

The Tune Box

by Deaf Ears

AMERICAN CLASSICS

Four great albums of the sixties that changed rock music forever and sent it in many different directions:

Surrealistic Pillow — Jefferson Airplane. This early acid with psychedelic sounds, vocals by Grace Slick, includes a track entitled "Somebody to Love" which is a sexual scorcher. For some it was a chance to experience the San Francisco hippie culture without drugs. The Airplane, (now Starship), has been on a slow burn ever since.

Ina Gadda da Vida — Iron Butterfly. The only worthwhile album side of Iron Butterfly's music is the seven-

teen minute classic hard rock title track. The album is a bunch of long instrumental jams held together by one basic riff which is repeated throughout the song — it is hard rock at its peak.

Highway 61 Revisited — Bob Dylan. He caught, vocalized, and rode the turbulent wave of the sixties' generation. He went from a folk singing worshiper of Woodie Guthrie to a completely new style not defined as either folk or rock in this album. The back cover contains about 800 words from the master which are baffling and make completely no sense what so ever. He plays the harmonica, piano, guitar, and a police car siren. Rather

profoundly, in "Like a Rolling Stone" Dylan states "when you ain't got nothing, you've got nothing to lose."

The Doors — The Doors. They brought us some of the best blues rock and were pioneers in the use of an organ outside the doors of a church, with such tunes as "Break on Through", "Light my Fire" and the lengthy "The End" which you will definitely remember if you have ever seen the flick "Apocalypse Now." Both Hendrix and Morrison left epitaphs, (if you really believe that Morrison is dead), on vinyl that seems to gain more power and popularity as time progresses.

C.J. Oglevy's Halloween Party

by Kenny Hershman

I was sitting in the cafeteria pretending to be studying, as the incessant rubber duck - being - stepped - on noise of the Pac Man machine reverberating throughout the room. Spread across the table before me lay my dreaded sociology notebook and a bag of potato chips. Brushing off a piece of chip from "Functionalism Theory Building," I began to reflect upon the fun and revelry of last Saturday night - Halloween! Suddenly a dull ache began to throb in my head. HALLOWEEN 1973 it flashed. The daydream started, sending me back to that fateful night of Armageddon. Back to C.J. Oglevy's unchaperoned Halloween party. C.J. was very clever, even though he lived in Havertown. His parents were away in New York for the week, so he quickly sprang into action and invited the entire fifth grade over for a night of Halloween festivities. I was the last to arrive at the crowded house, and became aware of the audible sounds of approval my costume was getting. I was a cowboy that night - an outfit that would have earned the respect of John Wayne. Casually, I smoothed down my burlap "out on the range" vest across my massive twelve inch chest, and dutifully tucked my father's pink flannel shirt into my pants until it reached my kneecaps. I noticed a looming shadow behind me, "Pretty stupid costume, kid."

Anyone you didn't know when you were that age was always called "kid". I whirled around in Clint Eastwood style, my hand on my trusty six-shooter. Looming above me stood the most feared boy of the whole school — Sheldon "Psycho" Feldnick. In the third

grade, Sheldon was the only kid I had ever seen who had moustache hair. Not only that, he was huge, at least four foot ten!

"You look like a sissy!", he mocked.

I stood firm and undaunted. "At least my name isn't Sheldon", I coolly retorted. I suddenly realized I had just sealed my fate. I felt my lithe frame literally being lifted into the air.

"No Psycho, not the china closet!", screamed C.J. in horror.

Crash! Hummels, figurines, and Mrs. Oglevy's best dishes were shattered into a trillion pieces. I stood up, my senses reeling.

"Take it back, creep", hollered Sheldon, as his face began to turn red and a vein stood out in his neck.

Before I could answer, I was pummeled into the coffee table, on which was set the huge punch bowl and holiday cake. Punch, cake, and icing were dispersed throughout the room, covering incredible radii. Bedlum erupted as fifty screaming ten-year olds poured out of the Oglevy house. Like Montgomery Cliff in the fighting scene with John Wayne in "Red River", I was out cold.

A touch of dentistry and ten stitches later, I have lived to tell the tale. At least three folk songs and a poem have emerged from that unforgettable evening — an evening which remains a thorn in my past.

Leafing threw my sociology book, I came across a note I had scribbled on a piece of paper which had served as a reminder for me this Halloween: throw away cowboy costume, pick up skeleton mask from K-Mart. I was just making sure that I wouldn't be wearing a coffee table for another Halloween — and I didn't

The Roving Reporter

What do you think of the Interval period?

Victor Colangelo — It would be better if there was something to do each week. As it turns out I only used two intervals in an official manner and during the rest, I just studied.



Michael Lindsey — I have mixed feelings about the interval: It gives me a chance to eat lunch, but it also makes me late for work.



Michael Marini — The interval is a recess period. Recess is and has always been my best class.



Karen Browne — I think the interval is a pretty good idea. It gives you a chance to get extra work done or to fool around if you want to.



Karate Club

Continued from Page 2

minister tests so the students may advance in their different belts.

The Karate Club, meets once a week on Monday at 12:15 at the tennis courts or in room 219M in case of inclement weather. There are about 15 members in the club. Mark Hess is the President, Patty McKee, Treasurer and Carolina Farise is the Secretary.

Kevin Crane who attended Delco last year started in the Karate Club as a white belt and moved up to a brown belt. Kevin is now at University Park and has started a Karate Club there.

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Wanted — saxophone in good condition at a reasonable price. Send phone number to Lion's Eye Reply Box 44.

PERSONALS

Binky, We'll get John back — you'll see!

— J.F.

Cheryl, Russell loves you no matter what he says.

Dear V., It's cold out in the street. — signed the nomads

Ken, stop fighting with Natif! How am I ever going to meet her friend?

Donna, I hope our new room has rubber walls — concrete does damage! P.S. You did it! — Jim.

Cheerleaders — Thank you! Hope your winter nights are warm. If not, give us a call — Bill and Russell.

Dear Mrs. A., Thanks for your help. Without you, there would be no us.

— the staff

—Soccer team

Girls, 36 — 24 — 36 = 69

Love: A failing math student

Lost: one sports editor — cheerleaders, have you seen him?

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