he showed down on thick juicy chicken breast and guzzled down a Bud. "George never had this much fun at Yale. Why would he entertain me now?"

Although Sheila Jordan was not seen with her husband at the Hooters establishment, their were some odd howels heard from Cromwell College.

According to a reliable source, Ms. Jordan has written close 156,789 poems in the past 24 hours. The poems have been titled "A silicone Walt's Enough."

Rumours have already begun to circulate that the presidential couple's marriage is on a skid row. We Jordan followers will just have to hold on for another episode of Cromwell Place.

Regardless of President Jordan's marriage status, he appeared quite single on Sunday night. The respected President was reportedly clenching a ten-dollar bill between his stiff white teeth, muttering, "Ooohoo!!! This way baby!! Table dance!!"

Elvis Discovered Amongst Trash

By Tina Trash

On Wednesday April 30, the chick at the Beasley 100a trailers reported the latest Elvis citation. Ms. Elvis Presley has not been spotted in the Alhina area since the tragic Budweiser Beer truck accident of 1967.

Mr. Presley did not only upset Miss Rita, Lureen was none to pleased with the arrival of the King. "Do you know where that man is? In the church right next to the Tresett. Everyone from here to Chattanooga knows that's MY seat. An' then he started to play MY Tresett. What a girl to do, white washing the Show?"

There was only one injury resulting from the event. Ms. Megan O'Connell was treated for a slight concussion after fainting and hitting her head on one of the many fine Pink Flamingos outside the Double Wide.

Ms. O'Connell commented, "I hadn't been that moved since my visit to Graceland. But, this time I got it on tape. Judy will want to see the performance."

It seems likely that the King will return to the residence. He booked reservations for a shot gun wedding with Ms. Shannon Doherty.

Beautiful Miss Lisa Marie was not to pleased with the arrival of the King. "Do you know where that man is? In the church right next to the Tresett. Everyone from here to Chattanooga knows that's MY seat. An' then he started to play MY Tresett. What a girl to do, white washing the Show?"

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According to Roxy (aka Freg), the ladies of the double wide were settling down to a long night of 90210 and Melrose when there was a mysterious knock at the door. "It was Elvis!! I know that man inside and out, with or without his white suit!! Miss Roxy exclaimed.

"Roxy, you're gettin' all wound up!!" Flo exclaimed. "Anyway, he snarled rightin', grabbed one of my American Lights and sat down to enjoy the Shows."

The King seemed quite entablled with the episode of 90210. Ms. Lisa-Marie explained, "He kept calling Brenda 'That feisty hound dog' and tellin' me he was gonna make her his bride. Oh boy the way, did I tell you where I go my name? In honor of the King's childe, Lisa-Marie!!"

The King remained at the

The Scoop

Barbara Lille makes a big splash, breaks that story... oops, we already did that story see page nine

Did any of you even notice that these boxes are gone?

Volume LXIX, DIX Number 69

Sure as hell not the Washington Post

On Wednesday April 30, the chick at the Beasley 100a trailers reported the latest Elvis citation. Ms. Elvis Presley has not been spotted in the Alhina area since the tragic Budweiser Beer truck accident of 1967.
Larson's Lifestyle Uncovered by Crack Reporters

By Ben Dover

CRITICAL THEORY "A LOAD OF HOLLY", DECLARES KENYON LIT DEPT

Members of Kenyon's English department delivered their first near-unanimous decision in history this week in declaring the whole of literary theory "the biggest crock of hokum we've ever seen," in the words of department head Ted "Wild Man" Macon. "Who the hell knows what any of it means?" asked Professor Lori Leftfield. "I mean, I swatched some French eggheads fucking up the language with their 'post-structuralists' this and their 'anti-essentialists', that. What the fuck does this have to do with books? We are studying books here, aren't we?"

"It's about time we started giving a shit about what our students are doing while they're at Kenyon, and not how many of the fuckers get into graduate school," said Professor Deborah Laycock. "Feminism, Afrocentrism, relativism...these all are trendy topics no one is going to care a pair of dingo's kidneys about ten years from now. All this 'transgenderism', this 'decentering of the text', 'deprivileging the marginalized'...my brother's dog drops shit with more meaning than that. We gotta get back to basics. It's the literature, dammit!"

By and large the Kenyon student community supported the English department's decision to abandon theoretical bullshit. In a note tacked to the doors of the Crenier Center, seniors Ken Fishman, Becky Feldman, and Simon McGuire expressed their profound approval of the professors' plans shortly before committing ritual suicide at the James Cottage lawn.

"What a piezer," said Professor David Lyon, when informed of the students' decision. "But, you know...Theories come and go. Advices come and go. Buttenure—tenure's the shit, man."

LARSON BUSTED—THE TRUTH REVEALED

Former Post columnist Kate Larson was arrested at 3:00 a.m. Thursday morning by the Knox Co. sheriff's department after being found in the third floor Leonard men's shower with two men, a bottle of Jim Beam in one hand and a 2 inch "fatty" in the other screaming the lyrics to "Riceacre" at the top of her lungs.

"You set me up, Holdert," Larson screeched, after the first of three squads of police officers arrived on the scene. She immediately began thrashing one of the two inept and semi-naked men in the shower beside her. The other male, later identified as "Toph," reported, "What do you care, Katie? You loved it—you know you loved every minute of it. And Ted and I will never forget the best eighteen hours of our lives..."

Criminal Remillard (who gained her position by questionable if not immoral accusations—maybe she slept with Joey Neuhard) later denied the security warning of the year, instructing students to use the shower in Leonard and Old Kenyon in pairs. Within the chambers of Kenyon's crack security team (who had extradited Larson from the sheriff's clutches, keeping Kenyon's tens fresh and clean as a daisy once more), the story of Larson's four years of depredation massively unavowed. Larson's many attempts to explode a thermoelement device outside of Old Kenyon..."Larson's positions as No. 1 grass supplier to the Peeps...Larson's long and torrid lust affair with Bob Graves in which the housing head kept a ring of thoroughbreds in order to "test the night on fire" several times a week—all were among the taints of the firebolt—when his eyes met Storing's gleam of goggle-eyed squads of Securheads.

"This blows my fuckin' mind," said a security member, who asked not to be identified. "I haven't heard shit like this since the time we walked in on one of Brockhouse and Ponder's 5's & M session!"

Eventually, through the intervention of crusading lawyer Bruce Tyler Wick, Larson was not only released from custody but given a position within the Kenyon administration. She currently co-heads the Commission on Student Life with fellow associates Holder and Field and has combated the White Chagnon, the genius behind next year's scheduled "Keep the Night" march in support of marginalized academics.

Larson was quick to point out that her views in no way coincide with those of her former editor, "who obviously sent me to this campus for all the wrong reasons." She added, "Besides, my K/f love-muffins give great backrubs!"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Go Ahead, Kiss my Asshahaaa!!!

To the General Public:

For those of you out there that like to complain about the Post, let me tell you a little something. As you complain to me at lunch, in the post-office, in class, on the phone, or wherever, I think about two things.

First, I think about how much I can't wait until the last week we publish the Post so that I can write you this letter. Second, I think about how your whole textbook looks a lot like your butt and if the two were to be reversed one would know no difference.

For those of you that were editors of your papers in high school or just thought you were the shit in high school—grow up. You will never—ever again—be journalism school besides the mail-away-for-a-dollar one unless you write for the Post or you are brilliant (which I doubt). Secondy, it has been my experience that those of you that were big shots in high school are really not much now.

So what if the headlines are screwed up and I can't spell or punctuate. If you think you can do a better job you can haul your ass up here every Wednesday night, stay 'til 1:00 a.m., go home and get smashed, and then take a bunch of shit for it the next day.

For those of you who are physically and thought that you were allowed to say your opinion in an objective article and then got penalized at me for not running your pissy story—fuck you! You can't include an opinion in an objective article and if you are as smart as you told me you were when you first started to write for me then you would have realized that the writer that we intelligent and brave enough to stick with me for the entire year. Thanks to my faithful writer...I am grateful for your dedicated service. For all you critical fucks, you can kiss my ass.

Sincerely,
The Genius

Top Ten Places Aaron Killbizzz might be

10. Selling beer at Vail's 7-11 with girlfriend Violent
9. Operating the underground train between the White House and Cottage Hill
8. Fighting for peace in Nairobi
7. Trading securities on the Paraguayan Stock Exchange
6. Coaching Tonya Harding for the '98 Olympics
5. Pit boss in Vegas
4. Fashion consultant to New York's new underground economy, next reporter Chris "Swatch" Munster
3. As Harvard with Beth Roy
2. Lurking behind the Woodlands, just staring square out for another drunken, late night cruise.
1. Impersonating Perico's "Drink Guy"
Lascivious Faculty Member Spotted

By The All-Seeing Roommate

On the outside, Kenyon seems a wholesome enough place—a breeding ground for healthy student-faculty relationships. But once we look past the glossy pages of the Prospectus, it’s not too hard to see what lies beneath the innocent classroom discussion.

Take, for instance, one seemingly-innocuous sociology professor. Sure, faculty are often seen hanging out with students, but how often is it at the Cove on a Wednesday night? Every Wednesday night? Yes, faculty are occasionally seen driving students around, but how often is it coming home from a certain fraternity’s annual champagne party? In a high-profile European sports car?

A day in the life of this professor is hardly one of dull academia, to be sure. As he escorts a pretty student to his office, where extra credit is discussed, he is sidetracked by another, inquiring about the bash he is throwing at his palatial house later in the week. He invites students to partake in many recreational activities, from jaunts to McDonald’s to days spent on his boat.

In addition to teaching, this esteemed instructor writes textbooks that are published in 57 languages in 50 countries, and brings him an impressive salary, while no doubt providing entertainments and amusements for his wife. After all, she needs to do something while he goes out and plays. In fact, the Naughty Professor has taken the Lolita complex one step further, into Oedipal territory, in that some of his choicest picks bear an astonishing resemblance to the missus. If asked why she allows so many sweet young things to be paraded around by her husband, there is little doubt that she would smile winningly and murmur something about “the extra help,” surely referring to the girls who spend time playing with her young son.

Top Ten Reasons Why There Are Rarely Photographs In The Post:

10. There’s not too much to take pictures of.
9. There’s a terrible disease that kills cameras at the most crucial moments.
8. Photographers get bumped by their boyfriends.
7. The staff mutinies and refuses to run the photo editor’s offerings. Well, according to her, anyway.
6. People grow weary of having their names misspelled in the photo credits.
5. Photo editor doesn’t feel like it.

Over heard...

And underhanded

"Tonya Harding is Hot. (after an uproarious round of laughter) No, I mean the blonde one!"
Frank Guittard

"It’s Wednesday night Dana, there are no rules!"
Kover

"I don’t love her, but I’ll love her tonight."
Ben White

"Pete Foster is hot!"
Jess McLaren

"Fat chance I’m ever gonna beer goggle with him again."
Kover (name withheld to protect the innocent)

"I like to defy the laws of furniture."
Kover

"That’s a boring editorial and no one will read more than one paragraph."
Mark Haggerty

"What if it was only one paragraph long."
John Hatfield

"If President Jordan gets bummmed out by not being quoted in the Collegian, he is sad and confused man."
Kover

"What I need are blinders and radar so I only run into the people I want to run into this (homecoming) weekend."
Ryan Holit

"If you want instant gratification, go to Security."
Beth Bennett

"As faithful as ever to my own doctrine of uncoolness, I had no senior slump."
Kate Lanson

"Fuck the CDC!"
Kover

"You know, if you drink enough, you could pickle yourself."
Kover

"Every other girl I’ve been with was just a girl . . . Jane’s a woman."
Garreth Greesch

"Kissing is the key to life."
Kover

"When I first came to Kenyon, someone said, ‘that’s Barry Lustig. You’ll see him everywhere.’"
Gianna Maio

"I’ve taken a vow of celibacy"
Jess McLaren

"Let’s get it in the Collegian so all your fans will know."
Kover

"It’s like biting into the ass of a cow."
Max Perren, on hearing of McDonald’s four-layered double big mac

"I can’t believe Barry Lustig is president of Common Sense. He doesn’t even know how to use a table of contents."
Kover

"I started smoking when I was eight, but then quit when I was ten and I learned how to inhale."
Tim Cook

see OVERHEARD page nine
KCDC Answers Question: “Scoobie Doo, Where are You?”

By a GOOD actor!

Riding on the anticipated success of this summer’s live action Feature at the movie, the KCDC will produce a stage version of another popular Hanna-Barbera character, Scoobie Doo.

The play presents a typical Scoobie-Doo plot, in which the characters must “investigate” a mystery, and manage to solve it without using any powers of deduction whatsoever. KCDC’s mystery revolves around the theft of Kenya’s endowment. While looking for clues, the meddling kids and their dumb dog encounter a ghostly Phil Jordan. At the story’s conclusion, it is uncovered that the endowment never really existed at all, and was nothing more than a cruel plot to enrich Kenya Students. Straying from the typical “plot twist” of a Scoobie Doo episode, Jordan does not turn out to be an imposter. He was just mistaken for a ghost because he’s so pale.

Ever-faithful to the “Doo myob” the characters will embroil themselves in the usual amount of “Doo-humor,” like constructing time traps to capture the villain, and wearing the same clothes throughout the show.

KCDC’s Scoobie-Doo is directed by Visiting Assistant Professor of Drama Wendy MacLeod, fresh off her production of her own one-act play, “Coming of Age in Suburbia.”

“This is quite a unique challenge,” said MacLeod. “I’ve never been challenged in such a unique manner before. It will be difficult to make the characters seem real, but the actors I have are amazing.”

Sophomore Matt Kerr heads up the cast as the title character, with support from first-year redheads Katherine Boden and Daphne, senior Kelly Graham as Velma, and juniors Scott Pickett and Phil Mertz as Fred and Shaggy. Sophomore Mike Stern will make a cameo appearance as Scrappy Doo.

“I plan to play Velma as less of a nerd,” said Graham. “I’ll be exploring the reason why Scoobie’s middle name is ‘Doobie.’ Don’t put that in the article.”

Kerr said he decided to play the iconic lead, “I’ve always identified with Scoobie,” Kerr said. “He manages to inspire affection wherever he goes, while acting like a complete dope [another thinly veiled allusion to Scoobie Doo’s underlying drug theme]. It won’t be much of an acting stretch.”

This production is proving to be an all-camp effort. The KCDC Anti-Prohibition League is providing a converted Volkswagen bus as the Mystery Machine, as well as “refreshments” for after the show (Security, ignore that part).

“All in all, this is the most challenging unique production I’ve ever worked on,” said MacLeod. “I know you need text for the paper, but please, don’t give away the ending in the article.”

We at the Post wanted to let you know how much we appreciate anonymous criticism. If we met up on something, please don’t talk to us face-to-face and explain the problem. By all means, that might cause IMPROVEMENT!!! Childish insults and empty threats are the most efficient way to voice your opinion of our humble publication.

The Gambler Fest: We may screw up, but at least we put our names on it.

The Post’s Guide to Male-Female Communication

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What She Says...</th>
<th>What She Means...</th>
<th>What He Says...</th>
<th>What He Means...</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>You want.</td>
<td>I want.</td>
<td>You want.</td>
<td>I know what you should want.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We need.</td>
<td>The correct decision should be clear by now.</td>
<td>We need.</td>
<td>I want.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It’s your decision.</td>
<td>You’ll pay for this later.</td>
<td>It’s your decision.</td>
<td>I’m totally clueless, so you decide and I’ll just sit here and take half the credit.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do what you want.</td>
<td>Of course I’m upset, you moron</td>
<td>Do what you want.</td>
<td>I’ll just sit on the couch and sulk.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’m not upset.</td>
<td>You need a shave and are really sweaty.</td>
<td>We need to talk.</td>
<td>I need to complain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You’re... so manly.</td>
<td>I’m on my period.</td>
<td>Sure... go ahead.</td>
<td>I don’t want you to, but I’ll use this next time we fight to show you how supportive I am.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’m not emotional and I’m not overreacting.</td>
<td>I’m going to ask for something expensive.</td>
<td>I’m hungry.</td>
<td>A) Make me something to eat. B) Stop what you are doing, scrape together your last dollar, go drive to the supermarket, come back, cook, and oh, while you are at it, get me a beer... I don’t care if what you’re doing is important.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do you love me?</td>
<td>I did something today that you’re really not going to like.</td>
<td>Kick off your shoes and find a good game on TV.</td>
<td>Of course I’m upset, but only a wuss would admit it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How much do you love me?</td>
<td>Tell me I’m beautiful.</td>
<td>You’re... so feminine.</td>
<td>Do you do laundry... cook... windows... bake?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’ll be ready in a minute.</td>
<td>I need to complain.</td>
<td>I’m feeling romantic tonight.</td>
<td>There’s no game on tonight.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is my butt fat?</td>
<td>Just agree with me.</td>
<td>I’m not emotional and I’m not overreacting.</td>
<td>I’m losing my hair.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We need to talk.</td>
<td>[Too late, you’re dead]</td>
<td>Be romantic, turn out the lights.</td>
<td>Good god? What beer gas?... Oh... Uh.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You have to learn to communicate.</td>
<td>I want to hide my flabby thighs.</td>
<td>I know where I am.</td>
<td>Oh God, where the %$@# am I?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are you listening to me?</td>
<td>NO.</td>
<td>Do you love me?</td>
<td>I’ve done something stupid and I’m afraid you might find out.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be romantic, turn out the lights.</td>
<td>NO.</td>
<td>How much do you love me?</td>
<td>I’ve done something really stupid and someone is on their way over to tell you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yes.</td>
<td>NO.</td>
<td>Wanna snuggle?</td>
<td>I noticed that you were almost asleep.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>[2 a.m.]</td>
<td>In answer to “what’s wrong”:</td>
<td>I’m in the middle of a fantasy, go away.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maybe.</td>
<td>NO.</td>
<td>Nothing.</td>
<td>Some gorgeous 18 year old called me sir.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sure... go ahead.</td>
<td>I don’t want you to.</td>
<td>Everything.</td>
<td>I’m impotent.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
By Ias Rowan Yourboat

Remember Pee-Wee’s Big Adventure? No, the movie theater in Sarasota. The movie. You know, the one that rocketed director Tim Burton to fame (and Batman Returns)? In case you haven’t seen it, a nerd goes on a cross-country quest to recover his stolen bicycle. This film-formula clicked with audiences, and Pee-Wee’s Big Adventure paved the way for the next geeok-on-a-mission movie, Paul Stamms Large Escapade.

Kenyon students will remember Stamms as the pathetic sidewalk preacher who told us we were going to hell. Well, apparently, Warren Bres liked his story, so they gave him a film deal. Large Escapade deals with the fantasy story of Stamms losing his virginity, and braving the pits of Hell to regain it. Granted, right off the bat you know that the entire movie will be revealed as a dream at the end, but the premise works. Stamms is coerced into the carnal act by a demon impersonating sophomore Emily Kramer (can you blame him?). Stamms learns that the sex-demon was sent by the Devil, who desires Stamms’s soul. It seems that Stamms’s preachings have caused quite a racket in the afterlife, and the Devil wants Stamms to be a sound-up act in Hell.

After discovering the Devil’s plan, Stamms frantically pleads with a black-magic mage (played by sophomore Miles Van Ronsselaar) to send him to the brimstone realm. Immediately after arriving on the shores of Acheron, Stamms runs into Kurt Cobain, who in life embodied Stamms’s nemesis. Cobain joins Stamms’s quest because “anything is better than hanging with that freak Courtney.”

The two travel the plains of pain, facing many grave dangers, like Satan’s Security and Safety. To regain his virginity, Stamms must face Satan’s ultimate test: crossing the Bookstore’s CD alarm without it beeping.

It’s a pretty cool movie, so if you’re not heaving up loads of beer-blee after Friday classes, you should run-not-walk to Rosse Hall to catch this bitchin’ flick.

KenyOn Index

1. Number of times the flag was at half staff: 201
2. Number of times people knew why the flag was at half staff: 3
3. Number of times Nels Roningen uses the word “like” incorrectly: –
4. Number of times Kover was quoted in the humor issue: 92
5. Number of personal phone calls for Bennett in the office: 84
6. Number of personal phone calls for Frankel in the office: 2
7. Number of times Jordan chuckles in a conversation: 23
8. Number of times honors history majors bitch about their thesis: 673
9. Number of people on a first name basis with Joe, the market guy: 1500
10. Number of times the librarian shushes the average student in one evening: 12
11. Number of Chaucer practices board by Collegianites: 69
12. Number of American Express forms people get in one month: 9
13. Number of 4AK’s known on campus by the average student: 2
14. Number of movies returned late to the market: 821
15. Number of good movies at the market: 4
16. Number of overpriced items at the Deli: 34
17. Number of people that want to kill Dr. Scherner’s dog: 900 (the entire Caples pop.)
18. Number of all-stu emails sent: 1,234
19. Number of all-stu emails read: 3
20. Number of graduations misted by the chief executive: 1
21. Number of naked parties 1st semester: 10
22. Number of naked parties that were any fun: 1
23. Number of parking tickets Kover has received: –
24. Number she has paid: 1
25. Number of times blue blazers left on McLaren’s floor: 12
26. Number of times people asked who is Barbara Littie: 423
27. Number of women after Nickens: 15
28. Number of times he has realized it: 0
29. Number of dumb questions Robin Smith-Martin asks in a class period: 234

More Over heard . . .

... and Underhanded

“If I stopped drinking right now, I would have drunk a lot for one lifetime.”

Ted Holder, but this applies to most seniors

“This is as close as you’ll ever get to sex on the Collegian.”

Kover, in reference to writing the perfectly sized headline.

“If I were a woman, I would be a raging lesbian.”

Ted Holder

“I’m drunk, and I’m single, and I’m hot!”

Jess McLaren

“All New Yorkers are inherently whiners. It’s in their accent.”

Rino

“I just don’t understand why all these people are wearing sandals with socks!”

Susan Grossman, Freshman year

“This weather is making me frisky.”

Dave Lilly

“You handled that so well.”

Phil Jordan to Kate Larson, following the Hat/Holder chugging contest at the senior dinner

“I hate the cove. I hate the whole Corrigan Empire!”

Rino

“If it’s hot, she’ll shoot it.”

Kover, on Crazy Jane’s photo habits

“If I was ever in a swimsuit issue, I would show a lot of nipple.”

Ted Holder

“Isn’t sneezing the best? It’s like an orgasm for your nose!”

Jessica McLaren

“What?” Matt Kang hits Kover’s head

“There go my brain cells.” –Kover

“Good, only two left.” –Matt

“I wonder if they spellcheck dictionaries?”

Jeremy Collins

“We need to hire a communist, I mean a columnnist.”

Kover

“Lets just assume we have an intelligent readership.”

Kover

“I’m going to have an intellectual hernia.”

Mike Rutter

see OVERHEARD page thirteen
**Athletic Director Found Dead; Suspects Abound**

By Heywood Jablounow

Kenyon’s esteemed Athletic Director, Baseball Coach Bob Bunnell, is sadly mourned at Kenyon this week, after reportedly spontaneouslycombining in his office after dropping two baseball games to Ohio Wesleyan last burn. Bunnell, at the time of his death, was pursuing his dream of pilfering money from the school to better the already well-maintained McCluskey Field, at the expense of Kenyon’s truly good sports teams. He also was on a quest to find a pair of baseball pants that looked good on him.

Once-defunct security Director Tom Davidson has returned to campus to lead the crack security investigation, determined to get to the bottom of Bunnell’s uninjectable implosion. Says Davidson, “I’m here to kick some REAL ass, and I won’t be better filling out those damn reports!” Davidson has also vowed to use the lights on the top of the Security Explorers whenever he drives on campus, because, quote, “I want people around here to be even MORE intimidated by security on this campus, until we find the culprits—and Goddammit, no one title has the balls to turn ‘em on!"

Incidentally, Davidson has enlisted the help of fellow security proscenium Tom Wooley, who has been working part-time at a tattoo parlor near Ohio State. “I was getting really good at drawing those Greek letters,” said Wooley on his new occupation. In addition, he has been hooking all the boys up with the squired white on patrol horn at Kenyon for spending cash.

Investigators do have some leads already in the Bunnell case. After rigorous forensic investigations, fingerprints on Bunnell’s glasses and various leatherwares found in his Wertheimer office point to outgoing men’s soccer coach, Fran O’Leary. When asked about the allegations, and possible rumors of IRA involvement, O’Leary vehemently refused to elaborate. His only recorded comment were these: “This is ridiculous! First Adidas tells me to fuckoff, and now THIS! I tell you, I hate those sportsworn replicas with the best fields even more! Hate ‘em! Bloody Country!!! Where’s Leigh? Shit! Shit! Let’s go to college!” Investigations are ongoing.

Reactions around campus to Bunnell’s passing are mixed. The Collegians attempted to do a Changing Faces entirely devoted to Bob, but scrapped the idea when no one could answer the question, “What was your favorite memory about the former Kenyon Athletic Director?” The swim teams, however, have devised their 1946 NCAA championship in Bunnell, and have tattooed “Bob” on all of their foreheads in loving memory. When asked about the choice, one member of the team said, “Well, black arm bands might have slowed us down..." I don’t know if that’s a secret or so, we couldn’t do that. Besides, we’re not embarrassed about the tattoo—we like to think that new people will know we really do exist.”

Hopefully, those involved in plotting this beneficent crime will be apprehended soon. Until then, The Bob Bunnell Foundation is planning to emblaze replicas of Bunnell’s empyreal allstar’s to display in Olin Gallery, and a “Bobby B. Day,” when a pair of his pants will be donated to clothe the homeless.

**Hockey League Heats Up Before Play-off Crunch; Players Ready For Fight**

By Gary Biteman

The Bexley Hockey League (BHL) is well under way and fast approaching the playoffs. The current standings have Neil “Bea” in trouble with the law since the day I was born” Ivry’s Penguins clearly in the lead, John “$27K a year” Hatfield’s Blackhawks holding a slim lead over Ryan “Cant borrow your car” Jellic’s Habs. The second division leader is Ted “Hair and Soul” Holder, who has his Devils above Darkman’s Red Wings. The league is rounded out by Steve “Pinky” Collins beloved Rangers.

As the season has progressed, fans of the BHL have noticed an improvement in the play of Hatfield and Ivry, with Holder slipping from his pre-season performance. Commenting on his slippage, Holder stated, “These god damn line changes are driving me nuts, but just wait till the playoffs, Hatfield is mine!”

Helft noted, that “Hatfield is playing scared. He knows he has a top team, but he sure doesn’t play that way.”

Hatfield said, “Hey, I own this game. I own it!”

Ivy was unavailable for comment but Director of Housing, a big fan of the BHL and of 107 in general said, “I don’t know, but I just don’t see Neil making it to the cup. Remember, I’ve got a vendetta going, and I’ll do whatever my little mind can think of to keep him out of it.”

The BHL Cup playoffs will be held during senior week, with championship series to be held in camp and graduation morning. All those interested in attending the matchup should be ready to pay the $20 ticket price, because if nothing else, you’ll see Sega hockey at its finest.

**Swedish Clogs**

For those day when you just want to hop out and look like the Usher Twins, but you don’t have the paraphernalia!

JUST IN AT THE BOOKSTORE: SWEDISH CLOGS FOR ONLY $90

The trendiest Kenyon footwear is now available for all those girls that are going for the “I don’t care how I look” look. They are great for spraining your ankle and having friends heap sympathy on you. Plus they look great with sweatpants!

Endorsed by: Tara Thur, Glass Lounge, and Miami Comedy

More Overheard... & Underhandered

"The swimmers are the worst partiers on the face of the earth." Kover

"Why would you want to fuck with a part of your body that you want to keep in... ya know... top shape?" Mark Haggarty in response to clitoris piercing

"I am always on the prowl." Greg Nock

"Anne (Duprey) and I are not nice and P.C." Mark Kover

"No, you’re mean and P.C." Rhino

"Hey ref, get off your knees; you’re blowing the game!" Mike Stern at the Allegheny-Kenyon football game

"Do you think the Chasers ever catch it." Rhino

"We must be really pathetic if we think the CDC is exciting." Kover, on a potential news story

"If you can’t write a 20 page paper in two weeks, you don’t deserve to graduate." Zac Morford in response to whether he had started his comps or not

"We’ve already established that we’re not the nicest people on campus." Julie Parsons

"I used to laugh at those senior girls that were after sophomore guys, now I am one." Meg O’Connell

"Like I need to be quoted one more time for the humor issue." Kover
Kenyon's Best and Brightest

Since our beloved yearbook, The Revile, doesn't do a superlative section, we at the Post thought we should fill you in on this year's winners.

Most Likely to Head the D.E.A.
Melanie Kanazik

Most Likely to Own the Cove Some Day
Johnny Walker

Most Likely to Work in the Cove Some Day
Julie Warner

Most Likely to be seen Walking Across the Country
Barry Lustig

Most Likely to be Caught Embezzling Funds from a Middle Eastern Country
Ed Brown

Most Likely to Become a Trustee of Kenyon
After a Nuclear War
David Lilly

Most Likely to Fail Finrock's Class
Tyril Rigg

Most Likely to Enter the Field of Roof Repairs
The guys of 115 Beekley

Best Ass Kisser
Adam Singer

Most Likely to Replace the Ming Foo Dogs in Olin
Aldo Finni

Most Likely to Share a Brain
Tie between Wilkins-Waterfield Baker and Flahfield-Holker

Slimiest Schmoozer
Nate Nancy and Corey "Pepsi" Goldsand

Worst Smelling Division of Historic Dorms
Peaps

Most Likely to Broadcast Invite Only Parties to Entire Campus
AKe, ALe, APh

Least Likely to Check for Invites
FKe

Best Bathroom Graffiti: Art Division
2nd floor Pearsen men's room, look closely when you're on the can and you will see it.

Best Bathroom Graffiti: Literature Division
Second floor Ascension men's room

Most Likely to Preside over the Hair Club for Men
Pete Foster

Best Nose Hair
Adam Klise, but it was close Runner-up

Favorite Staff Member
Rose

Most Hated Administrator
Bob Graves

Swim Teams Win Another Title, No One Gives a Shit

By Clifford, the Big Red Dog

The Lords and Ladies swim teams returned from Williams College with their unprecedented consecutive national titles this spring. Both teams boasted infinite All-Americans, "Swimmers of the Year," and other decorated athletes.

Student reaction was, at best, indifferent. Spring break seemed to be the hot topic, as "Hey! How was your break? Gee, GREAT isn't it?" could be heard from Westmoreton to the Art Barn. Remarkably un-tan was the swim team. Remarkably bald was the swim team.

National Champions? Those party skimpheads with ingrown leg hair didn't look like champions to me. The only noticeable sign of victory were their stupid new "The Reign Continues" t-shirts and that they were all drunk, all the time.

Said one observant student, "Those fucking swimmers. They don't Booster for months, win some meet, somewhere, come back here, have about two bears which they can't handle, and become louder and more obnoxious than they usually are. You know they'd think they couldn't get any more irritating than usual. They stan all over this entire campus."

Coach James Steen, one of the most, excite me, the most successful coach in college, national, world, or whatever history commented on the student apathy saying, "You know, I don't care what the student body thinks about us or me. I don't have many fans, I don't want many fans. It is my goal to ruin any possible pleasurable opportunity for these athletes. That's why we have the early morning sessions, don't let them drink, DRIVE to Florida and make 'em work the whole time. Believe me, these kids don't enjoy one second of the nine months they train with us. If they do, I'm not doing my job. Do you think I enjoyed shaving myself the thousand-odd times I did it? Do you think I enjoy being this hairy? I'll answer your damn question: the student body. F**ck on."

The Hallowed Pool now lies dormant beneath the shadows of rerun twenty-five (no one really knows) (local) national championship banners. The pool was built deliberately small to eliminate the possibility of housing a major meet. "Yeah, I thought you'd like that one," said the megaloanalocal Satan with a hoarse laugh.

"We had a heap of money, I mean a fucking truckload of cash to make the best pool in the world. "F**ck not!" I said. NO ONE will get any sense of accomplishment here, 'cept me of course. I built a sweat-house. No chance of hosting a national championship. Perfect!"

I took a swimmer to the V.I. for an interview to get the "Athlete's perspective." After one and one-half bottles of Zima, I had a mess on my hands. The soaking-sea-monkey went on at length. "Soccer team goes to the Final Four—it's like Kenyon's in the Superbowl. Basketball team goes to nationals—at all-campus party. Christ man, the fucking women's basketball team wins one fucking bullshit game and they get appluaded in Pience. I'm a thirty time All-American, I've won four national team titles, my pulse rate is eleven, I have my goddamn ass every year! For five months I don't touch alcohol (he ordered another Zima). I'm the true athlete at Kenyon, yet people look at me like I'm a fucking freak, man, a freak. We don't get shit for respect around here, man. We get dick for busting our fucking asses."

"Two hours and four venus later, the kid finally passed out whispering, "No one understands what it's like to live underwater."

A small faction of the team decided at the annual and never fun "Shock Your Mother" Party to put their collective frustration into action. Drunk, stupid, and mostly naked, the fearless mob discussed plans to "make the fucking student body wake up and smell the chlorine." (the play on words indicative of their combined witty.) "Yeah man," said their leader. "I got to wear this stupid nut-hugger suit every day in the fucking pool. We all do. So we decided to stage a demonstration, you know, with signs and stuff. Also we're going to show this school how fucking proud we are by wearing our grape-smuggler spex and to class.

That way, people will ask what we're doing and we can tell them we're national champions. Plus, I'm counting on it driving the chicks pretty nuts, man—I think it will get us laid by someone not on the swim team...that'd be a first for me."

Next year they'll be it at again. Loud at meals, loud in the library, especially loud in the drinking season, we'll have another national championship team. Don't bother to pay attention.

Athletes of the Week

Ed Brown

Jeremy Collins

The Post's sports staff was perplexed once again this week as to whom deserved this week's athlete of the week award, so we called it a tie again.

After earning his driver's license for the first time in his life, Brown became a race car driver and entered Mt. Vernon's weekly Friday night Race Around the Square. In his Jag, Brown passed all the townies in their pick-ups. Brown commented, "Hey, I kinda like hanging out with those townies."

Collins, a first year drop out of the sports staff added to his extra curricular activities by driving random people to the movies. In his Kenyon van, he made it from the SAC to the Colonial Theater in a record time of 4:53. When asked about his spectacular time, he said, "I had to do something with my free time."
Extra Bullshit  page eight  February 14, 1972

RAs presented with Award

By That Girl and That Guy

One final award presented during the Kenyon College Awards Ceremony two weeks ago was announced too late for press time last week. The "Vigilante Resident Advisory," went to Andrew Mastertool, who distinguished himself throughout the year busting parties where no other R.A. or security guard had busted or would care to bust before.

Mastertool credits his keen hearing and olfactory abilities in pinpointing over $50 isolated acts of merriment this year alone. Through floors and walls, Mastertool made his business to go where parties were, and, using his wits, line, "Do you know how to recycle? It's easy — just take the can, pour the beer down the drain and toss it in the bin."

He managed to add over 200 cans of beer and malt liquor, at least one party ball, multiple little green bugs, and 6 Bartles and Jaymes wine coolers to the Gambler sewer system in the past nine months.

Following on the heels of this award, Mastertool put another feather in his cap with the $100 his hall's mural won in the freshman hall mural contest. This achievement, however, Mastertool downplays, as it was Due in large part to his sexual involvement with Student Affairs Center Area Coordinator Jean Grody.

"It was a big sacrifice to be so completely overzealous this year — it really took time away from my studies and the hours I put in the Game Room — but I gotta say, it was all worth it," Mastertool commented, adding "the bounty cash Security gave me for every keg I alerted them to sure came in handy!" Mastertool looks forward to improving upon a banner year next year.

THE KING

continued from page one

"They did a right nice job with mine," exclaimed Betty Sue, mother of fourteen children.

"Yeah! But this time the beer won't be foamy," announced alcohol coordinator Lorena.

Just a Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii Thanks for Your Support and Guidance this Year

Kate Painter  Neil Peris
Anne Duprey  Josh Radnor

You know who you are, and you know what you've done. Thanks.
- The King

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ACROSS
1. Freshwater fish
4. Hostesses
9. Cooking device
12. Bree
13. Legs
14. Niged rice
15. Hid
17. Kent
19. Spring flower
21. Sci donor
22. Powel
24. Safety cone
25. Fruit man
29. Ohio notion
31. Part of work
33. Fears
34. Lithium symbol
35. Aesthetic
37. Affirmative
39. Rather
40. Attention (table)
42. Make setting
44. Fruit
46. Paper measurement
48. Etc. — Too
51. Redheads
52. Complex crowd
53. Behavior judgment
55. Seed of country
58. Not the best
60. Flank meat
61. Knowledgeable
62. Knowledgeable
63. Broccoli sprout
64. Badminton racket
65. Pork
66. Sense
67. Broom

DOWN
1. Opening
2. Weather structure
3. Re-establishe plan
4. Liquid measure
5. Irr
6. Southern state (abbr.)
7. Flim
8. Kind of pate
9. Far East religious building
10. Boring real
11. Board
12. Published newspaper
13. National gas group (abbr.)
14. Fine
15. North
16. Bring together
17. Hike
18. Peer
19. Sorts galaxy
20. Tap lightly
21. Tow way
22. Field
23. Jack
24. Interfect
25. Stuffed cap
26. Tilling
27. Core sound
28. Saddle
29. Stick book
30. Green chalk
31. Beaver connection
32. Age
33. Small number
34. Ogle
35. Back pack
36. Morning time