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VOLUME 9

NUMBER 14

WEEK OF MARCH 31

KENNESAW JUNIOR COLLEGE

IN THE MARIETTA BOONDOCKS, GEORGIA 30061



April Fool, Baby, 'Cause This Joke's On You!

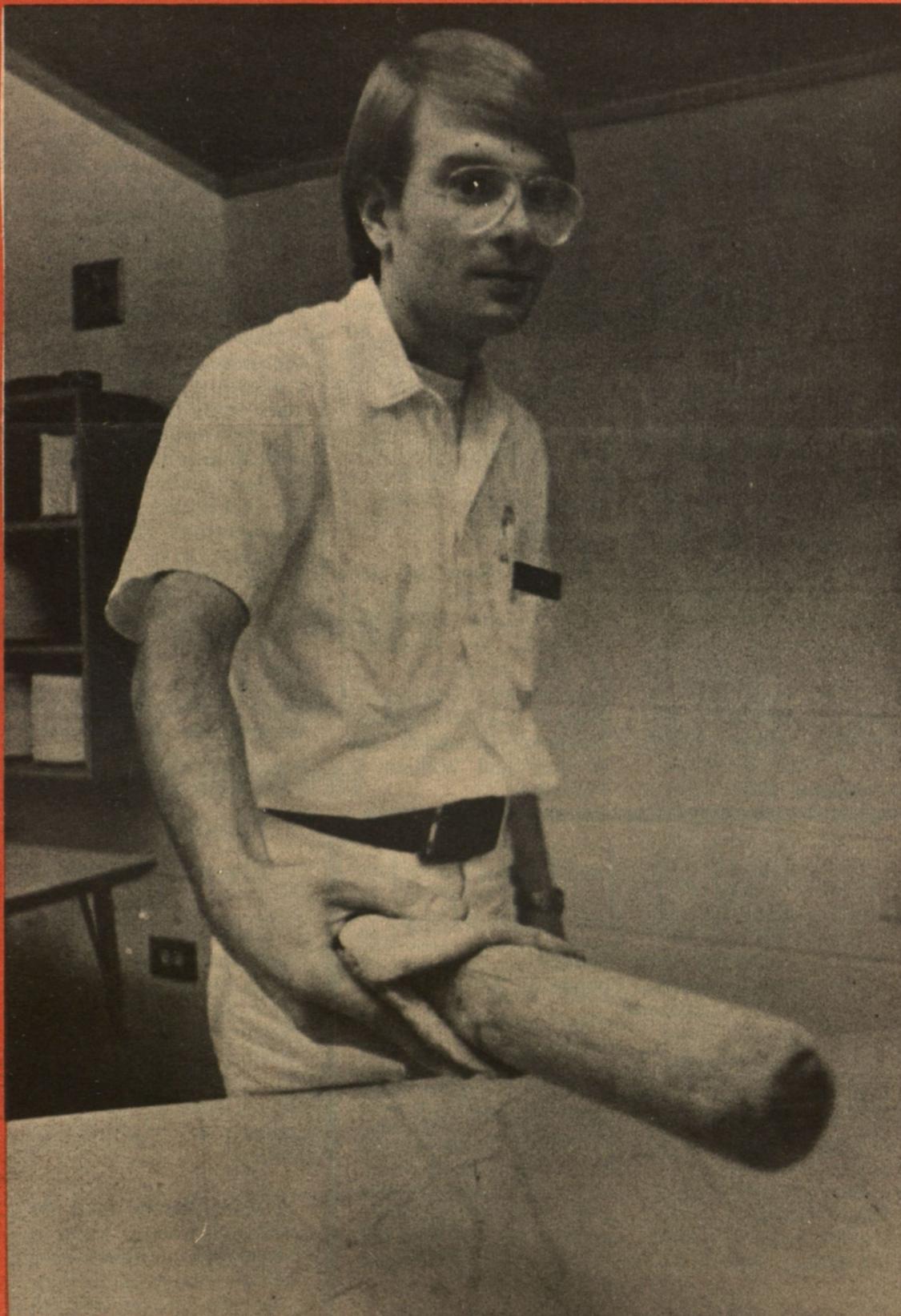


Photo by Rick Ellis

The Club Sandwich is just one of the delicious lunches from the Snack Bar

Margaret Mead to Address Symposium



A woman who has "done it all," from high adventure in Samoa to teaching students in traditional colleges to voicing her opinions on almost every subject, will deliver the closing address at Symposium '75 on April 11.

Dr. Margaret Mead, world-renowned cultural anthropologist, will speak on "The Human Condition--the Struggle for Identity," at the dinner session of Symposium '75 at 7:30, April 11, in the ballroom of Atlanta's Fairmont Colony Square Hotel.

All other sessions of Symposium, "The Human Condition in 1975," will be held at Kennesaw Junior College, where the program will open with a free session Thursday night, April 10.

An "urgent sense of becoming--and yet not knowing what one is becoming or how to bring it about--is one mark of an identity crisis," Dr. Mead writes. "It is a search for new bearings, for a different and clearer image of one-self."

Author of 20 books, recipient of 20 honorary doctorates including one from Emory University, named Outstanding Woman of the Year in the Field of Science in 1949, and One of the Outstanding Women of the Twentieth Century in 1965, Dr. Mead became Curator Emeritus of Ethnology of The American Museum of Natural History in 1969. The 75-year-old woman also has taught anthropology at Columbia University and at the University of Cincinnati's Medical College.

In her monthly column for REDBOOK Magazine, she has dealt recently with such diverse subjects as alcoholism in women, the world's starving people, and how to celebrate the American Bi-Centennial, family-style.

Dr. Mead has been a world figure in anthropology since she made her first field trip to study the isolated inhabitants in American Samoa. Her resulting volume, "Coming of Age in Samoa," published in 1928, still is a

classic. She became a member of the staff of The American Museum of Natural History and began a long series of studies of people in the Pacific cultures, eventually documenting seven cultures, through 50 years of field notes on them before their missionization.

She has become a "legend in her own time," widely acknowledged to be among the most eminent of the world's cultural anthropologists. At the same time, she has become a leading example of the liberated woman, and has been called by one writer, "A general among the foot soldiers of modern feminism."

Dr. Mead has agreed to a question - and - answer period following her address at the dinner, over which Dr. Charles R. Underwood, chairman of Symposia, Inc., trustees, will preside. The Rev. Austin Ford, director of The Emmaus House in Atlanta, will introduce Dr. Mead.

She is one of five speakers returning to Cobb County from past Symposia, in recognition of the program's 10th anniversary. Others are Mary S. Calderone, Ralph Slovenko, Elisabeth Kubler-Ross and William G. Pollard.



Symphony, Chorale to Sing of Human Condition at Symposium

Music suitable to the season and depicting "The Human Condition in Song and Music" will be presented by David Ogg and the Marietta Community Symphony Orchestra at the opening session of Symposium '75 Thursday, April 10, at 7:30 p.m. in the physical education building at Kennesaw Junior College.

Three choruses from the Easter portion of Handel's "Messiah" will be presented by the symphony, the KJC Chorale, and a group of community singers, under direction of Betty Shipman Bennett, conductor and music director of the symphony.

David Ogg, director of the college chorale, will perform recitation and arias from the "Messiah" and will open the session with Malotte's "The Lord's Prayer," accompanied by the orchestra.

Selections from the "Messiah" to be presented include "Behold the Lamb

of God," "And with His Stripes We Are Healed," and "All We Like Sheep Have Gone Astray."

Ogg is instructor in humanities and music at the college, as well as choir director. Mrs. Bennett has been director of the 45-piece Marietta Community Symphony since 1955.

There is no charge for Thursday night's program and all sessions, continuing through Friday, April 11, are open to the public.

Speakers Thursday night include Dr. Mary S. Calderone and Dr. Ralph Slovenko.

Information about registration for the Friday programs is available from the community services office of Kennesaw Junior College, one of four sponsoring institutions. Others are the bar association, the medical society, and the ministerial association of Cobb County.

Sponsored by Kennesaw Junior College, the Cobb County Medical Society, the Cobb Ministerial Association, and the Cobb Judicial Circuit Bar

Association, Symposium '75's sessions are all open to the public. Registration information can be obtained from the college's community services office, 422-8770.

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the SENTINEL

Kennesaw Junior College
In The Marietta Boondocks, Ga. 30061
422-4060

- Lead Singer Daphna Gregg
- Lead Guitar Kathy Medved
- Bass Rick Ellis
- Rhythm Guitar Scott McCune
- Drums Hank Wilson
- Piano Debbie Thomas
- Tuba Paula Hammac
- Roadie Elliott Hill
- Groupie Don Gregg

1975 GCPA BEST CAMPUS COMMUNITY SERVICE AWARD, FEATURES JUNIOR COLLEGE DIVISION and 1975 GCPA BEST ENTERTAINMENT FEATURE

Dean Martin Denies All!

Dean Martin hotly denied Monday that he was Dean Martin.

"I am not that Dean Martin, and I'm getting tired of people asking for my autograph. I don't know where this crazy rumor got started," he added.

Dean Martin said he was absolutely not a blood-shot, bleary-eyed boozier, and that furthermore his income was not as large as Dean Martin's, nor did he live in California.

"I haven't even had 6 wives," the KJC Dean of Student Affairs lamented.

Furthermore, the handsome administrator alleged that he "only sings in the shower."

Apparently this unprecedented outburst came when he was asked about his record.

"I have never made a record, I assure you," he said in flat denial.

The question actually had been in reference to his jail record which was the social event of last Fall Quarter. Dean Martin spent several hours behind bars at Cumberland Mall during the March of Dimes drive. However, he refused further questioning.

Moments in the Life, or the Rounding of the Square

by Marvin Spooker

Dear Spook Fans,

Thank you ever so much for the hundreds of cards and letters that poured into the office during my most recent illness. Poor Daphna passed out several times while trying to read each and every one to me. Perhaps it was because I made her read them over and over. But then, what are editors for, anyway? If you'll allow me, dear reader, I'd like to answer the confidential from the girls behind the counter at the Dew Drop Inn Restaurant and Lounge. Serving the public with three locations since 1957.

Dear Ladies,

Yes, I was quite surprised! I walways thought they were frog legs.

Marvin

Now let me say to each and every one of you out there, Happy Spring!!! I'm so glad that the winter quarter is over. It was too much. I swear it almost kicked old Marvin in the ass. Things were really looking dismal towards the end. The Spookman

couldn't buy a thrill, broke as I was and all. Everywhere I looked it was Cram City. Hell, unless you got a nut off watching your old lady read a hundred million words a minute, you were flat out of luck. Brenda was "booking" day and night. Hair up in curlers, stereo blasting, pork rinds all over the apartment. I tell you friends, at four o'clock Monday morning I'd had enough. "Brenda," I shouted, "put down that book, jump out of them curlers, put down them rinds, flip that record, and start some kind of grinding with me."

She looked up, flashed those baby blood-shot eyes at me and said something to the effect of "Bite my ass, Marvin." As a result, I went to bed... alone.

The following day I took my finals and up until that part I was living right. You know, a person doesn't realize how good bad is until worse comes along. I had three cardiac arrests over the weekend waiting for my grades. Finally (no pun intended) the letter ar-

rived. I opened up my mailbox and gazed upon the Death White Kenesaw Envelope. One eye closed and the other blinking, I opened it up. Only to find out that my grades were being held up until I paid my library fine. After I squared up the library people, God Bless 'Em, I discovered the Hold-up was a blessing in disguise. Those grades were so bad, people, I have to make a 4.8 average the next three quarters to qualify for academic probation. No joke, the winter quarter stretched my threshold for pain to the hilt. On the advice of a good friend, I took a powder.

Oh well, enough of that. I hope you all tied one on during the break, enjoyed yourself to the max, turned your sensory inlet dial up to ten, and blew out the hazzards of winter. I also hope the results of your quarter endeavor fared better than mine. If not, don't be mad if someone says you're a genuine April Fool.

Marvin

Frank Wilson Caught Red-Handed Printing Dirty Pictures!

An unnamed student photographer sagged against the wall, his face pale. "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it. But Frank Wilson is in the darkroom now with the dirtiest pictures I've ever seen in my life."

This crusading reporter perked up her ears immediately. "Frank? Really? What are they like?"

The photographer shook his head. "Disgusting. You know I don't mind... er, ah, let's say interesting pictures. I'm no prude myself, and a little dirt is okay. But these, I mean, they'd gag a maggot!"

"No kidding?" I said, frantically taking notes. "What or who are they

pictures of?"

"That's even worse. They're faculty members, administrators, and students. Oh, the shame of it!" he practically sobbed. "If anyone sees those photos, a lot of people are going to be upset."

I asked if I could get a look at the pictures. The photographer ran a shaking hand through his blonde hair. "I'm not sure you could stomach it. I mean, it's obscene what he's done with film."

I assured the young man that as a seasoned journalist I was certain I could stand almost anything. He reluctantly led me to the darkroom door.

"Just don't say I didn't warn you," he said

ominously as he knocked on the door.

After a moment's wait, the door opened a crack. The photographer pushed the door open before Frank could close it again, and we were inside. Frank recognized me right away.

"What do you want?" he asked suspiciously. "I'm just printing a few pictures."

"That's what I want, Frank, to see those pictures."

"Oh no you're not!" he shouted, moving to grab the already printed pictures out of the tank.

"Stop him!" I cried. The unnamed photographer grabbed Frank and, throwing him to the floor in a



have you ever seen a worm dance?
i have.
for the worm is my personal friend
and i love her.
and her name is Gilberta
thank you,

Toomey

half-nelson, sat on him. Stepping over his still-struggling body, I peered into the tank. I was stunned. Never have I seen photos so nasty in my life. I whirled around.

"Can you explain this, Frank?" I demanded angrily, my stomach turning in disgust.

"Yes, yes, now that I'm caught," he said wearily. "But please, get off; I can't breathe."

To this appeal the photographer reluctantly got up but positioned himself against the door and kept a watchful eye on the Student Activities Advisor. Frank sat down in a chair and put his head in his hands.

"It's my fault," he began. "I was just plain careless."

The blue-eyed photographer spoke up angrily. "Your carelessness could shut down the darkroom. Man, if anyone finds out that this place is so loose to permit someone like you..."

"I know, I know," Frank sighed. "I might lose my job, too, if my boss finds out that I was this...well, careless. And my friends..."

"How did this happen?"

I asked gently, beginning to feel a little sorry for him.

He explained that he had hung the negatives up to dry at home since he hadn't had time to dry them in the darkroom. Then, forgetting they were still wet, he swept his entire house. The dust flew all over the negatives. The next day, unaware that his negatives were dirty, he brought them to school. On getting hem out of the car, he dropped them in a mud puddle and, as if that were not enough, spilled an entire cup of thick snackbar coffee all over them. All this produced the most filthy, disgusting prints this reporter has ever seen. After telling this sad but true tale, Frank begged that I not print the story.

"I'm sorry, Frank," I told him, "but I cannot suppress the news. You know that."

It was a lesson to Frank Wilson. He got off with just a warning, and the unnamed student photographer (when he isn't busy photographing unnamed students) is helping rehabilitate Frank by teaching him how to keep his negatives clean.

Living in the Material World

by Robert Webb

Last time, if you recall, there was advice about gardening here. To continue in that line of thought for a minute, let's consider one of nature's pests, an adversary of good crops that oozes in the night and gobbles those tender young sprouts before they have a chance. I'm speaking, of course, about the common slug. A cousin of the snail, these insidious beggars leave brilliantly-colored trails of dried slime behind them as they move. This slime is hard to get off, as it consists of a substance that's much like snot. These pests breed on trees in almost every part of the Southeast. They subsist on small garden plants (when they're available); otherwise they eat what they can catch...and brother, when you have to ooze to get around, you have one hell of a time catching a jackrabbit.

These animals are easily eradicated, though. There are several simple methods for their removal,

all of which are guaranteed to work. The best method is to sprinkle some salt on them. Ordinary table salt becomes a deadly weapon when it's used on a slug. The results will amaze you. (A reader informs me that urinating on them will work equally well because of the salt in the body.)

The ancient way is to simply smash them under a flat rock. This method leaves a lot to be desired, especially if one is nauseated by gooshing sounds.

The third way is the overnight way. It's a sure-fire way to rid the immediate area around your home or garden of slugs. Get a shallow tin pie pan, the kind frozen pies come in from the store. Open a can of beer, take a few sips, and fill the pie pan about half full of the beer. Any brand will do. Finish the beer in the can, put the pie pan with the beer any place slugs congregate, and in the morning you'll find

they've all disappeared. Slugs crave beer. That's no shit, they love it. What they don't like is alcohol, which has an effect upon them similar to that of salt. Leaving the pan out overnight assures getting them all, as they can smell the beer for quite a distance and will ooze all night to get there if they have to.

Another common pest found around both urban and rural environments is the rat. The most common variety is Norvegious Rattus, the Norwegian Warf Rat. These monsters grow to lengths of two feet, with an occasional weight reaching 7-10 pounds.

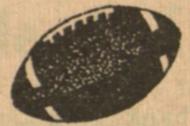
No totally effective organic way to remove rats has been perfected. There are poisons disguised as food that the rats will ostensibly take back to the nest, where it will slowly poison them. This is if the rat will believe a pile of poison is food. This placement of poisons is environmentally unsound, though, and will

result in a lot of other small animals dropping dead around your front yard.

The old farmers' method for killing rats is a simple one. Buy some canned dog food, sweet feed, or anything you think your rats might like for dinner. Shred up some steel wool pads, and lace the grain thoroughly with the shards of steel. They can be mixed in with canned dog food, too. (This is useful in neighborhoods where your neighbors have noisy dogs). Leave the food where the rats normally raid. You won't see them die, but they'll disappear. The steel wool destroys their little stomachs, which causes them to starve to death. It sounds cruel, but if you had any idea what these rodents do to small children in big city ghettos, you'd go hunting for them with a five pound claw hammer.

That's all for eradicating pests. There are other insects that will plague the gardener this summer, but space won't allow a zoology lesson. Keep watching this space for more in the earthier aspects of the news. Smile!

Before or after the game



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News From Them Thar Campuses

by Susan Goggins

The GATEWAY reports that John Clifford Bird, a Mechanical Engineering student at the University of Alberta in Edmonton, Canada, has formed his own organization which is "devoted to the advancement of mankind through balloon technology." The members of the club, who wish to be known as GWDanoBims-KBTDKDBSTBGHJBoda-BCBWGenIrvJB, have built and tested many kinds of hot air balloons including a forty-foot cube. The floating cube is possibly the largest of its kind according to the Guinness Book of World Records and resembles a giant garbage bag.

Georgia State University is offering a Drown-proofing course this quarter. According to the SIGNAL some of the skills the student must

acquire involve having his hands tied behind his back, and using his feet to propel himself, will have to do a somersault with a golfball in his mouth.

Dan Peterson, a nationally recognized orator from Boise State University, recently made a guest appearance on the Mike Douglas show. He has won the Western Speech and Communication Association's persuasive oratory championship and other competitions. Peterson speaks on the subject of prison life and reform. He was released from the Idaho State Penitentiary in July for disorderly conduct and cattle rustling and other crimes according to the ARBITER.

According to an editorial in the PARSON, student newspaper of Westminster College in

Salt Lake City, Utah, their big centennial concert is off. Managing Editor Steve Gordon said that plans for a Linda Ronstadt concert fell through and "latest word is that contract negotiations are in progress to book the fabulous Martin Rudcheck and the Whizz Bomb Kazoo Band...."

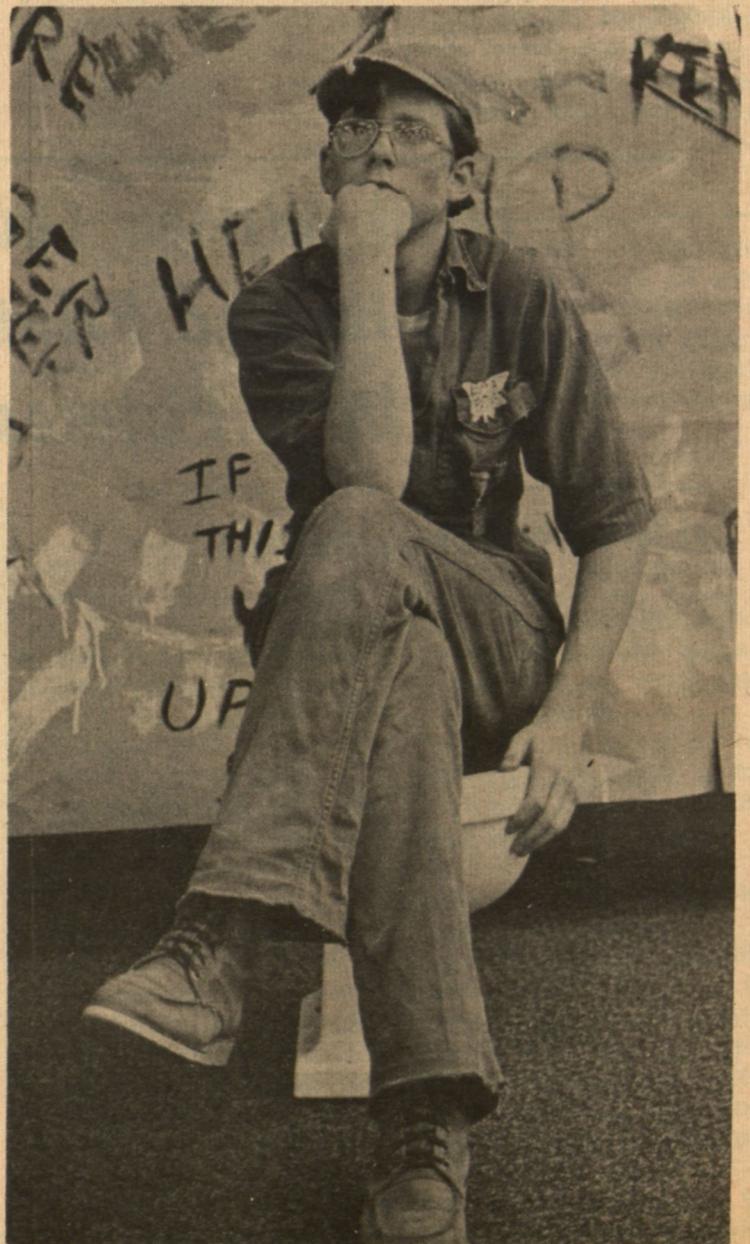


Photo by Kathy Medved

Recognition At Last!

A crush of reporters from the eastern press, a Nobel prize, and the prize-winner's rats virtually turned this quiet campus upside down this week as a stunned student body digested the idea of having a Nobel prize-winner in our midst.

"I really didn't expect this," the surprised professor admitted to a *Sentinel* staffer. It came as a surprise to him even though he'd been considered for this penultimate honor last year for proving, after years of experimentation using virtually thousands of rats (and possums scoured from the environs by zealous students), that nothing can be proved by experimenting with these

creatures.

But his big breakthrough came last quarter when his most cherished experiment paid off. After carefully implanting electrodes into the speech center of one of his veteran rats, he demonstrated before a stunned scientific and local community that man is not the only animal with the powers of speech.

But if Dr. Bowman Davis's experiments have at last met with truly incredible success, it hasn't been an easy road. In a rare display of candor, this dedicated researcher admitted that an earlier experiment, one involving polyploidy in rodents and marsupials, was abandon-

ed when some half dozen of his experimental subjects escaped from an open basement window on campus.

Polyploidy, he explained, is the multiplying of genetic material within a single fertilized cell such that the species becomes much larger than its parents. In this way, he added, wheat was developed many millenia ago from common grass.

In short, several enormous rats (or possibly possums) are now at large in the Kennesaw area, but little things like this are minor compared to the overwhelming honor that has accrued from his rodent speech experiments in which just last week a startled world heard, via satellite relay, the first non-human speech from a rat that said very clearly, again and again, "April Fool."

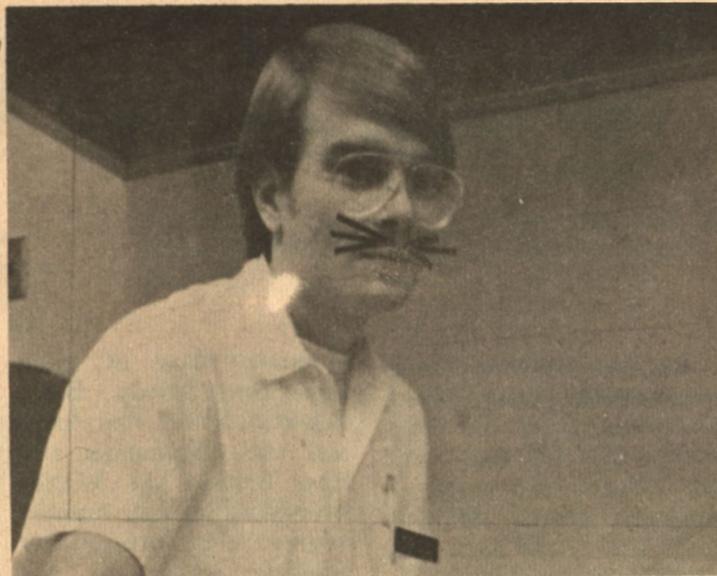


Photo by Rick Ellis

New Ideas for Old Student Center

by Scoop Turner

Yes, it's about time for the new Student Center to be opened and still the question that lurks in the minds of the students is "What will happen to the old campus hot spot?" Here are some rumors that are floating about.

1. The Science Department will set up a new lab in the facility to study the cause and effect of the dreadful communicable disease food poisoning.
2. It will be a site of a true memorial museum to our fallen comrades who gave their last pennies and lives for a sandwich or a quick card game.
3. It will be bought by a major recording studio who wishes to use it because of its excellent acoustics.
4. The Agricultural Ma-

jors wish to add 1/2 dozen more hogs to the center to make it a complete experimental hog farm. Because of the near perfect conditions of the current student center, the Aggies feel that a minimal expenditure will be needed to complete this venture.

5. The site of a new auditorium featuring such fascinating acts as Pete Cottontail and his Breeding Rabbits, Seymour Skin and his Dancing Bares (only performed during spring quarter), and Howell Swain and his Amazon Card Trick Revue.

The Administration is still accepting suggestions on how to use the old Student Center, so act now! Submit your suggestion today. If not sooner.

New Courses Offer Excitement



by Scoop Turner

Some helpful and timely courses are being offered this spring by KJC whose quest is to bring to the student the latest in modern ideas in its expanding new classes.

Mr. Rodman announced that he will personally instruct the new 199 Reading Class which will teach the student such reading skills as how to read Polish sausage labels and television cue cards. Rodman also stated that after completing this advanced reading course the A student will be qualified to read such intricate material as KJC Registration class schedules, the articles written by Carl Maddox in *The Sentinel*, and Peter I-kona's final exams.

Alligator Wrestling will be offered this

quarter. Sue Nattress, the ex-Canadian Royal Mountie, will teach the course in the school's swimming pool. Official jungle costumes for this course, along with authentic rubber hunting knives, will go on sale in the Bookstore shortly. The course will be highlighted by visits from expert water wrestlers such as Tarzan (Johnny Weismuller) and Tom Thomson.

Tom Keene of Social Science Department announced that he will initiate a 2 quarter sequence course which will take an in-depth look into the cultural and spiritual lives of the Zulubrowskis, a Polish immigrant group now living among the Zulu tribes in a large baboon settlement in the southern plains of mountainous northern Zambizia. Yes, after many requests, the course is now being offered. Keene, who actually visited the tribe, explains how the natives worshipped him as the great JuJu God. Keene also tells of an intriguing story of how, after 20 years of life together, the Zulus along with strong help from the baboons are finally teaching the Pollocks how to peel bananas and say their names.

Other new courses being considered for this quarter are as follows:

1. Breathing for Credit 0099
2. Underwater Fire Fighting 201
3. Basic Communications 221
4. Typing for Denture Wearers 101
5. The Secrets of Course Failing 211
6. Therapeutic Numbers 112

ARE YOU TIRED OF HEARING YOUR CHILDREN COMPLAIN ABOUT RATS BITING THEM IN THE NIGHT? TIRED OF SEEING THAT HARD-EARNED FOOD DISAPPEAR FROM YOUR KITCHEN CABINETS AT NIGHT?

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Copout Critic

by Love

At this moment there are no doubt many of you wondering what the rave review for this issue will be. "What's the stack of schlack, cream of the crop, pick of the pack this time?" you wonder.

In all honesty, faithful readers, I have been delinquent of my duties. Realizing that disappointment will reign upon understanding the previous statement, I will offer the following in way of explanation: As you are no doubt aware many of us have just experienced a few days R & R between quarters. During the trauma of post winter reconstruction, I decided to strive for that plateau of nirvanas that we all seek. Enlisting the aid of several substantial quantities of alcoholic intoxicants, I embarked upon my journey to ecstasy. As a result I reached such a

euphoric state of mind that the Moody Blues began to sound like Alvin and the Chipmunks and Ross Britain like Walter Cronkite. So with humble regret, I offer my apologies.

Wait! Back you savages, for there is a happy ending to this tale. Marvin Spooker lives! Hearing rumors of his untimely death, I proceeded immediately to investigate, and found them to be premature. Dear Marvin had merely taken a powder to escape the nightmare of cram city. He's back now with an outasite grade point average under his belt and new hope for the spring. Indeed music to my ears. (No pun intended.)

So until next time dear friends remember: Love works in strange ways (pun intended). Goodnight Ross and blessed be the Spook man.

War Erupts on KJC Campus

At 6:30 last Tuesday evening six faculty members were apprehended smuggling a cannon into the Humanities Building. The men and women, all instructors in the Humanities and Social Sciences Departments, were taken into custody by the KJC Security Guard but were later released without charges. The incident raised more than one eyebrow, however, and after several days of intensive investigation the explanation came to light.

"There's no secret about this," whispered a highly placed member. "Everybody is aware that the arts and the sciences have been knocking heads for years. Not just here, of course. It's open warfare in every center of higher education between the two, and the fact that the conflict is escalating is hardly news, either."

An English teacher alleged that the Science Department had actually started the hostilities by brainwashing the students.

"By the time they get to English 102, the students are ruined. They believe science has all the answers and literature is a waste of time. We're not trying to make trouble. We're just defending ourselves," she said.

Commenting on the arrest, a political science professor explained that their actions were not illegal, thus no charges could be brought against them.

"Under the terms of the Geneva Convention we have committed no crime," he told *The Sentinel*. "We are perfectly within our rights to make whatever defensive provisions we seem necessary against aggression from the Science



Gen. John C. Fremont



John C. Calhoun

COULD YOU JUDGE
THESE MEN BY
THEIR HAIR?



Stephen Douglas



Samuel F. B. Morse



Daniel Webster

Upcoming Events for Spring Quarter

by Scoop Turner

Rick Ellis will be instructing a cameraman's seminar on "How to Get the Right Angles during Streaking Season." Yes, the bare facts on what must be contained in a streaking shot will be discussed along with other interesting points.

Easter Egg Round Up - 3 days will be set aside for students to find the thousands of Easter Eggs missed by the faculty on the annual "Faculty and Security Family Day."

Tongue Wrestling Championships - to be held in the Student Center. To enter, the contestant must have one of the following requirements:

1. to have talked non-stop for more than 48 hours
2. to have licked 5,000 stamps or envelopes
3. to have proof of being talented with their tongues in any other ways

Greased Teacher Race - Teachers who have been turned in by students as being very slick or whose classes seem hard to handle will be rounded up, disrobed, and released to run wild in the Student Center while students try to catch them. **An event not worth missing!** Free food certificates good for 3 free meals in the Student Center will be given to the losers.

Pet Spring Fashion Day - ATTENTION ALL MALES. The Home Ec Majors are sponsoring a fashion show to see how good male fashion tastes really are. The theme will be Summer Pool Wear. Using your own pet as your model, dress her in some summer outfit. Suggestions are string bikinis, halter tops, and beach robes. All pets -- be it dog, cat, pig, goat, gorilla, cow, or whatever -- are welcome. Excessive disobedience by contestants pets will mean immediate leash handling.

Department. You may be sure that we will stay within our rights, but we will not hesitate to defend ourselves."

The cannon, which is not mounted in the quadrangle facing the Science Building, is being personed at all times by faculty members on a rotating duty. A 24-hour guard has been posted, and every person employed by the Social Science and the Humanities Departments is currently training in close-order drill, crossbow target practice, and other military skills.

The Science Department at first declined to issue a statement about the activities of the Arts side of the campus. However, the attention attracted by such defensive maneuvers pressured several scientists into responding to charges of unjust political tactics. —

"This is ridiculous," said one biologist morosely, "and it also means I'm off the courts. My tennis partner is now my enemy? Ridiculous!"

However this moderate sentiment was not expressed by other science partisans.

"Let them do whatever they want. We're ready for them, come what may," said a chemistry instructor. "As for their cannon--well, this proves we've got the upper hand. Cannonballs can do nothing against germ warfare."

Said a botanist, "When any group can control the environment, especially the food supplies, then that group is more powerful. We've blockaded the Snack Bar, and as soon as they get hungry..."

When asked about medical aid to the war-wounded, the nursing

department assured *The Sentinel* that emergency facilities had already been set up.

"Of course caring for the other side is more difficult," an instructor mused, "but I believe we can manage to send over one or two first year students."

As the tension mounts daily on this almost war-torn campus, the approach of spring presents a vivid contrast to the imminent bloodshed. Through the haze of the battlefield, the stench of hatred, the age-old ravages of academia, the plum trees blossom.



GEMINI ALSO RISES

by Sue Doenam



Welcome spring and welcome April Fools Day! This is your month, Aries, so get in there and screw things up as usual! Famous Arians -- Cesar Chavez, Doris Day

* * *



Hail Taurus! Hail Bulls! A good month for sitting around and savoring your avaricious birthday wishes. (Hail, why not?)

* * *



And the Gemini twins -- facile, subtle, gay. You talk a mile a minute and know more tales than any two people put together -- two-faced bastards.

* * *



Cancer! The Crab! 'Nuff said!

* * *



Gary Simmers is a Leo. So is Bonnie Hopper. Other famous Leos -- Napoleon Bonaparte, Bowman Davis.

* * *



Virgo! Did you get it figured out yet?



Libra -- charming...charming...charmed. Famous Librans -- Brigitte Bardot, Pope Paul the Sixth, "Ike."

* * *



Arming . . . arming . . . armed. Famous Scorpios -- Genghis Khan, Spiro Agnew, Billy Graham.

* * *



Sagittarius, you frolicking devils just love spring, don't you? Gallant. Gay. Free spirits. Also free with the hands, especially about the knees.

* * *



Ah, Capricornus, light-hearted goat! How fine to take off for a few minutes each year to sniff at the flowers! Saturn smiles upon his children -- Richard Nixon, Joseph Stalin, J. Edgar Hoover. Not to mention Don and Daph.

* * *

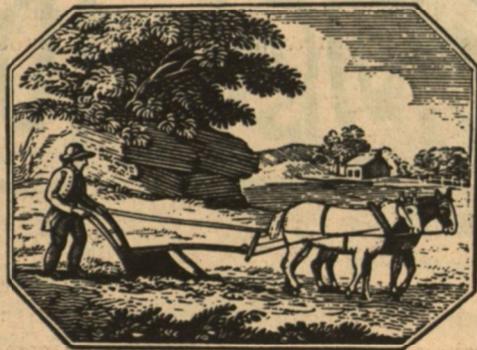


As a noting astrologer noted not long ago, Aquariuses are half Albert Schweitzer and half Mickey Mouse. Some well-known water-bearers -- Raju Kotak, Jimmy Durante, Jack Benny, Carol Channing, S.T. Kidd, and Gort.

* * *



Okay, Pisces. Hope you were satisfied with that arty little piece we wrote for you last month. It'll have to do you for a year.



Ms. Scarlet



Dear Ms. Scarlet:
Where have all the flowers gone?
Signed,
Closet Aggie

should I act to get a good grade?
Signed,
A Buxom But
Braney Bunny

Dear Ag:
Inquire discreetly at the lunch counter.

Dear Buxbrain:
It will be lots of fun heving you back here next fall!

Dear Ms. Scarlet:
The other day I found a pair of girl's panties under the table. What should I do with them. I would like to find the owner.
Signed,
Excited

Dear Ms. Scarlet:
I saw something wierd. In the student center today two men were sitting at a table, one fondling his beard, the other playing with his mustache.
Signed,
Concerned

Dear Excited:
Put a note on the bulletin board. (Would owner of lost panties call this number...as she will collect a big surprise along with her panties.)

Dear Concerned:
Why don't you introduce them?

Dear Ms. Scarlet:
I hev a four-point grade averedge. I am supposed to graduate this quarter but for the first time since I been here I am getting a woman teacher for a class that I hev to hev. How

Ms. Scarlet can solve any of your problems. Just write to her c/o THE SENTINEL. Or drop your letter into our letter box in the Student Center. Due to the confidential nature of this column no real names will be used, so pseudonyms are recommended as signatures. Deadline for next issue April 6th.

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or see me on campus.

SMALL North Georgia school newspaper needs staff. Excellent opportunity for human mushrooms to advance. Staff must be kept in the dark and fed bullshit to qualify. Interested parties (there are a lot of those, too) should send a resume to Dean Martin; Kennesaw Junior College Administrator of Graveyard Enterprises.

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SEX!!! Now that we've gotten the attention of you human mushrooms, keep reading: There's a future for YOU at Kennesaw Junior College. There are openings in both faculty and staff, and boy, are they big holes to try and fill. Contact the Dept. Head of your chosen field; Kennesaw Jr. Collge; Marietta, Ga. 30061.



IT'S APRIL FOOLS DAY



Photo by Kathy Medved