

THE  
PARKS  
HOUSE

# SCRIBE

WRIGHT QUADRANGLE, INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

Volume XII

May 20, 1971

Number 6



The Parks House Scribe, official publication of Parks House is published once every six weeks by the men of Parks House.

Founded February 11, 1960; Box 157, Wright Quad; Volume XII, Number 6; Circulation: 175. All rights are reserved.

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SECRETARY . . . . .	Bob Palomo
TREASURER . . . . .	Don Dogan
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First . . . . .	Mark Miller
Second . . . . .	Ray Ang
Third . . . . .	Fred Ambler
COUNSELOR . . . . .	Merrill Douglas



The front cover of our last issue of the Scribe salutes the 18 men and women of Parks and Ruter who gave of their time and talents to make our Little 500 participation a complete success. The teams our houses entered, the Little 5' bike team, the Mini 5' team, the Regatta team, and the

Canoe team, provided not only entertainment for us this year but also experience for our future Little 500 endeavors. Our hats are off to you!

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This issue brings an end to a glorious chapter in Scribe history for the majority of the staff and contributors will be leaving Parks House. Don Cox will be graduating while Larry Bottoms, Bruce Kiesling, Pat Magill, and Fred Ambler move on to greener pastures. How can the Scribe carry on when most of its talented people depart from us. The answer is easy. It can't. To continue to have a great house newspaper, these people must be replaced. They must be replaced by those of you who return in the fall and by the dumb freshmen who are lucky enough to be assigned to Parks House.

To Don, Larry, Bruce, Pat, and Fred, we can only say "Thanks." It will be rough without you.

All Things Must Pass,  
All Things Must Pass Away.

\*\*\*

According to my records the following people still owe me money for pictures they have ordered: Bob Palomo, Bill Laing, John Hart, and Bob Smith. I hope that these oversights are soon rectified.

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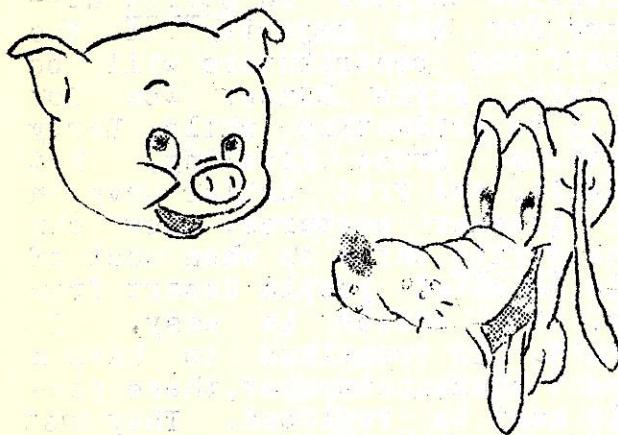
Let me make one thing perfectly clear. The first dumb freshman that walks through the door in the fall and admits that he can type over 40 words a minute will be the new editor. Two years is too long.



From the

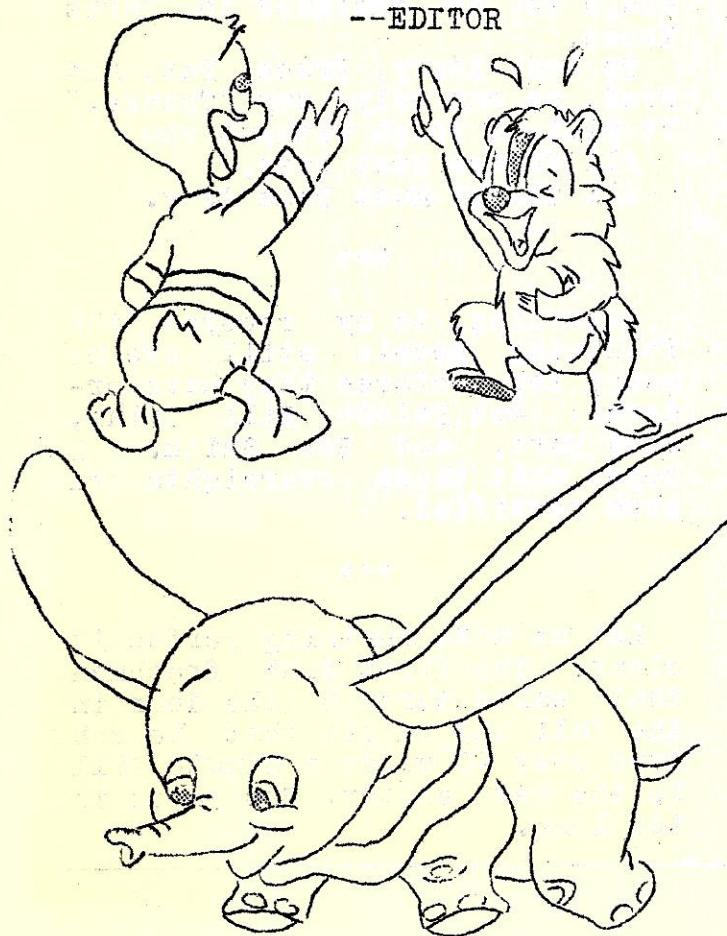
## GOVERNOR

by Glenn Patterson



The governor didn't have anything to say.

--EDITOR



COUNSELOR'S COMMENTS CONT. ON P.12.



## counselor's comments

by Merrill Douglas

According to my calendar, this semester officially ends in just 20 days. What seemed like an almost endless destination 9 months ago is now at hand. This probably illustrates some profound truth--like distance is relative to time, or maybe time is relative to distance. I never was too good at theoretical mathematics.

The end of this semester represents the beginning of a different way of life to me. I know that this will also be true for many of you. Never to live in a residence hall again. Not to be attending classes any more. For some of us, a new and different kind of roommate. An ending of what has been familiar and the beginning of something new.

To those of you who are finishing your college careers, I would like to wish you success in whatever you take up next. To all of the men who were Parks House this year I would like to say thank you for a good year. My life is richer in many ways because I have known you. I hope that our paths will cross again at some time in the future.

My philosophy this past year has been one of providing very little formal structure. I have not rigidly enforced all rules. Instead, I much prefer to attempt to help create an atmosphere where each individual will be encouraged to develop self-control and responsibility. In order for people to learn to cooperate and live in harmony with EDITOR'S NOTE: The Disney characters may be construed as an editorial by some. So be it.

# EDITORIAL

by David Tutacko

Many people have asked me why the Scribe does not have an editorial policy. Why don't I or anyone else on the staff who seem to have an overview of what is going on in the house express an opinion about its direction. I never thought it necessary or desirable until now.

In the first issue of the Scribe this year I made the mistake of voicing optimistic prophesies about our freshmen arrivals which made up over 40% of the house. I couldn't have misjudged more.

Many of the freshmen have done their best to destroy any chance of house unity this year. Their immature and irresponsible exploits have made a mess of the carpets in Parks House which up till this year were in good condition. Their manner and speech have been unexcuseable.

The "Parks House Plan", is now nothing but a memory --something about "student responsibility" and "unity is the solution..."

If anyone is wondering why no Awards Banquet has been scheduled it's because those who have been in charge in the past have refused to take the burden again. It is not the duty of the Social Chairman to organize the Banquet. It is the governor's. It is also the governor's job to call house meetings every two weeks and it is his job to communicate with the house via the Scribe every six weeks (see page 3). Apparently the disaster is not only the fault of the underclassmen.

We can try to pick up the pieces and start over in the fall. It is not too late to make Parks House the leading house in the quad. The troublemakers will be gone. Let our "Sunday" officers amuse themselves in quad student government.

I would suggest that Colby

(Continued on page 11)

## RAH! RAH! PARKS!

by Colby Knerr

Before anyone reads this I want you to take a look at our victorious tug of war team. This was a picture of Parks House unity and spirit. This is the only picture of house unity that David has because this was the only time that the house showed overwhelming support for anything.

Attendance at social functions was disastrously poor compared to the attendance of girls. Many of those who attended seemed to forget that they were hosts and sat back and watched. Unfortunately social functions are not things to be attended; they are types of atmosphere to be produced by those present.

The Parks House Scribe is probably our most successful venture--or should I say Tutacko and Co.'s most successful venture. As a house function, this too is a flop. Everybody likes to read it, but very few are willing to help produce it. If the Scribe must continue, I suggest that it no longer be portrayed as a house paper but as a production of the editor and his help all of whom should be paid for their valuable time. I think I have a better suggestion, though.

A close examination of the budget will reveal that almost 50% of our income during the next

(Continued on page 11)



WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO US?



Greetings to all the Grenadiers of Parks House:

First of all I would like to thank you for not forgetting to send the Scribe to Julia and me. I can't believe how much work must go into putting out such large issues. You are still putting out an award winning paper.

It's especially interesting to read articles by Butt, the Pope, and all the other fellows I know. I would request that you do a special edition on our Mormon friend Big Al. From the bits of information that you sprinkle throughout the Scribe it sounds like a different Big Al than I knew while at I.U.

As you can see from the letter-head I am teaching at Edinburg. I have a business machine class, bookkeeping I, and an Intensive Office Lab. The first semester I taught a sales class.

I thought the Scribe editor might be interested to know that I have an electronic stencil cutter in my own room. We use this for the school newspaper and in my Intensive Lab. Recently I was requested to recommend a good stencil cutter for duplicating pictures. After contacting companies I made my recommendation. Enclosed you will find some of the results we obtain. I think you will agree the quality of picture is much better than what we are used to seeing. In case the Scribe would be interested in our school cutting an electronic stencil on our new machine you must let us know. We charge 60¢ per stencil. Perhaps for a special picture you might want us to cut the stencil.

I've done it again. I've resigned at Edinburg. I have been accepted to the University of Colorado to begin work on my Mas-

(Continued on page 11)

#### WITHOUT A TITLE

by Linda Hunt

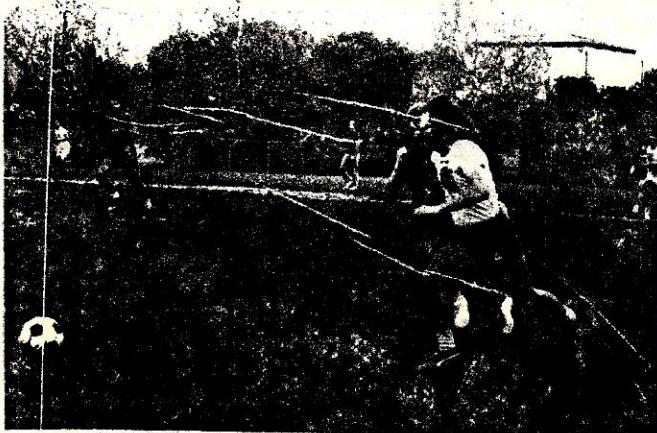
This evening while I was an observer to the representative form of government in action--depending on whose definition of representative government I use as a reference--I remembered that I had been asked to write an article for this year's last edition of the Scribe. The opportunities for the subject of this or any other such assignment are undoubtedly limitless. I could discuss the many inherently destructive problems and procrastinations that face each and every one of us today if there is to be a world with humanity left in the future. I could also express my opinions on socialism vs. capitalism or the need to end the war now and redirect internally the vast amount of resources spent in Vietnam and elsewhere in the world under the auspice of "making the world safe for democracy." Simultaneously and unfortunately, however, America's democratic republic tends not to be free for many of its own residents. Now that American citizens between eighteen and twenty-one have been "given" the right to vote, I could also try to impress upon all of us who fall in this category to utilize this important and, hopefully, influential privilege to its fullest. I have heard since I was old enough to have some degree of political and moral awareness (especially in light of the great amount of dissatisfaction and protest in our country and our world today) that our power to change lies at the polls. Perhaps history has already proven this invalid, but now is our chance to "do things the right way." If this fails, if our votes (assuming that they are large enough in number) do not prove to affect any substantial change in priorities, what next? It seems to me that most of these topics have joined the

(Continued on page 11)

BITCH BITCH BITCH

by Alan Oliver

This is to all my friends who like to cut down the Scribe. There is an awful lot of work that goes into this paper. Dave has sacrificed a lot to make it what it is. The Scribe is a house newspaper. It is for everybody in the house. Any one in the house can contribute articles. For those of you that accuse the Scribe of being a gossip sheet, I challenge you to do something about it. Write some articles that are relevant and meaningful to you and maybe somebody else in the house will think they are relevant too. If you think that Dave controls every thing that is printed you are quite wrong. He organizes, arranges, types, stencils, prints and works his ass off to come out with a newspaper. But I know of no articles that he has deleted from the paper. You have almost complete freedom in what you say. Because of his willingness to print anything and everything, the Scribe has become a monster paper of over 20 pages, with quad wide issues. I just get a little disturbed at people that criticise the paper but refuse to make contributions to it. The Scribe is only what you make it.



FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT:  
USAFA PERFORMS IN PARKS 1-0  
VICTORY OVER SHEA GROUND

## PARKS PROPOSED BUDGET 1971-72

## I. Income

## A. First Semester

1) Activities Fees	\$180
2) Dues	102
B. Second Semester	
1) Activities Fees	\$143
2) Dues	100
	TOTAL \$525

## II. Expenditures

A. Publications	\$100
B. Social Activities	130
C. Little 500	100
D. Athletics	30
E. Damages	100
F. Special Events	30
	TOTAL \$490

## III. Reserve NOW \$ 35

by John S. Hart

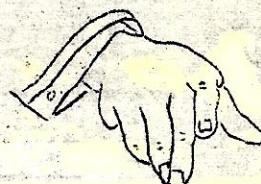
A Ray, piercing through a glistening sea  
 Clouded by black shades of uncertainty  
 Appearing now in sunny patches  
 The future waits for me.

Whether to go or to stay, to  
 listen or speak  
 Brave, but more timid, eyes open wide  
 To know what I feel, to feel  
 what I know  
 To live or to die or after truth seek.

Old friends pass, new appear  
 The past, as unclear as the future  
 Was it right or was it wrong?  
 Days pass, and then a year.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: You wouldn't think there's that many feathers in one pillow! --John S. Hart

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR PARKS  
 HOUSE THIS YEAR?



## OFFICIAL REPORT ON LITTLE 500 ACTIVITIES

by Guardian Angel

Let me introduce myself. I am the Guardian Angel of Ruter and Parks House of JAWQ. (So that's why those two houses went together--they both have the same Guardian Angel.) Anyway, these two houses are more than enough work for two saints!

My work started one evening when the angels of Ruter joined the little demons of Parks For a weiner-roast. After that evening trying to keep the two houses on the right track was as hard as keeping fish on water or Butt up for Sunday mornings.

Ah yes, and then it's a party on second floor. At least one of the persons there was easy to keep out of trouble--he fell asleep right in the middle of the party. Rumor has it he has been harder to keep out of trouble lately. We'll skip the details about the others at the party, won't we, Miss \_\_\_\_\_. Scheduled lecture hours were increased that week on Ruter third.

Several questions came up during the interlude between quals and Little 500:

Wouldn't you think an over-the-hill gang would be easier to control?

Why can't we have lavender and pink?

McGinnis who?

Where'd that contact go?

Was that an emphatic two?

Is it ab-norm-al to shift?

Who could keep track of you-all when you take off for the  
(Continued on page 11)

## TO THE REAR--HARCH!

by P65

It was college season again, that time when aspiring young high school seniors choose the college of their choice, to have and to hold, until grades cause them to part. It just so happened that two very close friends had both been accepted by the most elite institution ever erected by man--the United States Air Force Academy, located just north of metropolitan Colorado Springs. Raoul X. Dielle and Rock Z. Rock had been friends ever since conception. For Rock this was during neo-glacial periods just preceding the advent of paleolithic man. For Raoul, the exact time of his conception was indeterminable since he had been alternately God, whale, worms, man, or whatever happened to be his current hobby.

In time both friends would graduate; Rock from Mom and Flag Community High School, and Raoul from Far Out senior High. So far both buddies had done very well in their studies, extracurriculars, and all the other vital necessities that a USAFA-bound graduate must accomplish. Rock had a 4.0 average and Raoul had written several abridged encyclopedias of his knowledge. Both had made Boys State; both were certified astronauts in the Civil Air Patrol; both had been nominated honorary Campfire Girls at a local chapter; and they were both captains of their respective football, baseball, soccer, track, swim-

(Continued on page 12)



PARKS-RUTER REGATTA PICNIC, SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1971

## THIRD-FLOORED FODDLE FUDDLE

by Gary Hitch

The worn-out psychanalytic question of the Twentieth Century has been "Who am I?" But the guys on third floor (realizing that in fact we are a rare form of bipedal Colombian coffee bean) have been pondering a worrisome geographic question: "Where will I be next year?"

Only a few of us will be returning next year. Larry, Nony, and Fred will be in apartments (Fred wants to be nearer to the Eyeball Building so that he will not have to run so far to find a telephone booth to change into his costume.)

Jim and Fish will possibly move to the first floor, better yet--the basement!

Mike will be rooming at WFIU again as he did this year. Marc will be at Carol's or vice-versa or wherever the stereo is. John P. will continue his studies in the monastery or wherever he has been all semester. Big Al will be a patient at Salt Lick City Mormon Home for Unwed Mothers. David will again be waving to the droves of "the faithful" from his Vatican window (until the year after that in which he will do missionary work in the jungles of Nam). Mario will be in the clouds, or at least his head will be. Steve will be deposed from his office at IRHA -- funny--I haven't heard the letters IRHA since Steve's election.

Old reliable George will show that his admirable physique is not just for show as he proves that a guy can eat Ma Deckard's food for five years and not end up like Fiscel. Bruce (newly-named "the Redneck") will most likely be back, unless his tractor breaks on the highway.

(Continued in Col. II)

I WANNA QUIT!  
SOMEBODY TAKE MY JOB!  
I WANNA BE GOVERNOR  
AND DO NOTHING!

## FODDLE FUDDLE, Cont.

USAFA will be schooling it in St. Louis, and myself in Pittsburgh, Rick Harvey in Colorado (remember him?), and Lieberman will be in Israel for at least the next six months.

McConnehey will spend the summer in leisure scanning through the torrent of history--teaching job offers he has received.

David (Buickel's old roomy--someone I'll never blot from my memory) will be giggling and inhaling somewhere, hopefully far away.

Jeezo-meezo! That just about wipes away all of the third floor! Far out!

I could end this article with something sugary like "We'll all miss Parks House so," but instead I'll say--"thanks for the past two years. Maybe I'll catch you in the next millenium or so." Semper ubi sub ubi. Amen.



LOOKING FORWARD TO THE SUMMER?

# BUTT'S BULL

...or what could I say?

by Larry Bottoms

For weeks I have been trying to think of things to write in my last article that would cut people down, educate people and be funny. What can I say? I can't think of anything to write so I'll try to write down things as they pop into my head.

Ready, here goes....David and Ruth doing the polka on the floor; Colby--what can I say; Big Al passing his courses this semester; some girl is going to marry Merril, our counselor if anyone doesn't know him; Gorgeous George (Ha! Ha!); what would really be nice if Charlene didn't have those funny marks on her neck; Little Fred in elevator shoes (?); Bill e., are you still in my Real Estate class; is USAFA having an affair with "the Rock"? Linda Hunt and Wally sitting in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g...isn't love beautiful; I would like for everyone to pray for Mr. Dogan, he is going to be Marc Buickel's roommate next year...may God have pity on his soul; who knows, the second floor may publish a dictionary of insults--that's about all they are good for; is it true that Dave the Rave is a for real faggot or does he just date Don Lantz for a pass time? Don Cox...what can I say? We'll miss your yellow underwear; Vera has hairy legs (ha! ha!); Jim can't ride a tri-cycle let alone a two wheeler...maybe after Pam teaches him how to play tennis. Maybe she'll show you how to ride; don't let group pressure get you down; the Parks House Plan--nice try, John; Ann, if you ever decide to drop Tracy, Norm says he'll be waiting on you forever; Tom, is it true that you have to sneak up on a glass of water to get a drink?

(Continued in Col. II)

PARKS HOUSE  
NEEDS AN  
EDITOR

# THE SHADOW

by The Shadow

My very good friends, this is the Shadow's last appearance. No longer will you see the inner most secrets of your life set in print. No longer will the evil that lurks within the hearts of you men--and women have to fear exposure. The Shadow has done his duty here for four years and is now ready to depart. However, before I leave, I must make my parting comments, my last will and testament.

I will my wit and humor to Tom Kelly. Heaven knows after the slams he's gone through this year--he'll need wit to devise "comebacks", and humor to bear the comments made about him.

My love and tenderness to Larry Bottoms, who seems to knock the love abilities of certain members of the house. Perhaps he could take a few helpful hints from the Shadow.

My Protestant beliefs I will part with --some of them --and leave them to the Pope David. "You will have to admit that Protestants are the only chosen people, your Holiness."

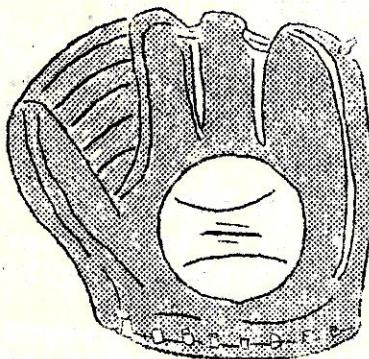
My watch, I will to Colby so he can get his articles in on time to the Scribe.

I will my good fortune to those in the house who are getting married, Magill and Boyd. You will need all the good fortune in the world. I could keep on willing all of these intangible things to the whole house, but it would be impractical. So impractically, I will the whole house success in the future, and love which will shine on your lives each day. Good luck next year.

BUTT'S BULL, Cont.

...my brain is drained...time to close.

This is good-bye. Farewell Parks House. I want to thank everyone for making my stay a pleasant one! I must go before I cry. GOOD-BYE!



## SOFTBALL

by Marc Buickel

The Men of Parks House have really out done themselves this time in the I.M. softball league. It was our first winning season in the last two or three years and I would like to thank each and every man that cut a class or just made an effort to show up.

This year we really showed up with a fantastic defense. In our first game we held the other team to only one run and displayed some superb hitting. Big "G" really helped the cause by hitting a solo blast in the fifth to round out a big barrage.

In our second game we met up with some unfortunate luck and some extremely poor umpiring. We went down to defeat in the last inning after leading the entire game.

Finally to round out our season, the Rollins House team failed to show up thus leaving the men of Parks disappointed. Even David finally showed up to take some pictures.

For those of you who will be returning next year, I think that you should turn out in larger numbers so that we can get some more house participation. In closing I would like to thank all those men who participated and made this a good year for Parks House. I hope to see you next year.

Since this year we have seen fit not to have an awards banquet, I feel that there are some men in the house who have done outstanding work and should be recognized:

David Tutacko--for his outstanding work on the Scribe;

Don Cox--for his contribution to Quad government

David Sims--for his organization of the house football team;

James Harrison--for his organization of the basketball team;

George Kriegbaum -- for outstanding play on the softball team;

Larry Bottoms--for his help on the bike team;

Don Dogan, Jim Harrison, and Don Lantz\*--for a great bike team.

\*EDITOR'S NOTE: Don't forget yourself, Marc!

And by official proclamation we hereby award the official position of CHANCELLOR OF PARKS HOUSE to George Marcus Kriegbaum.



QUAKER POWER!!

**EDITORIAL, Cont.** Knerr, Marc Buickel, Alan Oliver, myself, and anyone else interested in Parks House meet as early as August 22 either as part of the House Council or apart from it to organize orientation and house activities. Let's be DODDS KILLERS again.

**RAH! RAH! PARKS!, Cont.** school year has been apportioned to the Scribe and the social chairman. This money is mainly funded from the expected house dues. I suggest that we not collect the \$200 worth of house dues and then terminate the publication of the Scribe and reduce the social chairman's allotment to approximately \$30. Appropriate house money for that which the house shows no interest in helping give life to is a waste of the house's money. This article is not a complaint against this house's attitude, however disappointed I may be myself. It is simply a reflection of apparent house interest or lack of interest and is designed mainly so that the budget, which I am sorry to say I voted in approval of, will be modified to meet the needs of the 1971-72 version of the Beaumont Parks Academy for Undergraduate Men instead of the 1961-62 version.

Before I close I'd like to congratulate the Ruter Mini Squad on a job well done and to say "Good-bye" and "Thank you" to the Shadow.

**TO THE EDITOR, Cont.** sters Degree. Julia will also work on her Masters Degree. We will be moving from Columbus on June 8 and spend a year in Colorado. If any of you make it to Boulder, Colorado, be sure to look us up.

Best wishes to each of you,  
Carlton Reinhard

**LITTLE 500 ACTIVITIES, Cont.**  
Derby?

What's up, Mac? Oh, hello, Don. May I get something for you? Moonlighting as a waiter will get you anything.

Are you really an atheist?

Could you really tell your Guardian Angel you slept up in the lounge? Come on.

And then the dreaded event struck. Little 500 Weekend! What could be rougher for a Guardian Angel?

A Guardian Angel could expect his little angels to fly against Chi-O's, but who would have thought they'd wear those sexy hot pants? Even a liberal hippy-freak I.U. Guardian Angel has to draw the line somewhere.

And this G.A. was working overtime. I thought I had trouble with second floor Parks, but given a ratio of 4-2 they complained at the race and then gave up and went to the Variety Show together, anyway. Guess you shouldn't have mentioned the flowers. Wouldn't you be offended if someone called your polka dots flowers? And then when I found a certain red pant-suit in a certain room---

And there's no end in sight. It's a good thing cards don't constitute a demerit anymore. Anyway, I happen to be partial to angels. It's not such a bad thing to have a hotline to your Guardian Angel.

The picnic at Brown County would have been plenty of work for this Guardian Angel--but instead I have to chase them all over Indiana. Reports on that weekend will be included under separate cover.

Those girls at Ruter sure are hard to please (easy to confuse, though). All I ever hear is "What a weird weekend". That's very surprising and even we angels don't know who screamed ----- yet.

## TO THE REAR--HARCH, Cont.

ming drag racing, water polo, skeet shooting, spelunking, chess, checkers, billiards, bowling, and moon-shooting teams. Both had passed their entrance physicals with the highest percentiles, although Rock's urine count was rather low. Both had been nominated by their respective Congressional representatives; Rock by Senator C. Eyeball and Raoul by Representative Pope David the Only. Now there remained the ultimate test for both fine young men. Who would be the best cadet? Who would out brown-nose the other? Who would be wing commander his senior year and have command over ALL the other cadets?

The first year went O.K. for both; this is, as well as a first year can go for anyone at a military school. There were occasional problems, though Rock had a hell of a time with rifle manual and always seemed to be dropping it on his glass coned shoes, thereby wrecking his enviable shine. But Rock was really great on the obstacle course. Nobody could roll under barbed wire like him. Raoul had his problems, too. It seems that the daily 5:30 to 6:15 a.m. morning runs up the mountains really fatigued him, especially since he was a heavy smoker. But he really could handle himself at Sunday chapel and no one, not even the chaplain, had sermons with such vibratto, arrogance, and flatus.

Second year went well for both as they moved toward their desired and enviable commission. As third year came around, brownie points became even more important if either was to be selected as Mr. Military and be the Wing Commander the following year.

Then tragedy struck. Rock was caught AWOL on a Thursday night when he was supposed to be at intramurals. And not only that, but he was shacked up with a girl from C.U. over a bar at Skunk Creek. Horror of horrors. Rock was determined useless by

(Continued in Col. II)

## NO TITLE, Cont.

volumes of rhetoric that only tend to cloud the issues. George Wald said in his speech here a short time ago that "Man is his own enemy." He concluded his talk with this passage from Deuteronomy 30:19, "I have set before you life and death, blessing and curses; therefore choose life, that you and our descendants may live." Let us all apply this statement, if necessary regardless of the religious or the religious overtones, and make it our hope and goal for the future. What other alternative do we have--What chance is there for mankind if we don't?

## COUNSELOR, Cont.

each other it is necessary (although unfortunately not sufficient) that they begin by respecting each other as individuals. I hope that in some way I have helped at least some of you move in that direction.

In parting, remember that all of us are a mixture of some good qualities and some other, perhaps not so good qualities. In judging our fellow man we should always remember his good qualities. We should refrain from making a harsh judgment of him just because he happens to be a rotten son-of-a-bitch.

## TO THE REAR--HARCH, Cont.

the Commandant of Cadets, given a dishonorable discharge, and ground into gravel. He now lines a runway at Wright Patterson A.F.B. in Ohio.

As for Raoul, he could have made it had he not been a deviate. He was caught doing strange things 5 separate times with 5 different cadets at 5 different places in the Cadet Area. He was charged by the Morals Committee of being a scoundrel, weirdo, and phallicly oriented. In his defense soliloquy he admirably replied, "I am not phallicly oriented." At any rate, he too was given a dishonorable discharge, melted down, and is now being sold as an aphrodisiac in a red light district of East Chicago.

Thus ends another tragedy.

Benedict Arnold wore a Dewey shirt.