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Kenyon Collegian - April 22, 1976

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M.V. Police Uncover Mass Murder On Hill

Thirty-two bodies have been discovered so far and Sheriff's Deputies predict that even more will be found within the next twenty-four hours as the investigation proceeds at what appears to be a mass murder scene behind Rosse Hall, Kenyon's fabulous new auditorium facility. The Sheriff's office is reported to be investigating a long list of suspects, but at this time no arrests have been made.

The bodies being recovered are too far decomposed for any positive determination of identity or cause of death. However, the fact that the corpses found to date have all been enclosed in wooden boxes of various sorts has led deputies to hypothesize suffocation as the killer's method of exterminating his victims.

The investigation began Wednesday night when Deputy Scrodney Dingus stumbled upon the scene of the crime. Dingus, 32, was behind

Rosse Hall looking for possible violators of the Drug Abuse Control Amendments of 1965. He tripped on something, and after firing several shots at the object, realized that it was a piece of stone with a name of it. He called this information into the Sheriff's office and the investigation was initiated. Dingus is married to the former Edwina Schickelgruber, of Mt. Vernon.

The Sheriff's office has reason to suspect the families of the individual victims as possible murderers. Since most of the bodies found have had rocks planted above them inscribed with their names, it has been possible to notify next of kin. "And these people just don't seem too s'prised when we tell 'em so-and-so is dead," Dingus said. "That may not seem like much of a clue t'you, but to the shrood an' calculatin' mind of a trained crim'nal investigator such as myself, the whole thing just don't add up".



Greener pastures in college administration for Chip Monk?

Small Furry Animals Have Future At Kenyon

In a major policy statement last week, President Philip Jordan clarified the position of small animals at Kenyon. "They are valuable members of the community. We need them here."

This move towards a greater use of small animal services is directly tied to next year's operating budget. "Quite simply," Jordan stated, "we're cutting back in those areas where we think furry rodents can do a better job for less money. Right now for example squirrels gather nuts and leaves for personal use. If they can be persuaded to drive maintenance trucks we could save a fortune." The school has already ordered twenty-five blue worksuits from a toy manufacturer in Cleveland.

Aside from maintenance, it is projected that small animals will help out in the areas of food service and security. When asked to comment, Jim Cass, head of security said he was delighted. "Nothing breaks up an illegal party as well as a swarm of bats. They're fast, efficient and, above all, merciless." A Saga spokesman was less pleased. "There's a real problem with sanitary conditions for small animals. Serving muskrat is one thing. Having muskrats serve is another." Even with the misgivings, it is agreed that small animals are the shape of things to come.

If next year's program is as successful as predicted there are possibilities of little rodents in positions of greater importance. Mr.

Jordan had no comment on this point saying it would be inappropriate at this time. But when contacted, Dean Sue Givens said that she can now store five walnuts in her cheeks at one time, and that she is working on the sixth. In reply, vice president McKean said that while Ms. Givens can store more walnuts, he is able to burrow underground faster and toss up bigger mounds of dirt. A change over is clearly anticipated.

The Halls Ran Red:

Hill Violence Spreads

Tel Aviv—An outbreak of hostilities in the Middle East has erupted again. According to leading analysts of the conflict, the first hint of the cease-fire's failure came three weeks ago. At that time, the Syrians held a beer and tapes party in the occupied Golan Heights. Israelis were not served at the bar. Tel Aviv lodged a formal protest which the Arabs ignored. They retaliated by throwing a coat and tie daiquiri party in Jerusalem. The cloaked and robed Palestinians were outraged.

Four days ago this tense situation exploded. P.L.O. guerrillas in a secret raid short-sheeted every bed in The Tel Aviv Hilton, crimping the Israeli tourist trade in mid-season. As

a result, important government officials were kept up way past their bedtime. Forstalling Israeli reaction, Syria sent intra-mural troops into the U.N. zone hours after the Hilton coup. Israeli forces entrenched on the Golan barrage of water balloons. The Arabs, unused to getting wet, were decimated.

Massive fighting has been reported in the Sinai. Egyptian forces have found their enemy to be quite adept at defensive fighting. Bottle rockets, fired from mop handles, and shaving cream in album covers have stopped Arab advances cold. Shaving cream has been used effectively by both sides to the horror of U.N. observers. Said one member of the peace keeping force, "The stuff's all over the place out here. It's living hell."

The Egyptians have had the most trouble dealing with Israeli commando raids in their rear areas. Communications were paralyzed for two days when Israeli's covered all the receivers of the Egyptian field phone network with vaseline. The most effective Israeli tactic so far has been the large scale trashing of bathrooms. Many observers have condemned this as a blatant violation of Article XIV of the Geneva Convention accord. The Arab high command is plainly worried about the mass surrenders and desertions caused by these acts of sabotage. Major General Sheik Ahgo El Evated declared: "My men will not fight without neat latrines!" The Egyptians countered with loud stereo music late at night to keep the Israelis awake. Few observers hope for an early settlement. U.N. security forces at this time can only ride around the area in blue cars and talk to each other over walkie-talkies.



After their all-night housing vigil, CLOK's organizer told the Collegian "We'll soon be number one."



Prof. Gerrit Roelofs, eyes sown shut, prepares to read Milton. Denis Baly looks amused. The pitcher is half empty.

Radical Surgery Sews Seeds Of Creativity

In what could be an effort to instill a sense of creative excitement at Kenyon, a number of professors have undergone a new type of surgery, known only as "inspirational" surgery, as its innovator, Dr. Neils Dartsborg, of Laffinstock, Sweden, has dubbed it. "I envision this sort of thing as becoming more and more popular in this age of specialization," quipped Dartsborg. "The idea is", he said, "that in order to heighten a certain sense, it is necessary to block out another, just as when the body loses one limb, the other helps look for it."

The Collegian has learned that while on a leave of absence during the first semester, professor Paul Schwartz of the Music Department went to Sweden and had Dartsborg tie his Eustacian Tubes into knots, presumably to facilitate his work on a symphony on the scale of Beethoven's works. When asked to comment, Professor Schwartz replied "What?"

Similarly motivated was Professor of English Gerritt Roelofs, who, in order to write the sequel to *Paradise Regained*, has had his eyes sewn shut. (see photo) Citing such examples as Virgil, Homer, Milton, and, "of course, Jose Feliciano" as "Great poets who couldn't see shit," Roelofs

went on to explain the surgical process. "Well," he said, "they just sewed my eyelids together, really tight." When asked why he chose this particular method of annulling his ocular perception, Roelofs countered "Why, simply because this was the least painful, quickest, and cheapest way to go blind. I mean, I could have just poked them out myself, but then you get that awful vitreous fluid all over your face, not to mention the pain. Besides, it leaves two very ugly holes in your head. I also considered having my retinas burnt out with a laser, but then I would still have to deal with two lifeless organs staring off into space, making people sick. This way the damn things don't show." "I guess I could have waited a few years for cataracts to form," he added, "but I wanted to get this book done before I become senile."

Rumor has it that several other professors, trying to capitalize on a good idea, are now undergoing similar operations related to their own particular disciplines. The Collegian has been informed in the strictest confidence that Professor Jon Williams of the Psychology Department might now be a vegetable, and that Marsha Schermer may return from Sweden as a fruit.



A freak April snow storm caught Dean Thomas Edwards completely by surprise last week as he made the short hop from home to office. He is presently thawing.

The Kenyon Collegian

—Established 1856—

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Farewell

We, at the *Collegian*, deeply regret the Board's decision to remove Vice President McKean. Around this office he was affectionately known as "Old Fuss and Feathers". Mr. McKean was so active in college circles that he required a heavy sedative before people could understand what he was saying. Through his efforts he promoted safe and restful sleep, sleep, sleep. Vice President McKean's attempts to expand the health service resulted in the finest collection of downers and tongue depressors in North America. Truly something to be proud of. We salute you Mr. McKean. Just don't slam the door on your way out.

As Plain As Black And White

It's about time some of the "facts" that are taken for granted around here are shown for what they really are — lies. It is a commonly accepted and constantly restated notion that the large majority of the student body here is "white". We at the *Collegian* feel that this is a deliberate attempt to cover up the blatant discrimination against Albinos.

It is an obvious fact that there are *no* albinos here, despite President Jordan's weak contention that "they're around — they're just afraid to come out into the light." We suggest that if Kenyon wishes to satisfy the present demands being placed upon it to have a multi-toned student body, we can not forget the men, and women, in white.

—Inside Senate—

This Week's Calendar Proposal

In Senate last week Provost Bruce Haywood submitted his twelfth calendar proposal in as many weeks.

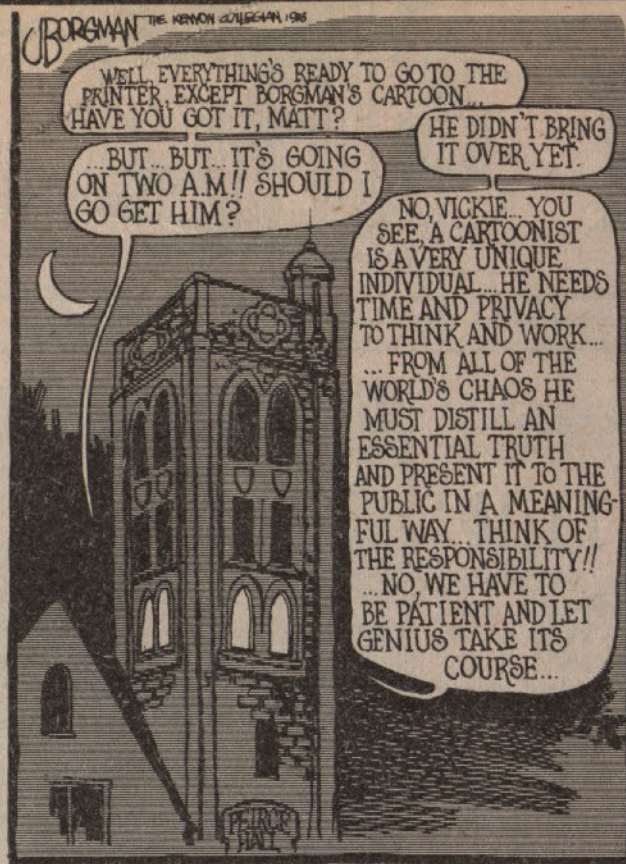
"That makes an even dozen," chuckled the rosy-cheeked authoritarian figure with a twinkle in his eye as he bounced jauntily into the proceedings. "You don't know how important calendars are to me." He confided to this reporter. "I don't know about you but I use them every day. I think this time, though, I've got a sure-fire knockout on my hands. The students have been breaking my door down ever since they heard about it." His eyes suddenly glazed over as if his thoughts were occupied elsewhere. "Ah the good old days," he mused "to be a student again."

This week's proposal is based upon the New Jersey Plan which the provost said he heard about on Walter Cronkite the night before. As the name implies, it is a calendar enacted this year by Hoboken (New

Jersey) State Pottery College in order to offset a half-million dollar deficit. Under this plan the school year starts September 12 with registration during which the students get survival training by standing in endless lines for four days. After this they are assigned rooms into which they are locked and compelled to consume vast quantities of cheap beer and drugs while they are lulled into a stupor (a newly-developed sleep-learning technique) with a continuous play tape loop of the Grateful Dead playing "Sugar Magnolia". Mid-way into the semester they are notified that they will have to leave school, without a refund, for missing classes which, of course, haven't taken place due to poor attendance. The theory behind this, as demonstrated at Antioch College several years ago, is to give students maximum freedom from classroom constraints in order for them to "get their heads together" to do "their own thing in their own

way" thus becoming more vital citizens. This plan has the added money-saving advantage of eliminating the need for a trained full-time faculty. "And don't forget," added Haywood, "this leaves open all that classroom space which can be rented out for storage and other uses."

When asked what he would do when and if this newest calendar should be rejected, Haywood interrupted his eagle-like reverie to reply. "No matter, I've got at least four or five more up my sleeve. I think there should be two or three weeks off for Purgisnacht anyway." He suddenly leaned forward and whispered. "One of these weeks I'll manage to put them all to sleep... and I'll just vote it in myself." He gave me a conspiratorial wink and a tweak on the nose as he pulled on his huge galoshes and overcoat and sauntered off into the cool misty night.



Letters To The Editor

THE KENYON COLLEGIAN encourages letters to the Editor. All submissions must be typed. The Editor reserves the right to edit all material while maintaining the original intentions of the particular submission.

Dear Sirs:

There's nothing like the face of a kid eatin' a Hershey bar.

Yrs,
Ken Bluford

Dear Sirs:

My orthopedic shoes are in the hall closet under the stairs. Could you please send them along?

Thank you,
William Caples

Dear Sirs:

Could someone please tell me what "ditty-wah-ditty" means? It's not dirty is it? I hope so.

Sincerely,
Richard Hettlinger

To the Editor:

Please! I've had my hair cut, and I even grew this moustache. Now, will you please stop calling me Bozo?

Truly,
Peter Rutkoff

Dear Editors:

William Faulkner's favorite food was corn-on-the-cob. No kidding! Please print this as Crump's on my back to get my name in the paper as much as John-boy Ward does. I'm also losing my groupies.

Enduringly,
Perry Lentz

Dear Sirs:

What is a Provost anyway? Isn't it the same as a Nazi submarine?

Regards,
P. Jordan

Dear Funny Issue Editors:

How's this? "I was walking back to the office the other night with some quotes for a searing expose on the security office when Jim Cass started shooting at me from Ransom Hall alledging that I was a cat."

Yours,
Matt Winkler

P.S. When are you guys going to give me back my glasses and let me back in the office? I am becoming profoundly irritated.

John Agresto

Dear Sirs:

What has two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickle on a sesame seed bun and goes by the name O'Hara?

John Agresto

To the Editor:

The Wopper?

Tom Scorza

Dear Sir:

No, the Big Mic.

John R. O. McKean

To the Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to present my reasons for resigning. As you know, I have served the Kenyon community for

many years, but I find it impossible to continue, because of the prevailing blatant sexist attitudes. Being the only woman on the staff, I am forced to take orders from everyone (which I must carry out if I value my job) and they add insult to injury by throwing money after me. They think they can beat me in pinball simply because I am a woman and 103 years old.

Some further reasons are:

1. I am not permitted to be a candidate for Senate or Faculty Council.

2. Saga's office refuses to send me all announcements and reports which routinely go to other members of the academic community.

3. I was denied an invitation to a dinner honoring President Jordan. I received a luncheon invitation, but they expected me to cook for it.

4. On several occasions I was given such short notice about meetings I was to attend that I had to leave burgers on the grill, burning them to a crisp.

5. A general atmosphere and air that conveys to me that I should be aware of my low status on the ladder of authority and thereby my opinions and views deserve little attention and that shouldn't surprise me.

6. An air of intimidation and fear is perpetuated, especially after ten o'clock and on weekends.

I am tired of being used.

I'm a person, not a dog.

Sincerely,
Hilda Peersshops

My View:

A Weekly Commentary

The growing rate of practical illiteracy in this country has worried educators of late. Does Kenyon have to worry about such a problem? In *My View* this week freshman W. O. Power says "no".

Allredy to much has been said about illiteracy hear at Kenyon allredy. It is not a problem! Meny stoodents, like me, has a good command of the English language and kan express ourselfs reel good. My teeshurs woory to much becuz thay think that stoodents lik me kant rite good. I say fooley!

Whan I rite a paper for English clas I believ that it is my ideas that shoood be more important then my riting don't yu? Becaus here at Kenyun collage ideas are reel important and so thats wy I'm going to skool here rite now. Sekond I think becaus that in this modern aige people hav meny ways of komunikateing with each other like tellavision and a raydio and tellafone and reely don't have to rite so much any more. See wat I mein? caus wan I have something to tell u thats reel important and that yu shoood no I kan talk it to yo or on the raydeo or on the T.V. or fone.

I kan rede good to! I gues that noks thos teechners ideas into a koked hat becaus they say stoodents nowahdayes kant rede good tooday. Yesterday I red a Stop sine wan I wuz dryving and I do it al the time. So ther! I am redy to debait thos wize guyes aintime who think ther so smart. Don't yu?

My View is a weekly commentary open to the views and ideas of the students of Kenyon College. All are invited to contribute.

Scientific Discovery Baffles, Pleases

Seemingly conclusive evidence has arisen this week to suggest that here at this small, virtually non-existent college, a form of reincarnation exists. Kenyon students, it appears, have been blessed with life after dinner.

Director of So-called Food Services Saga Steve Panhandle, who is credited with the discovery, told reporters at a press conference, "We're quite pleased! Hundreds of people, known to have eaten dinner, have been seen on campus perfectly alive and well." When asked for the possible cause, he replied, "I don't know. You must keep in mind that this is a rather unique experience for us."

However, not everyone is as happy with the discovery. College doctor Rx C. "I'm not in" McCann, surrounded by Health Service bodyguards, described the situation as "inexcusable. All my work has gone to ruin." He did not elaborate.

Other organizations have also issued statements. The Ad Hoc Committee To Bring Food Back To Kenyon (AHCTBFBTK) said, in a printed release, that the "entire matter is a hoax," "It's all a fake! They're dressing people up to look like students who've eaten! We've lost six members in the past week alone!" Saga Steve's reaction: "We don't take them (AHCTBFBTK) too seriously. They're just angry because there's no McDonald's closer than Columbus. Actually, most of the kids are pretty pleased about the discovery." The student body could not be reached for comment.

When asked about his plans for the future, Saga Steve said, "As pleased as we are with this, we're not going to stop here. Our real goal is something that will benefit everyone, and that will make Kenyon a happier and better place to live in and learn at. We hope soon to be able to enable students to function at the time when they are usually hopeless. Don't be surprised if in a few months you hear that we at Kenyon have perfect life after breakfast."

'IL SOLO PORTFOLIO' In Rosse On Saturday

Great music comes to Gambier this weekend with the Rosse Hall debut of the world famous Metrocharletan Opera Company now on a four month tour of the south-central Ohio area. The quartet will appear Saturday, April 24 at 8:00 p.m. for the Gambier premiere of Paolo Vermicelli's 1911 masterpiece, *Il Solo Portfolio* (The Loney Envelope). The following is a short synopsis of the plot.

The curtain rises and we see the lovely Olivetti, the young and beautiful daughter of a prosperous tree surgeon, alone in a garden. She is troubled. "O fresca blotto oleo," she sings. (O where are my roller-skates?) The sound of hoofbeats is heard offstage, heralding the arrival of her lover Don Video, a dashing figure seated astride a magnificent broad sow. He declares his undying love for Olivetti. "Me bosco panatella necco," he tells her. (You make me feel all hot and sticky.) She returns his passion with equal ardor and they sing a duet, "Grosso fiat innuendo." (This could be the start of something big.) But all is not well. Don Video's brother Audio, a messenger of the king, rushes onstage. "Whammo fizzie Tupelo!" he exclaims. (War is declared!) He exits, followed by Don Video. Olivetti collapses in grief on a bed of gloxinias, weeping inconsolably. Fearing her lover's death in battle, she goes insane. "Oooh cutesie disco sabatini!" she cries in delirium. (I want to be a watermelon.) She staggers aimlessly about the stage babbling to herself. A full chorus enters and sings the moving chorale, "Rebozo karma pasta Gucci." (Alas, alas, stay tuned for intermission,) as the great curtain descends and the first act draws to a heart rending conclusion.

At this point, there will be a fifteen minute intermission, during which time there will be a short lecture by a reknowned expert on the operas of

Vermicelli, Doctor Anton Profundo, well known musicologist and professor of music theory at the Sunnysdale School for the Deaf in Glen Campbell, Pennsylvania. Dr. Profundo will also answer any questions students might have about Vermicelli and his works.

The second act finds Olivetti, a raving lunatic, locked up in a convent run by the Sisters of Minestrone. We find her gazing sadly out of one of the high, barred windows. "O vestibule a cosa nostra macho," she sings. (Why am I locked up in this rat hole?) Meanwhile, on the battlefield, the news is grim indeed. Don Video, alas, has fallen from his mount, sustaining fatal injuries. The entire company mourns his death and they bear his body to the nearest chapel, coincidentally that of the Sisters of Minestrone. Olivetti catches sight of the funeral cortage bearing her lover as it approaches the building. "Don Video!" she shrieks. "Bingo ratso intermezzo!" (Whatso matta baby, are oo hurt?) Lo and behold, her screams awaken the fallen Don Video. "Belladonna squeegee boffo," are his first words. (I'd know that voice anywhere.) At this, Olivetti is so shocked that she tumbles headlong from the window and crashes to the stone terrace ten stories below. "O nada stucco!" exclaims Don Video. (Is she hurt?)

The soldiers scrape up the former body of the once-lovely Olivetti and bear it away. Don Video is left alone onstage. Another messenger of the king enters with the news that Don Video is to be shot at dawn on an old pederasty count. They exit. The full chorus enters to sing the rousing finale, "Weo canto queasy granola," (We apologize for the preceding opera), and the great curtain comes crashing down upon the final act of this great masterpiece.

Tickets for *Il Solo Portfolio* are free with a student I.D. and are available from any members of Music Club, or the SAGA pit crew.

G. R. Smith & Co.

HARDWARE, PAINTS, HOUSEWARES AND LAWN SUPPLIES
VINE & MULBERRY STREETS
MOUNT VERNON, OHIO 43050
(614) 397-5747

Questions To Read Poetry Here

Poet Anne Questions will read her poems in Peirce Hall lounge this Tuesday night at 8:30 p.m. The following are some shorter selections from here new book *Frenchmen Poetry*.

The trees are turning red
color explodes
in reality bombs
it's autumn
I need a shower

You're not a cruel person
but
why did you cut
my
fingers off?

the
faceless
people
laugh
at
themselves

ducks
swim.

He tells me it's over - our love salad
is eaten
He tells me he is no longer my carrot
me, no longer his tomato
"Blow it out your ears" I tell him

Admissions Releases New Ads

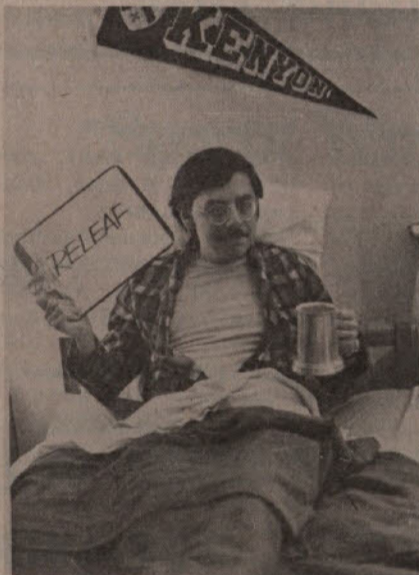
Dean of Admissions John Kushan this past Tuesday released to the *Collegian* two of the advertisements to appear in national journals which are part of the new program to saturate the media in an effort to raise the quality of Kenyon students. Commenting on the ads, Kushan said

"We're really happy with them. These two ads (pictured below) are of course directed at different audiences. We plan the top one for *Time*. It's going to cost us \$60,000.00 for a full page but we think it's worth it. The other ad we hope will appear in *Ebony*. We sent them a mock-up of it but they haven't responded."

How Does Kenyon Student

Thornheart Tennis-net III

Spell Relief?



Tired of the dog-eat-dog world? City living got you down? Do you sometimes feel like just getting away from it all? Well, there's Magic awaiting you at the Magic Mountain!!! Imagine, for four glorious years you too can romp on the same pleasure grounds Rutherford B. Hayes once called home. We have it all — experience fun mixers where you can meet people from both ends of campus (of which we have two: north *and* south); enjoy exciting movies which can't be seen elsewhere and for a thought-provoking evening hear what it's like to be around great men through our Relatives of Famous People Lecture series. Come to Ohio's heartland and live it yourself. You'll never have it so good!

Kenyon College

Experience the rolling hills
so few call home

Hey All You Jive Cats! Listen Here!



Money, money, money
Is up for the takin'.
We'll slid you five thou-
If it's Black you ain't fakin'.

Are you darker than White?
Then you make the grade!
Do-Re-Mi's awaitin',
We call it Kool-Aid.

Honest Abes in your hand.
Yes, we've got the green.
Just do us one favor
By making our scene.

Honkies we may be.
We outnumber you, sure.
But with tokens so few,
We'll make no racial slurs.

We kid yod? not us!
This ain't no bum steer.
So make Kenyon your choice
And come join us all here.

Kenyon College

One of Kenyon's many black students

FILMS at ROSSE

My Shipwreck, Alone

My Shipwreck, Alone. Directed by Max Syph. 1957, B & W, 99 min. German (with Samoan subtitles).

We want to laugh and cry at the same time in this one. But something stops us. Is it the frequent cut-away shots from the lovers to sunny beach scenes around the world? Or the recurring theme that we are not ourselves but in reality unemployed actors? The director Syph uses only unemployed actors in his films. No wonder he gets confused! Ultimately it is a film that, except for an ache behind the eyeballs, we forget ever viewing right after leaving the theater.

The Grim Reality

The Grim Reality. Directed by Tod Browning. Screenplay by J. Goebbels. 1939, B & W, 75 min.

What happens when a Nazi couple has a Jewish dentist over for dinner and he turns out to be a vampire? All hell breaks loose in this 1939 flawed comic masterpiece that Bowsley Crothers called "incredible". Shelved almost immediately after it was produced when American opinion suddenly turned against Hitler, this horror/social consciousness/screwball comedy boasts the talents of Cary Grant and Joan



My Shipwreck, Alone

Blondell as the couple supported by Bela Lugosi as the kosher vampire. Though the jokes are largely topical they are still hilarious.

The Three Stooges Go To Hell

The Three Stooges Go To Hell. 1955, 3-D, 45 min.

This little-known film is said to be the high point of the Stooges' career as filmmakers. It starts off with a bang: the blast of a shotgun, Moe (Moe Howard) shoots out the brains

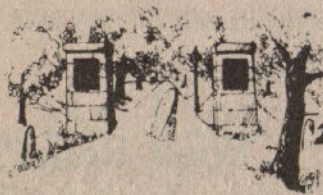
of both Shemp (Shemp Howard) and Larry (Lawrence Fine). The effect (via three dimensional photography) is devastating. Moe is then fried in the electric chair, and ends up in Hell, where he immediately encounters his victims, who include not only Shemp and Larry, but also Joe (Joe DeRita) and Curly (Curly Howard). They greet him (and us) with a barrage from flame-throwers, and the fun is just beginning. The Stooges proceed to turn all denizens of the depths against them through their endless antics. The film is climaxed with a flaming Baked Alaska fight in which the entire netherworld becomes involved.

The KFS would like to remind you that, while this film may provide us with many laughs, we must remember that what the Stooges do is done in fun, and that we must never try to imitate them.

The Big Potato

The Big Potato. (Le Grand Peutetre). 1958, 115 min. French.

This early offering from director Francois Truffaut shows his genius at a completely unrefined level. His dogged use of the lens cap in this film revolutionized the industry. Already one can sense his grand directoral persona as he has to repeatedly spin his actors around to face the camera.



Along Middle Path

Friday, April 23

6:00-9:00 p.m.—Saturday's main course, Sunday's dessert; All you can stand - \$3.50, Gund snack Shop.
7:00 p.m.—Chess Club All Night Vigil on Cromwell House lawn.
7:30 p.m.—Leo Cliff, guest lecturer and escaped felon, terrorizes Gambier until Sheriff's deputies gun him down. Reception following in Peirce Hall Lounge.
9:45 p.m.—Spontaneous party, Craft Center.

Saturday, April 24

9:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. (Sat. & Sun.)—Bicentennial Exhibit: Tar and Feather Sculptures, Colburn Gallery.
5:15 p.m.—Deuteronomy 5:15
7:00 p.m.—Latin Classics Club All-Night Vigil on Cromwell House lawn.
10:00 p.m.—OAPP film *Shoes of Destiny*. Dramatic story of Anna Kalsø's uphill battle to have her Earth Shoe © patented, Bio Aud.

Sunday, April 25

4:00 p.m.—"Ascent of Man" last

episode. *Decent of the Spacy Host*. Features dramatic on-camera death of Dr. Bronowski and footage of subsequent funeral, Bio Aud.

7:00 p.m.—Maintenance Open House, Old Kenyon Boiler Room. B.Y.O.B.

Monday, April 26

4:00 p.m.—Dr. Meesha Pshenery, a true weirdo, will lecture on "Tooth Decay In Amphibians" featuring slides of unique root canal work. Bio Aud.
8:00 p.m.—The world champion wifebeating team of Quotchar, New Zealand will demonstrate precision whipping at the fieldhouse.

Tuesday, April 27

8:00 p.m.—Dr. Lester Blastula, U. of The Seven Virgins, will conduct a roundtable discussion on "The Importance of Roundtable Discussions" Philo. Hall.
8:30 p.m.—Poet Anne Questions, whose anthologies include *Razor* and *I'll See You Later*, will read in Peirce Hall Lounge.

Wednesday, April 28

2:00-4:30 p.m.—AKL career hour: Discussion "A Better Blue Collar" Peirce Hall Lounge.
7:00 p.m.—Jordan Family All-Night Vigil on Cromwell House lawn.
6:00-9:00 p.m.—Friday Night Special now only \$1.75, Gund Snack Shop.

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Trackers Trample Tradition

Last Saturday's track meet between the Big Red and the Lords, held in Wertheimer fieldhouse, was, literally, over before it began. The Kenyon cindermen were aiming to beat old records of .01 minutes or one second for the Hundred yard dash and .05 for the Four-forty, both set last season. Denison put up a good fight and actually tied the old records but the Lords held the day.

Flash "Flash" Gordon, a sophomore, broke the time warp in

the Hundred and crossed the finish line before the gun sounded. "I'm just fast." His reaction to the victory:

Our entry for the Four-forty, Deaf "Deaf" Watson, Italian, turned in a -.043 to shatter both the old record and several eardrums. His comments: "When I started hearing reruns of 'It's About Time' I knew I was doing O.K."

The intrepid trackers will be on the road next week to hold a meet at Oberlin last Monday.

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