

"For Southern Friendless Students In The North"

VOLUME SHAKESPEARE

AUSTIN'S PEASHOOTER COOLER, SQUARESVILLE, TEN. APRIL 1, 1962

NUMBER: CUTE

Students Take Over Cooler

Cumming Events

April 2, No school.
April 3, Check distribution boxes.
April 4, No school.
April 5, Rain.
April 5, Snow.
April 7, Sleet.
April 8, Cold.
April 9, Sump.
April 10, Rain.
April 11, No school.
April 12, Dividends from college
openings to all former students.
April 13, Everyone to sleep during
class.

The English Department Is Adding A New Course- 'The Sunday Comics' !!

The English Department at Austin Peashooter Cooler, the friendliest college in the world, is adding another course in American Literature this spring, according to Jack Red, number one in the department.

"The Sunday Comics" will be a three-hour course meeting once a week on Saturday, Red said. "This ain't gonna be no crap course now. Persons taking 'The Sunday Comics' will be required to write a term paper relating the escapades of Kipper, the work of Boetie Rallie, the running of Dick Tracy, the apogee of Little Orphan Annie, the fashions of Lil' Abner, and the rhetoric of Pogo."

He declared that the Sunday Comics have attained a cultural prestige unequalled by any other form of literature. "Why, it's the most important thing I read myself to me. This course will not only enable students to increase their vocabulary but will also bring them into closer contact with some of our well-known modern writers."



Former students celebrate their newly-found rule over the former faculty and administration. Looks like Acorn Smith and Floyd Chevrolet are really up in the air over the change. We won't say what keeps them up there. Good grief, Smith, won't you ever stop trying to direct something?

Kampus Kops To Regulate Dorm, Other Life

The Kampus Kops were established Tuesday night to adequately patrol the campus, class buildings, dormitories, Student Center and bath house.

The elaborate organization was set up for two reasons: (1) To protect the morals and physical possessions of college students and faculty members and (2) to give many of the former students something to do, since there aren't enough teaching jobs to go around even when four or five former students teach one former teacher.

Ross Baggy was made Kampus Kops chief. He stayed up all night Tuesday night determining how many kops and kopevones were needed and what they could control. He stayed up all night Wednesday night making sure the new uniforms fit. He stayed up all night Thursday planning to stay up all night every night as he is going to do his work at night, what time he's not in his way somewhere else.

He designated Alfred E. New-

man as assistant chief of kops. Neuman will see that Baggy's orders are carried out in the day time. Neuman lamented, "But I want to stay up all night too." Then Neuman added, "What, me worry?"

The main area to be patrolled according to the chief, is Ed Field Hall. He said many ex-convicts and future convicts have been ravaging the large living quarters. He announced that combination locks will be placed on all doors, with one on the outside and one on the inside, each having a different combination, so that a crook knowing the outside combination couldn't open the door if it was locked from the inside.

This measure is especially designed, however, to protect sleepers from getting "F" on their faces for flunking the awake at 2 a.m. test, as well as to keep shavers cream out of their mouths, and hair-and-water-filled containers from under their mattresses—beds from the showers—buckets of water from over the door-

thrown lit firecrackers from the room. Measures are also being taken for firewalls to keep lit lighter fluid from under the doors.

Baggy commented that all dormitories are going to be placed in immediate top repair. His force will not do that work, but he is in close contact with Normal French who is a new maintenance head. All door lock pieces will be adjusted, all missing shaver knobs replaced, all broken light master switches repaired, all sink stoppers fixed, all jagged bed supports smoothed out, all conflict of mops, brooms, dust pans and wastebaskets replaced. The whitewash placed in shower rooms two months ago will be removed, and the restrooms will be repainted. Sidewalks. Stables shall be provided for all small foreign cars.

Baggy announced that one of his men will be on duty at all times to patrol the halls of the men's dormitories, with three men patrolling one floor at the same time — one on one end, one in the middle and one on the other end. The same shall be true in the women's dormitories, except that the guards there shall be female — with special protection given to the balcony against parachutists. (The dean of women, Linda Burial, has announced that any pregnant female student who dates a man in a musky suit will be castigated from the campus on the grounds of gross immorality.)

A number of kops will patrol the campus sidewalks and bushes at all times of the day and night. They will also be stationed near the distribution boxes so that no one will throw trash on the floor. Special attention shall be given the benches on campus. A number of kops will be stationed along the campus streets to make sure that, when a boy brings his girl back from a date, she jumps out while the car is still moving, in conformity with an edited issued

"The best laid plans of mice and men..." lamented the former English art, music, foreign languages, philosophy, history, political sciences, economics, geography, sociology, biology, chemistry, physics, general science, mathematics, business, agriculture, home economics, industrial arts, health and physical education, library science, education and psychology faculty members (as well as the library staff, administration, janitors, maids and maintenance men).

All former faculty and administration members of this college are now students. All students of the college are now faculty and administration members. Stony Stonewall has been elevated to president. The upheaval came shortly after the retirement of the former head of this institution. Nan Spanish is, of course, the president's hard-working secretary. Liema Sibling became dean of faculty.

These new leaders were catapulted to control by campus-wide uprisings beginning earlier this week, fomented by Gee Corridor, Sam Good and Linda Burial. Linda became dean of women, Gee dean of students — but Sam wanted to teach economics.

The new burper of Austin's Peashooter Cooler is J. W. Mowevapson, who tried to stay awake last quarter in George Heavyn's basic math class. Nancy Lovtzone assisted him for a few minutes as head burper — but she decided she wanted to skip over and work the lights for Heaven Must Fall, the play written by The Snake and to be performed on stage in the Calummed Course Arts Shack April 3, 1969. Nancy was to have been advisor to The All State, but she didn't like the editor.

The new dean — registrar is Paul Whiskers, who announced a new - color - slip in addition to the present ones. None of the paper staff could determine the color Whiskers mentioned — everyone to have just been discovered in Playboy, Page 2)

All students are absolutely prohibited from bringing messages from each other. Only Old Maid and Solitaire may be played and students can't cheat at that. Quiet hours must be observed in all dormitories at all times so that the few budding geniuses may study and the many working their way through college may get some sleep. Baggy said another rule of Linda Burial will be enforced, that no couple may go off-campus together unless a chaperone is present. Linda Burial has stressed that in any case a girl has the privilege of saying what she wishes about any boy but no boy has the privilege of saying anything at all about a girl, even if he is trying to repudiate one of her lies in so doing.

Chief Baggy stressed that no one shall be allowed to move anyone else's car. He said that his kops and kopevones shall march in military fashion while on patrol and that they shall execute two precise right-faces when turning. The cap pistols will be loaded.

What's Up, Doc?



So, George Actually, that's how you feel so much education to students!

Shutin Has Hard Class

Joe Shutin lamented today, "Why do they have to make English literature so hard these days?" Joe, now an English major, taught English before the former students gained control of the college and started teaching.

Four former students are teaching him and he is the star pupil, or so they say. The first day he was assigned 100 pages to read (and he now has given a large test on the 100 pages). When he protested that he hadn't finished about it, before the teachers countered, "Neither had we."

For the second class period he

was assigned 125 pages of reading, 14 hours of outside reading, and an eight - page critical essay. "Just write on anything you want," said Becky Shagapady.

"Whatever you write on, we're going to change our minds when we see the paper, anyhow. Don't worry, though, we'll give you three alternatives then — rewrite it, write another one, or flunk."

"You're so nice to me," Shutin commented.

Although only five persons were in the class, Shutin was placed in the tenth row next to the back window. The instructors talked

low and in a monotone. By the time the instruction reached him it was a low hum. Despite constant low encouragements from him for louder speech, the instructors continued their low monotone. They told satirical jokes without cracking more than a tiny smile.

Asked what he thought of English in the United States, Shutin commented, "There ain't no such thing. Americans don't speak no English. They speak American, I guess you might say." Shutin has already been nominated the student who must endure the worst teachers.

THE ALL STATIC

"GROW"

Published whenever we can get it out by the students of Austin's Freshwater Cooler, Sparsville, Tenn. Member of the Roughnecks Press and the Tiny Pressed Flower Association.

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ADVISER

Our adviser shot himself so we don't think we should mention his name now.

Statement of Policy

For a good start in this issue, just let me introduce myself because I don't much care what your name is. I'm Warmmunch Maris. Actually, I've got a Ph.D. degree but I'm not allowed to refer to myself in that way since the positions of former students and teachers have been reversed. Oh, well, I didn't want to teach political science anyhow. A teacher can have some of the worst students.

A teacher ought to be able to do what he wants to do. After all, he's an individual. He shouldn't conform—even if the administration does tell him to. If he wants to flunk someone because he doesn't like the student, that's his prerogative. After all, it's the task of a student not only to burn midnight oil every night but to apply the principles of diplomatic relations with all his instructors. The administration shouldn't interfere either. The administration's job is to keep records and get enough money to pay our salaries—not to even mention raising them every once in a great little while.

I for one plan to be a model student. I'm taking three hours this quarter. Of course, editing this paper takes 20 hours a week in good times—and the time has gone up recently with the lousy reporters I've got. I'm telling you, they think they can turn in a story two months after it happened and a week after the deadline for the issue coming up. It's about like guys always showing up for the 7:05 bus at 7:25 and the bus having to come back to pick them up. I'm already getting tired of being any wish you, too.

So the first major policy I wish to point out is the matter of deadlines. I've always been prompt myself, if I do say so. Any faculty member (ha!) who wants to get a story in must either have it in or tell me about it two weeks before the paper comes out—especially if it has happened by that time. Stories can be gotten in to the paper after that time—but only if the events occurred after the deadline. If anyone turns in another story two days after the deadline (when it happened two days before the deadline) I'm going to throw him out a lot faster than he came in. I don't care who makes things hard for themselves but they aren't going to make it hard for me—even if half the things that should get in don't get in.

This isn't going to be a faculty memorandum either. It's going to be a student memorandum.

Another important thing I want to point out—and this is even more important than deadlines, so read carefully. The former editor used "alumni" to refer to graduated males and females collectively, merely because dictionaries, college papers and professional papers hold that spelling to be correct. Well, as I took half a period one time (and don't you dare call me Castro for expounding a long time when I'm mad) to say to one of my classes, I was taking Latin before he was born. In other words, if he and all the other guys write "alumni" they're wrong. I said so. We'll do this paper in a classical style, so that it will be like Latin.

And don't forget now that when I want to use a particular word such as "omnipotent" to say what I mean about something, I'm not going to use such a word as that—because some faculty member might think I mean "omnipotent" even though I don't. So I'll just use "omniscient" so the faculty members will think I mean what they think I ought to mean but what I really don't mean.

You know, this could be made a pretty nice office down here if they'd separate us from the library (they don't like my language in there, I guess) and if Patty could just stop bringing her boss's things in here. Good grief for crying catenakes—I'm going to have to make a place on the dashboard of my car for the typewriter and make up dummy pages on the motor, hood, top, passenger seat, back seat, trunk, both bumpers, and the left rear door.

Really, we honestly intend to continue the tradition of selecting a campus notable. In fact, we were really going to select the "Pig of April." But gosh, there are so many around—just take your pick.

By the way, Nan Spanish (whatever you're teaching us now), this publication does not uphold replacing the boardwalk with a sidewalk—a lot of the female faculty members wear high heels.

Just a word so you'll save your energy. An apple a day keeps the doctor away and I ate 10 today.

Snowflake Charlie Sez:



"No school today!"

Students Take

(Continued From TRUE CONFESSION, Page 1)
I was by Colonel Blackfoot, an un-tracted quack from No Man's Land (between Kentucky and Tennessee).

Val Crook became the head of the library. Under her are Hank Brocham, Dave Lacy, Marla Ballson, Nancy Bier and Vick Victory.

The new administration would not announce all new position holders. They said it'd be good education for the new students to find out for themselves.

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My Neighbors



"Cupboard wants to talk about the TVA again."

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I'M NOT PERMITTED TO ENJOY THESE TEST SCORES ALONE. PROVE I NEED AN EDUCATION MORE THAN THE REST OF THOSE GUYS!"

*If Everyone Thinks
They're Such Hot
Stuff That They
Can Sit Around
And Tell What*

*Workers Do Wrong,
They Can Do
This Column All
By Themselves...*

Well!



"I'll give you three choices — do it again, do another one, or flunk."



"I'm speechless at the moment. Wait a few minutes though and you can hear my best speech."

This Space Dedicated To Lazy Staff Members

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



Hash House Gets Award; That Ain't All It Has!

The college cafeteria has recently been awarded a blue ribbon prize by the Cafeteria Food Slinging Association of America at a recent convention held in The Hague, Netherlands.

The convention was held overseas because local students would have hanged anyone near here making such an award.

The award was announced in the association's supplement to "How To Live With Your Stomach."

Ten other cafeterias shared the honor with Austin's standard carrier.

The cafeteria was included among those in the list for its "top food selections and efficient service."

"The college cafeteria at Austin has always given its constituents the highest quality of food for the lowest cost," the citation read. It added, "This is notwithstanding the fact that all but one of the students disagrees."

The article further praised the cafeteria for receiving the efficient service award for the first year in a row.

"Upon close study by our experts for some length we can only come to the conclusion that the hour of waiting necessary to get a butterome ham sandwich is of great value for conditioning the students who will later go into the Army, where they will also hurry up and wait."

"Furthermore," the article continued, "in order not to splatter eggs and soup on the students

they have installed an invisible shield at the end of the serving line where students get their forks. To us, this exemplifies the utmost in thoughtfulness."

Last year the cafeteria was added to Duncan Hines' list of infamous cookeries.

It has held a prominent position for the past seven years on the list of APSC's "only place to line" - a list held in esteem throughout the south and by the college in clear view of the fact that a student's room costs \$10 more if he doesn't eat in the cafeteria.

The AECOC is a comprehensive list of services and establishments in the United States, Kalinga Province, Cuba, Argentina, Bolivian (USCU) Algeria, and a little spot on the road from Laos. Bertha Casod, director of the local cafeteria services, heaped words of praise on her staff, "Lina and Mase have done a wonderful job here."

Cased will receive a new pot-bellied stove with a retractable stove pipe for making the atmosphere more homey, and a gold engraved plaque at a convention of Religious Emphasis Week to be held next year.

Floyd Ford, chairman of publicity for Better Eaters this year and Religious Emphasis Week next year refused to comment as to whether the convention would eat in the cafeteria gridiron rooms or not.

Outlawed Fashions



Easter is yet to come, we think, but Acorn Smith is shown in the latest rage with a girl who is unknown to us but not to many others. The memory of Acorn's outfit will stay with us forever. It seems to fit him well, despite the pin at the tight collar, the shrunk coat sleeves, the baggy pants and the wooden shoes. The outfit was obtained from Line's, who insisted we see him for the next fashion picture. For similar service, see Line's. He'll treat you right if you'll treat him to a lot. When he buys something, always remember he demands much more. The name of this formal granddaddy suit has been listed as nightmare's delight by Frankenstein. As for the girl's getup, we'd prefer not to say.

Real Ad!

Career Cues:

"Whatever your major, make sure to include a course in 'people'!"

W. Enloe Roosevelt, President
National State Bank, Elizabeth, N.J.

"If my college adviser had prophesied that studying psychology would some day help promote my career in banking, I'd have scoffed. Yet that is exactly what has happened. And when I think about it now the reason seems obvious. The facts and figures of banking, or of any other field, are mechanical devices. They take on real meaning

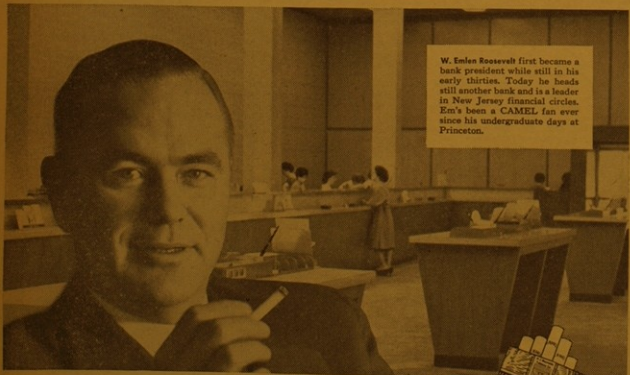
only when related to people.

"Good psychology is also the basis of all teamwork. And, since most of today's business and scientific problems are too complicated for one man's solutions, teamwork is essential. If you want to be a valuable team player, and a likely candidate for captain, be the person who understands people. Learn what it takes for people to work together in harmony. Learn how to win trust and confidence. Learn basic human psychology.

"Bear this in mind, too. World tension, community tension, business tension, even family tension are the facts of everyday life. The more you know of human behavior, the better prepared you will be to deal with these problems.

"So, if you have the chance, take a course devoted to 'people.' Your class adviser can probably help you fit a psychology elective into your schedule. I don't think you'll regret it... I know I didn't."

W. Enloe Roosevelt first became a bank president while still in his early thirties. Today he heads still another bank and is a leader in New Jersey financial circles. En's been a CAMEL fan ever since his undergraduate days at Princeton.



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Five!**



"Looks like Taylor could have seen something that big!"

Facts 'n Figures

By Davey Acorn

Davey
Didn't
Turn His
Column
In This
Time!

Footballers Are Slipping

Something must be done about Austin's footballers. We all feel the necessity of a winning football team, but what are our re-

cruiters doing to help us? The Registrar informs us that each and every footballer sport his name correctly when register-

ing this quarter. On looking at the honour roll we find that no fewer than CENSORED footballers were ranked on this list, a list

which surely should be frowned upon by a footballer.

Many reports have reached us concerning footballers, which are to say the least, alarming.

A footballer was seen holding the Post Office door open for a lady yesterday, while the day before someone walked right through the big dormitory for little men without having to avoid a single spurt of tobacco juice.

Another footballer was heard discussing a subject other than football in the Huddle and furthermore two of last year's top players are graduating with high scholastic honors.

Let's face it, the days of the "meathead" are almost over and we have to warn the recruiters before it is too late. What Austin's needs is more grunts in place of "Yes Sirs" when footballers answer to their names in the classroom.

While on the subject of football, we must mention the fact that Mary Dodder is shaping well as a quarter back and we are expecting her to be on the Austin's starting line up.

Mary was first seen in action during the powder puff game. As far as we are able to see (and we're near-sighted at that), this is the first time in the history of the college that a girl has made the football team.

Her selection is purely on merit.

Up-Up-Up-Over-Good Gosh!



"Yes, Cookie goes up and . . . he's getting hung on the bar! Stoker, how many times do we have to tell you the basketball season's over before you'll believe us?"

Varsity Sports Will Change

In an exclusive interview for The All Static, an unusually informed administrative source revealed that Austin's Pea Shooter Cooler will definitely drop its existing varsity sports program before the start of the next fall session.

Following this startling facing of facts, athletic director Don Sarlaty said, "This development will undoubtedly influence the future of athletics here at APSC and throughout the collegiate world. We're being watched very closely by the other institutions of higher learning to see if we are really serious. Believe it or not, we are, I guess."

Under the new program the college will play only students on

the football, basketball, baseball, golf, track, tennis, rifle and shotgun teams will be chosen by an all-school drawing to be held by the Gallatin Pool. The names will then be referred to a committee where they will undoubtedly be lost and another drawing held.

Girls will be allowed to play on the APSC teams in the future, especially football and dodge ball, and this will be another milestone in athletics.

"This is the first time that the weaker sex has been allowed to participate in a varsity sport other than wrestling while in college," said Coach Sarlaty. "Furthermore, we expect to turn out some good looking teams, one

(Continued)

5 New Athletes Are Signed Up

Recruiter Bill Horseton announced day before yesterday that Austin's Pea Shooter Cooler, in compliance with orders from the underground, has signed five more athletes to athletic scholarships.

The underground's interest in athletics warranted the order issued before the State Game and Fish Commission.

The new athletes compete in underwater basketball, and scuba water skiing. They will major in campology.

At the moment the boys are being housed in several chicken shacks on Highway 41-A where they are also receiving their meals, a number of former athletes are also housed there.

It is hoped that later they will be moved to the dormitory purchased by the Baptists.

Gym Will Be Open At Last

Don Sarlaty, elevated from student to athletic director by the recent campus upheaval, plans to enforce an announcement made April 1, 1960 by David B. Moran

(who was athletic director then.) Sarlaty quipped that the college's gymnasium will remain open to students at the college until further notice. He quickly an-

"Don't play in your sock feet. Keep your street shoes on." He explained to all bystanders, "We have enough money to put a new floor in each week. Besides, we're more interested in the students, (former students, that is) than in financial worries. We may go bankrupt but we'll have fun doing it."

Sarlaty commented that no dances may be held in the rec-reation room be the future room too small," he said. "People get so hot in there I can't breathe. Come into the gym and get out of the playing floor. Don't hang around the edges of the floor like you're afraid to get out and twist."

Sarlaty specifically declared there will be no physical demonstrations of strength in the gym as long as he is athletic director.

Golfers To Be On TV

The Austin's Harvard golf match next month will be televised on NBC, ABC, MBS and CBS.

This will be the first and only college golf match to be televised in green. The decision to televise came about after Tuesday's first match with the Marbles when many extraordinary events occurred.

Burns Coach Don Sarlaty protested the lineup for the country club team and was banished forever from the course for using

words not approved by English ladies in mixed company. While playing the back nine, two Austin's golfers were lost and Dean Woody and Bill Cleaver swore they didn't knock them in the head with a flying tee. Misses were Guff Pickler and J. W. Morewassup.

Caddy Stevie Fickle took a swing at Cleaver with a number four wood when he caught him cheating on the third hole. Cleaver finished the match 24 over with 15 stitches.

We're A Heck Of A Mess, Aren't We?



"No matter how much I say against newspapers, they keep putting me in."

"And so I wondered why you didn't take time out from all your work to interview me."



"So she said, 'Maybe not, but I'm S.M.A.R.T.'"



"I do declare that the South shall rise again — if we let her."



"What you whisper to your neighbor back there, Sam?"



"Oh, that was a good one! Billy! That was really a good one!"

'Boy of Month' Chosen

Jerry Hedging, the fabulous boy wonder from Antarctica (that's why he's such a cool character), was recently selected "Boy of the Month" for April.

All students at the college (except about 100 who refused to vote because Hedging was a candidate) voted for Hedging for this month's signal honor. Qualifications for the "Boy of the Month" are drawn up bi-monthly by inmates of Brushy Mountain Prison and sent to Austin's Pea Shooter Cooler. Naturally, it would seem that these qualifications would not be approved by most colleges, churches, civic clubs, political parties, newspapermen, etc.

Hedging was gratified at his selection for the outstanding honor. He commented that he's been trying for the honor since he was two days old. "That sort of surprised my mother," he drawled. "But then, I did a lot of things which surprised her."

Hedging, a former English faculty member at APSC, was famous for his exhortation on the passionate implications of "Jack and Jill went up the hill to get a pail of water. Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after." That famous exhortation, delivered last fall, took two days while all his students got down on the floor.

Hedging is also quite well-known for his activities as a Boy Scout. "I haven't been a Boy Scout very long," he quipped, "but it has already been a rewarding experience. Already I have learned that the best way to build a fire is to apply an ignited match against a mass of small combustible matter." He went on to add that blazes were a lot of fun, especially when the other scouts didn't know they were pulling him in the cart instead of their sleeping equipment and tv set.

Hedging, selected five years ago as "Bachelor of the Year," renewed his promise to never get married. He explained that the males of today are as fortunate as he in escaping the female's net. At that time, he was highly complimented for being an example of the true American man; his manhood was attested to by a woman whose name it would be best not to record since her veracity is dubious anyhow (in other words, we would not want to give her name because so doing might discredit the statement that he is a typical man).

He commented that there's



"BOY OF MONTH" — Jerry Hedging, at the wash basin, is "Boy of the Month" for April. Hedging was unanimously selected by an undercover campus-wide poll. Qualifications for "Boy of the Month" are determined according to the prejudices of the inmates of Brushy Mountain Prison. The poll is made monthly in an attempt to select the person at Austin's Pea Shooter Cooler most worthy of the "Boy" recognition. Here Hedging meditates about the many different interpretations which might be made of his washing his hands and other wies chasing up from play, should be decide to clean up. An hour and a half later, he decided to use a nearby sink in the same room, since the latter sink was closer to the floor and hidden behind a partition. The youngster watching him meditate was his partner in smearing aged cake over the cafeteria.

really not much difference bet-day." Hate off to you, Jerry Hedging! anyhow. "It's only a matter of May you get younger and younger age - and I feel younger every (or with every day that flies by).



"You can't do this and that too so that means you're going to do this."



"I'm a really nice guy. I really am, you know."



"If all the students in school said I was such and such a kind of guy, I'd believe them."

Whasshay?

(Continued From Page 2)

Varsity Sports

(Continued From Page 4)

way or another." All present coaches will be rehired for the next school year after they see their psychiatrists. After next year, however, the student body will hold a mock election to see whether they stay or go. Any coach hung in effigy three times during a quarter is automatically out.

The APSC plan is designed to keep athletics pure and free from the influence of talented athletes. Since the caliber of performance may not be quite as high as in the past, all students of APSC will be asked to remain calm at athletic events, if possible. No more loud cheering will be tolerated, especially at football games.

Various students were questioned about the new plan and here are a few of their reactions: Ace Commodity, junior majoring in vice managing, had this to say, "I think it's a swinging deal. Pops, except for one thing I all ways did want to be a quarterback and now I find you've got to be a hillbilly to play football and that's almost as bad."

Sally Birdlegs, a student here last summer who returned for a day to see if the boy also jilted is still alive, said, "Man, where do I sign up? I always did want to be an athlete. I'd take something like this to get me back here."

Tody Pickle, coed from way out, said, "I always had to sit in the stands and cheer for my boy friends before but now I can get out there and push their ugly faces in."

These comments and the others that had to be censured all prove definitely that the college is taking the right course. The money that will be saved will be used to build a chapel with harder bleachers so assembly can be held twice a week.

1963 Football Schedule
Sept. 16, Harvard, Home
Oct. 7, Yale, Away
Oct. 22, Dartmouth, Home
Nov. 1, Wesleyan, Away
Nov. 15, David Lipscomb, half way.
July 4, Giletsotters, Home
Dec. 23, Clarksville High, Away
Bulldog games rated easy wins.

a spitigation so he can have a Gaul ball.

Burnedup said he had a rough time with a boastful urchin, even view of his mancoaters, picking a racket. He thought about being a slumberjack in the North woods but realized that if he got too far North he might be forced to be a nersperower. He thought about being a chipper clipper but realized a fudge judge's work was more delicious. He could have been a limberjack, a mortar setter, or a coptermist.

He planned to get married, so he didn't want to be a pacifist mason; if he didn't do something, however, he'd soon be a gaunt haunt. After one galley rally, he stopped cooking. And after one day working on a bibliofaction it took a month to hang up the hanger. He didn't want to have a castle hassle - and anyhow, he was born at the wrong time for that. So he had decided to be a teacher. "It was just my luck," he lamented, "to come to a place where the students had so much power."

Anyhow, he's a student right now, so he got out his swigewriter as the interviewer prepared to leave. Burnedup affirmed his cynical monologue to look at his vinyl final from down the hall. He wore a miser's visor and got some paper from his writ kit. A biograph on the wall showed a lace race away from a small squall. Burnedup munched on fruit suit and drank from a bass quo flask as he wrote a check in his yon den. He used pact-act in trying to get his limp blimp returned from a man with a scotch switch who had a smarteny.



"Now, leave me alone, will you? Just leave me alone."

Staff To Meet

There will be a specialized staff meeting of both business and editorial staffs of *The All Static* tonight at 7 o'clock at the Huddle, according to editor Wardmitch Maris.

All persons interested in obtaining employment on *The All Static* staff are urged to attend. Refreshments may be served if someone brings them.

The *All Static*, glad rag of Austin's Pea Shooter Cooler, offers salaried positions to all staff members.

Beginning members are paid anywhere from \$425 to \$325 a month depending on experience, education and other disqualifications. There are other fringe benefits, including parole, according to the business manager.

Working hours are only on Mondays, Saturdays, Tuesdays, Fridays, Thursdays, Wednesdays and Sundays. We lay everything out on Saturday night.

Interested persons who meet the high standards set forth above are asked to contact the Sharple K Club for further details.

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EXTRA!



EXTRA!

So this is what our former teachers did at night! This photo has been locked in the burper's safe for several years. Looks like Pete Crocodile is getting into orbit. Just look at Lew Bevine shrink into his old shirt when he sees the birds. (They excommunicated the photographer)

Paper Comes Under Library

In an unprecedented move in the history of campus newspaper annals, the APCS Library has purchased controlling interest of The All Static and will advise the publication as it sees fit.

The announcement was disclosed today by Joane (Never) Giveup, former head librarian and now freshman student in Journalism 21. Miss (Never) Giveup will not be allowed to advise the publication, because of a campus regulation forbidding students to advise publications; nevertheless, she will submit her articles to Slender Hook, editor of the campus bimonthly.

Miss (Never) Giveup explained it this way, "I felt that as long as we (the library) were dominating space in the newspaper already, why not get the publishing rights and let other departments submit their news to us." She then made the profound statement "Makes sense, doesn't it?"

The first proposal that Miss

(Never) Giveup will outline to Slender Hook is that the administration build a new library building on ex-coach Sandpaper's base ball diamond or, better still, let the administrators set up a tent in front of the Browning building and operate there while the library consumes the entire working space of the Browning building.

Although ex-coach Sandpaper was not approached concerning this matter by the college authorities, he had this to say, "I don't see why Miss (Never) Giveup is complaining. If she would ever step out and think that the Gang-les and obnoxious bullies are 'my' field, then she would not be crying for the space."

One former faculty member and now a student in English said, "If we don't watch this amoeba, we won't have a college but just books." He further explained that a college is made up of students and not volumes.

Life In TV Room?

The Wednesday election in Edified Hall deposed George Pickle as dormkeeper and elevated former student Ken Lateli to the position.

Residents of all three floors flocked into the lobby to congratulate the foreign person. All Lateli said was, "Shut up. I'm going to change channels. I'm going to watch boxing. I don't care if everyone has been watching a good movie for the past hour. I've always ruled the tv set and I'll continue. It's mine."

Pickle, bordered by the only election in the past decade, asked his wife, "Does this mean I can't take the tv set out, remove the candy, coke and milk any more when someone sets off a firecracker in the lobby?" He cried on his wife's shoulder as she cleaned their former living area. She was her usual cheerful overworked self.

He told her, "Honey, you've been wonderful to me all these years. You've cleaned the room while I've blacklisted boys students for untidy rooms, you've

cleaned my clothes while I went out again, you've... Why don't you go out and do something for yourself now."

This scene was only the last of several which took place this week. The residents of Hiller High Life Hall and Haunted Hall voted in student control Sunday night, after which residents of the two visited. Monday night saw student control going to those in McThing Hall. On Tuesday night, students in Marvel Hall declared their independence. However, so one person or small group of persons in those dormitories was selected to rule, as no one felt there was any one in either of them who could mismanage the dome as well as all working against each other could.

Rule by former students was celebrated with a special show Wednesday. The featured event was Pat Mayo and his rope-jumping tricks.

Let not readers of this scandalous sheet feel that Lateli was voted into unanimous control of Edified Hall, however. One former stu-

dent said, "For just once, I'd like to be able to watch a tv program which the majority wanted to see instead of everyone's being a friend to keep him from changing channels."

Lateli countered, "The accusation of my opponent is unjust though true. I dare anyone to say anything against me. I'm innocent."

"Gus," Lateli's campaign manager said, "We're going to make a lot of changes from now on. We can call anyone by someone else's name, no matter whether he likes it or not. Anyone who wants to date Judy has to get my permission first. She's my girl!"

"Rabbi!" started to say something, but Gus commanded, "Shut up, Hart. Furthermore, if anyone pulls that handle while I'm in the shower and I get burned, Lateli and I are going to make you all eat potatoes three times a day in the cafeteria until you eat up all that were cooked last night."

Lateli, asked by a Time Magazine reporter what he thought about Gus helping him rule, said, "I don't give a hang about ruling. I don't really want to do it. I watch tv all the time. I don't care what anyone else wants to watch, either."

Ken and Gus immediately issued a proclamation, which they mailed outside the second floor phone booth, to the effect that no one who entered their rooms would complain of any order. They said that at the first misstep of any dorm resident, they would remove the tv set from the lobby and place it where only they could watch it. "That's what I really want anyhow," said Lateli, "so you had better watch your step. I'm going to be on the lookout—what time tv isn't on."

The Edified Hall slogan has been changed from "Pickle's on

EXTRA! Whasshay?

J. F. Burnedup, a polar stroller far from his Land of the Midnight Sun home, announced yesterday that this college crampus has too much boringy going on in its class rooms. He also pointed out that there are too many footcuses in the music room for the few talented musicians who conduct the Operettas to the tune of rotten tomatoes.

He stressed that the plunder-graduates are really to take care of with the hornbortles' instruments and thereby make the work of all the harpenists all in vain. He pointed out, however, that it's a cherry theory that there are no shrill fills in the student center if only it were so.

Regarding the dormitory in which he resides, he commented that the hornbortles are frequently taken up for feminars until a stoic comes along. This is no matter for ribbon' ribbon, he stressed, as his clock continued its sick tick. He said the place seems more like metropolis than the presidency. What it really needs, he lamented, is a moperatin. However, he said, he'd move rather be housed next the swimnasium.

The bep guy, who plant to be a slide guide when the baseball season opens, is now working on a flexibition in hopes of eliminating pseudo Judy and bitter quitters. He severely criticized the slim gym, which is also a dim gym, maybe that's why the basketball squad looked like such a squintet, he added.

Burnedup said he's glad he no longer has to occupy a teacher's bleacher to watch a gridiron make a scrub flub. He commented he'd rather watch a small brawl on a lot, a cool duel or get a throphy.

He plans to trade his furry surrrey for a almosine so he can rescue any green queen who swims to shore. He denounced the crampus teachers' who refuse to having to pay smash cash; he likened it to pillvards. There'll be no meter chasers on a slack track, he added.

Burnedup stressed that meanless don't help much in providing good ewaganda. They go by crook books, he added.

He said that he had ever been a sictator or that he had attended capitalism; and, he had been a teacher who refused to playing middle fiddle in this crossvirey. He said he'd rather play with a sharp harp in a bratation.

He became a refrigerator after his grub club attacked the hash house for chow one day. He didn't like the prankster he got, "I'd be a crossstrain if I was from down under," he pointed out.

Burnedup recently purchased a peckage, he said, but it seems more like a waste of money instead of a sound bound. He said he might trade the squarefule for an animal, he said, he said, there are enormous around here. He said he didn't like mummies, mummies, mummies, clams, shamphibians, naggin' dragons, sobbin' robins, or fanogars. He said, however, that he didn't like the illigators, catpillars, rare hares, or yakydorms. Roysters, kingdorms, and ballerinas are okay, he added.

He pointed out that gas spats aren't very nice. It's worse than a petimator trying to be a heifer. He talked a long time about sweavys, chile fillies and rover-coats.

J. F. used his extended heart-ility to catch a bride, who turned out to be a suicide bride indicating a spiritismy. He said she is engaged in civil divril all of time, she isn't wearing a face brace; furthermore, she'd try being a tribe scribe if she was a blous. Anyhow, he said, she has eye dye and uniforms; if things get much worse, he plans to start

(Continued on Page 3)

Here Are Some Sweet Ones



"Bartha, I'm going to have to keep your food, why don't you try to make it a little better a'nyhow?"

"When I say something, brotha, it's Law. That's for sure."

"Oh, goodie -- On my sixth trip today, I got a letter."

"Please don't call me Tojo anymore. I've switched idols."

I Have To Have Sleep - - I Quit!