

THE
PARKS
HOUSE

SCRIBE

WRIGHT QUADRANGLE, INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

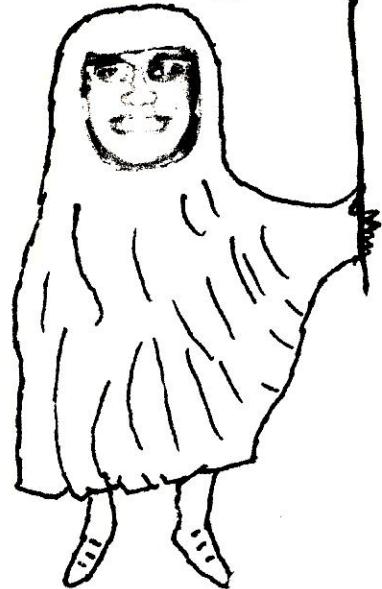
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We wish to thank Don White,
Pat Williams, Dick Aughenbaugh,
Larry Bottoms, Ron Cook, and
Fred Ambler for the use of their
pictures for our cover page. We
wish to point out that the pic-
tures were picked arbitrarily
and in no way is any reflection
on their personalities or reli-
gious affiliations.

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Parks House Sweatshirts are now on sale for the ridiculously low price of \$1.25 in Rm 305. Five free sheets of Parks House stationery will be included in the purchase to the first 327 customers. Small & medium. Red or blue.

This will be the last issue for Arland Reinhard, our Assistant Editor. In two weeks he will be leaving Parks House to do his student teaching at Fort Wayne Central High School. Arland's imaginative use of color, his use of offset, the changing of the SCRIBE masthead, the initiation of MISS PARKS HOUSE SCRIBE, and the production of Parks House Stationery has put the SCRIBE where it is today--in financial difficulty. Even so, we bureaucrats will deeply miss Arland and his typewriter. It will mean just that much more work for the rest of us.

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Congratulations Parks House! We have managed to "bend" every Open Visitation rule in our policy in one short month. Small violations like signing a guest out at 12:10 a.m. on weekdays, allowing guests to wander the halls unescorted, making a mess out of the Open Vis sheets, and the use of stairways other than that of Parks House show the lack of responsibility on the part of a few individuals. Every house member is equipped with his own copy of the rules. A policy is stapled to the top right hand corner of the bulletin board where it will remain all semester. There is no excuse for ignorance!

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There are two corrections to be made in the Directory. Pedro De Jesus and his stereo have moved from Rm 305 to Rm 209. To make room for Pete, Abbey Road and Ron Cook have taken up residence in Rm 207.

Dwight Smith has set up a Parks House Annex at 501 N. Park Street. Though no longer a resident here Dwight will always be a Grenadier at heart.

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WANTED: Typists for your SCRIBE!



From the

GOVERNOR

by John Bleicher

I am very enthused about the new program, Operation Task Force '69, for a number of reasons. Before I get into these, however, I'll re-cap the plan. First, a hypothetical situation.

A student representative speaks with an authoritarian about a problem, e.g. Yeager sees Olsen about bed springs. Many times Mr. Olsen will consider Tim to be one student and not a representative of many. Little action occurs. But if all the people who felt strongly about an issue talked to the man in charge, he might be more inclined to get the message. What we need is a group of people working together to accomplish this goal. The purpose of Operation Task Force '69 is to mobilize these masses. If Tim Yeager takes up twenty minutes of Mr. Mercer's time Mr. Olsen is not affected. But if fifty students each take up twenty minutes of his time, Olsen might be inclined to take notice and initiate some positive action. This is the goal.

Also, this is an excellent chance for people to get involved. Here you can learn the problems student government faces, meet the people in power and help solve problems all at the same time.

There are many things which we in student government feel the students not only deserve, but are entitled to. There is no excuse for some of the policies and activities in Wright Quad. There is only one way of overcoming them, that being involvement. Others have the power, but

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COUNSELOR'S COMMENTS

by Steve Bangert

(I've been sitting here for the last half hour with pen poised waiting for some inspiration as to what I really want to say and how to get it across--so pardon me as I scribble on--just use your imagination and read between the lines.)

Lately I've been reflecting as to what all has happened over the last two months in hopes that the fruition of this might be a little more insight into Parks House as it includes 60 some men and bring a more challenging and prosperous second quarter.

What we have done thus far as a House is not earth-shaking but it is a start--a good start. I speak not only of social activities and athletic events but also (and foremost) of the personal relations and friendships which have developed among most of you men. Aside from the normal amount of boressing your actions, for the most part, have been mature, I feel.

I still see a lot of potential, though, that is being unchallenged, and this bothers me. I hope this is also apparent to you and that each of you do something about it. Again this calls for some soul-searching on your part.

Parks House is at a balance point. Its been teetering on this for several weeks and could go either way. I know we have a spirit; its a matter of realizing this and then actualizing it. We'll need your help.

I'll pause now to change styles as I feel I'm beginning to sound rather paternalistic in the above.

A Report: concerning the response to the questionnaires that I distributed a month ago.

Of the 63 questionnaires distributed there was a little bet-

(Continued p. 14)

EDITORIAL

by Arland Reinhard

Exactly twenty days ago today, Harney House gave birth to what could be a very efficient means of communication, to men both inside and outside of Harney House--a house newspaper. However, due to the "clever" alliteration of the title of the paper, and due to our extensive readership outside of Parks House, the SCRIBE can't even print the title of this mimeographed dresser-drawer liner!

The men of Parks will be the first to admit that each house should have the right to determine the content and name of its newspaper. We realize that we have no right to tell the 41 apathetic men in Harney to wake up and demand that their paper should show at least some traces of quality. (Fifty questionnaires were distributed to the men of Harney asking what they wanted in their paper. Only nine were returned.) But, at the same time, as long as Harney House uses Wright Quad and Indiana University in its masthead, we believe the other seventeen units in Wright Quad do have a right to speak and be heard.

Just as the people outside of Parks House stereotype our men just by reading our Parks House SCRIBE, the men of Harney (and Wright Quad) are stereotyped by readers of the Harney House paper. The paper at present certainly does nothing to rid Wright Quad of its "Animal Farm" trademark.

So, Men of Harney, the Men of Parks challenge you to take more of an interest in your paper. Upgrade its quality. Keep in mind that your paper can be a very important and useful means of communication. See if you can apply the very last sentence that appeared in the first issue
 (Continued in Col. II)

PARKS HOUSE 1969-1970 BUDGET

Receipts:

Balance	\$ 17.83
Activity Fees	330.00
Dues	142.50
Sweatshirt Sales	15.00
House Stationery	5.00
Total Receipts	\$510.33

Expenditures:

Publications	\$117.00
Social Functions	128.33
Damages	50.00
Awards	50.00
Arbutus Page Space	45.00
Athletics & Recreation	75.00
Gifts	10.00
Orientation	15.00
Reserve	20.00
Total Expenditures	\$510.33

If this monthly exhibitory tool were a legitimate enterprise (if the SCRIBE was a decent newspaper) it would probably have a classified section. I would like to make an installment in that section which hopefully will become a standard column in the SCRIBE.

Today's topic: card of thanks.

Thank you, Steve, for lifting the burdens of boressing strain from the shoulders of Tracy.

Thank you Fred, for finally adopting your foster home.

Thank you John and Joe (can you be brothers?) for making the dungeon a pleasant place to visit.

Thank you Phil for getting engaged. It would have been a bore to leave what's-his-name off alone.

Sincerely,
 An Interested Journalist

EDITORIAL, Cont.

of your paper: "Today is the first day of the rest of your life. . . What are you going to do about it?"



TO

THE EDITOR

Dave,

You, as most of Parks House, do/does not know me. You will just have to believe me when I say I was ('65-'68) of what Parks House was. Suffice it to say I spent more than my share of the time stapling together the latest issues of the SCRIBE, (Never starting before midnight) writing "Rif's Corner," building second place floats, sneaking beer into Wright, sweating out finals in 312, and boressing in general. Some of the most wonderful people I have ever known, I met and lived with in Parks House. Although the monsoons have long since swept away the latest copy of the SCRIBE that you sent me, I still recognize a few names on your "roster" and know those people will attest to the fact that I was once among the foremost of "Bellmont's midnight Raiders".

I am writing this in the hope that you will pass on the word in the SCRIBE that "Rif" is alive and well (although nervous) in Vietnam. Don Cox wrote to me early this summer and through general neglect I did not answer. I wish you would pass this letter on so as to let him know how much I appreciated his letter. Although trained as an artillery man, because of my education, I have never humped rounds in the A Shau. As a "cherry" in country, I was with the 2nd 11th Artillery. In March I came over to Division Artillery and have been here ever since. All my time has been spent at Camp Eagle, where the Headquarters of the 101st is located. We are half way between Hue and Phu Bai (the A Shau is twenty miles to the west and the DMZ is thirty miles north of us). Because the

(Continued in Col. II)

To the Men of Parks House

Thank you all so very much for your delightful card while I was hospitalized. I hope you all make it to the Rose Bowl for New Years.

The best of everything to each of you,

Fondly
Phyllis Diller

DAVE, Cont.

101st is a fairly efficient machine of war, Camp Eagle is pretty safe. Rocket attacks have dropped off to one every other month and enemy perimeter probes are unheard of. Even so, the sun is just as hot, the work is hard (10 hrs., 7 days a week,) and water is scarce. Again, I stress, without my education I would have been humping ammo to pound Hamburger Hill last May. Now I have worked my way into Division Artillery's Legal Clerk job which is difficult but important. It carries its benefits.

The future? I have extended my tour until March 15 (now having ten months in country) to get an early out of the Army. "Jackie" got married in June; "Marylin" is engaged--I'm free, I'm free (thank God?) at last, I'm free.

One thing that I'm sure of. I've paid my dues and I have some "dues" coming. Right now I've got my sights set on Yale and their "phony" workshops. Come what may, I will never change too much--I'll never lose my taste for beer, chasing women or fun in general. Parks House and IU are (despite themselves) Winners. Purdue and this war are losers--Rip 'em up, tear them up boozers.

Rif

LETTERS, Continued p. 13.

I'LL DRINK TO THAT
by Bill McConnehey

As one meanders down any given hallway at night in Wright Quad, he is either passing a staggering number of rules violations, or there is no one living on that floor. A quick glance into one room on 3rd floor produced these violations: extension cords (which are a necessity when coping with 19th century facilities); hot plate; electric popcorn popper; electric blanket; and an unregistered refrigerator, not to mention nails in the woodwork, tape on the walls, and several bottles smelling suspiciously like alcohol. (This glance was taken as the occupant escorted his girl out at 12:05 a.m. Wednesday, without signing her out and with the couple laughing very loudly.)

As the saying goes, "rules were made to be broken." Let me interject the word "some" in the beginning of that axiom. It is obvious that without extension cords and some appliances with heating units, life here would be very primitive. And, as far as tape and small nails are concerned, unless some permanent, irreparable damage occurs, the use of such implements should be entirely up to the occupant. And certainly the use of alcoholic beverages should be left up to the individual. (Contrary to popular belief, there is no state law against possessing or consuming alcoholic beverages on state property.)

But, when the rules that are being broken are those concerned with student living and the community (perhaps ghetto is a more appropriate term, or, for those of you who fear the effects of such an environment, low rent district,) it is time to call for a time out. A case in point: violation of quiet hours. Mid-term exams will soon be upsetting the fragile balance of student life. Some of us will feel a need for study (since we have

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ELECTRONIC NOISEMAKERS

by Kurt Kaboth

Voices, laughter, and music, these are the very substance of a Parks House man's life. From six in the morning until six the next, these three noises can be heard throughout the House. Two of them fluctuate and can be moderated, but the third seems to punctuate all hours with an unhealthy din. The third source of noise in Parks is the noise contributed by the various electronic devices owned by the men. Radios, record players, tape recorders, and televisions can be found throughout the house.

Recently an unscientific study was made of the electronic noise-makers in Parks House. If you don't remember being asked what you owned, it was probably because you weren't asked and the information was given by your neighbor. By floors it was revealed that each floor had approximately 17 radios, and 7 record players. In addition, second and third floor have 6 tape recorders, while first and second floor have 3 TV's. This comes to a grand total of 51 radios, 21 record players, 6 tape recorders, and 3 TV's, for the House. A breakdown showed that this is almost 1 radio, 1.3 of a record player, 1/10 of a tape recorder, and 1/20 of a television for each man in the House.

The purpose of this survey and this article is to point out to the men of Parks that we as a group have an enormous capability to produce noise. (I say noise because whether you're playing opera or hard rock, it always comes out noise to the guy who lives next door.) We all recognize quiet hours and keep the noise down then, but some of the members of the House don't seem to understand that just because it isn't quiet hours, they have a free license to create chaos. With the privilege of living with such fine men and studying in such a fine

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THE SHADOW

Since the last issue of the SCRIBE the Shadow has seen and heard some strange happenings. Supposedly college students are trained to ask the questions what and why. So I guess I can tell you all what I have mysteriously heard and seen, but I cannot honestly tell you why--you see I really don't know why.

Well, here we go--Cast off your imagination.

The Shadow sees something that has the shape of a Tracy Miller, but it could not be Tracy. He is president of a Woman's Club. Everyone appears so happy and gay. Tracy Miller in a woman's club, happy and gay? Unbelievable!

What is this, Dick Augenbaugh in the Powder Room for four hours? Were you sick Dick? What ever would make you lock yourself in a place like that for so long? It really beats me!

Ma Shipman as she is called has almost 60 sons? Incredible! I am at somewhat of a loss to explain the almost. You figure it out.

I see or have seen Mouse (Ron Cook) and Chastity (Pat Magill) in Chastity's room until all hours of the night. Whatever keeps them both so occupied must really be enjoyable. Hum-m-m-m.

Kurt they call him, or is it "Kute"? I have not been able to distinguish it yet! Perhaps next time I can say with certainty that they call him "Kutey".

Dallas and Puerto Rico have been thrown together. At that rate the South has some way to go to rise again. Dallas and Puerto Rico must learn to love one another, at any cost!

The Shadow while passing through 2nd floor Parks House heard this blatant sound that almost knocked me down. It was a voice, a dialect from somewhere in Southern Indiana. All I could make out was, "My name is Buickel Marc Buickel." It might do him well to keep his mouth closed.

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A DAY TO REMEMBER OR FORGET

By Larry Bottoms

It all started a week before I.U.'s first football game. Dave comes busting into my room yelling "GO BIG RED", and before he had left we had decided to go to Lexington to see the Big Red play.

Well, we started on our unfor-seeable journey bright and early on the day of the big game. We were making good time and things were going great. I was the pi-lot, Dave the navigator. We were re-LLy flying great ~~until~~--the green machine quit. Yes, the bomb had died and refused to go on. We were at least close to a town! Oh was it a town.

We walked about a mile until at last civilization! We were in luck. It was Scottsburg. Af-ter hitting every service sta-tion and garge in town we had our second let down. No one could fix it. One place said that they could tow it in and have it fixed by the following Thursday. We told him to go get the car but we still had a prob-lem--the game was now and not next Friday.

What were we to do? Most peo-ple would have admitted defeat, but not us. We had a plan! Yes we could rent a car. However, the nearest place to rent a car was in Louisville. About a half an hour later we were on the highway, our thumbs out and head-ing toward the blue grass coun-try.

We made it to Louisville only to encounter another set back. We had to be twenty-one to rent a car. Individually we were not twenty-one but together we were thirty-eight but they wouldn't buy that.

Our last hope had failed. I bought a radio and we listened to the football game aboard a "Greyhound" heading for dear ole Bloomington.

One would think that nothing else could have happened, espe-cially me. Man was I badly mis-(Continued p. 13)



**ASK
MISS
BAREFAX**

Dear Miss Barefax:

Why is our illustrious governor, Ed Ipus, never around anymore?

Signed,
LONELY

Dear Lonely:

He likes being with his mother!

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

What's that squeaking I've been hearing all night on second floor the last few weeks?

Signed,
INSOMNIAC

Dear Insomniac:

That's our local Mouse out proselytizing!

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

There's a guy on the floor who insists on wearing an old tablecloth for a shirt! He says he can't afford a new one, so he just keeps wearing this tablecloth. The problem is that I am forced, due to finances, to eat all my meals at the Wright Quad cafeteria, so I get extremely hungry every time I see this guy in his tablecloth! What can I do?

Signed,
BROKE,
BUT HUNGRY

Dear B but H,

Get a pair of pants!

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

On Friday and Saturday nights during open visitation I have a good looking chick in my room. But every time I start putting the make on her, my roommate comes in and wants to go to bed. What can I do?

Signed,
NEVER SUCCESSFUL

Dear N. S.:

Share and share alike!

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

Who's Dave Johnson?

Signed,
WONDERING

Dear Wondering:

You know!

Signed,
MISS B.

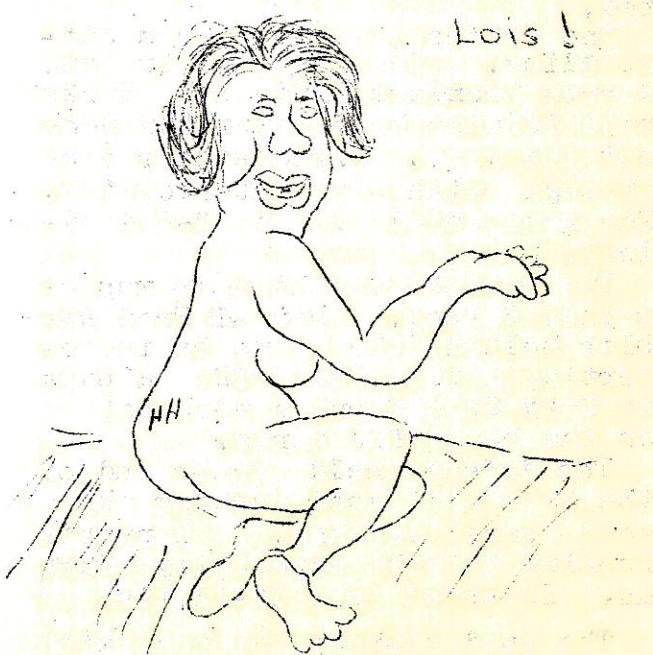
Dear Miss Barefax:

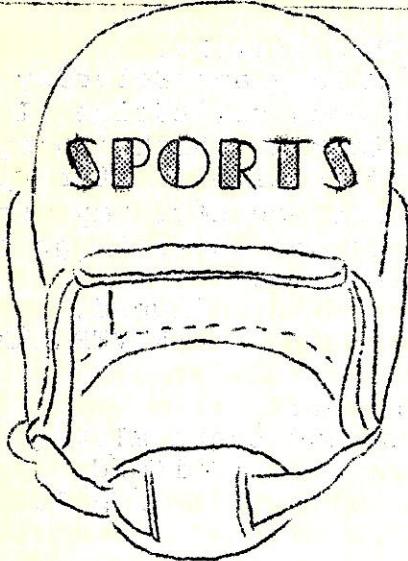
Just who is this Lois of Harny House, anyway??

Signed,
CURIOS

Dear Curious:

Lois!





by Buco

Parks House played its first game against the Ferguson Frogs on the grass of Woodlawn Field. For an opening, the team looked great winning 12-0. A bomb from QB Jim Harrison to Gary Graham set up the end sweep for Harrison's score. Graham intercepted a pass to score the next TD. Interceptions by Scott Etherington, Tom Kelly and Fred Ambler helped the cause in a united team effort.

The second game ended in a tie with Dewey. The offense could not hit the right combination. Several passes were connected but the drives were always stopped.

The defense, however, was outstanding. The rushing by the Warren Wonders and the Parks pass defence held Dewey throughout the game. Fred Ambler came through with an interception. The game ended in a 0-0 deadlock.

The hardest fought game was against Harney. New QB Fred Ambler helped the game by intercepting a pass for a TD. A pass to Gary Graham put 6 more points on the board for Parks.

The defense held their end of the game with good rushing and a good pass defense. Harney's running attack especially hurt us. It ended in a 12-12 tie.

The Quad tourney opened with Parks House playing Stockwell.

(Continued in Col. II)

WILL THE REAL SUPERJOCK PLEASE STAND UP by Bruce Kiesling

In a meeting of the football squad a vote was taken to determine the "Jock" of the month. This was to be an award for an individual who, members felt, best exemplified the qualities and characteristics of a sportsman and athlete.

Many names were mentioned and received votes; Super linemen, super backs, super defensive men, and semi-super centers.

(Is it true he voted for himself?) Out of this hodge-podge one person managed to grab the majority of the votes (2 votes-- who didn't vote for himself?) This man was a star on both defense and offense, and he reflected good sportsmanship and team concern. Up to this point, the award could have gone to any member of the team, right? The winner of the award is Fred "Superjock" Ambler.

THINGS TO COME:

--Volleyball games which start November 3.

--Pre-Holiday Basketball Tournament which begins on Nov. 13.

--The Free Throw Contest will be held on Nov. 13, 17, and 18, in the old fieldhouse. The ten best scores out of all the team tries are counted. Each member shoots two rounds of twenty-five.

Is it true that two girls from Ladoge, one whose brother lives in "Parks" House, were cheering for Stockwell at the last Parks House football game?

SPORTS, Cont.

They were the biggest and toughest team we had to face. A long bomb from Fred Ambler to Fred Truden put us on the board for 6. The extra point was scored by Fred Truden. The offense rolled again with a pass to Jim Harrison. The extra point was scored by Terry Laymon. Even though Parks played its best game, we were defeated 26-14.

FIRST FLOOR HAPPENINGS

by Fred Truden

--Have you noticed that Tracy Miller is now occupying his time with a rather noisy hobby? Colby Knerr keeps his pretty pink and white striped pajamas on display nightly at 10:00 o'clock.

--John Fisher and Scott "Elliot" Liggett have been voted card sharps of the month by the Casino Club for a solitaire purpose.

--Bill Eigelsbach is now learning the ancient art of fortune telling while he keeps things in Room 108 popping. Tom Kelly has accepted the role of anti-pun-punner in order to combat Steve Smiley--who not only puns, but he also relies on his boisterous screams to get attention. Bob Linn has resigned from his position as boress challenger.

--Meanwhile, Wayne Hart "modestly" waltzes around the halls between the twangs of Les Smith playing on his banjo.

--Steve Childers still remains incognito and Don White has brought his knowledge of physics and love of water up to some rather new heights.

--Dale Lubking, now realizes that his talent as drummer for the Stoney City 5 Minus 1 drove Jim Centlivre to the TKE house.

--Scoop Hartman, our NBC guitarist, has an appropriate answer to the "Man from Glad". Big Fred Ambler now holds 1st floor record for consecutive dumb bell curls--and sorest arm.

--Phil Greif is now the proud owner of a new inflatable lounge chair which also goes along with his sexy skeleton. The fellow with the goofy red hat is little Fred Truden.

--And last but not least, our dungeon occupants, John Goodwin, Joe Brown, and Larry Lane the floor meanie, have been engrossed in some rather gross verbage battles. Larry has been caught lifting beds too!

--Oh yes, if you notice a body staggering down the hall--that's Jim Jackson.

THIRD FLOOR FIDDLE FADDLE

by Alan Oliver

The Third floor has livened up since the beginning of the year. It seems that all of us have decided to pick on Arland and his ketchup bottle. Arland has another problem, too. Whenever he is standing near a bed, he can't help but fall on it.

Charmin's room was the scene of much activity on the night of October 21. This was the night that WIUS put on its show about Paul McCartney's rumored death. It seemed like the whole house was packed in his room looking at album covers frontwards, backwards, and upside down. Recording equipment was strung from here to there trying to record everything backwards. Finally, when all the rumors had been circulated, nobody had anything to talk about and they went to bed having proved nothing.

People on 3rd floor have been exchanging money a great deal during these past few weeks. It all stems from the Football Poll. Each week you will hear someone complaining about the \$3 he lost.

Unfortunately, the 3rd floor reporter was not here to witness the somewhat un-instant replay of last years smoke-in on 3rd floor. It is my understanding that it was complete with fire alarm and fire trucks.

We are privileged to have an actor in our midst. Gary Hitch is performing in Automobile Graveyard at the University Theater. Gary, who only has a few lines, hides throughout most of the performance in a Morris Minor. He says it looks like a sick VW. It is a shame that with Gary's spastic face he doesn't get to show it.

Third floor has lost one resident and is about to lose a few more. Pedro has moved to 2nd floor and has given the SCRIBE an office by his absence. We will also lose Arland Reinhard who will be leaving to do his student teaching. After finish-

BUTT'S BULL

by Larry Bottoms

This is a new and, I might add, an experimental column. The topics will change from week to week. I hope to cover such fields as religion (Mormons too), Wright Quad's food (?), and just all around general bull!

WOMEN! COEDS! BROADS! FEMALES! Yes, you guessed it--the opposite sex is this week's topic. Let me tell you, most of you guys are really green (green meaning dumb toward sex). I would like to quote a line from Grenadier Bo Sample. It goes something like this: ".....I think you guys are so green, you could lie on your stomach in the courtyard and I couldn't tell your --- from grass". Now on to the issue at hand.

Freshman are all alike! You guys are really scared of women. They don't bite! Sometimes the worst thing they do is hold your hand. The freshman can always be spotted when talking to a girl, why? It is always the same routine questions, "What's your name, where are you from, what is your major, and what classes are you taking?"

Other guys (mostly upper classmen) have better techniques. They usually use a line of bull longer than -----, really it is longer than that. At this time I wish to use a few specifics to illustrate my point.

First there is Mr. Robert Fun-cannon. He is undoubtedly the closest thing to a "Casanova". I know. He is great with the words and the rejected bit. However, it works most of the time. Bob can usually be found talking on the telephone. He has set two records already this year--he talked to eight girls in one night (using the same story) and his best effort this year was a four hour and eight minute conversation with a young ear. Sometimes Bob's techniques fail him, for instance he asked 25

(Continued in Col II)

BUTT'S BULL, Cont.

girls before he finally found a date for the house hay ride.

Example number two is Alan Cole. His secret is "self-confidence". Alan feels that because he is good looking, drives a nice car, and is an upper classman, he will have no trouble finding a girl. (However, he feels he is not conceited.) After all, what else does he need? !?

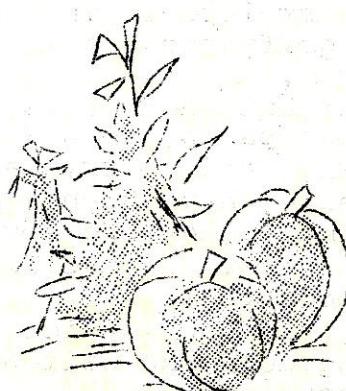
What kind of girls should one go out with? Well, each guy to his own opinion! Most normal guys wish to be seen with a nice looking, intelligent young lady. Other guys like those girls (?) who are heavy-set (fat), chase cars, and bark at the moon (right Fis, and "T" the Pro)? However, these girls usually have a good personality and are liked by the girls!

Some guys are already in love and know what they want, such as Tracy, Pat Magill, Pat Williams, and Bill McConchey. All I can say is, boy are you guys "suckers"! In all sincerity, "good luck"!

Religion is also a factor when talking about females. Some guys because of religion are not allowed to touch, especially Mormons (correct Big Al?). All I can say is, God Bless you and Amen.

OK guys. You are men (?) now. So go out and get them. If you should have an extra one (not a "troll") call me, 7-6317.

All my love,
Larry



GRENADIERS ON THE MOVE

by Kurt Kaboth

Parks House has realigned itself. Three members of the House have changed rooms to the great gratification of all three. The big move started the weekend of the Illinois game when Dwight Smith finally got clearance papers from Halls of Residence and moved to Omega Phi Psi. Dwight was formerly in Room 207 with Don Cox. Next our faithful Roman, Father Mouse, moved from Room 209 with Cal Deater to Don's room. The final move came early the next week when Pedro DeJesus moved from Room 305 with Pope Charmin down to Cal's room.

The paperwork for such a mass change, of course, was fantastic. Forms had to be signed by former and future roommates, and our own Steve Bangert, House Counselor and Gary Reddig, Head Counselor. When this monumental task (yes, monumental; have you ever tried to get four people to sign a piece of paper all in the same day?) was accomplished the guys had to get Halls of Residence to approve it. Since everybody eventually moved they got that part right; but that was a small task compared to their actual moving. It took each of them an afternoon apiece just to move their accumulations. Paper sacks, suitcases, and trunks were used to transfer the various loads of junk to the proper rooms. Satisfaction was their only reward.

The three now satisfied after the move have seen their own personal desires met. Dwight had wanted to move into his frat for some time, but Housing had refused to let him out of his room. Mouse and Don had wanted to share a room since last year, but Housing also thwarted their desires until this semester. Pedro (formerly of third floor) had wanted some quiet for a long time so he moved down to second (quiet?) floor. These moves should be noted by all those who will want to get in touch with

(Continued p. 14)

WHY

I write of a man. Of everyman --of Everyman. Of he who is lost in the many and the many lost in him. He was born yesterday; is an adult child, a perennial adolescent. Yet he lives today and will never really die--yet he dies a thousand daily deaths and lives for the future.

The time is a 60 second here; a 24 hour now. Everyman is; he becomes what he is; he is being becoming being of reason. Awakened!

There is great joy at his birth--great sorrow fills his joyful birth. The sorrow of death mottled in disbelief and mystery, ignorance and superstition. The sorrow of death not seeing, not believing, not knowing the Resurrection. Time polarizes this mixture joined in space. It tempers, then marks. A child is born, a son is given; a man is shot, a life is taken. It's a magical mystery tour for some; a realistic, frightening trial for others.

Everyman smiles as tears of loneliness stream from his uneducated eyes of poverty, for someone has loved Everyman and hated his sins of slavery. They have not judged by asking WHY!

SHADOW, Cont.

Well, I see that the house is saturated with music majors. Organ majors, percussionists, piano, brass majors, but I see that the organ majors have more "fun".

As I grow tired and the Shadow begins to fade--I faintly see Tom K. and Colby doing something they shouldn't be doing. What, Colby, are you tired of Trace? Oh, I forgot he was getting married. I see Scott L. singing "me and my bottle..." Is milk in that bottle Scott? Alan Oliver, is this the eighth month, I wonder, I really wonder!

I am fading, fading. See you next time. I hope.

GOVERNOR, Cont.

we have the numbers. This is our main asset. We must utilize it.

This is what Task Force '69 is all about--the mobilization and utilization of our main asset, strength in numbers. If you want to sign up please see me in Room 212 or Ron Cook in Rm. 207. If you have already signed up, information will be forthcoming. But don't leave it at the signature of a name. Get involved! It's for your own good!!!

GOVERNOR'S GRIPE

Let's try a little better enforcement of quiet hours. I, of course, believe in having a good time, but we all must be considerate of our neighbors who may be trying to study or sleep.

DAY TO FORGET, Cont. taken.

Thursday had come and it was time to get my car. How was I going to get to Columbus? Once again I had a brilliant idea. Carlton Reinhard (Arland's better half) took me to Columbus and from there I started to thumb it to Scottsburg. It didn't take long until I was picked up. The sad part about it was that I was picked up by a state cop.

I spent about two hours in the court room. The judge was a Kentucky fan so I really thought I had had it. I was asked how I wanted to plea. What else could I say but "guilty"? The judge fined me 50¢ (which wasn't too bad) and a court cost which was \$19.50.

I still faced a problem--How to get to Scottsburg? I was just leaving the city building when I was stopped by the cop again! "What now?", I asked myself. Was I going to get another ticket for walking? To my surprise he offered to take me to get my car.

Well, I have my car now and things are just fine. What an experience!

Oh! By the way, I have an I.U.-Kentucky ticket for sale.

LETTERS, Cont.

Dear Editor:

Lately I have been grossed out by some really bad music that has been played in the room diagonally across from me and from the room above me. I am of course referring to those dirty operas and symphonies. If that screeching and scratching doesn't drive me nuts, I don't know what will. I do wish they would start playing some good music.

Signed, (name omitted)
HDM I.O.D. 908 (Hater of Dirty Music)

I'LL DRINK, Cont. I have actually been boozing for 6 weeks but still want to stay in school, while someone plays his stereo too loudly. Obviously the rules should be enforced in this instance. So, if you feel the need to break a rule, please do it in a quiet, unobtrusive manner. After living here 2 years, I have discovered that the most fun and enjoyable activities, as well as everyday living in a manner comparable to the outside world, necessitate the breakage of rules. So, the key to success is to break the rules selectively, only breaking those not pertaining to community living.

NOISEMAKERS, Cont. school comes the responsibility to give the guy next door a break. He may be studying for a test or have a date and want some semblance of order for a while. You will probably want a relatively quiet floor when you study or entertain. In essence remember the reverse of the Golden Rule: Don't do unto others as you would wish them not to do unto you.

FIDDLE FADDLE, Cont. following his teaching, he will graduate in January. Joe Fiscel will also leave to student teach but will return for another semester with us. We will miss you and your wad of money.

THE SPIDER

by Don White

I have flown into a web
and, struggling, have fallen
still

the spider sees but does not
move

He has his leisure for the
kill

The knowledge that the end is
near

provokes me now to fly away
But dare I buzz? The movement
here

could lead the spider to his
prey

And so it is that here I wait
imprisoned in my silken cage:
For though I'm certain of my
fate

an extra minute seems an age.

COUNSELOR, Cont.

ter than a 30% return. You af-
firmed that I spent enough time
in my room and was available.
As to my consistency of methods
in dealing with you, many ex-
pressed that they had no grounds
on which to base an answer either
way.

A 60% majority expressed the
desire for maintaining better
quiet hours. (My comment would
be to call to your attention the
fact that we have over 60 guys
in this house. If we are to
live together in some form of
harmony, then what must precede
is an awareness of the other
person. And probably one of the
most valid criterion in checking
the pulse of this "awareness of
others" is one's attitude toward
and observance of quiet hours.)

Some of you took the time to
add a few comments as to how
they viewed me in my role--
"someone to talk to," "someone to
take a problem to," "one sincere-
ly interested," "a policeman,"
"one being concerned and avail-
able," one who "gabs" too much
at the House meetings, one who
failed to show the SCRIBE--people
the Jenkins House newspaper.

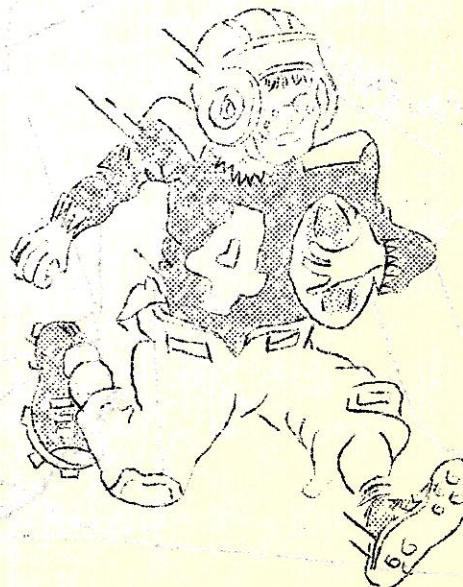
UPCOMING QUAD EVENTS

- | | |
|---------|--|
| Oct. 31 | 11 p.m.-2 a.m. Halloween Dance in Main Lounge. |
| Nov. 1 | Film. "Bunny Lake is Missing" 7:30 p.m. Cafeteria. |
| Nov. 9 | 8 a.m.-2 p.m. Dennis James Theater Organ Concert in Anderson. Bus Transportation provided with \$2 ticket. Tickets available from Communications Office or Dennis James at 7-2267. |
| Nov. 17 | Film. "Silent World" Replaces "Ship of Fools" 7:30 Cafeteria. |
| Nov. 20 | Tentative Thanksgiving Dinner. |
| Dec. 12 | Film. "Great Race" 7:30 Cafeteria. |

GRENADIERS, Cont.

the three transients as their
former roommates are getting
tired of saying "He doesn't live
here anymore."

Go Big Red!



Pat's Garage

SARAS

Good-bye

Arland

