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Vol. XLIII - No. 22

Ithaca, New York, April 1, 1971

Safety's Secret Bunker Revealed

By Nuthin Muffins

The elevator car I was riding in glided to a halt and as the doors parted, and the uniformed escort smiled in on me, I found myself at last inside the bowels of Safety Division's underground crime bunker.

This secret bastion of strength against evil is a myriad of modern law enforcement tools, and its 400 man staff comprise the brawny backbone of Mythica College's crimestomping corps (that's pronounced corpse). As I walked down the long silent halls time and again I was amazed by the large weapons cases filled with large stocks of captured rubber daggers, taken during raids and busts at the local kindergartens, and the thousands of deadly looking rubber band slingshots, cap guns, and Halloween costumes which these valiant battlers in blue had confiscated during daring raids on local centers of decadence, Boy Scout Troops and other subversive groups included.

Commenting on the costumes a spokesman for Safety Division said that these captured disguised were often donned by officers themselves enabling them to travel incognito while patrolling at concerts. In fact, Safety Super Snoop, Theo Racey admitted after considerable prying that the blue ducky suit was his favorite disguise. Racey also admitted me into his private personal peephole penthouse of assembled equipment. Across the ceiling was stretched a four color day-glow poster of Jack Webb, and on his desk sat a plaster tire cast from Broderick Crawford's personal patrol car. Commenting on the assembled items Racey told me that these objects, artifacts from real policemen, provided him with inspiration during his tense demanding day.

Although Racey admitted that his department's budget was somewhat low, Safety Division was still proud of it's nationally rated Officer Academy. When asked about the training officers must undergo, Racey outlined several of the rigorous tests. Among the most difficult, is where an officer, placed in an echo chamber, must learn to simulate the howl of a police siren. In this way, officers are able to fool criminals into believing that a foot-patrolman is actually an entire car load of arresting officers.

The officers must be able to field strip, clean, and reassemble, all commercially marketed cap rifles Racey boasted that one of his most outstanding officers could even strip down foreign cap pistols, making him a valuable addition to the force.

Upon graduation, each candidate who can survive is awarded his shiny badge, rubber Billy-club (with secret compartment) and his highly coveted spray can of insect repellent. Each officer also receives an engraved coffee mug, and special cushion to prevent sores from developing during long nights on motorized patrol. Following his description of the academy, Racey invited me to accompany an officer on motorized patrol. Said Racey, "How about a spin in the patrol car kid?" Of course I said yes.



Theo Racey

Once safely aboard I became thoroughly engrossed (or is that grossed out?) by the intricate maneuvers executed by the man at the wheel. In addition to pedeling, the officer also managed to steer, and send an occasional coded secret message back to secret head-quarters. When asked how these secret communications were carried out, the officer told me that colored aerial flares were used, as a means of transmitting vital data without being noticed. Upon request I was returned to the underground bunker just in time to see how a day is climaxed by Safety Division.

This sight, rarely viewed by the outside public is both simple yet so majestic. First, the officers attired in full patrol regalia sing the Adam 12 theme, and then ceremoniously kick, stomp, split, splat, and generally beat on a three quarter life-size plastic imitation of Jerry Rubin, while filing out of the office.

"This year's Spring Weekend will be as usual. Jacking but nonetheless exciting," explained Ned Robb, the silver haired director of the EOB (Elbert Onion Board.) Deftly leaning back in the suede upholstered high chair in his opulently furnished rear chamber office at the Onion, Robb went on to proclaim that this year's activities would most probably "surpass all past events in terms of dire dullness."

"The biggest problem the Onion seems to be having is getting a firm commitment from John Sebastian for Sunday night...something about a plane." A torrent of last year's memories flooded the hallways of my mind as he brought up Sebastian's name. I remembered last year's Weekend. Sebastian was great. Except for the few tears in the Woodstock film clip, the crowd crushed against the walls enjoyed the show immensely. Onion's concert board had done an inefficient job again.

Robb was leaning against the window by the time I had rejoined the conversation and was rambling on about the show's emcee—Aunt Slut. "She's Uncle

The cell door moaned open. From the black pit inside came a soft cry as the first light in three days stabbed at his eyes. After a long moment he shuffled slowly through the exposed hole in the wall of bars. There was a three day growth of peach fuzz under his chin and he looked as though he hadn't slept in ages. He brought his hands up to his face to cut out the brightness of the torches lining the hallway. His hands were still manacled and sliding our eyes down toward the flatness of the floor we noticed he dragged an immense bowling ball behind him as he shuffled up the corridor. At the top of the great steel steps we all crowded into a small elevator and stood silent as it whipped upward. The elevator slid back and the police moved in quickly. The manacles came off. The police chief handed him a dispenser of spray deodorant and Jim sighed. It was over. Our editor in chief had been bailed out again by his loyal staff.

After gulping down a six-pack at the office, supplied by Tina Saxton, Jim Donaldson explained to all gathered in the cramped West Tower basement office of his frustrating run-in with the law.

Safety blue battlers had been on Donaldson's trail for sometime it seems. It had begun Friday when the warrant was issued for the Chief's apprehension. Safety moved quickly and guided the local police through the Terrace Dorms in search of the fugitive. But, Jim had vanished. Safety bowed out at that point and the Sheriff was called in. Sheriff's officials whipped into the drive of Donaldson's off campus pad and surrounded the parking lot. The next word anyone had was that he

had trekked homeward and was preparing to flee the country.

"I journeyed back down to Mythaca late Monday evening. I thought I was safe. But when I went into the pub for something to drink, I learned they were still hot on my trail. So I hid out in the Mythacan darkroom. . .until morning."

That was Tuesday morning. The dragnet was closing in and snared him at work in the evening.

"That fellow must have been eleven foot nineteen inches tall," Jim remembered. "Someone tapped me on the shoulder and I looked over my shoulder and then up and up and up until I finally saw this giant face inside a cowboy hat with a strap to hold it down."

The big fellow was Sheriff's Trooper Goliath. He told Donaldson he was under arrest. Donaldson asked him what would happen if he told him he couldn't go.

"That big fellow got mean. He stared down at me threateningly and proclaimed, 'You better come or I'll bounce you out of here like a basketball.' I left."

By the time we had received word of the event the local militia had already booked, frisked and jailed him.

"Hands against the wall that Goliath fellow told me. I asked him whatever for and he threatened to put me through a hoop again. So I reached for the wall." Jim added, "After what seemed like hours they toeprinted me and put the manacles on."

There was no brutality though. "Nah, they wer nice guys really. I was kind of disappointed really. In the military they taught me all o f t h a t

KarateGungFuJudoYubiwaza stuff. I never even got to use one chop."

The long day's journey into night terminated at his cell door. "They gave me the same cell a buddy of mine was tossed into



Photo by Richard Sharp

Tch! Tch!

last year. His name was Bill. Four days he got for speeding. In a car that is." Then Jim, eyes fired up with conservatism and he spit out, "Boy, Bill wrote some vulgar stuff on those walls."

So we arrive back at the beginning. A tired ex-con editor-in-chief was setting back in his office. Someone asked him something we had all forgotten about.

"What'd you do anyway, Chief?"

Our eyes were fixed intently upon him as he rolled back in his chair and chuckled, "I went through a red light downtown. Forgot to pay the ticket."

With that he was back at typing scandal.

Elbert ONION Board GOES All OUT For Spring Weekend

by Bajagalupe Arglabarji



Photo by Richard Sharp
Ned Robb: Excited
about Spring Weekend

Fudge's first cousin you know. They were brought up in the same outhouse." His elbow slipped off and for the next couple of minutes the campus' Director of Student Entertainment danced sprightly about the room all the while nursing the gash running up the back of his pink forearm. I passed him a copy of the Rag (the Mythacan Sunday supplement). He began blotting at the flow of

blue blood meandering down his forearm. Then cradling his injured arm in the palm of his left hand, Ned moved cautiously back toward the security of his high chair.

"With Aunt Slut emceeing the festivities it all sounds quite gruesome," I commented. "What else can we expect?"

"The featured attraction will be Joey Dee and the Starlighters on Friday night. Saturday, Annette Funicello will perform in the gym. And as I said before, we may have John Sebastian here again on Sunday."

It was time to move quickly toward the door. But I never made it. Robb galloped across the room and slammed himself against the exit.

"You can't leave yet. I haven't finished telling all that we have planned. Like our movies. You can't leave them out of the article."

I balked at responding but it shot out automatically—"What movies?"

"Glad you asked? We have two movies scheduled for showing in the President's office on Friday night. First to hit the screen will be MA AND PA KETTLE HAVE A SEX CHANGE. At midnight it's

G I D G E T A T C A M P PENDELTON. After that we plan to show faculty home movies until / a.m."

Robb moved away from the door just long enough for me to get a firm grip on his ears and toss him across the room. The fresh air that plunged into the room as I swung the door open tasted good. Before leaving though I had to pause for a second. Whatever that third movie was it just had to be the worst. It will be. The Sunday afternoon feature attraction will be shown near the base of Lake Cayuga in Stewart Park. The title?

"SEX PET STRIP TEEN BIKINI VIRGIN BEACH BALL BARAGE." Robb joyously proclaimed from his seat in the waste basket.

GUTS

Esophagus	A
Stomach	B
Liver	C
Pancreas	D
Gall Bladder	E
Colon	F
Semicolon	G
Small Intestine	H



Movie Review The Academy Weingards

by Lorin Weigard

Since the Academy Awards presentation is almost upon us in all of Tinsel Town's glitter, and Screw magazine has already predicted the winners, it behooves this film critic and former line painter for the New York Thruway Authority to do the same. Any similarity between box office receipts and the winning film is purely coincidental.

Best Supporting Actor: Frank Jersey for his performance as the pot in Finian's Rainbow.

Best Supporting Actress goes to Stephanie Lovechild for her sensitive portrayal of an enthusiastic hippie in "Woodstock." Stephanie was in the 3,876th row back and the 2,854th person from the left. You can't miss her, she's wearing a peace symbol around her neck.

Best costume design to Mr. Fritz for his strapless strap in "Nude at Niagara Falls," a report on the changing post card industry in that resort town.

Best set Design unanimously goes to Jerry Hammer and Spike Wood for their authentic recreation of New York City on the Sahara made from corn starch.

Best cinematography for a black and white picture: Kenneth Fstop and his revealing footage of Toledo for his documentary, "Torrid Town." Unfortunately the negative was accidentally smuggled across the border by a rookie CIA man.

Best Cinematography for a color motion picture: Janis "Zoom-Zoom" Celluloid for her cinema verite record of the oral cavities of a blue whale in mating season.

Best film editing: George Splicer for his brilliant assemblage of priceless footage smuggled out of the Pentagon that contained incriminating evidence on Washington's top leaders. Unfortunately Splicer cut the film apart frame by frame and we're still trying to paste it back in order.

Best original screenplay by Wilson Plagiarism for the film "Desire by the Swings," the tense and emotionally charged tale of blistering love in Nursery School 108.

Best Actor: Felix Thespis' for his character study of a psychopath film director trying to make it in the big time and financing his film epics by chopping hamburger in a butcher store.

Best Actress: Barbara Streidexsand for her upstaging and camera hogging in the musical centering on a confused groupie tripping her brains out on jelly beans, "On a Clear Day You Can Shove It."

Best Director: Michelangelo Antwerp for his freely moving film thesis "Polanski Point" about how to make it on the beach without getting sand in your bathing suit.

And of course Best Picture, to the delightful, beautiful story of endearment between a bowlegged high-wire artist and his ill-fated affair with a sword swallower recovering from an occupational accident, "Glove Story."

George Pine Wins Montana Trek

Where do you send the man who is nowhere? That was the question that plagued the best minds on campus whenever the name George Pine came up. Well, our worries are over now that Georgie has been selected by this paper as the "Most Photogenic Person on Campus." As compensation both proper and fitting for a man of such legendary physique, the Mythican is sending you George Pine on a two week all expense paid trip to that sun-baked, snow-covered fun center of North America, scenic and exciting Montana.

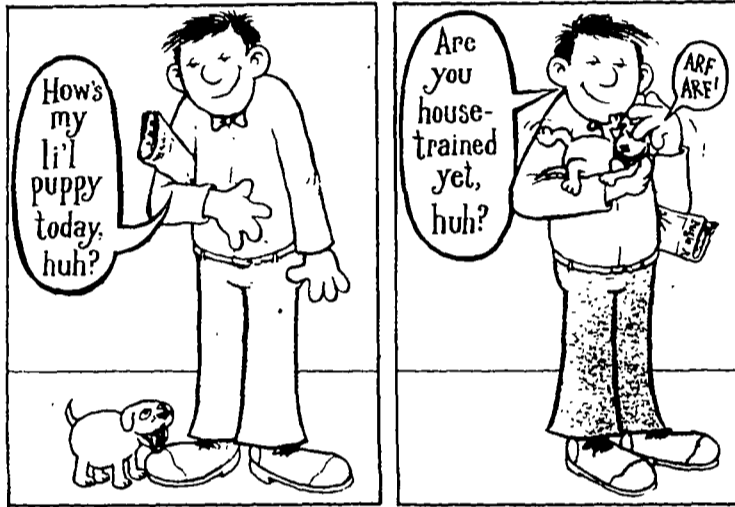
For those of you who are not familiar with Montana, George will be staying at the Dead Stick Motor Lodge in beautiful Org Montana, just 200 short miles from the distracting glow of electric lights. George will be dining in the quaintly appointed Feed Bag Room, and will be savoring the flavor of such exotic dishes as bread, and canned beets. To entertain him and to help pass the time, he can expect to view



Colonel George Pine

such breathtaking sights as the sun coming up in the morning, and going down in the evening. And if this kind of night life isn't rich for George's Spartan blood, he can visit the local gas station which is open until 1:00 a.m. every morning. Time does not permit this reporter to elaborate further on George's spree, but I can reveal to you readers that the cash value of this delicious vacation is nearly one hundred dollars. Congratulations George!

CANINE CAPERS



continued on page 4

Commie Conspirators ROUTED

by George Metesky

With the cry of USA all the way and under the shadow of numerous American flags, the Ithaca College Crusade Against Commie Conspirators (CACC) invaded the new Tower Coffee House in an unprecedented move to purge this school of "them damn anarchists." After a brief encounter with an irate folksinger, the room was cleared and the flags draped over the walls.

The group's leader, Lincoln Washington Molotov, then spoke to those assembled on the evils of sex education and the "long haired creeps" who are infiltrating "our schools and public restrooms." He stated that the only way to end the problems

continued on page 4

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is not cheap.

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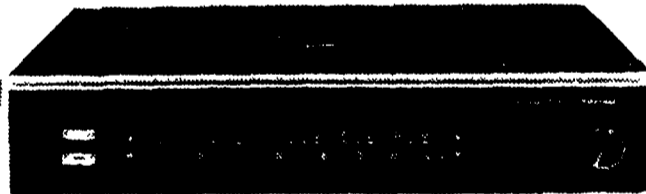
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IC 's 1970-71 All-Star B-Ball Bench

Now that the 1970-71 basketball season is over for Ithaca College, we can look over the year that has past and the year to come on the illustrious IC bench. Inhabited by nine bodies that formed quite a unity, the bench itself held up well and, with next year's improvements, should be able to come back strong as ever with a chance to hold a squad of 15 men, two coaches, and a variety of towels, cans, bottles, and the like.

Captain of the bench squad was Jimmy Ospain, who proved he was a real leader by staying on the team for the entire year. Rumor has it that Jimmy's second farthest away trip of the year was to the banquet for the team downtown, and this was the first time he got to wear the basketball blazer. Vaniel Debtor started slow by playing in the first five games, but soon became one of the top "benchees" by sitting out the next 12 for unknown reasons. Congratulations on a great comeback, Van! It looked like Louie High would have to leave the bench squad when he saw some game action in his first game back after an injury, but Louie came through to be one of the top minute-men on the team, and win a coveted spot on the coveted bench. Squeaky Chalk held on to one of the top bench spots until near the season's end when he just snuck in some playing time, but still rates as a fine all-time "sitter." Wayne Rawlings had no sooner worn a groove his size into the bence, when he started playing before the last minute of the game and lost one of the best

seats in the house. Newt Dribbler didn't play first semester while off the team, and didn't play second semester while on the team, and therefore is another contender for all-bench honors. Nerve Dash and Shimmy Jaw kept the other's seat warm while the other was in the game, while D.K. Anthill qualifies as only a part-time Benchee because he had so much playing time. Those are the magnificent, miute-playing nine that finished

out the year on the varnished wood, and saw their most action on the court when someone started a fight.

Ah, but wait till next year! Almost everyone will be back along with some fine bench-sitters from this year's frosh squad. Plans are already in the making for blue and gold cushions to be ordered and maybe a small stereo set beside each one. Ten new decks of playing cards are ready, and one pizza establishment downtown has already agreed to deliver. Best of all, there may be a deal made with Coach Worst so that those players picked as the "Outstanding All-Bench Team" will not have to come to the games until 9:25 p.m., all ready to play. That is, of course, when game time is 8:15.

So when Associated Press picks their All-American Bench Squad (College Division), be sure to look for some Ithaca College names. They sure spent enough time there. Funny, I could have sworn that there was some talent somewhere on that bench. Well, I guess a coach knows his own ballplayers.



The SAGA gang at 4 am

SPRING WEEKEND SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Friday:
8 p.m.--Joey Dee and the Starlighters
in concert with Walter Brennan.
MC Aunt Slut.
12-1 a.m.--Movies in the President's Office.
"Ma And Pa Kettle Have A Sex Change"
"Gidget Goes To Camp Pendelton"
Saturday:
1-7 a.m.--Faculty home movies.
8 p.m.--Annette Funicello guest recital.
Special appearance by Frankie Avalon.
8:02 p.m.--Concert crowd moves to Pub.
Sunday:
3 p.m.--Movie at Stewart Park.
Starring Annette Funicello, Fabian, Frankie Avalon and Tina Turner.
Monday:
7 a.m.--Classes resume.

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8:05 - 8:10 10c Drafts (served in our special shot glasses)

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Mithacan Dubious Achievement Awards

Awards. Everyone likes to get some kind of an award. We like giving out awards so long as it doesn't cost us any money. So the Mythacan presents the 1970 Dubious Achievement Awards.

The EFFICIENCY award goes to the college Computer.

SAGA Food Service won the Chef Boy Ar Dum award for best achievement in food poisoning.

The McQueens Toothpaste award went to Ellis Phillips. He was found to have the world's toothiest smile.

There was a tossup for the Best Dressed Man on Campus. Bob Ryan was honored for the colorful clothes he wears and Mr. Lurch for being the college's most consistent dresser.

To Carol Hammond goes the Queen of the Pub plaque for keeping Smitty and the fellows busy tending bar every night until twelve.

Frank Falcone qualified as Good Guy of the Year. Frank has the most liberal cut policy on campus. He gets them all.

For Pete, Bauer the Mythacan Awards Board invented a special. To Pete goes the Take It With A Smile Award for taking it with a smile.

Mythacan Editor Jim Donaldson gets the Fugitive for the year award. Providing he gets out on bail.

To Bill Graf. You're the Head of the Year award winner. This for your two week trips every

Spring. Face of the Year photo albums were mailed to IC's only Colonel George Pinc. He turned out to be the most photogenic person on campus.

Let us not forget the Mythacan. The paper has received its biggest prize to date, the Irrational Inquirer trophy. We have been acclaimed as the best scandal sheet this side of N.Y.C. To Intracollege goes the Green on Yellow poster for getting all of the gossip in—somehow.

Larry Koss was way out in front as Secretary of the Year. He is the most under-rated typist in Job Hall.

So you didn't win this year. Who cares anyway?

continued from page 2

Routed

confronting us today is to "have faith and pray for guidance and victory over Communism in this time of stress."

After a moment of silent prayer, the crowd moved out of the coffee house and vandalized the snack bar. With the bounty, they set up a free food kitchen with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and chocolate milk. Although it was called a free kitchen, a minimal price was charged, "in the spirit of free enterprise."

The move was a reaction to the recent decision by the college to allow the showing of an uncut version of "Birth of a Baby." The group insisted the film was "an invention of a perverted mind" and that "it just couldn't have happened that way." The movie they said was obviously part of the "conspiracy to undermine the morals of American youth."

As a substitute, they offered a John Wayne Film Festival starting off with True Grit.



RUFFSTUF

Trucking With Trickey

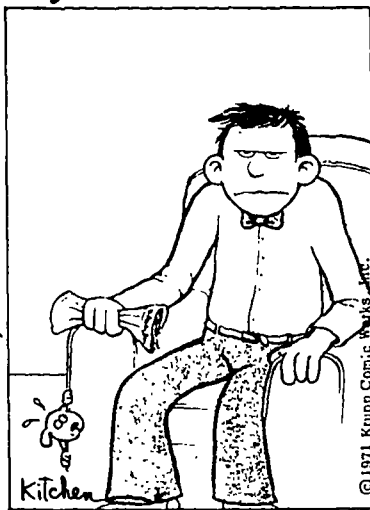
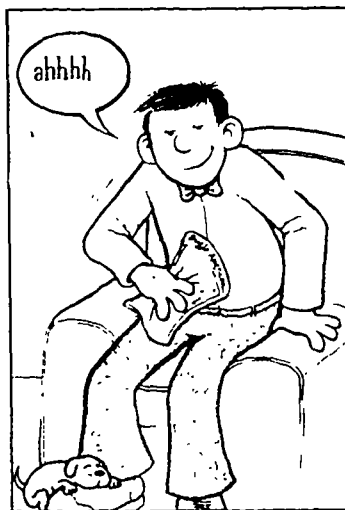
by Kevin Brownell

This week I thought that I would expound in my usual vociferous manner on the virtues of the Vietnam war...

What the conclusion to this whole crisis will be is still up in the air. The American flags are still there even though the crowd left after the rally. One anarchist conspirator commented on the situation by methodically slicing the flags and handing out the scraps for headbands and handkerchieves.

by Denis Kitchen

continued from page 2



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