

# Mailbag



Dear Yale Fire Marshal,

Congratulations! You have won the Fire Marshal of the Year award. There will be a party in your honor next week in Hackensack, NJ, with free alcohol, music, and women for you and your friends. I'll take care of everything while you're gone.

Best,

Dennis Hong '05, Freshman Counselor

Dear Jay-Z,

Now that those thugs are deported back to Italy, and the cops are after me, you only got 97 problems.

-Irv Gotti

Dear EU,

You can't conquer us, you greedy snake. We're impassable.

-Switzerland

Dear Condoleezza Rice,

You're the only thing besides pizza that got two z's, but ain't nobody but me got three x's.

-Bubba Sparxxx

Dear *Yale Record*,

How come when my roommate threw a CD burning party, everyone had a whale of a time, but when I want to throw a book burning party, suddenly I'm the bad guy?

-Joe Goebbels '08

Dear Abby,

What the hell kind of name is Abby? Only sluts are named that. My advice to you is to get a real name.

Your loving sister, Ann Landers

Dear Mary Kate,

It's a Tuesday, so that means I'm the one who gets to eat today. Drop that sandwich, bitch!

Love,  
Ashley

Dear He-Man

Helium sucks. Lead rules.

Yours truly,  
Pb-man

Dear *Yale Record*,

I never did understand *The Brady Bunch*. Sure, Marsha was cuter, but I'd still fuck the shit out of Jan. And Cindy too, if she didn't have that goddamn lisp.

Sincerely,

Thomas Samuelson, Speech Therapist

Dear Manufacturers of Bubble Tape,

There should be a warning label on your product stating that it is *not* an effective means of contraception. That would have saved us all a whole lot of trouble.

Sincerely,

Mark Mitchell

Dear *Yale Record*,

Let me get this straight: some dude in a scarf can parade around ravaging the landscape, murdering dogs, and setting fire to random trees and I'm still the one who takes all the shit?

-The SkiFree Monster

Dear *Yale Record*,

Quite frankly, I can't see the humor in your magazine.

-Stevie Wonder

PS: Not because I'm blind; because I'm dead.

Dear *Yale Record*,

I just want to say I like your magazine. Now if you'll excuse me I'd like to go back to listening to my book on tape, *Mein Kampf*, and molest dead cattle.

-That Quiet Freshman Counselor You Don't See Often

Dear *Yale Record*,

I'm sorry babe for treatin you so bad. Let me make it up to you. Here have some flowers. I'm sorry baby I just get so mad and I love you so much I just get so mad. I'll make it up to you baby. I'll take you to Applebee's and you can get anything you want on the menu.

-O.J. Simpson

(continued on page 19)



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(continued from page 3, Mailbag)

Dear Kelis,

Looking for the boys? We're pretty sure they're all in the yard. *Our yard.*

Damn right,  
Dairy Queen

Dear Beef Jerky,

You may come spiced and in a variety of flavors, but can you even claim to be delightfully idiosyncratic as me?

—Beef Quirky

Dear Stu Cohen,

Remember during section when I encouraged you to speak up and tell the class your ideas, and how after you spoke I said, "Well, that's one way to look at it?" I was lying. You're just plain wrong. Please abstain from speaking again during section before someone else starts believing your crap.

—Your Sociology TA

Dear Britney Spears,

You haven't had any hits in awhile but you keep on performing and releasing albums. Have you considered that maybe it's time to pass your breasts on to a younger generation of singers?

—Ted Nugent

Dear Jenny,

I'm not sure if it harmed you, but my AA counselor told me that it'd be best if I apologized for that night I told you I was King of the Lizards and my armies of the cold-blooded would take over the world, since that was why you hooked up with me. That was just drunken buffoonery, and I'm sorry.

—Balthazar, Lord of the Ostriches

Dear People Who Tell "Your Mama" Jokes,

Just wanted to say that unless you're Sean's dad or the mailman, you were lying.

—Sean's Mom

## Mitch Hedberg 1968 – 2005



*Early last Thursday morning, comedian Mitch Hedberg passed away in his hotel room in Baltimore, Maryland. Mitch was one of the funniest stand-up comedians in the world (if not the funniest), and his unexpected and untimely death at 37 has left many—including many of us here at the Record—in utter disbelief. His simple lines and unassuming delivery were refreshingly easy to laugh at, and the only two albums that survive him, Strategic Grill Locations and Mitch All Together, will continue to grace our iPods. As lovers of all things comedic, we at the Record would like to dedicate this issue to Mitch. We will miss him terribly: and that's no joke. ☹*

**We eat cats**



**so you don't have to.**



*The Yale Record*

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