



jock hatfield

## a vdt warmed in hell

### Column Valueless

"It is interesting to compare the definition of obscene — that which has utterly no redeeming social value — and Jock Hatfield's latest edition of 'A Typewriter Warmed in Hell.' Maybe that's where the typewriter belongs...."

### Half Witted Satire

"As an imitator of the great Mark Twain and his classic comment about a pen warmed up in hell, Jock Hatfield

doesn't even come off second best. His Friday article, 'I Get Around,' could have been an excellent commentary on the recent 'war memorial' furor at Skinner's Butte Park; instead, it was an unfocused, sloppily constructed polemic against anything that came to the author's mind, ridiculing the sacred and the mundane in the same breath. . . I was disappointed by this half-witted attempt at scathing satire."

"I have to take a moment (more time would be excessive) to thank Jock Hatfield for his thoughtful discourse on learning. It is simply amazing that a barbarian such as Jock can express himself as eloquently in Chinese as he does in English. . . One can only lament the fact M. Duret cannot experience Jock's language, but one can guess that he would have placed it in the category of that braying animal noted for the tail about

its jawbone." — Mike Fish.

### Article in Poor Taste

"Emerald writer Hatfield seems to be confused as to what comprises a news story in his Monday ridicule of the Fiji fraternity meeting. Mr. Hatfield's underhanded comments rather incensed me, especially when printed under the guise of news. 'To some a Fiji might sound like something you wash windows with' is hardly an unbiased account of that day's events. . ."

### Jock Will Also Reap

"I'd like to point out some misrepresentations in Jock Hatfield's column. First let's define the biblical idea of a Christian. . . So if you have any more grievances against Christians I hope you make sure they are really born-again Christians as the Bible defines them. . . I'm not for killing in any form, but for the record, your King James version does say, 'Thou shalt not kill,' but the Hebrew word here for kill (ratsach) is more accurately translated 'murder' as the newer translations. . . As the Bible says, 'Do not be deceived, God is not mocked; for whatever a man sows, this he will also reap.' God bless you Jock — Steve Baugh.

### No taste at all

Once again we regret having taken the time to read Jock Hatfield's 'A Typewriter Warmed in Hell.' Hatfield's comments are directed as political satire, but in actuality are cheap shots directed at outspoken people on campus. Not only does Hatfield show bad journalistic qualities. He also displays bad taste, possibly no taste at all. We the undersigned would be overjoyed if Hatfield sat on his hot typewriter and ro-tated." — Kelly Umenhofer, sophomore undeclared, and 13 co-signers.



glen ozonewood

## all my children

Pine Valley is littered with the afterbirth of new critical situations. The stale, moldy emergencies of winter are giving way to fresh, unspoiled neuroses and phobias.

Characters are exiting, creating voids for new actors to fill. The annual cleansing of spring is almost complete. (And speaking of spring, I want to express my love — and perhaps set up a rendezvous for somebody, anybody, who'll call 344-OZON.) Let's appraise where we are. At the Martins, things are looking pretty groovy. Philip and Tara are reunited and leaving for Washington, D.C., to start a new life with Charlie. Not that all the Martins are happy. Dan's still having trouble dealing with Brook's telling him to shove off, and with his younger sister in town, don't be surprised if Danny boy transfers to another college.

In addition to the new Kennicott, the

Martins will soon donate a newborn to the plot. Ruth is with child, a perfect excuse to discuss the tribulations of late-begetting.

Looks like trouble will strike next at the Tylers'. Chuck is earnest about creating a pseudo-happy existence with his ex-prostitute bride, but that may be impossible. She finally "took" and carrying the virile Doc Tyler's seed has brought new meaning to their unfulfilled and meaningless life.

But if you haven't bought a present for the baby shower yet, don't. Donna's baby hasn't whumped the womb in two days, and as the screen faded Thursday, Donna's doctor was on the phone and it didn't sound good.

While Chuck's life might be complicated by removal of a being, his grandmother's may suffer from addition of one. Phoebe is the object of a slimy gold digger that we first met through Ed-

die Durant.

So far, the old tramp (Prof. Langley Wallingsford) has only worked on Edna. The other night, she practically stuffed his hand down her pants (I have desires and I don't want to take a cold shower again tonight) but he resisted (my strength is of 10 because my heart is pure). He promised her an evening out, but once he used her to make contact with Phoebe and her untold millions, he discarded her, (and she looked so inviting in her strapless dress).

Perhaps Edna will finally overpower Benny. Estelle is determined to go back to Billy, and Billy realizes that she isn't in his future.

And so ends another year of All My Children, and with it my undergraduate career. Fortunately, I've devised a scheme to avoid the perils that wait "out there." In August, I enter the University's law school. See you next year.

