

THE ALL STATIC

APRIL FOOLS DAY, 1963

AUSTIN PEAY STATE COLLEGE, CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

VOL. 33 — NO. 21



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
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Bohnson Speaks To Animal Dressers



Bobby Bohnson, local representative of the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals, smiles at the kangaroo that he has just captured on the APSC campus. "It was a hell of a job, but I finally got her dressed," Bobby exclaimed.

Shiek Covington Visits APSC Campus

A new foreign student, the Shiek of Araby, enrolled here this quarter. His name is Ahab-Ahou Ben Abou Covington. (Ahab-Ahou is an Arabic phrase implying a lover of one's fellow men and women.) His cognomen and blue eyes, both incompatible with his Near Eastern origin, are

from a 12th Century ancestor, a Crusader who went AWOL in the Battle of Lamb Hock Hill. He arrived about midnight Saturday on his camel named Clyde and rode across the barren campus (it was on a weekend you recall) and set up his tent in the middle of the bowl in front of

Harned Hall.

Not being acquainted with the rules, he sauntered to the cafeteria for Sunday dinner in cheap Japanese imitation Arabian sandals, commonly known as "flip-flops." This stultic act was promptly reported to the proper authorities.

At 5 the next date night, Mabel "7 veils" Meacham, attired in sand colored culottes, arrived to reprimand him for his misdeeds.

He completely disarmed her of her Southern veneer, Southern culture, and Southern accent with his manner, reminiscent of Randolph Valentino. She sat on a zebra skin rug and ate on "a raisin and a grape, and an apricot, a pomegranate, and a bowl of chitterlings, two bananas, three hersey bars and sipping on a 7-O-Coke Cola. Together they watched Grand Ole Opry and read DAS KAPITAL."

"The Campus Cutes," first cousins of the Keystone Cops, were witnesses to the affair. They testified later that things got pretty frantic. They said that Mabel ran round and round the tent, culottes flapping in the breeze, with the Shiek two feet behind.

At the last moment, Shaeton came muddily rushing up to his automobile named "Speedythrill" and received "Seven Veils" by bribing the Shiek with huge sums of money, probably borrowed from the Student Activity Fund. The Shiek says that he was glad to see her go because he had been expecting "Pots and Pans" Milton. He is teaching her how to make Arabian shikshob out of Big Brother's U.S. care pack.

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"Dress those animals!" Bobby Bohnson shouted at a gathering of the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals last week.

Over a thousand students assembled in the bowl in front of the Student Center on the Austin Peay State campus to hear Bohnson, who has been appointed to represent the SINA in this area, as he spoke at the rally.

Before the cheering multitude Bohnson, a senior at APSC, screamed advocacy of the clothing of all stray cats, dogs and other animals caught on campus. "Money will be furnished by the national office," Bohnson said, "to purchase various articles of wearing apparel for the animals, such as dresses or pants (depending upon the sex of the animal), bermuda shorts, shirts and overcoats."

The method used to catch these four-legged beasts is completely up to the person who sees them. However, Bohnson suggested that one of these techniques might be employed according to the animal cornered. In order to cage a rabbit, stand behind a tree and make a noise like another rabbit. You may then slip him into

a white sports coat and turn him loose to go back into the world protected from curious eyes. A cat can be lured into grabbing distance by sitting quietly in the grass, squeaking and looking mousey. You will be appealing to squirrels if you hang from a branch of a tree like a nut. Other devices may be conceived by members of the Society when they encounter their subject.

Bohnson received a reverberating hand from the crowd when he stood in the middle of his speech to chase down an unsuspecting, unclothed dog who had wandered into the midst of the cheering mob. After a five minute chase in and out among the people the dog was finally caught when Bohnson pretended to be a tree.

Anyone interested in joining this organization may do so by contacting Bobby Bohnson at 649-375240 in Clarksville after 6 a.m.

New members will receive a button with a picture of a cat enhanced by a new spring frock on it, around which is written, "I dressed an animal."

Over Balcony For Lurton

Screams and high-pitched shrieks pierced the night air around the freshmen dormitory last night.

The sounds were not those of the girls, but emanated from one Louis Leonardo Picasso Lurton as he was hurled from the balcony of Harned Hall by House-mother Martha Meeves.

Lurton, who teaches crayons and coloring at Austin Peay State College, was found sitting in the transom of a room on second floor with pad and pencil.

"I was just looking for live subjects for my still-life ceramics," he later explained.

It was not immediately evident how he gained entrance to the building after nine o'clock, but it was thought that he squeezed through the drain pipe that runs up the side of the building from the ground.

Lurton was discovered by Maroon Meeves when his eazel became caught on the top of the door over which he was sitting and he lost his balance and fell

over the doorknob.

Mrs. Meeves immediately snatched him up, threw him over her shoulder and ran down the hall to the balcony, screaming.

Upon hitting the ground Lurton scurried away into the night. He was not seen by the campus cops who were detained from the scene of the outcry by a loose gannall.

Five Coeds Found Where Boys Are

You've heard the song "Follow The Boys." Well, five co-eds from Austin Peay College decided to do just that.

Jackie Slabo, Mary-Sound, Ann Conberry, Jo Anne Dinsless and Pat Dooper were returned to the APSC campus Friday after they were found stowed away in the closed equipment rack atop the stationwagon of the Northwestern baseball team.

Joe Sworgan, president of Aus-

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This is the only picture in existence of Ahab-Ahou Ben Abou Covington. It was taken as he prepared to mount his camel, Clyde, prior to leaving the APSC campus.



This was the scene last night after Meeves, dorm supervisor, discovered drawing teacher, Lurton, getting sneak pictures in Harned Hall.

The All Static

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Shiek

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ages, after they have been forwarded from Arabia and have made the perilous journey over Frank Clement's roads.

Two nights later, as a result of the flooded bowl, Abah-Abou folded his tent and silently stole away to residence off-campus. He is becoming increasingly infamous to the student body and there is a rumor that he will be nominated as "Man of the Month."

Five Co-eds

(Continued from Page 2)

tin Peay State College, was informed that the five students were missing. He immediately sent out an alert to the campus cops, the Boy Scouts of America and Perry Mason. The search for the co-eds covered Tennessee, Kentucky and Palmyra.

The girls had hidden themselves inside the cabin where the team had departed from Austin Peay State Wednesday morning on their way to Murray. Unable to get out of their metal cocoon, they were discovered by the players as they prepared for a practice session.

When the coach found that three catcher's mitts, 30 baseballs, five left-handed gloves and seven bases had been left behind to make room for the girls, he exploded.

Sherwin Cliff, publicity director at APSC, was immediately notified, and arrangements were made to exchange the girls for the equipment.

Upon their return to the campus the five lovelies were asked by this reporter to expound upon their experience:

Miss Dooper: "I take the fifth (Amnesia)." Miss Comberry: "It was so frustrating, how can I answer?"

Miss Slabo: "It's \$176.31!"

Miss Sound: "Those Yankees have no sense of humor!"

Miss Dineless: "I didn't get to warm up, much less bat!"

Students who contributed to the "All Static" issue are Carol Kingler, Sharon Eaton, Johnnie Nickell, and Jerry McMinn.

This is a space filler. A space filler is used to fill space. This space is now filled.

Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

Here under the pines of old Austin Peay State (They require you to use State now.) I have not as yet discovered that unestimable quality which separates education from academic head stuffing. I hope you won't think that I am squandering the money which the Circle K Club was so generous to donate. I have conscientiously arrived to keep the obligation in mind which I incurred upon coming to this institution and it has given me many a sleepless minute. There are several other things which I have not found at this institution. It seems that every club I join suffers an immediate and unexplainable decline in student interest and participation. Every girl I become interested in takes it in her mind to tie the matrimonial knot the next week. There would be no difficulty in this if it were not for the fact that they tie it to someone else. Every job I take up becomes an ex-cruciating bore and I have to take my leave of momentary remuneration until such time as it becomes absolutely necessary to take it up again.

Be that as it may, let sleeping dogs lie. I always say, especially if they bite. All in all I think that I am getting a splendid education and so far there has not been one professor who has had to say one word to me about anything. The classes I find very interesting when I find them at all. It will not be long before I will leave this noble institution and say good bye to all it has meant to me in all the four uneventful years that I have spent here. The placement service of the college has been great help in locating me positions to take, but so far I have had to turn down every thing they have offered me.

Looking Forward
Sincerely,
Oswald Kent

Life Of A Shower Stall

As a shower stall, I lead quite a life. Although I'm not very large in size -- only about four feet by seven and one-half feet, at least I'm larger than MOST of the people who come to partake of my services. (I say "most", because not all people are able to fit into my twenty-four inch opening). I remember quite vividly one woman, broad as she was tall, who was determined to splash and splash under my wall fountain. I closed my eyes when I saw her coming -- just couldn't bear the thought. I was positive that, from ANY angle, she was broader than twenty-four inches. I was right, too. But she was smarter than I thought. When I finally found the courage to peek at the sight (and she was a sight), she had managed to slip through -- with the aid of her trusty girlfriend! (Some people just don't give up.)

Not only do I get to see people at their very best (or worst), whichever the case may be, but I also get to hear their suppressed desires. My visitors

cannot easily hide the bare facts from me. Usually these bare facts are quite pleasing to the eye, but you should see some of the gems that I get! You'd hardly believe it. Try as they might, however, they cannot hide the naked truth from me.

And then there are those suppressed desires which I spoke of. How would YOU like to be awakened at 7 a.m. by a strained rendition of "Indian Love Call"? The agony of it all. Fortunately, I get the rest for the greater part of the day, but then bedtime rolls around. (Alas! Alack!) Then I find myself being entertained by an undiscovered (thank heaven) Elvis Presley struggling with "You Ain't Nothing But A Hound Dog." Or, to change the sex, a I'm-talented-but-no-one-knows - it Edith Piaf, warbling "Madame Butterfly." (How appropriate -- she looks like one!)

No, it's not a bad life, but I wonder how I'd like being a bathtub.

Students, Go Home!

President Sworgan and the APSC administration have been forced into drastic action as a result of conjected conditions on the APSC campus during a recent spring weekend.

Mrs. Dacey was the first to be confronted with this dilemma. Students had already lined the sidewalks leading to the cafeteria by 6 a.m. Many were turned away because of the shortage of prepared food and were forced to the Huddle for grease soaked bacon and runny eggs.

Although the coolness of the day beckoned students to the tennis courts and golf courses, the temptations were overcome remarkably as students packed the library in their quest for knowledge, and literally cleaned the shelves.

By noon the APSC gals and guys were ready for a nourishing meal and once again graced Mrs. Dacey's abode. Again the food supply was depleted, thus forcing Mrs. Dacey and her staff to prepare fresh dishes for the following meal.

That afternoon a crew from the Clarksville City Health Department was summoned and the student center was fumigated as a result of the concentrated smoke screen.

Saturday night a swinging dance featuring Foy Accuff and his foggy mountain boys was planned for the gymnasium, however, due to the overcrowded conditions the gay group was transferred to Drange Street for a street frolic. The following day three suits were filed against the college for damage by upset parents whose offsprings were sent to the hospital for broken feet and fallen arches.

The same Sunday morning, townspeople were forced home without their soul-searching sermon, but the APSC students were saved.

There was fun in the sun for Sunday afternoon as tennis courts became full and triples became the rule. Ambitious students improvised. They converted the nearby streets into workable courts and forced traffic to detour.

Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!

Then there was the girl who went with two sailors and didn't know...

The beautiful blonde had just filled out --

An expert in autos says you can't tell exactly how far a couple has gone in a car.

The young couple had just returned from their honeymoon. All the bride's friends gathered around her, and one of them asked, "How did John...?"

Famous last words: "Oh, Henry, I've got a bug down my blouse!"

Advertisement: You get the girl, we'll do the rest.

Women are like potatoes: When they're big enough --

A girl standing on the street corner and wearing a low cut Vonck sweater was approached by a "wolf." He asked if the V was for victory.

Don't mind me, I'm just waiting for Dr. Ackley.



Sideline Views

By

Ed

Controversial



We are happy to inform our readers that our Sports Editor is no longer on our staff.

A recent investigating committee called together by Joe Sworgan, president of Austin Peay State College, found our sole sports editor involved in the Bryant-Butts case.

Fredette was found guilty of being the principle supplier to the Saturday Evening Post.

His sentence was lessened to a mere hamstring in effigy, except Fredette's effigy was in the flesh.

Our staff would like for anyone interested in the job as sports editor to please contact President Sworgan, who is in charge of administering the lie detector tests.

Anyone wishing to show their respects to the late Sports Editor may do so by dropping by the Austin Peay State College football dressing room. He will hang in state for the remaining portion of the school year.

This picture was made before the untimely death of our beloved sports editor. He had just been selected captain of the cheer-leading squad for his excellent ability in arousing the most controversy at APSC. Although he never appeared with the cheer-leading squad, he will be remembered for his knack of spurring the cheerleaders on.



The Mighty Mystic Makes Predictions

The "Mighty Mystic" from Possum Hollow was consulted by the members of the Austin Peay State College Athletic Department concerning the future of the athletic program at APSC and the following predictions were put forth by the world renowned prognosticator.

In regard to the baseball team, he predicted:

- 1) Johnny Dillon will be charged with 17 errors while attempting to field foul balls from the first base coaching box.

- 2) Rosney Rogers will break Roger Maris' home run record, but it won't go into the record books because he will play in only 18 games.

- 3) Coach Leon "Skinny" Gandlar will be named "Coach of the Year" in the Ohio Valley Conference for his ability to coach in the third base box without tilting the baseball diamond.

- 4) Jackie "Granddaddy" Finders will receive a trophy for being the oldest active college baseball player anywhere.

In reference to the track season, "Mighty Mystic" said:

1) Tom Rinkle will become the first sub-four-minute miler in the history of APSC, but he will pass up his last two years of eligibility because Jim Hearty won't run against him.

2) James Pugh will set a new world's record in the high hurdles but he will be disqualified for running UNDER the hurdles instead of over them.

3) Cobb Larker will throw the javelin over 400 feet, but he will lose credit for his heave because the officials will not find his javelin, which will be believed lost in the Cumberland River.

In regard to the various coaches, the crystal ball revealed the following facts:

1) Dave Baron will resign his position as director of athletics because of overwork. One Saturday he will come in from a swimming class and report that he is completely worn out from giving instructions on the proper form of swimming. He will say, "It just wears me out, standing on the side of the pool saying, 'First this way and next that



Demonstrating the 3-point stance which made him the terror of the West Virginia coalfields is Mid-drift Morris, new coach of APSC's football flyers.

marks to the tail-back who is obviously at the end of things and has received special recognition on the President's List.

"Monster" is 100% against score-keeping which he considers wrong, as it often makes a team look bad. He much prefers to flip a coin which would, after all, give us a 50-50 chance.

In interviewing the imminent Doctor we asked him questions on such topics as sex, philosophy,

salaries and books.

He is definitely in favor of six and recommends it for everyone. He broke into a sweet little song that his mother taught him about how, if all the men were put upon one side of the ocean and all the women were put upon the other, something dreadful would happen and everyone would start drowning.

On salaries he believes that teachers are drastically overpaid and that salaries should be reduced immediately because too many people are getting into the profession and he is afraid that this might cause him to lose his job. In his own words he says that "people who don't have any talent and won't work are being forced into the teaching profession. Therefore the reduction of salaries would bring more people into the field who are better qualified and who weren't interested in things like money but teach because it's fun and relaxing and because it keeps them from thinking about new cars and clothes and overweight problems."

"Books should all be burned!" says the "Monster", "because people are getting too smart anyway. Students are even beginning to ask questions that I don't know the answers to and I'm fed up with it. Besides, if students start learning things such as democracy, this might usurp the will of the administration and faculty and establish their own dorm rules or even dance in the Student Center. Then we would all become terribly immoral and everything would go to pot."

The "Mighty Mystic" said that he was very happy that someone finally recognized his talent and offered to make future predictions whenever the athletic department wished to call on him in the future.