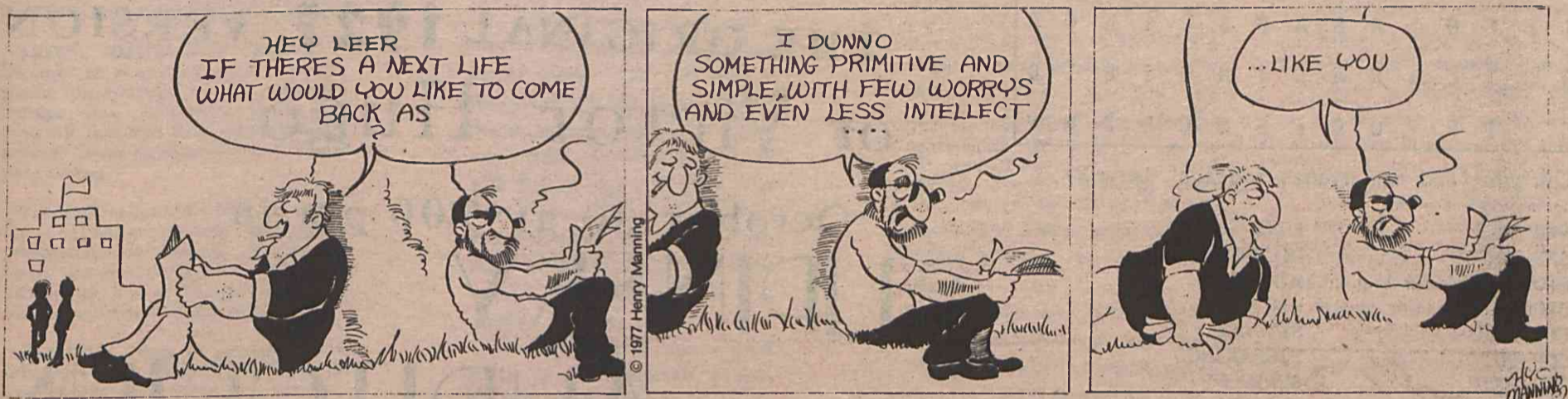


FUNNY PAGE

The Elf Squad



PORCY



AMEN CORNER

by Ron Caldwell

My younger brother Quinine came home the other day all smiles. Wasn't his Devil-raising smile, He actually had a smile of triumph on his face—much like the canary that ate the cat with a side order of fries and a diet drink.

"I got a part in the school play," he beamed.

"Oh, God!" Mom groaned. "Don't tell me that you're playing another fire hydrant like you did the last time. Do you remember what happened?"

"Yeah, every dog on the block followed me around for a week for a week waiting for me to stay in one spot," replied my brother who is known in Dogdom as the "Kanine Kidney Killer". "But it's different this time. Really, it is."

"Well then, what play are you doing?" Mom asked, calmly going back to her dishes.

"Hair," he answered. Now, that statement in any other house wouldn't set off too many shock waves. Around my house, however, such a statement coming from a twelve-year-old is like advertising to your church's congregation that the choir is doing a nice little musical at Christmas and giving them Jesus Christ Superstar. And Mom, being the Conservative to the end, took it exactly like I thought she would: the look on her face when she turned around was that of someone whose unemployment check had just bounced.

"Hair?!" she repeated. "You

socrates by phil cangelosi



mean that hippie play where everyone runs around without any clothes on and shouting 'The Pill is a Yes-Yes.'"

"No, it's..."

"That commie radical play where these unkempt monsters gallop around with flowers in their hair like they'd just washed it in ten gallons of Vigoro?"

"Mom, it's..."

"That piece of trash where a bunch of Moonies try to shack up in seven houses? And that disgusting piece of seduction!"

"What seduction?"

"Where this nice girl named Jupiter tries to make it with a Mars Candy Bar?"

"Well, I won't have a son of mine in a play like that! We mothers will get up a protest against it. Let's see: I'll call Nancy Nitpick and Blanche Billboard—her husband's on the School Board. Then there's Harriet Hullabaloo, Fran Fubar and Gladys Gladiolous—they all have kids in school. We'll nail that director's hide to the wall!" She headed for the phone, but before she could dial the first digit of Nancy Nitpick's number, Quinine quickly rose from his chair and pleaded "But Mom. It's not what it seems."

"Sure, like finding your

brother there in bed with Ginnie Goodball. Not what it seems, indeed!"

"Now wait just a bed-hoppin' minute here!" I felt that it was time to come to Quinine's aid (and save my own skin in the same swoop). "Don't you think that we should hear his side of the story? I mean, maybe it's just an innocent play."

"It is. It's a play we're putting on for a convention."

"A convention for who: Perverts International?"

"No. The Union of Good Groomers."

"The what?"

"It's a Barber's Convention. We're doing 'The History of Hair'. And I'm a part."

"What's that?" I asked. "A flake of Dandruff?"

"Not that kind of part," he answered, pointing to his own tumbled mop. "This kind."

"On who?" I asked. "Telly Savalas?"

"How'd you guess?" replied, tripping merrily off to his room to study his "part". Exhausted by the turn of events, Mom sank down into a chair across the table from me.

"Well, at least I can count on you to be in a nice, quiet little

play. Which reminds me. What's Doctor Ogsford planning for the fall show this year?"

I wasn't thinking when I told her "Oh, Calcutta!". She immediately made a beeline to the phone to call Nancy and Company. How could someone get so upset over a musical adaptation of the life of Mahatma Ghandi???

"New generation" of handicapped

By Campus Digest News Service

He is thirteen years old, and he is already accomplished in several sports. He swims, plays baseball and soccer, rides a bicycle, plays ice hockey and, so we are told, helps out with the dishes.

Rather an impressive achievement for any student...but even more so for Ted Matts of Naperville, Ill. Seven years ago, a lawn mower rather forcefully removed the lower part of his left leg.

Ted is one of the "new generation" of handicapped, who are proving that they aren't...not really. The recipient of a more progressive attitude toward those with permanent bodily disorders and/or malfunctions, students like Ted are putting the rest of us to shame...and on the playing fields of Eton, to boot.

In fact, Ted is such an accomplished swimmer, that he has won two dozen medals for excelling in freestyle and the backstroke.

Ted was lucky, however; he was encouraged to show his true potential. After the accident, his mother told the Associated Press, "the doctors told us, 'He will be handicapped only if we make him handicapped.'"

Indeed.