

THE
PARKS
HOUSE

SCRIBE

WRIGHT QUADRANGLE, INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

Volume XII

September 26, 1970

Number 1



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DODDS KILLER

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

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THE SCRIBE STAFF:

EDITOR	David Tutacko
ASSOCIATE EDITOR . . .	Alan Oliver
ASSISTANT EDITORS . .	Kurt Kaboth
	Larry Bottoms
SPORTS EDITOR . . .	Marc Buickel
PHOTO MANAGER . . .	Bruce Kiesling
STAFF ARTISTS	Bob Palomo
	Fred Ambler
STAFF	Gary Hitch
	Bill Laing
	Fred Truden
	Greg Sammons
SPECIAL STAFF	Don Cox
	Patrick Magill
	Bill McConnehey

HOUSE OFFICERS:

GOVERNOR	Larry Bottoms
VICE-GOVERNOR . . .	Patrick Magill
TREASURER	Fred Truden
SOCIAL CHAIRMAN . . .	Colby Knerr
ATHLETIC DIRECTOR . .	Marc Buickel
FLOOR REPRESENTATIVES	
First	
Second	Richard Gregory
Third	Alan Oliver
COUNSELOR	Merrill Douglas



EDITOR'S "ecstasy"

More than ten years ago, the Men of Parks House began a newspaper which they thought would help promote house unity and inter-floor communication.

That newspaper, the Parks House Scribe, now in its 10th year of publication, has won Wright Quad's "Best House Newspaper" award for six consecutive years.

The Scribe is distributed to all the Men of Parks House here in Wright Quad and to Parks alumni throughout the U.S. The Scribe is a project in which you all can contribute and take pride

The staff of the Scribe wishes to congratulate the Men of Parks House for their 1st place finish in the quad-sponsored tug-of-war which was held last Friday. This year, in both the academic and athletic fields, Parks House will be the "star" of Wright. With 100% house participation we cannot fail.

It is with great pride that I announce the Scribe promotions for the current year. As you know, the title of Parks House Bureaucrat is the most coveted in all of Wright Quad. After many hours of contemplation, I have decided to elevate both Larry Bottoms and Kurt Kaboth to the position of Assistant Bureaucrat. This entitles them to all the dignity and respect which I insist upon for myself and my associate, Alan Oliver. Congratulations, Larry and Kurt. Wear your plaque with pride.

For those of you who are too lazy to walk over to the main library, Parks House offers you one of the most comprehensive test files in the Quad. It is located in the plush and lavishly furnished Parks House Lounge next to the big trophy case which is crammed full with the trophies won by this publication. If you need help in a certain course, you can go to the test file and see how Joe Fiszel did in the course. Please return all tests to their proper folders. Any tests you have to contribute to the file would be greatly appreciated.



From the

GOVERNOR

by Larry Bottoms

Well, here I am with pen in hand once again. To the newcomers this will be a great and wonderful experience. For all the veterans it will just be the same old thing; but that's life.

I would like to take this opportunity to welcome all of you to Parks. I hope that you all had a good summer. As for the coming semester, I want to wish you the best of luck.

Parks has all the material of being the best house in the quad this year, and that is what I expect of you. For the past years Parks has been one of the best, but this year is our year to be the best--not just one of the best.

Being a member of Parks, you have a large amount of responsibility. I am referring to our organizational structure. As mentioned before, we are the only unit on campus operating without an R.A. Everyone must work together to make Parks House yourself think of not only you but your neighbors. But most of all THINK!

I hope that all of you will enjoy living in Parks. Have a good time, but remember, you are here to learn.

Once again, I wish all of you the best in the approaching semester.

Say, are you intellectually inclined? If not, see Larry. Parks House needs a Secretary.

TIM YEAGER FOR QUAD OFFICE MGR.



counselor's comments

by Merrill Douglas

I wish to take this opportunity to welcome the men and women of Parks House to another school year. (You didn't really think I was unaware of the girls, did you?)

It was with mixed emotions that I discovered all the things said about Parks House were true. It is truly wonderful the way you men govern the house yourselves. On the other hand, however, it can be very traumatic for a counselor when he isn't needed. Perhaps you can figure out a minor problem every now and then so the other counselors won't accuse me too harshly of having an easy time.

A special thank you to Fred Truden. His organizational talent during the scavenger hunt last week saved me from the cold waters of the Jordan. Keep it up, Fred. That's the way to really look after the welfare of your poor old counselor.

One request . . . is there anyone in the house (male or female) who is really up on Western European history? If so, stop by and identify yourself. I need some help.

My room is 203. I will be happy to help you at anytime with any kind of problem (especially such as what to do with extra booze, girlfriends, money, etc.) With the best of everything in Parks House this year, I'm looking forward to sharing a good year with you.

Give 'em grief Grenadiers!!!

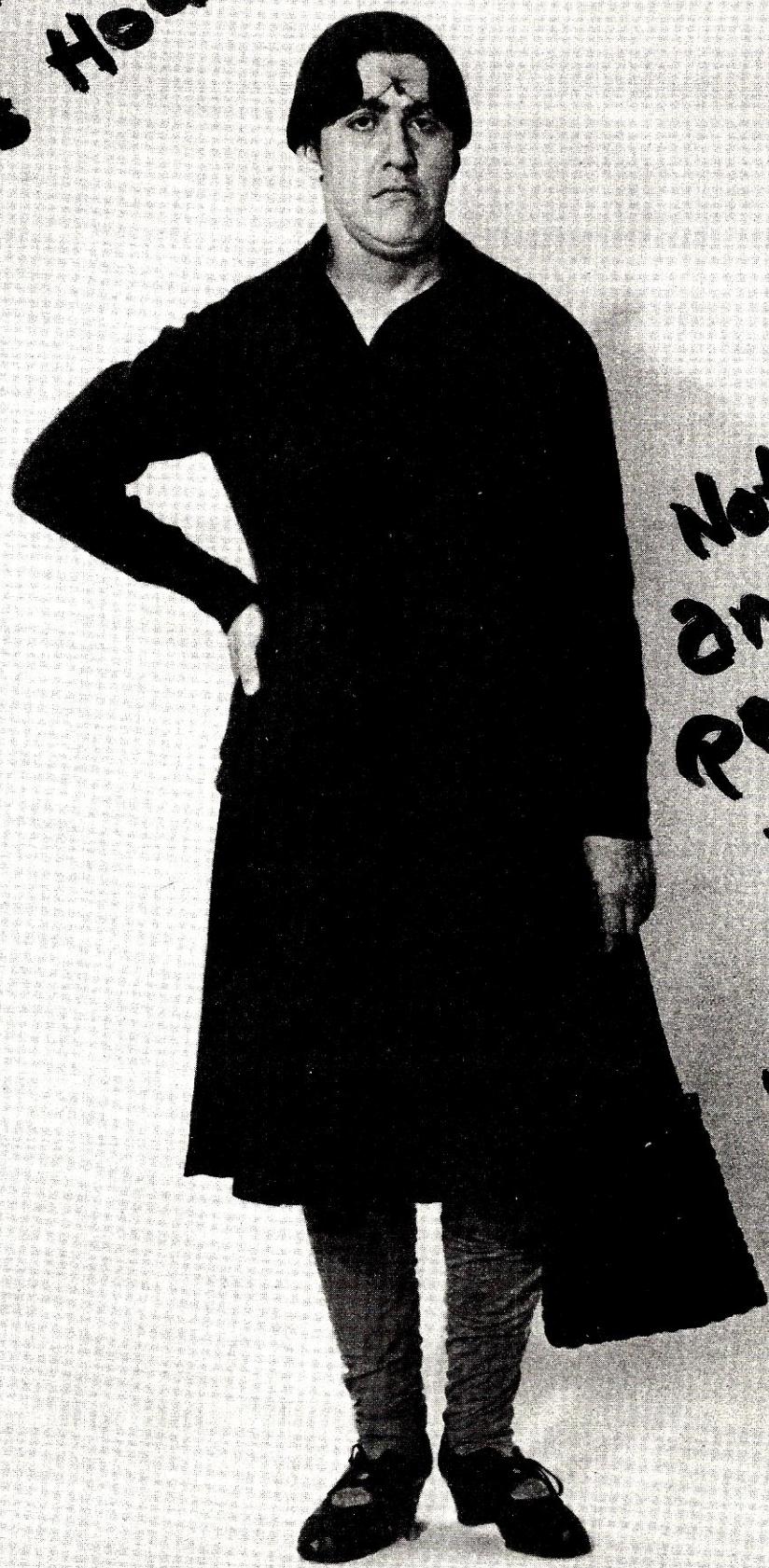
In December, 1968, Arland G. Reinhard wrote a letter to Miss Phyllis Diller, asking her to reign as Miss Parks House Scribe for the year 1969. Within two weeks he received an answer--an autographed picture and a short message reading, "Delighted".

Since then, we have received two letters from Phyllis; one thanking us for sending her a copy of the Scribe and another wishing us luck on our bid to the Rose Bowl.

Phyllis' reign came to end in February, 1970. At that time a new queen was chosen.

Now turn the page and meet Miss Parks House Scribe--1970 . . .

To
The Men
Parks House



Not just
Another
Pretty
Face -
Love
"Gladys"
Omphroy
2/6/70

MISS PARKS HOUSE SCRIBE · 1970

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TRUST YOUR NEIGHBOR

by Bill McConnehey

A rash of thefts have been occurring throughout the dormitories, and Wright has experienced much more than its share. Mr. Cox of the Safety Division has stated that there have been no forced entries. The rooms have been left unlocked. In many instances, the door was left open while the occupant was down the hall or in the john.

Most thefts have involved petty cash, but some have included the loss of stereos and TVs and other personal items. Unfortunately, most could have been prevented; furthermore, it is doubtful if any of the losses can be recovered.

It is extremely advisable to lock your door anytime you leave the room. This will be an inconvenience, but not quite as bad as returning to your room and discovering all of your stuff gone. You may think, "Well I'm just going to brush my teeth, why lock the door?" From personal experience, that is probably when you will lose your shirt (as well as everything else of value.)

If these thefts continue, it may be necessary to lock all the quad entrance doors 24 hours a day. If that doesn't minimize the losses, the entire key system may be changed. There are so many extra room keys floating around that several people who have lived in your room in the past years might be able to unlock your room. And anyone retaining a key from past years can enter the men's units whether or not the entrance door is locked.

In the event that a theft occurs, check with your parents to see if they have homeowners insurance. It might also be wise to consider purchasing such in-

(Continued on page 15)

GREETINGS FROM YOUR LOCAL SOCIAL CHAIRMAN

by Colby Knerr

As this new school year rolls around, the first thing that comes to my mind is the campaign promise I made last spring. I won't bother to repeat that vow in this article because it wouldn't make it past Tacko's censorship.* What I will try to do is everything that my office allows me to do to help you meet lots and lots of girls. The rest, though, is up to you. Several social functions will be arranged this semester with girls houses from this quad and other quads. The success of these functions depends on your willingness to help them succeed. So far we've had a scavenger hunt and a football game. In the near future a spelunking trip, a volley ball game, and possibly a hot dog roast will be scheduled for Parks House. I hope that your cooperation will continue.

P.S. GO CUBS!

*EDITOR'S NOTE: You're damn right, Colby.

PHOTO CLUB

The Wright Quad Photo Club will hold its organizational meeting Wednesday, Sept. 30 in the Conference room. The club will be explained at that time. Briefly, it is a service to the students of the quad that enables them to develop their own black and white negatives and prints. Membership fees are \$2.25 per semester. All chemicals and dark room equipment is provided. Members must furnish their own film and paper. For more information, come to the meeting Wednesday or call 7-5616 or 7-5591.

September 26, 1970

PARKS HOUSE TEN COMMANDMENTS

- I. Thou shall shout "showers!" before flushing toilets (or POW).
- II. Thou shall not "hock" in the drinking fountains (or get killed if caught).
- III. Thou shall study at the proper time and sleep at the proper time.
- IV. Participate when one wants and has time.
- V. Thou shall visit one cultural event this year.

COMMANDMENT COMMENTS

by "Moses"

Before breaking any of the Parks House Ten Commandments, there are some facts you should consider, to keep from having your golden idol smashed. You can be burned in the shower. Life is too short to drown in the drinking fountain. Sleeping and studying at the proper time will give you ample opportunity to participate in all the fun activities. Eating elsewhere is expensive; and besides, Ma is trying. The maid is a kindly lady who might not take that

by Former Grenadier Larry Rose

- VI. Thou shall try to eat the food in the dorm.
- VII. Thou shall not gross out the maid on the floor.
- VIII. Thou shall consider the guy next door and keep the noise down.
- IX. Thou shall not hold out on a beer for a friend.
- X. Study your bottoms off, "you're in college."

nasty sheet of yours if you show her how obscene you are. The guy next door can make noise, too. "Booze is the only answer", so don't bogart a friend. If you are going to the Awards Banquet don't worry about the cultural event, Dave will play the piano.* The last commandment is self-explanatory, like all the rest, so now I'll say something relevant. "We all have troubles of our own, so don't try to spread any around." Quote by George Kriegbaum.
*EDITOR'S NOTE: This is not correct. Pat Magill will play the piano at the Awards Banquet.

FOOTBALL TICKETS, COUPONS, PAPER-WORK, ETC.

This article is to introduce all you new Grenadiers to the amazing way I.U. students obtain tickets to their own home football games.

First, you all should have a RED Coupon Book. RED, RED, RED. No other color will do for Grenadiers. If you haven't got one yet, they are still obtainable at the Ticket Office for \$ 12.

Secondly, the coupons in the book do not get you in the gates of the I.U. Stadium. The coupons must be exchanged for reserved seat tickets. This is done as follows:

1. You must have the right Coupon number for the right game on the right date.
2. Sign your name and room number on the back of the coupon.
3. Place the coupon in an envelope and give it to Kurt Kaboth (Room 206) by 10:00 p.m. on the day before the Coupons are exchanged. A reminder notice will be placed on the Parks House door.

For those of you who didn't follow this--EXAMPLE:

The next home game is with West Virginia on October 3. The Coupon for that game is Coupon 2. You will note that RED Coupons are exchanged for the West Virginia game on September 9. That means you must have your Coupon with your name and room number on the back to Kurt by 10:00 p.m. September 8.

Now if you all remember these simple steps, there'll be a big group of Grenadiers cheering I.U. at each home game.

TREASURE HUNT

--FROSH INITIATION
by Bill Laing

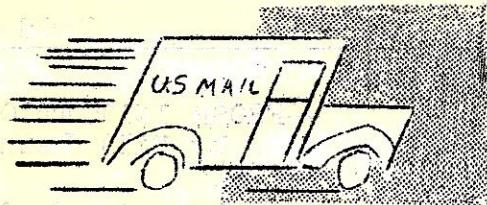
In the distance, becoming louder, blood curdling screams, pounding, threats, something about girls, jumping out of bed, 4:02 in the morning, shock, the door is reluctantly opened, fellow men of Parks House, fellow Grenadiers, many of them, they want us, now, why, we ask, no reply, stumbling with fellow freshmen, down the stairs, into the cold, why, to Hall, what's that, get going, why, to Hall House, to where, get moving, cries for mother, no answer, we stop, at last, Hall House, we sing, what, Glorianna something, up the stairs, wake the girls, anticipation, excitement, shouting, girls screaming, doors open and quickly close, move on, farther, Todd, Campbell, Reuter, stop, too far, back to Hall, running, girls submit, down the stairs, tired, curious, faces, rest.

Gradually, three groups were formed. The Parks House--Hall House treasure hunt was about to begin. Colby forcefully read

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COUNSELOR MERRILL?



TO THE EDITOR

Dear Dave, Alan, Larry, Bruce, Fiscel, Pedro, and other Grenadiers,

It is now 2:10 and I have just handed out a test to my general business class. So while they are working on it I decided to scribble you a few lines.

To the Scribe staff and editor Dave, a sensational job. Parks House can certainly be proud of this year's publication. Even though I'm biased towards last year, I'll have to admit this year Parks House, without a doubt, has put out the best publication ever in Wright Quad. CONGRATULATIONS.*

As I'm sure you already know, this semester I've been teaching at Brown County High School. I have three classes of general business which consist of mostly freshmen. Also I had a class of business math and one class of business law. These two classes consisted mainly of seniors. Tuesday of this week was the seniors' last so I'll have a couple of free periods for a few days. Seniors graduate this Sunday.

Wednesday, May 27 will be the students' last day of tests. Then Friday they come in the morning for report cards.

Thus far, I haven't confiscated any squirt guns in my classes. But the teachers do have a nice collection of squirt guns in the teachers' lounge.

Julia is still teaching 4th grade at Columbus. We plan to stay at Columbus one more year. Therefore she will keep her job at Columbus and I will . . . That's a little uncertain right now. I handed in my resignation here and as of yet I haven't
(Continued on page 18)

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Yes, Arland, that's your brother who said that!

Dear Charmin,

I don't know if you remember me or not, but I used to live in Parks House when I was an Undergraduate. As a matter of fact, I was at one time the Editor of the Scribe! My name is Arland Reinhard. Do you remember?

I listened to the football game this afternoon. Since IU lost, I don't feel so bad about not being there to see the game, but even so, I certainly missed being there. I hope to make it down for at least one game.

My main purpose in writing is to make sure you have my new address to send copies of you know what. I've even included 6 six-cent stamps (since I realize you have such a small budget to work with!?!?).

As far as school goes, I get to school at about 7:15 each morning. I am a Senior-class advisor and have a Senior home room. Would you believe my home room is in Room 222! After home room, I have a typing class. Then I have a preparation period which is followed by my 10:25-11:20 lunch period (which I think of as my breakfast period). After lunch I have typing, general business, typing, and finally, general business. The only class I have problems with is the seventh period general business class. Too many students have their mouths in motion when they shouldn't be!

It's too soon to tell if I am going to like teaching or not, but in any case, I plan to finish my Master's this next summer. John Fisher lived in Eigenmann during Postsession. I understand he has moved up to better things--namely third floor Parks House.

Good luck to you and the staff with the Scribe. Keep an eye on
(Continued on page 18)

OPEN LETTER TO ARLAND

You don't know how thrilled I was to receive your letter of September 19. The staff and I have been overwrought with worry wondering if you were teaching in Craigville or somewhere in the civilized world.

As you can see by the front page, Parks House won the Quad's tug-of-war this year. Seeing Dodds House get dragged through the mud by the Men of Parks was a sight unequaled in Parks history.

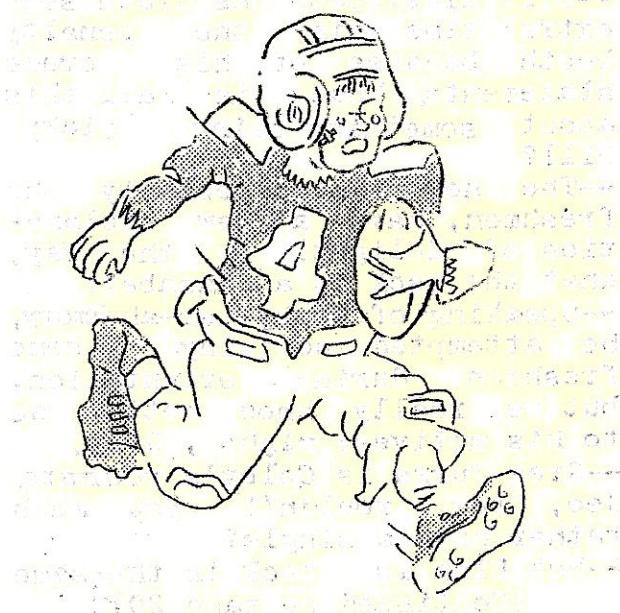
This year, the Parks House Scribe can call on 7 typists, 4 mimeo experts, 3 artists and a \$125 budget. I plan to be just like you when you were editor--I'm not going to do anything except lie on my bed and put drops in my nose.

You really didn't have to send me stamps, Ar. Save your money and buy yourself a new shirt so you can put the other one back on the table.

Well, Ar-baby, I just want you to know that we will be thinking of you when we go to the Waffle House in the Blue Bomb after the completion of every Scribe issue. Don't worry about us. We'll manage to get along without you.

Luv & Kisses

THE FOUNDATION

BOOKS TO READ WHILE DINING AT
WRIGHT QUAD

-or-

WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE DOCTOR COMES by Boyd Hahn. During the school year you will find yourself faced with a lot of free time. This is especially true around meal times. Since I know that all of you are serious students who want to make the most of every second, I have compiled the following list of books suited for reading in the JAWQ dining room;

WAIST DEEP IN THE BIG MUDDY, Truman Capote. This second Capote nonfiction novel is even more terrifying than In Cold Blood. It tells the story of the great Wright Quad flood when the coffee urns exploded.

MAW'S COOKBOOK, Mrs. "D." At last the cookbook of Alka Seltzer commercial fame is on the market. Besides such delicacies as marshmellowed meatballs and poached oysters, this delightful book has a section containing one hundred ways of preparing house meat. Everything from Austrian Ravioli to "Veal" Scallopini is included. The book was written under a pen-name by a practicing dietitian. She was afraid that if her identity were known she would either be promoted to an administrative position where she would lose complete contact with her students or tarred and feathered with her own tapioca pudding.

I WAS A SPY FOR MISS BAREFAX, Anonymous. This biography begins when Miss Barefax receives a question concerning the employees of a cafeteria which she cannot answer. She hires a world famous private eye to investigate. The suspense starts when the chief cook learns that a spy is in her kitchen. Will the investigator escape with his life, or will he mysteriously appear in the beef stew?

(Continued on page 18)

PARKS RECEIVES NEW GRENADIERS
by Bob Palomo

The men of Parks House recently officially received into their midst as honorary Grenadiers, the new Freshman residing in Parks this year. In a most impressive (and somewhat vulgar) ceremony on the evening of Wednesday, September 16. The new residents were granted admission to the bretheran with the full rights and privileges thereof, excepting those reserved for officers and/or upperclassmen.

On the eve of the ceremony, the prospective new members gathered on the third floor where they gave their names, room numbers, social security numbers, and next-of-kin, along with whether or not they went on the scavenger hunt (see p.8) to David Tutacko. They were then escorted to the fourth floor where they gave their names to Kurt Kaboth who then ushered them in.

(Continued on page 18)



GRAND POOBAH

1ST FLOOR HAPPENINGS

by Fred Truden

Greetings Grenadiers and others! This is "you know who"! bringing your most favorite article in care of your most favorite newspaper. There's lots of goodies I could tell you about First Floor, but I think I'll stick to my regularly boring type of article. The responsibility of this article can not be held in my jurisdiction. If any insults arise, blame my pen not me. Now, get set for some real confidential and secret information. Besides, I just made it all up and hour and a half ago.

--This semester we have a full house! Yes, that's right, we are up to capacity on first floor.

Meanwhile--

--Our wonderful President seems to have a lot of pride in his office-- well, anyway, he has a glowing personality; or is it his bright yellow underwear.

--Colby and Kelly were nabbed while attempting to break Quad rules. It is quite a shame their mild, soft voices were detected!!

--Don White has another roommate. His name is Jay Smith, I think. I haven't seen him yet. Anyway, good luck Jay, and I hope you like loud guitar music.

--Bill Eigelsbach has drawn some extra time in the penalty booth because of his crude statements. What is all this about something being yicky, Bill?

--The new guys, especially the freshmen, have a new exclamation of delight. By the way, what the heck is a "casabe"?

--Speaking of Colby, er-ah-Emory, he attempted advising some freshmen during orientation, but we really know better as to his motives; right, Greg.

--Greg Turza is Colby's roommate. Gee, Greg, wouldn't you much rather have a single?

--Bob Linn is back in the same

(Continued on page 20)

4 A. M. TREASURE HUNT
by Esquire Mark Lentz

Celebrating my first time on this Campus, I came back to Parks House at 3:00 a.m. Wednesday morning a bit high and extremely tired. I had been out on the town looking for fun, mirth, and merriment, which translated means I got bombed. So the sight and feel of a warm bed was a welcomed comfort to me. I slipped off into dreamland around 3:15 a.m. to the sounds of Chicago from my stereo.

The next thing I knew I was sharply and inhumanly awakened by a sound of pounding doors, loud yells, and the beat of the waste basket. I said, "What the heck is going on?" But I really didn't say that. I thought to myself that it was just some of the boys playing games, so I rolled over and went back to sleep. The intensity of the door pounding, the yells, and Colby's drum went deeper into my sleep-state which I didn't expect

(Continued in Col. II)

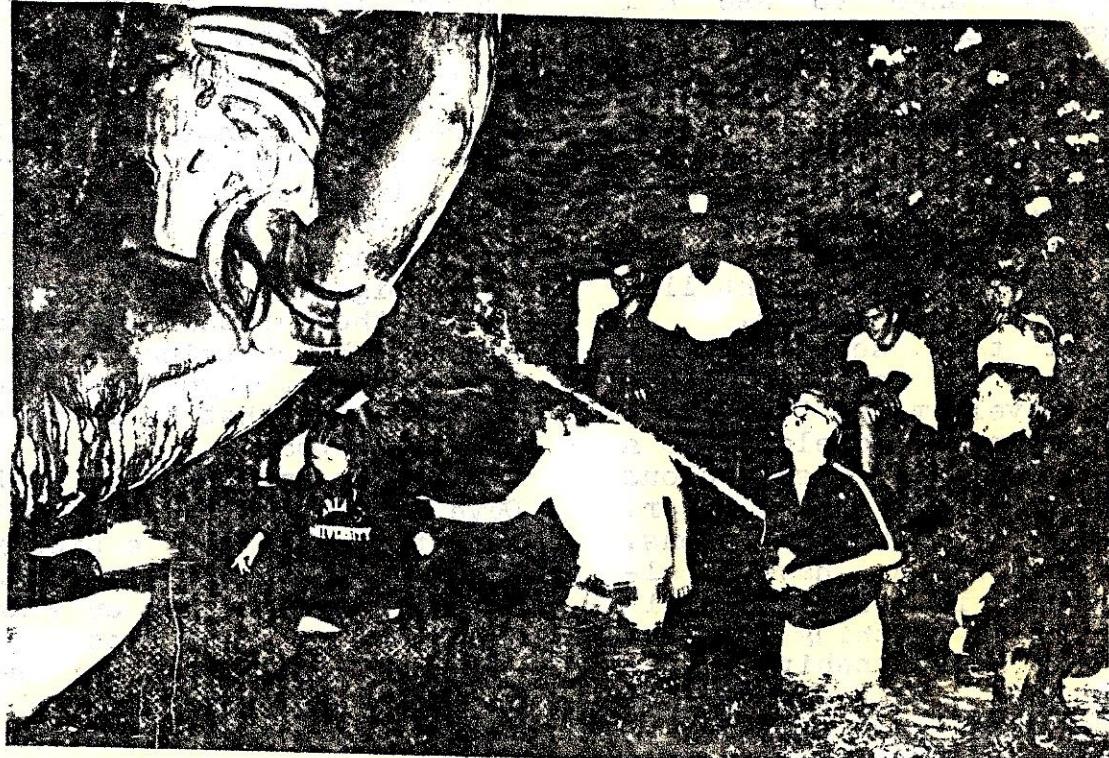
TREASURE HUNT, Cont.
and didn't cherish.

I snapped. Temporary insanity and profanity grabbed me as I stood up on my bed. A voice from outside said, "Get up, get up. If you don't get up now it will get worse later." Blood in my eyes or my eyes were blood shot. Nevertheless, I yelled at the top of my lungs, "you, ed ing tching guys want to play games? I'll play games with you ers under the table!"

Well, shortly after that, I regained my senses, got dressed, and went out into the hall, where I found that this experience was the traditional Parks House treasure hunt. Since most of the Parks House men were awake, I was told it was time to wake the girls up in another house in Wright Quad so that they could join our little traditional experience.

We ran over to the girls' house and began yelling, trying to wake

(Continued on page 19)



ANNUAL PARKS HOUSE-HALL HOUSE TREASURE HUNT

September 26, 1970

THE SHADOW

"Be thou a spirit of health of goblin damn'd." (Hamlet I.iv)

My good friends, of me you may think a goblin damn'd when you read this article. For only such a goblin, alias the Shadow, would say or even know the following statements of would-be fact.

Since summer has come and is almost over, it is good to find out about the jobs your friends or would-be friends had over the summer. One interesting event that occurred was that Thomas Oliver Kelly was a farmer. Can you believe it, a Pennsylvania Farmer. Is that why you came to Indiana, Tom?

It is simply fascinating to watch freshmen. One case: A one Dave Sims bold enough to wear his undershorts outside because they look like gym trunks. He was bold once too often when it was brought to his attention that there was a hole in the shorts in a most unusual place. The funny thing about this was that Sheryl happened to be sitting within range to see all that was visible. Now, what was visible?

I think that Magill will definitely have to get used to a roommate, especially with one who does not seem to be able to hold liquor inside of his body, and retches it all over the floor. Perhaps, Bill Gorman might like to comment on this matter.

It will take some doing for Mark Miller to reach Colby's stage of development, that is if you are trying to develop into a plotting, devious, unscrupulous card shark. I imagine, however, that Colby will give you lessons.

Larry and Fred A. have an almost perfect relationship so it seems. Is it anything comparable to that relationship of Colby and Tracy? Only the Shadow knows for sure what happened to make Larry pop Fred that night..and I will never tell.

(Continued on page 19)

BUTT'S BULLSHIT BULLETIN
A weekly column by Larry Bottoms

Well here we all are back at good ole I.U. and Parks House. Since this is a new year I feel that we should all get to know each other. There isn't much to say about the freshmen because they are all alike--dumb and stupid. So, I'll direct my attention to the upper classmen.

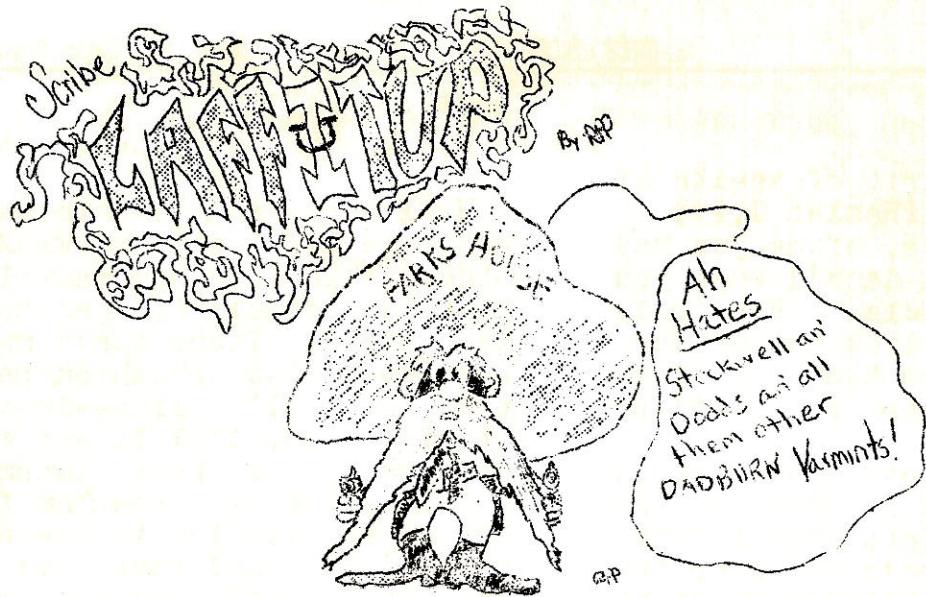
I'll start with the first floor. Living in room 106 is the one and only (thank God there is only one) Colby Nerd! As most of you know, Colby is the gay little guy. He isn't a queer; he just likes boys. Colby was once particular as to which guys he would mess around with (Tracy), but he isn't proud anymore--so watch out. Next door you will find the coal miner himself--Thomas Oliver Kelly. Tom is a Quaker and his favorite hobby is Colby. Going on down the hall you will see obnoxious "Little" Fred Truden. What more need I say?

Now let us journey to the second floor. First say hi to "Horny" Pat. As most of you know, Pat's honey lives in Florida. By the way, Pat, I hear the weather is fine down there. If things get too bad--there's always "Sweet Colby".

Leaving second floor we will travel to the top of Parks House, the third floor. First to meet us is Big Al. About a year ago, it was thought that Big Al was a pregnant human being. But that has been over a year ago! Now I am convinced that he is carrying a baby elephant.

Directly across the hall is Dave. Dave has put on a front pretending that he was a nice young man. Well things have changed. He is now another outstanding drunk of the third floor.

On our last stop we neet the one and only George Kriegbaum. George comes from a small, small, town known as Warren. George is proud to report that the (Continued on page 19)



NEW Freshmen Take PRAYER ATTITUDE!

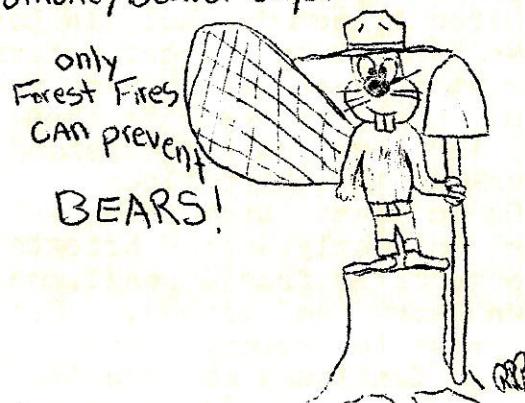
Freshmen learn the rules from the Upperclassmen!



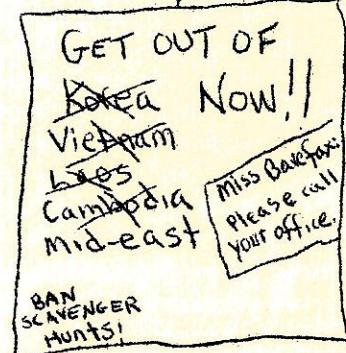
All right, now remember. No alcoholic beverages, no appliances, no electrical extension cords or multiple plugs, no girls after 2 a.m. or midnight, no playing instruments in the room, ~~~~~

RPP

Smokey Beaver Says:



Graffity-Corner



THIRD FLOOR FIDDLE-FADDLE
by Alan Oliver

Third floor has ten former residents returning this semester. And as other Grenadiers began to recognize the superiority of the residents of third floor, they moved up to join us. Welcome to Fred and John.

The illustrious editor of this publication nearly ruined the front page of the Scribe when he tried to decorate his room with correction fluid. You should see his two-tone blue walls. Next time you decorate, keep it off the Scribe.

Pat is beginning to find out about our phone service. He spent 20 minutes trying to call South Bend the other day.

Big Al returned with the assistant treasurer (Big Al's Sweet Potato Plant--you freshmen ask an upper-classman about that one.) Butt threatened to pour alcohol on it. Funniest thing. It has dried up something horrible and is turning yellow and the leaves are beginning to drop off.

Bill McConnehey is back with a bigger and better noise-maker this year. Maybe it will replace the familiar voice of Joy Waugh.

Mike Caulfield is back again. Everybody on the floor wonders about that muddy picture hanging in the room. There is soap and water in the john if you want to clean it.

Paul Schneider (Schneider USAFA) has made the IDS already! He's on the Soccer team.

Steve Field is back and with him comes Johnny Carson. Think twice before you ask any questions. You know how much we enjoy hearing them.

Buickel is back with his potty mouth and the liquid he puts in it. Don't let anybody see those brown paper bags. If any of you have any questions that you couldn't even ask Ann Landers,

(Continued on page 20)

TO ALL NEW STUDENTS (AND COLBY)

In case any of you are finding it difficult to get a date, perhaps we can make a suggestion. We realize that Tracy Miller can never be replaced, but Little Fred is trying his best to fill Tracy's shoes. If you want to get to know Trudy, who is a member of the Gay Liberation Movement, simply ask his agent, Kurt Kabout, to arrange an appointment. References and experience is not needed. He'll take anything he can get his hands on.

CAN'T TRUST YOUR NEIGHBOR, Cont. Insurance of your own if your possessions are not already covered by your parents' policy. Another good idea is to keep a record of the serial numbers of your stereo, refrigerator, TV, etc. This will greatly increase the chance of recovery of stolen items. So, remember, you can't always trust the nice guy in the next unit.

TREASURE HUNT, Cont.
the clues, and each group sought its own way. My group, the eventual champions, rushed down to the fountain for a quick swim with the mermaid; we soon found our next clue attached to her neck. The very sly and witty clues composed by our friendly upperclassmen soon led us from one part of the campus to another: the Radio-TV Building, the Ticket Office, the Geology Building, the Psychology Building, the Library, and, finally, back home to the flagpole of Wright Quad. Since my group was first to return, we had first pick of the grand prize: fruit. I was also excited that I couldn't decide whether to start with a pear or a bunch of grapes. The activities turned to excitement once again as Candy, Hall House counselor, was "escorted" by Grenadiers to her first moonlight

(Continued on page 19)

September 26, 1970

THE SCRIBE

PAGE 16



ASK
MISS
BAREFAX

Dear Miss Barefax,

I would appreciate a few hints concerning your identity. I have only been here a week and the excitement is fantastic.

signed,
WONDER WHO

Dear W.W.,

I'm really Clark Kent in disguise!

signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Is it possible that Big Al's Sweet Potato Plant died because of his potty mouth?

signed
BOTANY MAJOR

Dear B.M.,

No, it was of mortification when the Pope found out who fathered Al's baby!

signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

There's a 112 pound weakling on our floor who thinks he's a real B.F.S. I am wondering how we can reduce his swelled head.

signed,
ANGRY

Dear Angry,

Try putting novacaine in his vaseline jar. Works every time!

signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

I walk to class every day with two other guys (now former friends). They get out of class earlier than I do so they wait for me outside the building when their class is over. Well, one day they saw me sitting in class through an open window. They began to call me, trying to carry on a conversation with me while my class was still going on! I was never so embarrassed in my life. How can I keep this humiliating experience from recurring?

signed,
GROUND FLOOR
OF LINDLEY

Dear G.F.L.,

Next time, shoot them a moon and sing a chorus of "The 12 Days of Finals" and I'm sure they'll never bother you again!

signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Does nylon, of a yellowish-orange hue, go well with black?

signed,
FRUIT OF THE
LOOM

Dear Fruit,

Only the Shadow knows!

signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

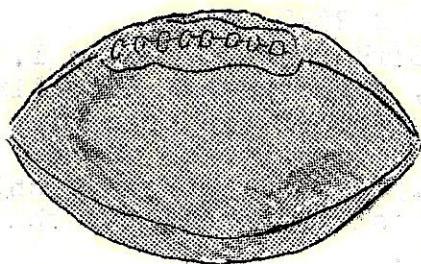
Is it true that Hoyle's sons, Jim and Mark, now live on first floor?

signed,
CARD SHARK

Dear C.S.,

Yes, but they have to "brush" up" on the Parks House version of "hearts".

signed,
MISS B.



SPORTS

THE INVINCIBLE GRENADIERS
by Marc Buickel

On September 18, the Men of Parks House began one of their most rewarding tasks in many a year. This great and monumental task was to bring the rest of Wright Quad a little closer to us via a tug-of-war. The turn out for this event was fabulous even though our governor did a little false advertising (Right, Butt?), but nonetheless, everyone ended up with his own share of the glory.

The invincible Grenadiers first took on our age old rival. That is right, you heard me—the rinky dinks of Stockwell House. They actually put up a fight at first. I do not like to quote figures but I think it was for about five seconds, give or take a second.

We then drew a bye which gave us time to fool around and throw people into the mighty Jordan. It was quite evident to everyone that we did not need a rest after fooling around with the weaklings of Stockwell.

After several forfeits the mighty giant of Wright Quad met the boobs of Dodds in the final round. Dodds gave us one hell of a fight but this year we were not to be beaten. In about one minute the Mighty Grenadiers of the Beaumont Parks Academy for Undergraduate Men proceeded to wipe Dodds off the banks of the Jordan, making the guys of Parks House the champions of Wright Quad.

UPCOMING SPORTS EVENTS

I hope to have a great turnout this year for football. We are entered in only the A residence hall league because I have checked around and we seem to have several guys with night classes and other things but I will guarantee that everyone will have a chance to show his stuff. If we can get together and work as a team, I do not believe anyone has a chance of beating us. As soon as I get out a schedule, I will post it and we can go from there. If you did not sign the sheet and you want to play, see me in room 310.

There are also several individual sports coming up and I will try my best to post a sheet on the door to inform you. Just remember, as a team and a house we can go places, so stick together and play for Parks---- not yourself.

Since house spirit and unity seems to be really great, and we are blessed with many sports minded individuals, I am quite optimistic about our chances to annex the major sports titles. For those of you who enjoy sports quizzes, here is what I hope will be an important part of The Scribe. (Dave needed some filler) Well, here goes the big noise.

1. Who won the tug-of-war last week?
 A. The boobs from Dodds.
 B. Colby Knerr
 C. Parks House
 D. Troll Patrol
2. Where is one most likely to find a candidate for jock-of-the-year?
 A. In the rack
 B. In his room studying
 C. Peeling himself off the wall after a heavy night of drinking
 D. Just drinking
3. What is the drink of champions?
 A. Budweiser
 B. PBR
 C. Strohs
 D. All of the above

CARLTON, Cont.

found a teaching position for next year. Brown County has offered me a contract but I decided to find a different place to teach.

May 27, 1970 BULLETIN: I confiscated my first squirt gun!!!

I felt sorry for the poor girl but I had to fulfill my obligation as a teacher. (Besides, I wanted a squirt gun myself.) It's green and I can hide it in my hand. Watch out students!!

Today is the last day for giving exams. After getting report cards out, all I have to do is think about my summer job. (I haven't found one.)

If I don't get a summer job, Julia and I are considering a vacation to California. I don't know if we'll make it there or not. Our Volkswagon will, I'm sure. We've had the car about 12 months and have 33,000 miles on it. The only problem we've had is that every once in a while it runs out of gas.

I read in the Scribe that Larry had more car trouble. Just remember Larry, if you need a ride to Columbus I'll get you there.

I'll sign off for now. Good luck to each of you with finals and to Joe Fiszel, congratulations to a fellow graduate.

Always,
Carlton Reinhard

ARLAND, Cont.

Gary and Alan. If you see Pedro, tell him I said hello. I hope to see you before the football season is over.

As always,
Arland

BOOKS TO READ, Cont.

MACBETH (Act IV, Scene I, lines 1-44), Shakespear. According to the author of the preceding book, this famous witch scene accurately depicts the way chicken soup is prepared in the cafeteria.

REPORT OF THE JAWQ SPECIAL AFFAIRS COMMITTEE'S MEAL SURVEY The entire transcript of interviews the committee held with the Halls of Residence food service administrators is published in this wordy book. Interesting facts such as the difference between spaghetti and macaroni are included in this book.

PARKS RECEIVES GRENADIERS, Cont. to the presence of the Bretheren.

The fourth floor lounge was illuminated by a single black-light bulb which lighted one wall covered with wild posters which glowed in the light. In front of the wall was a table with a number of papers and a savage-looking spear upon it and a swaying, gaudily fluorescent-painted personage seated behind it. The smell of incense and cigarettes hung in the air and a Ravi Shankar record blared in a corner.

Bill McConnehey, officiating as the Grad Poobah asked the new man before him to kneel and the ceremony, which must here remain undisclosed to all save the Bretheren of Parks House, was consummated.

After his part in the ceremony, the much relieved Grenadier shook hands with Governor Larry Bottoms and Vice-Governor Pat Magill (not necessarily in that order. Sorry about that Larry) and took his place among the Bretheren to await the coming of the next inductee.

4 A.M., Cont.

them up. The yells didn't seem to do any good seeing as only a few lights went on. A few more lines of Indiana were sung but the effect was nil. The crowd was becoming a lynch mob. Suddenly, without fear or reason, someone opened the door and a flow of guys poured into the girls' house. Screams of "Get up" and "Get out" were heard. After the dust had cleared we had managed to gently awaken enough girls to begin the treasure hunt.

We were divided into 3 groups. My group, group I, got a clue which led us to the Education Building--where we couldn't find the 2nd clue. So this girl and I said to the rest that we would go around and check the other doors. We did and found nothing. When we got back to the front of the building where we left the rest of group I we found that they had left us. They were nowhere to be seen.

So we figured we would just start walking and maybe we would run into another group which we did. So we joined them. Well I mean who else would be running around the campus at 4:30 a.m.

Anyway, this group was group III. We found clues at the baseball field, at Foster Book Store, and at the Business Building where we couldn't find the clue. We decided to head back to Wright Quad. Well there I found my roommate, sitting on his tail munching on an orange that was part of the treasure. He was in group I which was my first group that I got lost from. I asked him if group I had found the treasure and he said no. Group II found it but he helped eat it. I asked if any fruit was left and he said no.

On that note I stumbled home to Parks House where I crashed

(Continued in Col. II)

4 A.M., Cont.

into bed with visions of the night pounding in my head.

Traditions are great, but some are better than others. We on the first floor of Parks House want to start a new tradition for the House. This would be the annual Miss Parks House Casob contest held in my room. All girls who are interested can apply to me in room 112 or by calling me at 7-4045. Come on girls. Let's get those Casobs out there and begin a new tradition in the spirit of the Parks House annual treasure hunt.

SHADOW, Cont.

Big Al lost about nine pounds it seems. What did you have over the summer, Al, or am I being a bit too presumptuous.

I wonder if it is possible to be Greenie of the Year twice in a row. What do you think of that, Little Fred?

The Shadow wishes to congratulate B.P.A.U.M. for a spectacular win in the tug-or-war over Dodds, and a respectable orientation program. The Shadow may be fading for the last time, only time can tell. Good luck in your classes, and remember to have a ball, too.

TREASURE HUNT, Cont.

swim in the beautiful Jordan. The fun was finally over and everyone crawled back to his room for a few hours sleep.

BUTT'S BULL, Cont.

Warren Telephone Company gave him a raise this year. He is now making \$2.30 an hour! However, George is more important to the company than what his wages show. George is going to help install dial telephones in the year 1980. Go, George. Keep up the good work.

That about completes the tour. I hope everyone has a better understanding of the many different men living in Parks.

(Continued on page 20)

1st FLOOR ACTIVITY, Cont.
old room, but something just isn't the same. I guess the third party hasn't been able to move in yet.

--It seems Kim Smith and Don Lantz are really having fun at night. From what I can gather, they both sleep on the floor--right next to each other.

--If you didn't already notice, Wayne Hart--Chief Potato Picker, is back, too. He's got Don Dogan for a roommate. Oh, and Don, you can get a tank-type swim suit at any tank-type swim suit store.

--John Kephart now occupies the dungeon single.

--John Goodwin and Steve Curtis are in the other Dungeon vacancy. Well, Coxey, I hope you don't mind Creep #2 and a new fellow living next to you. P.S. Creep #1 -- Joe Brown (John's Former Roommate) is not here this year.

--David Malcolm seems to be a strutting authority. Maybe because he's a Marching 100 freak. How 'bout some help Bob?

--Did you know that Tom Kelly was a farmer this past summer? Be sure and ask him how he worked the fields. He'll be more than glad to tell you.

--If you listen closely you'll hear Dave Sin's recordings of Johnny Cash. Although Mark Lentz assumes a role of denial who wants to bet he helps Dave play those records at such uncivilized hours.

--Jim Thompson and Mark Miller are the "Hearts" experts on the floor. They'll give card playing lessons anytime. Right, Tom and Colby?

--Next on the list are Mario Marcos and Bob Rodenkirk. They can always be heard, at some time or another, playing their stereo.

--Last but not least Norman, my roommate. Ask him how Nancy Evans is. He'll appreciate it.

That seems to be all for now. Bye, until next time!!

FIDDLE-FADDLE, Cont.

try Marc's roommate, Dave Howd. You may be able to find the answer in one of his sexy books.

George came back with long hair but then he got it cut. Of course it could be that he is rooming with a conservative. We wondered if Bruce was even going to come back.

You wouldn't even know that Gary Graham moved the way he is around Jim Harrison all the time.

Larry Bottoms is off to a good start. He's engaged. He must be taking lessons from his former roommate.

The Jew in Blue, Jerry Lieberman, is back with a bigger noise maker, too.

Gary Hitch will probably blossom forth this year and become a star to bring fame to Parks House. Good luck!

To those of you on third floor who didn't make this issue, don't worry. You'll probably do something stupid enough to make the paper next time.

BUTT'S BULL, Cont.

P.S. Sorry to bother you again but I left out one very important member of Parks House--the Shadow. At one time I trusted him but now I have my doubts. All I can say now, until I find some fault of his, is don't believe a word he says. He is nothing but a fake, a make believe Shadow.

Just a personal note to the Shadow--who ever he may be. Watch out! The Butt is ready to kill!



SCRIBE TIME CAPSULE

INDIANA



UNIVERSITY

I.U. LIBRARY HOURS

Library	8:15 a.m.-midnight
Study Room	24 hours daily
Cafeteria	8 a.m.-10:45 p.m.

PARKS



HOUSE

QUIET HOURS

Sun-Thurs 7 p.m.-9 a.m.
Fri & Sat 2 a.m.-9 a.m.

OPEN GUEST HOURS

Sun-Thurs. . . . 1 p.m.-midnight
Fri & Sat. . . . 1 p.m.-2 a.m.

WRIGHT



QUAD

CAFETERIA

Monday thru Friday
Breakfast . . . 6:45-8:15 a.m.
Continental
Breakfast . . . 8:30-9:15 a.m.
Lunch 11:00-1:00 p.m.
Dinner. 5:00-6:15 p.m.

Saturday

Breakfast . . . 7:30-8:15 a.m.
Lunch*. . . . 11:30-1:00 p.m.
Dinner. 5:00-6:15 p.m.

*On football game days:

11:00-1:00 p.m.

Sunday

Breakfast 8:15-9:15 a.m.
Dinner. 11:45-1:00 p.m.

JAWQ LIBRARY

Mon & Wed. . . . 1:30-11:00 p.m.
Tue, Thurs, Fri, & Sun
1:00-11:00 p.m.
Sat* 1:00- 5:00 p.m.
*Closed for home games.

SNACK BAR

Afternoons
Mon-Fri. 2:00-4:00 p.m.

Evenings

Mon-Thurs. . . . 8:30-10:30 p.m.
Fri. 8:30-11:30 p.m.
Sun. 5:00-10:30 p.m.

CHARLES RICHARD TRAVIS - 1976

