Who do you think we are ... The Lariat?

Dear Lorde Mayor,

Have I mentioned to you how many ads I've sold for this paper?

Signed, Penny Pincher, currentus

Dear Bro, Ted KenNoZedy,

No and I still don't understand your obsession with the word "phallus."

Staying in town for Thanksgiving but don't want to spend anymore time with that pesky roommate? Here are some effective ways to keep your annoyance occupied. Simply locate your annoyance's major and follow the prescribed course of action.

Business: Throw some money at them. They will spend hours rubbing it against themselves and thinking how to most wisely invest it.

Education: Give them a box of crayons.

Philosophy: Ask them some sort of flabbergasting, unanswerable question such as "What happens when the irresistible force meets the immovable object?" or something to that effect.

Pre-Med: If they are bothering you then just leave the science building, Guaranteed they'll stay there and study.

Accounting: Tell them you can count to infinity faster than they can, then run away.

Speech Pathology: Find a street vagrant. Pay said street vagrant 4.38 cents to talk with a lisp (you may not have to pay him, this may come complimentary). Let your roommate try to fix his speech impediment.

Spanish: Take them to the border, drop them off and tell them start learning.

Engineering: Hand them an erector-set, if you cannot find one some popsicle sticks and some glue will work.

Geology: Throw a rock at their head.

Fashion Merchandising: Put them in your closet. And then lock it.

Exercise Physiology, Nutrition, Physical Therapy: Wave a ball in front of his/her face and then throw it.

Theatre Arts: Impossible. They're constantly finding new ways to annoy the public.

STUDENTS RALLY TO RIGHT CONDIMENT WRONG, CHIC-FIL-A REFUSES TO SHARE SAUCE

While the generation of college-goers have been criticized for a lack of passion, one issue has impassioned the Baylor masses. Condiments.

In a move to limit the distribution of much-prized sauces, the Bill Daniel Student Center Chic-fil-a has moved the condiments, once featured in front and to the side of the Chic-fil-a kiosk, behind the counter and in complete control of the so-called apathetic food service employees.

"I remember a time when I could eat lunch at the SUB, grab a Chic-fil-a sandwich, three or four barbecue sauce packages and be on my way," junior Luke Wilson said. "These days you've

got to wait for 'the man' to tell you how much sauce your allotted. And even then it's only two packets."

Wilson and other barbecue-craving students have rallied together to bring the condiments back to the front.

"I never saw these 'glory years' of flavor but the way the upperclassmen talk about the old days...it sounds nice; like something worth fighting for," said freshman Theodore Snartletoober.

Campus Chic-fil-a manager John Kerry refuses to budge on the issue.

"Students just don't realize how quickly we run out of barbecue sauce," Kerry said. "If we don't regulate (the distribution of barbecue sauce) we won't

be able to produce it fast enough."

Political science professor Bud Fudsworthy said the zeal following this issue is unprecedented in this generation.

"Wars, frequent tuition increases, education and faith restrictions – the student body has had many issues to attest. I would never have guessed barbecue sauce would spark their fervor," Fudsworthy said.

"It's not just about barbecue, it's really not," Wilson said. "It's about Polynesian. Honey mustard. Buffalo. Honey barbecue. It's about freedom and I'll be damned if this school will limit the freedom of my tastebuds."

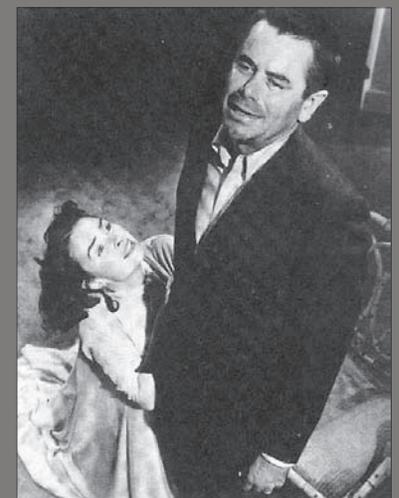
POPPA ROLLO'S

PIZZA

703 N. Valley Mills
254-772-9348

"I need sausage, Marvin! I need it bad!"

**"Dammit woman, fine!
We'll go to Poppa Rollo's."**



1600 Speight Avenue

254-752-7591

VITEK'S BBQ



"Excuse me 'mam. You don't happen to have a GutPak in that bag of yours, do you?"

"Yes sir I do, but I'd rather eat at Uncle Dan's than give you any."

WAY BETTER THAN UNCLE DAN'S BBQ

GENERIC STUDY HEALTH TIPS 2007: PASSING YOUR FALL FINALS

So you're looking for some last minute study tips to help you pass those dreaded final exams. Well stop panicking and calling your doctor for drugs, the Rope has you covered. If you want to get an 'A' in Art History or to simply pass your Human Anatomy, just adhere to these tips.

Sleep is required a minimal of two nights a week and a maximum of three.

Eight hours a night is an essential for a healthy student, but not for one that expects to make A's. If you want to make the grades, you'll need to stay up at least four nights a week, but five is recommended. If you have trouble staying awake, just think of how much trouble you'll have sleeping on the street after you don't get into Med School.

Wikipedia knows more than you do. Utilize its indomitable knowledge.

Like any acquaintance that you barely know, Wikipedia is yours to use and steal material from. So what if it has a 14 page entry on the minor characters in the Simpsons, Wikipedia is literally your most reliable source when writing any research paper, whether it's a 1000-word summary on the functions of the bladder or a term paper on the sociological impact of Young Frankenstein, Wikipedia has you

covered. Make sure you cite Wikipedia when you use it, too. You don't want to get stuck for plagiarism.

Moderation is key; limit yourself to 3 or 4 drinks the night before a test.

Alcohol is the opium of the masses and as such, you should treat yourself to a few drinks on a nightly basis. Limit yourself to 3 to 4 strong drinks, 5 if you've studied beforehand and feel good about the exam. Remember, a good way to tell if you're ready is to start spouting out the notes you took in class while you're almost passed out near the toilet. Just don't puke on your calculator and you'll be fine.

If all else fails, never underestimate the effectiveness of crying (if you're a girl).

So you've failed your test, and you're parents aren't buying you that new H3 they promised if you brought home a C average. Well, as any 'Baylor princess' student knows, whining will get you out of anything.

E-mail your professor, or better yet go to your prof personally and tell them you're sorry. Sorry you fell asleep during the essay section of your test, sorry you didn't fill out your exam number correctly, sorry you skipped all of October to work on your sorority float, sorry you suck at life (cue tears). If you're lucky, maybe they'll let you skim by with a D.

And hey, if that doesn't work, you can always switch to an MRS degree next year. If you're a guy, man-up. Your tears will do nothing but sink you further and further into the ditch of failure. No one respects your emotions around here. Not even your Theatre Appreciation professor.

BAYLOR PD PLAYS MUTE IN CASE OF CAMPUS DANGER

'It would've been nice to see this coming,' says third battery victim

Weekly, four individuals with the intelligence of maltreated, clone-botched boars have terrorized the outlying residential areas of Baylor campus, waiting outside of parties for lone victims to emerge from parties to mercilessly beat them near unconsciousness.

Baylor PD has remained silent on the issue.

"These kind of situations usually diffuse themselves," Police chief Dim Joke said. "One of the lawbreakers breaks his fist while punching the crap

out of someone and they just go home."

The recent victims do not share Baylor PD's opinion.

"It would've been nice to get some heads-up on something like this," said Anchorage sophomore Martin Lictim.

Victims say one of the four culprits is wearing a Dallas Cowboys jersey, the others, most likely garbed in similarly lummoX-esque attire.

"Had I known about this danger to campus I might still be a happy, healthy, Baylor-prideful individual," Lictim said. "But now, I'm a depressed, bed-ridden beat victim with a disdain for Baylor and all the 'Baylor spirit' propoganda it shoves down my throat."



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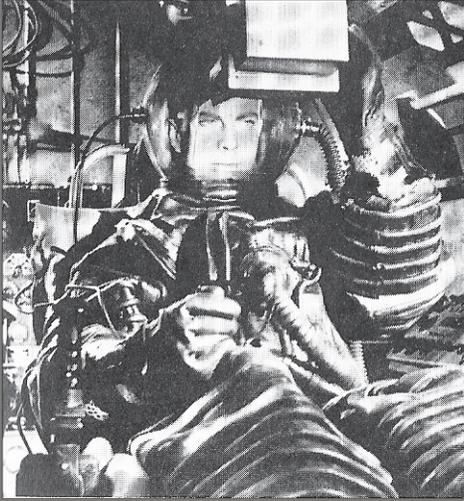
"Margerie, this gentleman has fallen asleep on my leg. What the hell am I supposed to do about this?"

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"WHO'S TO BLAME FOR RUINING THE ETERNAL FLAME?"



"Benny Hinn ruined
the eternal flame. I know,
I'm omnipotent."

God

"Well, it should've been you.
Only you can prevent
forest fires."

-Smokey the Bear,
Fire Prevention Rep.

"I did. I ruined the
eternal flame."

-Benny Hinn,
Filthy Rich Televangelist

"Brooks Residential
College broke my
clavical!"

-Theodore Snartletoober,
Weak-boned freshman

"Hillary Clinton."

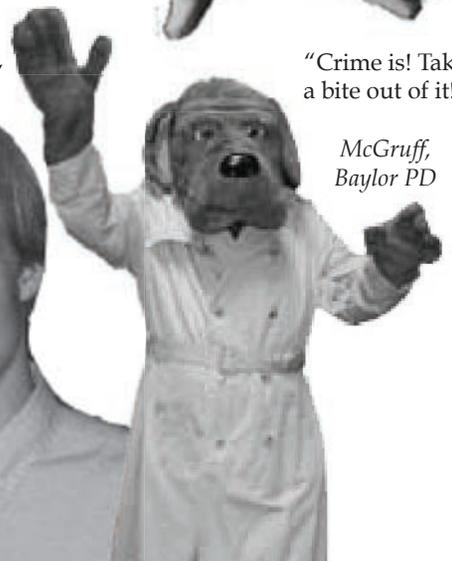
-Barack Obama,
Presidential hopeful

"Weak-ass freshmen!"

Bryan Watt,
Brooks president,
registered chach

"Crime is! Take
a bite out of it!"

McGruff,
Baylor PD



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LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

WORDS FROM A FIJI

Hey bro, let me spit some words at ya. There's been a lot of hate on FIJI here lately. I can understand the natural envy of softer, paler guys who'd weep at the site of a climbing rock. As a tone, tan, and all around gorgeous man, I know that some degree of jealousy is deserved.

I mean come on, you don't use nighttime moisturizing regiment for the sheer joy of it, even though it's really nice to smell like vanilla almond. But that's beside the point broseph; your pathetic hit-pieces are uncool and totally untrue.

First off, there's no confusion in the frat about which tanning salon to use: Sun Kissed Tans are the only salon

where I can get the Coco Beach tanning lotion my sensitive, yet masculine, skin requires. And just because my well-styled and meticulously sculpted hair would make a designer drip with envy, that doesn't mean I spend a lot of time in the mirror.

Between my highlighting regiment and ten-minute blow dry session, I barely crack an hour. And honestly, who spends less than an hour prepping for their day, am I right dude? Next, they're all these haters that talk about FIJI's and our hot, hairless bods. Look, you don't spend twenty-minutes on lats, calves, glutes, pecs, abs, bi and triceps just to hide it behind body hair. And what makes ya'll think that some of us shave or wax ourselves? Maybe some of us are just naturally blessed to have hairless

bods that accentuate our hotness, just like Leonidas and those beautiful, badass 300 Spartans. And what if I do wax my chest? Once you get past the initial sting, a chest wax might be enjoyable; feeling the invigorating burn of hot wax on your skin might lead you to imagine other possibilities for its use...but that's not the point.

The point is I'm a totally awesome dude that deserves, no... demands respect. I can rock your world at just about anything, you name it. I know all the latest jams like Lil' Flip, Ying-Yang Twins, and Twista cause I'm bussin no discussin, ya mean? Anytime you're at the beach, the theme song is "Return of the Mac" cause I own sand volleyball. Think we're just a bunch of hot, hip-hop studs with no room or talent for

thinking?

Check out this check plus I got on a H-phys quiz. Last year our GPA topped 2.75 and that's a number not many GDI's can reach let alone third or fourth tier Greeks.

Oh, yeah, I almost forgot to mention in all our awesomeness, we're a second tier fraternity. They say it's lonely at the top, I'd never know because I'm always in the middle, but FIJI is right up there. We pull a couple of top tier rushees every spring and we dominate the field of runner-up Greeks.

Some say, save the best for last but in FIJI we know better and say "save some for us." So here's the deal brosephsaurus, poking fun at FIJI might be fun for some but laughing causes wrinkles, and at FIJI, that's no laughing matter.

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CRIMES OF COMPASSION

Or: How the homeless took my rent money

Hey, don't run off. I'm down here from Fort Worth and I lost my bus ticket and I need gas money for my...aw hell, I messed up my story again. Actually, the real story is I'm a junior, social work major who couldn't keep up with rent. I know what you're thinking: A social work major without a home? That's tragically ironic! But truth is, I was only recently evicted from my apartment.

It all started one Sunday, freshman year, when I first attended Church Under the Bridge. I figured the pretty girl from my high school asked if I would go with her, and I figured 'what the heck?' After I saw all the smoking hot girls I asked around and figured out they're all in

social work. That's when I decided I was going to major in social work and minor in female anatomy. So I spent the last couple of years doing social work, getting to know the people, places and problems; what we soc's call the 'three P's.'

So I get into the joy of helping people and things are smooth for a couple years doing the food line and studies in modeling and wellness surveys.

But a month ago when I made my weekly shuffle to Jimmy Doran's for the weekly "Pray to God this bridge doesn't collapse," I made the fatal mistake of taking a full wallet.

Don't think I'm being harsh, but the first thing my social work advisor told me was, "There are two things in life you don't do: you don't feed the bears and

you don't give money to the homeless." Despite my natural inclination to help out, I refrained from giving money to Mary, Franklin and all the other folks so down on their luck, largely because I left my money at home. But last month, there I was: a young, smooth-faced social work major with a fat wallet being eyed by hundreds of homeless.

As soon as I made eye contact with the first few, they knew I had money.

They parted to make room for me to get a seat closer to the stage, but they seemed to be communicating to each other with glances and nods. A few minutes into it the prayer, I felt something tugging at both my heart and my wallet.

After some reflection, I realized I had been moved by the spirit and mugged by

a hobo.

Since I had already received all my scholarship money and I didn't have any more birthday money, I was totally broke. I couldn't make my rent and my landlord locked me out! I've been sleeping on the couch in the lobby at the library and showering in Marrs McLean for the past two weeks.

I'm trying to balance my social work with my begging but, it's not easy when your eyeing the less-fortunate for their street corners.

I know that being homeless is difficult as both a social worker and a homeless person, but I think it's even tougher to keep things in perspective.

If all you do is give, all you'll have is a feeling of satisfaction...and feelings just won't satisfy hunger like food.



POINT: DAMN THIS DANDY WEATHER

By: Peter Boughman,
Despondent savant

It's November. And it's 78 degrees outside. The sun is shining, people are outside enjoying the weather. Could there be any more outstanding evidence that the world is messed up? Dammit, I woke up this morning, put on a black hoodie (hood up), jeans, my Chuck's, hunched my shoulders and drooped my head to stare at my shoes in preparation for an overcast day.

And then I opened up my apartment door and you know what I saw? Blue sky. I heard birds chirping. Chirping. I tried shouting obscenities at them but they kept going, just to spite me.

I walked to my first class and a squirrel crossed my path. I nearly bit through my lip I was so pissed! This is not the time for critter life to exist on my campus! I had to hold back an urge to kick it. That's what this weather has turned me into: an embittered potential animal-kicker. I hate what this weather has made me. Damn this dandy day!

And damn Al Gore. I used to think he was a good guy- I mean, he invented the Internet, and that's kept me huddled in darkness watching YouTube videos and posting disgruntled comments on blogs for countless hours of my disgruntled adolescent/post adolescent life. But damn him for inventing global warming.

FIG. 77.—Bow shortening.

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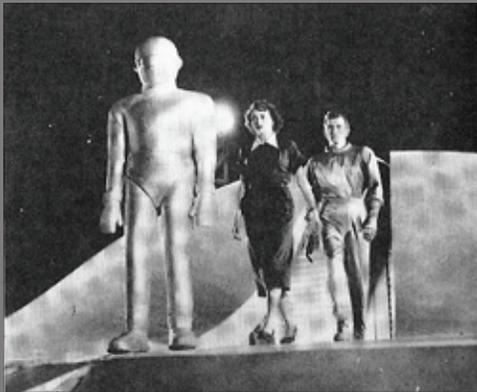
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Vice president for finance and administration at Baylor University, Reagan Ramsower, revealed in this month in an article with the Heralded Waco Tributary, that his hobbies extend far beyond denying educational opportunities to Waco residents.

THE MANY FACES OF REAGAN RAMSOWER.

The waves splashing across the side of the yacht, swirled and churned the brandy that Mr. Ramsower had been lightly sipping.

Peering through his monocle he watched the smoke of the cigar waft and slowly and dissipate across the face of one of his closest cronies. "So Reagean" he heard one of them call out

to him "what did you tell those penniless beggars who came scrounging around your door step?" "The ones pleading for free education or some poppycock of the sort"

Ramsower retorted "I told them we don't want to come across as elitist, but we are a national and international university, and we are fairly selective." They all had a good chuckle at the irony and took a sip of their brandies.

"Hey Ramsower! Did you bring the white clothing?" "Yeah I brought it" Ramsower, Vladimir, Sergei, and the guy just called Sunshine all hopped in the Impala and took off down the cobbled street. Over the sound of the sputtering engine and Beethoven blaring on the radio, Vladimir hollered "I heard we've

got a small gathering tonight." Sergei just nodded in approval from the backseat.

"Hey Ramsower," Sunshine squeaked out after taking a sip of his pineapple juice.

"What'd you tell that guy who tried to join our 'family' the other day?"

"Well I told that fine fellow," Ramsower answered. "We don't mean to come off as exclusive, but we are a respectable cult that doesn't just welcome everyone who wants to join and I sent him off. They all had a good laugh about the story.

... Thy kingdom come thy will be done, on Earth as it is in heaven. Amen. Ramsower crossed himself and looked up to meet eyes with Pope Benedict XVI. Ramsower took a moment to take in the atmosphere. The ancient statues

and pictures that adorned the halls always seemed to reaffirm his beliefs that Catholicism was the only means to reach heaven.

"Reagan my son," the pope mumbled, each word seeming to be slowly forced out by the weight of the mitre that sat atop his head, "what shall we tell these gentiles, and blasphemous Protestants so that they will realize our supremacy?"

Ramsower thought a moment and replied "Let's just tell them that Protestant denominations are not true churches, but ecclesial communities. We don't want to come across as holier than thou, but we are the Catholic Church, and we're fairly selective".

They both shared a contented grin and scoffed Martin Luther, and the heretical Protestants.



COUNTER POINT: SCORE!

By: Ryan Isaac,
Physical Education major, hippie

My God, the Lord has blessed us with beautiful weather!

Oh man, I was getting a little down in the dumps last weekend- I was all, 'Aw, suck! The weather's gonna start getting cold and gray and I won't be able to climb trees or run around barefoot or toss the ole' disc anymore,' but apparently the sun wasn't done shining!

I was all frantically drying fruit and stocking up on organic groceries in preparation for the gloomy days that winter brings.

I nearly stepped indoors for a moment there; I almost turned my back to the outdoors and attended class for the first time this semester- that was a close one!

No worries here, though! I bet I could score another three weeks of non-stop tree-climbing, Frisbee-flinging, grass-rolling fun! Maybe I'll find a pack of wild animals and just live with 'em, you know?

Man, I used to think Al Gore was a bad guy what with that whole inventing the Internet business- another toy of 'the Man' to corrupt the masses. But I guess the guy's changed- this global warming is flippin' awesome!

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