

THE  
PARKS  
HOUSE

# SCRIBE

WRIGHT QUADRANGLE, INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

Volume XII

March 27, 1971

Number 5



## QUALS TODAY!!



AT 9:25

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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COUNSELOR. . . . .	Merrill Douglas



## Editor's Ecstasy

The photo on the front cover captures the most crucial moment of qualifications--the exchange. Here team rider Don Lantz takes the bike from Marc Buickel as team coach Larry Bottoms stands ready to tell them their mistakes.

A special welcome to the Women of Ruter House! It is an honor and a privilege to bring the Scribe to you today. I can't tell you how we in Parks House were thrilled with that 4:00a.m. telephone call. The mistaken location of the Mini track only 6 inches from a 10 foot drop off might not have been an accident! Revenge is so sweet.

\*\*\*

Today at 9:25 the Parks House bicycle team will attempt to qualify for the annual Little 500 race which will be held this year on May 8. Our team needs and wants our support. Weeks of preparation and hard work will be put to the test as Marc Buickel, Jim Harrison, Don Lantz, Bob Rodenkirk, and Don Dogan attempt to put the name of Parks House among the 33 teams to ride in the big race.

\*\*\*

Once again I must thank Miss Pam Baird for the help she had given us on the distribution of our quad issue. The time it takes to put together 650 copies was reduced by half thanks to Pam's assistance. I also have to thank Pat Magnuson, Janee Howey, Ruth Oliver, and Mrs. Coleman for helping us get the SCRIBES into the mailboxes before closing time. Thanks, everybody!

\*\*\*

Since my announcement of my decision to resign my hallowed office of editor of the world's greatest house newspaper, I have been swarmed with interviews and applications begging for my job. Now really, aren't you all getting tired of my obsession with perfection? I am. Put a tired worn out editor and servant of Parks House out to pasture, PLEASE!!

\*\*\*



From the

## GOVERNOR

by Glenn Patterson

People keep asking me what goes on at the Board of Governors' meeting, and since part of my role as governor is liaison between you and what's happening on the upper end of the bureaucracy, here basically is the list of political happenings in the four short weeks that I've had the pleasure of being governor:

--Proposal for extension of open visit hours is before the Dean at this time, and he seems to be seriously considering it. If it is done, however, it will be an extension of the morning hours--not the evening ones. Unfortunately, twenty-four hour visitation is still a little way in the future--but the pressure's on.

--It seems the Quad Presidents were feeling a little elite one day, and a proposal appeared before the council that the presidents be given suites and that their room and board be paid by the same fund that takes care of the R.A.'s (I wish the hell they would think about the students a little more instead of themselves.) Our illustrious Don Cox voted against it in a true "grass roots" move, however.

--There is also a resolution before Halls of Residence Committee to extend breakfast hours to 6:45-9:00 and do away with Continental breakfast. Action is pending.

--Conditions in the quad are slowly getting better through the relatively new Tenant Action Steering Committee--and a hopefully activist Seller's admini-

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## counselor's comments



Due to the recent death of our illustrious counselor Merrill Douglas, or any other such incapacitation which might prevent him from writing this article, I, as so called "Reichsführer" of Parks House, do hereby in my official capacity, temporarily assume the responsibilities and duties of one said incapacitated Merrill Douglas. My first duty as "Reichsführer" of Counseling is to inform the House of the newly appointed hierarchy, which is at present apparently being done. The second official act I shall perform is to set the "new ideology" of the House:

- #1. Lebensraum--we need more living space, thus, we will unite our efforts and march on the Poland of Wright Quad, Stockwell!
- #2. Anti-Anybodyelseism--We are a super-human race and consider anyone else outside of Parks sub-human and undesirable except for perhaps so called desirable women!!!
- #3. One Führer--der Führer ist Parks House; Parks House ist der Führer.

Further duties will be handled as they occur. So to the "new order of the men of Parks House"

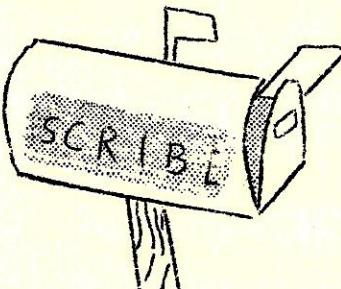
...

Heil (Whoever)  
Reichsführer Ludwig von Holz

Help, I'm a political prisoner!

--MED





## TO THE EDITOR

Feb. 26

Dear Dave et al,

Received the Scribe yesterday and was very pleased with it--of course I don't know if it was quite as good as it used to be, when it had some talented writers... Seriously, I thought it was very good. I do have a question: What was Hitch talking about at the end of Fiddle-Faddle? It sounds rather poor--I mean the situation. He came across as being very sincere. I hope it isn't anything serious, because Third Floor has always been tops. Of course, we have had better years and nicer people.

School is...well, what can I say? I'll finish this later. It's time to discuss Wilson's 14 Points with the slow class. This is my first time with them.

The slow class was a bit slow--We were discussing Wilson's 14 Points, and we only got through 7 of them. I am beginning to have a problem with my teaching method. We are supposed to be using the inquiry method. The teacher is not supposed to give them any answers, but just ask them questions and provide background information. I have a tendency to launch into a short lecture when the class doesn't respond. These kids are really lazy--they only do what they absolutely have to. So, I have to keep asking questions until they are forced to think. And sometimes I give them a pop quiz because they won't read the assignment otherwise.

Well, I have to start with my last class of the day. I am being observed by my critic teacher.

March 2

I can't believe I started this  
(Continued on page 22)

Notice: Williams is alive and well in Fla., living with the Chicanos so he can Espanol and get back in school

3/21/71

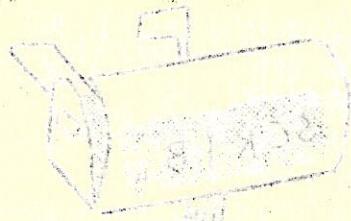
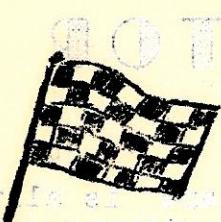
Howdy Bruce, George, & Marc,

Boy you wouldn't believe how great it was to hear from you guys. I've been out of touch with everything for a long time. Believe me, living the life of a bum is hard work. I did pick oranges for one day down here but it about killed me. Anyway if you get down here for Spring Break you've got a place to stay if you want. We've got a foldout couch and all those goodies. They got a lot of tourist traps around here; Cypress Gardens, Busch Gardens (free beer "Bud", I'm sure you could dig that). If you go to East Coast though, be sure and come over and see me anyhow.

I have a pretty nice set up here. I'm chief cook and dishwasher and chauffeur for Gramps. We get along pretty well but I have to lock my door at night. He's threatened to cut my hair when I'm sleeping. Can't have that.

A word for Big Al. I was in Salt Lake City for a few days last fall and I learned an interesting fact about the Mormons out there. They're the biggest dope pushers in the West. And I thought they didn't even drink Coke. They have a really fail-proof system for not getting caught. Who'd suspect a Mormon anyway, right? It seems Mormons in Wyoming or Colorado or so forth send a semi to Salt Lake for their supplies. When they get back though, not only do they have groceries and supplies but a great quantity of dope for them to sell to good Christian people. I'm sure Big

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Some words on qualifying racing as we see it at the moment, and the like.

### **'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE QUALS**

From Ruter House

"Twas the night before Quals when all through the House everything

went wrong. The lights went out, the power went down. The heat was Action in the Parks-Ruter Halls. All racers were ready with helmet and gear. Full knowing the race day soon would be here.

The cyclists were nestled all snug in their beds,

When out in the hall there arose such a clatter they sprang

"Up" to their feet to see what was the matter.

Opening the doors at 36 flat, they found Ruter (that's where it's at) and said "Well,

Then out from nowhere there arose such a roar--qualifying crew at

A desire for victory, more, more!!

Now Marc, Now Don, Now Jim, On Donald, Ride on Robert

Spin those tires, Hit that dirt.

Ride those laps out, Qualify,

Poll position--hopes are high.

So we shout it in the SCRIBE-- Ruter is always on your side.

## THIS IS RUTER

by Sandy Yeager

In the beginning there was a Hummer House. And the House was without feminine form. And the Spirit of the Trustees said, "Let there be women" and there were women. So it came to pass that Hummer was changed to Ruter and it all started three years ago.

The largest independent women's unit was established as Ruter. Wright's outlook, atmosphere, reputation and even upkeep changed when women were introduced. John doors appeared, for one thing; shower partitions, all sorts of neat little innovations.

Ruter's 85 girl capacity came into fame with such earth shaking records as being the only women's unit to have taken ninth place in the Little 500 Bike Race. (We had the trophies but they were swiped back.)

Ah, Ruter. Ruter with the largest sun deck full to capacity in the Spring; Ruter with its luxuriously huge doubles in the basement; Ruter and its unusually small lounge and only oven for 250 girls. Ruter--about 5 redheads, 12 blonds, and the rest assorted brunettes...  
...and then there is Parks.



WITH OUR OLD FRIENDS FROM BOISEN I

## POTPOURRI

by Colby Knerr

To begin this conglomeration, I'd like to salute our co-sponsors for Little 5--Ruter House. We had a brief introduction at a mixer about a month ago, but there are still lots of people who don't know one another. The most sure and immediate answer to this problem is for everyone to forget being shy for about one week and go around and talk to your new co-sponsors. Don't wait for them to make the first move.

Second, we have three good teams entered in competition for Little 5: a bike team, a mini-5 team, and a regatta team. So far there hasn't been too much attendance at the practices of either the bike or the mini team. All three can do very well, but they need your support. Your enthusiasm can help our teams almost as much as the practice itself.

Next, a little information about Parks House for the girls. Due to Project Disguise Wright Quad, Parks House has a new look. We have reinforced panels on the doors, new bolt locks, new plaster on the walls, and in some spots we even rated a different tone of yellow paint.

Most of our plumbing now works, and even the dungeon has a new look and sound since the recent addition of its acoustical ceiling tile.

There are 52 men in Parks House, 25 of which lived here last year. There are roughly twice as many juniors and freshmen as there are seniors and sophomores. The majority of the Grenadiers are from the tri-state area but they also come from as far away as the Philippines, Texas, Florida, and that relatively unknown place called Pennsylvania. All but a few of the 52 men partake of the happy water, and there are generally 15 cars on hand to supply those people with happy water.

(Continued on page 20)

## QUIET HOURS IN--

HALL SOCCER OUT!  
by Kurt Kaboth

It's me again; the moral up-raider of Parks House, coming to you in black and white, although I often see red. There is not much to harp about this issue, but give me time. By the end of the article I'll think of something.

Quiet hours in Parks House certainly have improved over the last couple of weeks. I have determined that it is now possible (this is not an unequivicable statement) to go to bed and actually get to sleep around midnight. And more incredible than that it is now possible to study in your room in the evening. Congratulations, Parks House!!

Wait, what's this I hear as I sit here quietly typing (quietly typing?). It sounds like... It is. A soccer game; right here in our hallowed halls. Fire up soccer team. But not here. It's beautiful outside, the sky is clear, and the temperature is right for strenuous outdoor sports.

The hall is just not the place to practice. Besides the fact that it is not a regulation field, there is the constant danger of something being broken. Smashed would be a better word. The house needs all the money we have for Little 5, not for broken fixtures and smashed glass.

So kick that ball down the hall and outside. O.K? O.K.

BOB  
RODENKIRK



## "IF YOU CAN'T SAY SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT A PERSON..."

We're gonna make this article short and sweet, 'cause we don't like material that gets long and hard.

You Ruter girls coming into Parks after 12 Midnight can ask for directions in 106. Ask for Greg.

Moving right along--  
I wish Tom Kelly would get on his Col-train and get back to Unionsville.

Did you hear about Butt and Fred? Fred sleeps on top and Butt's on the Bottom.

Don Lantz sure likes Baby Ruth. I guess his taste is really sweet.

Marc "Jim Wright" Buickel, from Huntingburg, who is not very much at the exchange parties and exchanging the bikes, misses his old roomie.

Lew Woodward, the most masculine guy on second floor, not much considering the personnel there, has been voted to many muscular magazines to serve as the "Before" model, with Big Al as the "After".

Nony and Mario can't get accustomed to the cafeteria food. What do they usually eat, anyway?

If this article don't make no sense, you're right.

If we may give a slanted view, who is that new kid you guys have down on first floor?

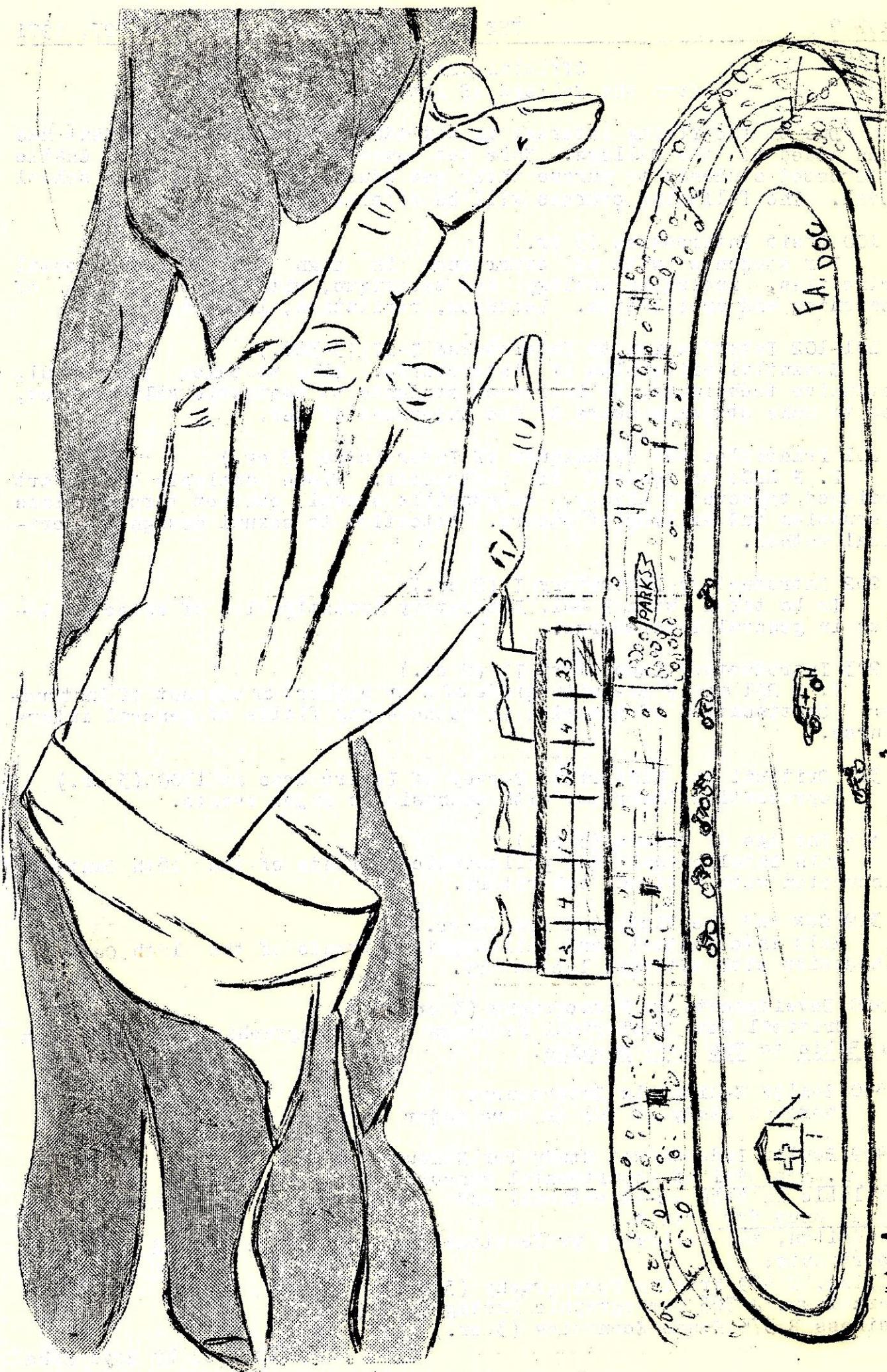
Pat Magroin, who is getting married this summer, is still planning to come back to Parks to be with the Sundance Kid and the others close to his Hart.

First floor is having their rendition of "the boys in the band." Dave the Rave will play lead guitarist, lead singer, and lead male, in a supporting role. The rest of the cast consists of second floor and Big Al, who will be on the organ. John Fisher will be on the flute.

I remember when we used to go through East Chicago when I was little. Mom always said, "Throw

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He's on our side ... we've got a good thing going



Official Announcement  
from the College of Arts and Sciences

Due to the rising interest in sex education, a new department has been added to the College. This yet unnamed department will enable interested students to pursue their sex education past the high school level. The following courses will be offered next semester:

**F 100 Basic Intercourse (3 cr.)**

For students with no experience in high school. Fundamental principles, including biology and technique, with illustrations of reasoning and application. Lectures, recitation, laboratory.

**F 101-102 Introduction to Intercourse I-II (3-3cr.)**

Essential principles of intercourse. Aims to teach thoughtful, intensive techniques, to introduce students to aesthetic value in sex, and to make students aware of the enjoyment of sex.

**\*F 201 Principles and Techniques of Intercourse (3 cr.)**

P. F 100; or consent of instructor. Close analysis of the art designed to develop lively, responsible sexual contact through class discussion and writing of papers. Attention to sexual design and critical method.

**\*F 202 Introductory Laboratory I (2 cr.)**

To be taken with F 201. Laboratory investigation of selected topics in general intercourse.

**\*F 203 Introductory Laboratory II (2 cr.)**

P. F 201 and F 202 with grade of C or higher; or consent of instructor. Continuation of practice in methods and fields of general intercourse.

**F 317 Critical and Historical Survey of Intercourse to 1700 (3 cr.)**

Representive theories, with emphasis on major events.

**F 318 The Age of DeSade (3 cr.)**

Main intellectual and philosophical trends of the 18th Century. Discussion with optional laboratory.

**F 319 Sex and the Victorian Age (3 cr.)**

Main intellectual and philosophical trends of the 19th Century. Discussion with optional laboratory.

**F 400 Developments in Pornography (3 cr.)**

Critical and Historical readings of pornographic materials from the Bible to The Love Machine.

**F 440 Senior Seminar in Intercourse**

Thorough study of one or more major areas in sex.

**F 499 Senior Independent Study for Honour Students**

P. Approval of departmental Honours committee.

**\*Available in both co-educational and segregated classes. May be repeated once for credit.**

In addition, the following professional course will be offered in other departments:

English, W 469 Writing Pornography (3 cr.)

Journalism, J 365 Pornographic Photography (3 cr.)

Business B 375 House Economics (3 cr.)

## MOTHER WANTS TO KNOW

(Last week, Tom Kelly wrote home telling (asking?) his parents that he plans to go to Florida over Spring break. Mother sent the following reply:)

Dear Tom,

Your Monday Committee Letter just arrived. A few questions: When is this proposed Florida trip? Where is Florida Southern? Where would you stop enroute for overnight? Who owns the car? What is the insurance? Who is going? How long do you plan to be gone? How long would you take to drive? Since when do sororities offer free meals to parasites? Beds, yes, but someone has to pay for the meals. What would you use for money?

(Love;  
Mother)

Have a nice trip, Tom. And don't forget to write!



COLBY AT HIS BEST!  
(Ruter-Parks Exchange)

## AN INTERVIEW WITH WILLIAM TELL HEEPSCH

by Little John

The following is an exclusive interview with William Tell Heepsch conducted by Little John.

Q. What do you think of war?

A. Peace is just a word; war is for real.

Q. What do you mean, real?

A. Real, 37 of the Motion Picture High School Madness.

Q. Being Willian Tell, you have had a lot of fights.

A. We love a good fight, just try us.

Q. What do you think of sex?

A. It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.

Q. Do you hate zits?

A. No! Zits have feelings and they need love too.

Q. What do you think of love?

A. Our love can be ice cream or fire water, as long as he is true and we are free.

Q. What do you think of America?

A. Love America, but do away with Christianity.

Q. What do you mean, do away with Christianity?

A. I mean get rid of Churches.

Q. That's going to be pretty hard, isn't it?

A. Oh, eventually. But we shall overcome because we are a positive individual.

Q. What are your views on peace, love, and freedom?

A. It's all in one bag.

Q. That would be a big bag, wouldn't it?

A. Yeh, for Hoosiers maybe, but I'm from Texas.

Q. Do you think you know everything there is to know?

A. I know everything 'cause I don't know anything.

Q. How's that?

A. It's your thing, do what you want to do.

Q. What do you think love is worth?

A. More than 2 pounds of hate and 3 tons, 6 ounces of fear.

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## FICTION

by Robert Palomo

On Saturday evening, March 13, many of the men of Parks House attended one of the largest social functions in the House this year. The occasion was a Booze Party thrown by the Parks House Political Machine. For those of you who are not familiar with the Machine, it is an organization whose ultimate goal, after gaining control of the Student Government of the Quad, is to one day control I.R.H.A. Mr. Patrick Magill is the Grand Sachem, Mr. Richard Gregory is the Asst. Grand Sachem. Any correspondence or complaints should be addressed to these gentlemen in rooms 211 and 212 respectively, and not to this office.

Anyway---I have had the honor of being appointed official bartender of the organization (I'm told I mix a decent sour and I'm available for your party any weekend at very reasonable rates) and I had the opportunity to observe many things at the party that no one else, except Big Al or Horn Magill, was in any shape to notice!

Like for instance there was Rodney Q. Farf, commonly and jokingly referred to as Boyd Hahn. Farf was pretty good most of the evening--Cathy saw to that. A little later on, he had his problems, as we shall see! Old Dick Gregory certainly had his problems, although the same could not be said of his "date", a certain Miss Branden. Jan, it seems, found most of the guys at the party exceedingly interesting. All the guys except Dick, that is. Poor old Gregory finally gave up and kept on ordering his gin tonics until he was past the point of all physical and emotional pain. Meanwhile, Chas. Titty, proprietor of Titty's Bar and Grill where the affair was held made the rounds to see that everyone was satisfied with the service.

Glenn Patterson had no such problems. After a few drinks, Mr. Patterson decided that the House Lounge was in a disgraceful state of disarray, and decided to enlist the help of Miss Branden in cleaning the place up. Judging from the amount of time it took them, I would say that they did a most thorough job. After rendering this service to the House, Governor Patterson returned to the Bar & Grill where House Sweetheart Pat Magnuson expressed the gratitude of the house for most of the rest of the evening.

When holding an event of this type, it is very important to make sure that an R.A. doesn't get wind of the plans. As it was, not a single "R.A." knew anything about the whole affair. One said so as he was leaving. Besides, he had a house to keep under control.

Rodney Q. Farf was sure glad that this guy didn't find out about anything because Rodney dearly loves scotch and a small bottle showed up just about the time that the R.A. didn't find out anything. We'd been telling Cathy just how ridiculous Farf is when he's oiled and now she knows. No demonstration necessary at the wedding.

No account of this party would be complete without mentioning our Philippine representatives Nony and Ray. Nony came, got smashed, departed, showed up again and got smashed. Ray, well, Ray met up with a girl who I believe was once a friend of Buickel's. (Many people make this claim.) She's now a friend of Ray's. Ray has been as horny as Magill this year, but he gets horny in an Oriental sort of way and it's not as noticeable. It only shows up in his maniacal attitudes about sex.

Then there is the small matter concerning M.R., Toastmaster of Titty's Bar and Grill. M.R., like Dick Gregory, is extremely fond of gin. M.R. proposed one toast the whole evening which was to the bartender. I appreciate that, M.R. There was a girl at the party who, after about a hundred strong drinks kept asking people if she was drunk and then insisted she wasn't. Well, to make a long story short,

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## THE SHADOW

My very good friends, you see that I am back again. However, I am not in the same style or tone that I have been in past issues. You see, I feel that my commentary on many people in this house has been a bit too pointed, and unfair in some cases. If this was at all the case with any individual, I am heartily sorry. From this day forward most of my comments will not harm any human being who bears a warm heart. (smile).

The Shadow does lurk in the minds of men, but recently to his disadvantage. The minds of men have been so filled with self that there is little room for even me. People do not seem to really care what happens to others. I use the term people very loosely, perhaps I should say the vast amount of Americans. This is what I see. Is it good or is it bad? This is a question that anyone of you who have read thus far in this article will have to answer.

The Shadow, also notices that the Ruter House girls have to be some of the most beautiful women of this campus. Man, those women almost made me become visible, so you know they must have some sort of power. I wish them all the luck in the world in their attempt to qualify for the Mini race.

One of the most astounding things that I have noticed this year is that the BFAFUM has a Bike team. This has not occurred in this house for about seven years. I must congratulate the team, and I hope very much that they will qualify for the big race. This is indeed a great effort to get the house totally involved in all-campus activities. All the way Ruter and Parks!

In the next article of the  
(Continued on page 20)

## BUTT' BULL

I want to invite all of the fine young girls of Ruter House to read this most wonderfully intelligent column...and may you be grossed out. The masculine men, except for Colby, should be able to handle my unique techniques of writing. However, the feminine women of Ruter, except for Ruthie O. the "hyper jock", should be sitting down while reading this piece of literature.

Well I have just had a major setback. Mr. Knerr, better known as the "wimpie nerd" has just informed me of a discussion that he and Mr. Don "Mac" Cox had...They feel that the nasty, obscene slams usually found in our writings should be left out. Now what am I going to do? If the subject matter is to be interesting it has to be gross, at least that is my opinion. It will undoubtedly take a miracle to find an interesting topic that isn't gross.

I had planned to write about Dave and his perverted actions--climbing in Don's window while Don and someone, what is her name, Don(?) were in bed; I reckon I can forget about the many things I have found out about Cox and Carmen; if I have to be nice I can't talk about the "rappers" that Wayne leaves laying around his room where God and everybody can see them; I could write about Big Al, the "cabbie" but everyone knows Al doesn't want to be used, that isn't interesting anyway; they will not let me mention how Fred and Elaine refused to let my little brother in the room for some unknown reason; there just isn't anything to write about!

What really upsets me is that I was going to mention some of the lovely beauties of Ruter House. But if I can't write about the men of Parks I refuse

(Continued on page 21)

"If Ex-Lax Won't Do It, This Will"  
by March's Leprechaun

Once upon a time in the great land of Parks lived two tiny elves, Grena and Diers. No one in the House knew of their existence. They enjoyed this anonymity, and usually were quite happy residing in Parks. But winter had gotten them down; they were a little bored with their everyday life; being nearly stepped on, kicked, or swept away by Lesta's mop. They were even tiring of their favorite pastimes—sneaking into briefcases, satchels, and instrument cases and going to classes; also pilfering buts or sips of whatever could be found in refrigerators. So the two of them decided it was time to take an adventure trip.

So they DONned their CUTest KELLY green and WHITE outfits and laced up their new BROWN shoes. While Grena fetched protection for the trip (a LANTZ and a boomerLAING, which their fellow elves in Wright Quad gladly LENTZed), Diers packed the provisons: SAMMONS, some BUICKELS and MARIO's OLIVERS, COLBY cheese, TUTACKOs, and some MILLER's High Life. So, leaving their TRUDEN and faithful watch DOGAN to guard their secret quarters, they skipped MERRILLY on their way. After AMBLERing about for a while, they came to a sharp cliff. Foolishly they LINND over to peek into the gorge. Alas, Diers became dizzy and slipped. Grena LUNDSFORDward to grab him, but, slack, both hurtled into the abyss.

When our friends regained consciousness, they found themselves in a picturesque GLENN with a narrow road winding through it. Moving about, they were relieved to find that they had sustained no serious injury--although they were sore from TOPPERS to BOTTOMS and a bit BRUCED. Nevertheless, they continued JONTZILY on their way.

In a short time the adventurous twosome arrived in a rustic village. Overjoyed to discover some evidence of life, they hurried into the nearest shop--a smithery--to ask some questions. Inside were four SMITHS who KURTly replied that Grena and Diers were now in the village of KEPHART in the ancient country of PALOMOTURZA which was ruled by King RAOUL USAFA I from his capitol city of RODENKIRK. The elves were aware that their reception wasn't too friendly, so they thanked the SMITHS for the information and abruptly left. Other villagers, when approached, shied away as if frightened. So once again the elves embarked on their journey. This time they walked until dark, where they laid down on a hillside and fell fast asleep.

They were awoken in the morning by the sound of bleating and bells. The two sleepy-heads, quickly running over the hillcrest, happened upon a herd of GOETZ and a cheerful old goatherder yelling "HOWDY." The goatherder, whose name was MALCOLM PETERSON, invited them to share his breakfast of CURTIS and whey and to explain why the mysterious hostility of the villagers.

"WIL, SONS, the rumors have it that on CHRISTMA(N)'s day, unknown foes of the king played four TRICKS on the palace guards. While the garrison was thus distracted, these enemies stole the king's treasure. Some say these men have hidden it in a cave somewhere near this area protected by a jelly like monster--some kind of an aquatic spider that breathes through MAGILLS--that has the power of, if wounded, regenerating any part of its body."

Grena and Diers were astounded by the goatherder's tale.

"If this monster is so horrible," inquired one, "then why doesn't it turn on the thieves?"

"It has been told that they have kidnapped children from various villages to feed it so the monster spared them. Therefore the people fear the robbers, and are wary of any strangers."

(Continued on page 21)



Dear Readers,

After three years of answering your letters, I have discerned a definite trend toward moral, mental, and physical breakdown among the residents of this infamous institution known as the Beaumont Parks Academy for Undergraduate Men. For this reason, along with numerous requests ("pressure" and "coercion" are really better terms) from the editor, I have compiled the following list of suggested "Do's" and "Don'ts" pertaining to emotional development in a college atmosphere. I hope you will find them helpful.

--MISS B.

- 1) If you invite three girls to the same party, DO make sure one of them likes you!
- 2) DON'T fall for one of the girls #1 brought to the party.
- 3) If you must fool around with a girl other than the one back home, DO make sure they have the same name.

BUT

- 4) DON'T be caught fooling around on the same night you call the girl back home.
- 5) DON'T buy a license until she misses a second month, but just in case, check out the flights to New York.
- 6) If you must wear a ring through your nose, don't combine it with a "Branded iron."
- 7) If you're alone in your room with your girl, DO make sure you don't act "strange," and DON'T be "Kurt" towards your roommate.
- 8) If you're rumored to be in-

MISS B., Cont.

fallible, DO make sure people don't find out about your mistakes, especially if they have a girl in their room who likes Aretha.

- 9) If your roommate puts a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door DO read it!
- 10) If you put a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door, DO make it readable, unless your girl plans on becoming an "engine."
- 11) DON'T let yourself be used as a cabby if you're 23 months pregnant.
- 12) If you take your girl with you, DO leave your yellow silk underwear behind in the "shadow" somewhere.
- 13) As a counselor, DO remember whose Sweetheart to "Pat."
- 14) DON'T try to attach a "Terry-tan" filter on to your regular Becky.

Dear Miss Barefax,

What does one do when he climbs into somebody's window only to find out that he is intruding?

signed,

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Dear H.D.,

Ask for requests, then pretend no one's there, unless it's Aretha.

signed,

MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

I recently received in a plain brown paper wrapper a free sample of Stayfree absorbent mini-pads. Since I don't have the particular problem that they were designed for, what should I do with them?

signed,

CABBIE

P.S. Who could have sent them?

Dear C.,

Wait a month or so; perhaps the need will "arrive." As to who sent them perhaps their Brown color will serve as a clue.

signed,

MISS B.

(Continued on page 15)

(Continued in Col. II)

March 27, 1971

## THIRD FLOOR FIDDLE-FADDLE

By Gary Hitch

I won't waste any time in telling you the news! Buickel has done something worthwhile! He... Just the other.... It's in the back of my mind... Ch, well! Maybe he didn't. (Right, Marc, I did it again.)

If you're lonely and need a friend, just call on Nony. Nony is everyone's friend--especially if you own a George Harrison album or have a good-looking girl.

His roomy Mario just goes around being foreign, borrowing typewriters and growing hair. He doesn't do much of use, but he fills space quite well.

Big "Have Meter, Will Travel" Al (alias "Cabby") has been unusually easy to live with lately, primarily because of his frequent absence. If it weren't for Al the Pancake House would go bankrupt, Ruth wouldn't have anyone to yell at, and 2nd floor wouldn't have anyone to take advantage of. Maybe 2nd floor pays him in some way--but no, he's in his 31st month of pregnancy, so I guess they don't.

Fish and Harry have been on their best behavior lately, even concerning their potty--mouths. But I won't say more, or it will start all over again.

George has been gracing us with the joys of the Rockumentary over and over (and over and over...). The Coasters, Drifters, Olympics, the Heave-ups, Dwarfs, Eunuchs, the Mindless, Voiceless, Mutants --you name it, George has taped it. Bruce becomes very moody when the subject of these mouldy oldies arises. It's either nostalgia or acute nausea.

Nurd has been--what can I say? --his usual self, and hence the name. Tacko too has followed his normal patterns: growing more pudgy and fuzzy, cuddly and loveable. One minor difference, however, is that for a Lenten penance Tacko has sacrificed giving Paul and I rides to church. Dominus ipso facto habeas corpus veni vidi vici et cetera.

(Continued in Col. II)

MISS BAREFAX, cont.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Why is George Kriegbaum afraid of birds?

signed,  
PARAKEET LOVER

Dear P.L.,

Don't get "flippant" with me!  
(Maybe he's just chicken.)signed,  
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Since Butt got his hair cut it has been almost impossible to look at him. Not only is he funny to look at but the reflection of the sun is blinding! What can we do to remedy the situation?

signed,  
NEED SHADE

Dear N.S.,

Tell him to put his pants on!

signed,  
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

What's the difference between a "cabbie" and a booze run?

signed,  
NEED A RIDE

Dear N.A.R.,

One is used.

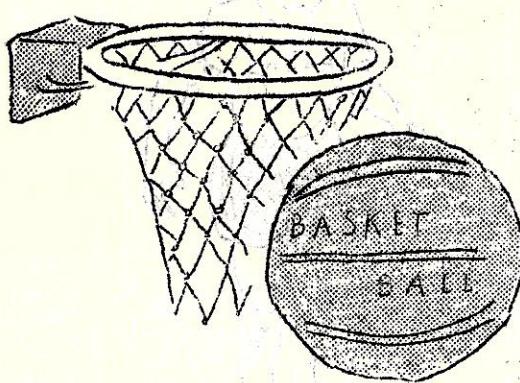
signed,  
MISS B.

## FIDDLE-FADDLE, Cont.

Ferd the Finger (alias Nino the Nummy) has been trifling with the temper of Raoul by ear-goring Raoul's disciple Usaifa the Warped. Raoul and Usaifa (with Xerxes on the drums) will stuff you, Ferd, into a rug pocket or a radiator pocket while chanting the omni-present "Barbecue me!"

This article has become digressively surreal. If you don't understand all of it, fear not--no one does. Just take comfort in the word of John Peterson: "Hi."

Now for a few serious words about Butt: it is noteworthy that



## THE SPORTS

by Dave "The Rave"

Hello sports fans and sports air-conditioners. Here starts another episode in the true to life story of the Parks Place Athletic Teams.

Well, our fearless round-ball team led to the slaughter by Indianapolis Harry, game after game, ended the season with a 2-3 record. We beat Hummer and Harnay and got nicked by Dunn, Harding, and the Dodds House Ding Dongs.

I'm supposed to write a lot by the request of our Pope about the Dunn House game because he took a lot of spotted pictures of that game. So here goes.

The game was nip and tuck for 4 quarters. The Grenadiers dominated action in the pre-game warm-ups, but from then on it was down-hill. Our honorary Grenadier, Mark "Rice" Patty played one hell of a game, except for the fact that he was playing without Suzy's support. But even though he was the big gun--he shot all the time, but he never hit the target. Oh well, Mark, you'll just have to go back to the Pike H.S. playground to practice up some more.

Colonel Johnson highlighted the night with his vulgar antagonistic "potty mouth" remarks directed toward the referee. I would like to suggest that John Fisher go back to Kewanna

(Continued in Col. II)

## SPORTS, Cont.

'cause he didn't do "Jack Duchy". Your's truely looked stupendous throughout the night and half way through the morning.

I'd also like to mention Steve "Little Red" Smith and Norman "Abnorm" Chastain who didn't play (basketball) but you should have seen them in the post-game shower party. Those unable to attend the shower party were "Big Red, Knerr, Colby, Duane" who wouldn't make it 'cause they had their own orgy.

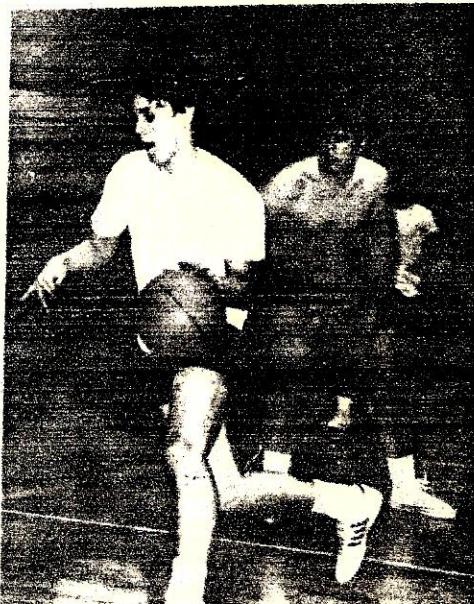
"Pennsylvania Pete" Knerr gave his ardent support, but it didn't fit so we had to go out and buy five of them.

Now to volleyball. Rah, Rah, Rah! That's the spirit.

Parks-Ruter I lost a heart-breaker to Dodds-Harper, 30-15; we can't play volleyball but the girls sure had good "form" 'cause I know Colby, Tom Kelly, and Don Lantz didn't. I guess Parks was not represented by the Cream of the Crop.

Parks-Ruter II played two fantastic forfeits on the same night of the Parks-Ruter I game. I guess Parks has only 3 men who

(Continued on page 17)



"INDIANAPOLIS HARRY"

PARKS PROMISING IN SOCCER  
by Kurt Kaboth

With a very experienced front line, and a strong defense, the Parks House soccer team will move onto the field to face the Shea I Animals in a 5:20 kickoff at the Rugby Field.

Parks is fortunate, having one man letter at Muskingum, and having several other players come from high school careers. In addition, the rookies seem to have picked up the techniques exceedingly well and are looking forward to the first game.

In an exclusive interview with Bill Laing, organizer-coach-player, he commented on the experience of the team. He also noted that a strong defense would be one of their keys to success. He was eager to play the Greeks, but complained that as the schedule is set up the team will have to wait until the championship game. Laing thought it unfair that Greeks play Greeks and Independents play Independents exclusively. More inter-group competition is needed, he commented.

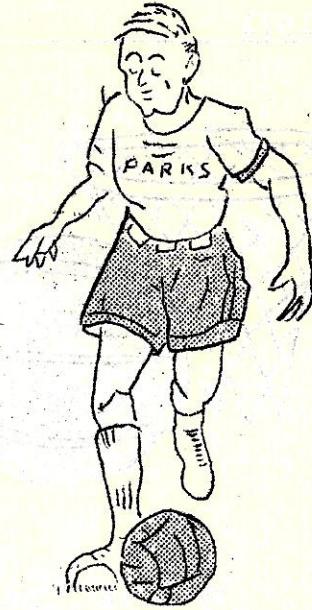
Team members and positions:

Bill Laing	HB **
Ray Ang	RW +
Nomy Cu	F +
Steve Curtis	C *
Dick Gregory	FB **
Bill Gorman	LW +
John Hart	F
Rick Johnson	FB ++
Tom Kelly	HB **
Pat Magill	G
Greg Sammons	FB ++
Fred Smith	G
Fred Truden	HB

\* - College letter. \*\* - High School letter. + - Played in Phillipines. ++ - Promising rookie.

The schedule for the year is as follows. All games at the Rugby field.

April 21	5:20	Shea I
May 12	5:20	Shea or Dodds
May 19	6:20	
May 20	5:20	
May 25	4:20	Championship



BASKETBALL, Cont.  
want to play volleyball.

Oh well, what else can I write about? Not much I guess. Be good and be careful, and be generous with yourselves 'cause Jesus will save all you sinners up there on the second floor.

Oh, P.S.: If you want to see a good comedy show go to the Old Stadium Saturday and watch the bike team try to exchange. Larry Bottoms will be the catcher, 'cause Johnny Bench couldn't make it. (Frank B., Don "Blue Eyes", Marc Buickel, and Harry will be the co-stars of the show, the I.U. Foundation will be the producer, and Lou Watson will be the director--God help us.)

So long from Parks 112, Ph. 7-4045, available daily and twice on Sundays.



THE PARKS HOUSE BOOSTER BLOCK  
CHEERS THE TEAM ON TO DEFEAT

## FICTION, cont.

M.R. and this girl found themselves secluded off in a corner. Magill found them in the same exact corner at 4 a.m. Had Magill not wanted to turn in, they'd probably still be there. I used to know what this girl's name was, but I've forgotten. M.R. never knew her name to begin with and probably still doesn't. If he knew, he probably has forgotten also. M.R. made a statement that will be recorded forever in the annals of Parks House. When his girl (after about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours) complained of sore lips, Gorman replied, "Let me kiss it and make it better!"

Fairly early in the evening, Reichsführer Woodward and his roommate Oberkommander Kaboth showed up, accompanied by a Pam and a Terry (in that order.) Herr Woodward had a Heinekins or two and promptly became occupied by a certain Frauline Woodley. If the Third Reich had fallen as quickly as Lew went down, WWII might have been averted. Herr Kaboth was quite another kettle of Hassenfeffer. Apparently he is of Russian descent because nobody but a Russian can guzzle vodka the way Kurt can and live. Herr Kaboth, inside of twenty-five minutes had downed the better part of a 5th of cherry vodka and was soundly sleeping in his room where Terry graciously placed him.

Old "Muncie" Smith and Sandy Yeager are both fond of screwdrivers. They held a lengthy discussion as to the advantages and attributes of vodka and orange juice as compared to other beverages in Smith's room. We still haven't heard exactly what conclusion they arrived at.

Several old friends of Parks House attended. Former Governor Bleicher and his Mom showed up and John finished the remainder of the Reichsführer's Heinekins, which the latter was to indisposed to do. Comrade Aughenbaugh made his appearance as did several Soul Brothers whose origin we still know not. Right on!

Many people who read this will probably seriously consider suing me for slander and libel and defamation of (cough) character. However, this story is true and most of the people who will consider a lawsuit were in no shape to remember what happened anyway. Besides, Magill and Big Al were also sober and might support my story if I can pay them enough. It is hoped by many that this event will become an annual one.



MARC BUICKEL

Good  
Luck,  
Team

GOVERNOR, Cont.

stration in the future should have things on their way to livable soon.

--The Presidents' Council condemned the Board of Trustees for taking away the 50¢ activities fee.

--Foster Quad J-Board refused as of the 21st of February to do anything but dismiss those cases where an individual was written up for rules which did not violate anyone else's rights (stamp out victimless crimes!!!) There has been some heavy backlash from the Administration.

--Vice-Governor Pat Magill's campus wide meal survey is creeping its way towards the computer, and results should be with us in a few weeks.

--As a result of Foster's J-Board statement about victimless write-ups, the Presidents' Council passed a resolution for the presidents to begin in cooperation with the J-Boards and Dean of Students to develop a new rules system and philosophy. (It's about time.)

--Very importantly, Tom Ross, the student body attorney, will help the students in any hassle they might have. His phone number is 7-7867 and his address is 502 E. Fourth St.--the Law School Annex. (You have the Parker-King administration to thank.)

As far as the "State of the Parks House Plan" is concerned, we have become famous. A number of units from Foster Quad heard about the "plan" and are well on their way to establishing a similar set up over there. Let's make it keep working, men. We all like being part of the most progressive unit on campus.

And lastly, good luck to all the beautiful people in Ruter--and the semi-jocks of Parks--in the upcoming, "Biggest College Weekend". (Ride on!!!)

HOWDY BRUCE, GEORGE, MARC, Cont. Al would have wanted the truth out.

It's really been dry down here.  
(Continued in Col. II)

HOWDY BRUCE, GEORGE, MARC, Cont. I haven't had a drop of booze in two months. Back home I could usually figure on a wedding dance or celebration to get a free drink. The strongest thing Grandpa has on hand is Dr. Pepper. Things are going to change next month though. I reach the coveted 21. Have you guys joined the Apple Corps. A great little wine for 99¢. It is as all-American as Mom's Apple Pie. I told you I flew down didn't I? Was that a terrifying experience. It is a sin against one of God's most natural laws. First on the takeoff, I swore it looked like the wings were flapping and when it took off I thought it was going to stand on its end. Then when you get to cruising altitude they cut down the engines and I about had a heart attack. I thought all the engines had conked out. I sat right above the wing where the emergency escape is. I wanted to be the first one out when we crashed. I didn't eat because I was afraid I'd puke. That's what I did the first time I flew. So what happens, the guy behind me barfs breakfast, lunch, and dinner all over everything. The morale of the troops was rapidly declining. I did have a very comforting book to read: Been Down So Long, Looks Like Up To Me. Barf. Threw that in for laughs. It was a good thing it was dark when the plane landed or I never would have made it. Never again will I take to the air on the wings of a demon. Life is short enough anyway.

I'm glad to hear Sweet Alice is as lovely as ever. I was beginning to think I might never see her again and die of a broken heart. Now, if I hurry north before classes end I might be able to feast in a vision of her beauty once more. Teardrops on my pillow.

Well my pen hand grows weary and I must take leave. I hope to see you all by the end of May at least. Take care.

Fat Williams

SAY SOMETHING NICE, Cont.  
the garbage out the window!"

Q. What do you think about the Hall House sweatheart and his girl from Hall?

A. I think Mutt and Jeff should stay in the comics.

Steve Smith is in hibernation. The more his girl comes up, the Les you see of him.

Curly, the Columbian Colossal, has been keeping to himself, to the dismay of all the rest of the happy boys.

Kernel Johnson, only member of Parks in favor of the draft, is getting married this summer. Then he'll have two institutions to tell him what to do--his wife and the U.S. Army.

It sure has been quiet lately since we lost a couple of our frequent lady visitors. Well, now we have peace and quiet together. That's How-ee the Ship sails.

Greg Sammons, who has been going upstream all year long, is finally on his downward descent.

Hall House, who disappointedly did not get Parks to be in with them, is really practicing hard for the Mini. Practice makes perfect, but that remains to be seen.

Reliable sources (F.T.) say that Bill is a nice guy to visit but you wouldn't want to live with him.

Ray "how many times?" Ang is returning to the Philippines over spring vacation for purely personal reasons. He's going to get rid of his frustrations.

Have you seen the fantastic one man show called Wayne Hart? Just ask Dolly and some of the other chicks for details.

Mario Marcos, one of our bravest Grenadiers, says that Sammy Terry doesn't even scare him.

News has it that Colby Knerr is writing a new book entitled, Everything You Never Wanted To Know About Sex. The chapters are--Chapter 1: "How to Fail in

POTTOURRI, Cont.

For those horoscope - minded girls, there is not a predominance of any particular zodiac sign in the house, but there is a noticeable lack of Aquarius and Gemini. Further information can be gained at the Parks House Information Booth which is located in the Old Stadium and which is open from 4:00-6:00p.m. daily.

See you at quals!

SHADOW, Cont.

Scribe the Shadow will be no more, and you can expect something spectacular, something by which you will never forget me. My death will not be "gasps and blood and falling about... It will just be failing to reappear, that's all. (R&G p 84). Well that's not quite all, but you'll see. Well, my spirit grows weary, I fear that sleep is starting to laden my eyelids. Even Shadows sleep, you know. But first, I sincerely hope that dear Barb from Hall House recovers very soon from her serious illness. The Shadow prays universal prayers, and will pray for her. You pray for her, too, please. (By order of the Pope, the Rabbi, the Minister, and the People.)

SAY SOMETHING NICE, Cont.

Sex Without Really Trying" Chapter 2: "How to be the Number One Sex Symbol of Parks When There Are No Other Entrants" Chapter 3: "The Do's and Don'ts of Transsexual Relations", Chapter 4: "Homosexuality and Its Effects" and Chapter 5: "How to Win by a Nose".

We hear that Pam looks good with her clothes on, but you ought to see her Baird.

In conclusion, all of you remember to support the bike team. They need all the moral and physical support they can get because they need something to hold them up in the end.

(Continued in Col. II)

## EX-LAX, Cont.

"Yeh, how GOODY," said Diers. "It sounds pretty FAIRLY to me, too," commented Grena.

Consequently, the elves decided to attempt to recover the king's treasure. They asked Malcolm to come along as a guide.

In the afternoon of their second day of searching, the three came upon a lucky find. They spotted a cave that Malcolm had never seen before, a cave with a strange mist rising from it.

"by GEORGE, that doesn't look NORMAL," remarked the goatherder.

"SIMS kinda FISHY to me, too," responded Grena.

"Yeah, there has got to be a HITCH somewhere," said Diers as they neared the cave.

Just inside the cavern the trio came to a halt. A huge, thick WEBB was woven from the floor to the ceiling and, behind it, the gigantic terrifying monster spider!!! And the king's treasure chest rested on a rock right beside him!

The crew reacted instantly. Grena swung his bommer LAING into the air a GOODWIND blew, and the WEBB was ripped apart. Then Diers took the LANTZ into his HAHND and let it fly. It pierced the spiders single eye. Then all three headed for the treasure.

"Hurry," Malcolm shouted, "before his EIGELS BACH!"

Once outside, the rescuers ran into an unexpected site—Mr. PETERSON's GOETZ attacking the four SMITHS. It didn't take long to figure out the missing ANGLO. The four SMITHS were the kings enemies!

At the palace Grena, Diers, and their goatherd friend MALCOLM PETERSON were given a hero's welcome. After a monumental feast, King USAFA I asked the three what they wished as a reward. MALCOLM thought a moment, then requested that a large sum of money be given to the families whose children had been taken for the monster.

Grena and Diers explained that  
(Continued in Col. II)

## EX-LAX, Cont.

although they liked PALOMOTURZA, they were WAYNE of HART for home; they wished for the court magician to say the magic words to send them back to Parks.

So take heed all residents of Parks' House. Somewhere—under a bed, in an old tennis shoe, a desk drawer, or a popcorn popper—rest two tired but heroic and happy elves from a perilous adventure. Step lightly, they may be in your room!

## DUTT'S BULL, Cont.

to mention the funny mark on Charlene's neck supposedly put there by a rock thrown from a car, or Linda's madness for "scr"—she tried to attack me—or how Sandy Yeager is a bigger "lush" than her brother...I absolutely refuse to say anything about them.

Seeing as how I have nothing to write about I'll close. I'll see what I can do about lowering the writing standards before the next Scribe is published—I just can't stand to be nice.



## WILLIAM TELL, Cont.

Q. What do you think of contemporary America?

A. It's in the past.

Q. What do you think holds in store for America in the future.

A. The bear (U.S.S.R.) will beat the eagle (U.S.A.) then the dragon (Red China) will beat the bear.

Q. What are the odds on that?

A. 3:1, the dragon.

Q. What do you think of homosexuality?

A. I think a lot about it.

Q. Do you personally know any homos?

A. Besides my parents?

Q. Yes, of course!

A. Just the guy next door and the second floor of Parks House.

Q. Well, let's get off this enjoyable or interesting subject.

A. Yes, let's.

Q. What do you think about Little 5?

A. I think sooner or later it will get bigger.

Q. What is your girl friend's name?

A. Sally Love.

Q. What is her ideology?

A. She says if it feels good or bad, do it.

Q. What do you think of the draft?

A. It's awfully cold. Close the window.

Q. What are your other thoughts about war?

A. I used to play it when I was a kid, now I play Euchre.

Q. What do you think of sociological Norm's?

A. It's bigger than the Little 5.

Q. What about Big Red?

A. That remains to be seen.

Q. What do you think of Knorr, Duane Colby?

A. Don't forget your magnifying glass.

Q. What do you think the future holds in store for the I.U. Basketball team?

A. Let's go back to Norm's.

Q. I'll drink to that. In conclusion, do you have any fin-

(Continued in Col. II)

## DEAR DAVE ET AL, Cont.

letter last month! I just found it in a pile of papers on my desk. My critic teacher said I was doing a good job--especially like my use of the chalkboard. He didn't realize I do that out of nervousness! In that way I have an excuse for rolling a piece of chalk in my hands. There's not much else to do when you're used to lighting a cigarette when nervous. I also chew gum a lot. It's not so much the kids that make me nervous, but trying to maintain a learning situation without getting lost.

Yesterday I gave 3 of my classes a take-home quiz, in hopes they will be able to do better than they did on the last one---most of them failed (below 50%). I have 3 regular American history classes, one slow class, and a study hall!

I just finished a unit on totalitarianism and in the course of our discussion on Communism, Vietnam came up. I made a big booboo by admitting I was against the war. I couldn't really deny it. The principle asked me this morning what was going on, because a couple parents called to find out who the commie was! So I really gave the kids a lot of shit this afternoon about jumping to conclusions, name calling, etc. I'm not really in trouble, as I just said I didn't know what the parents were talking about.

Well, there's a lot more I could write but I have a mountain of tests and homework to grade. I wonder if it's worth it? I hope this finds you all well. This is my 4th week, so I'm half through. I may be able to get down one weekend soon.

See you,  
Bill McConnehey

## WILLIAM TELL, Cont.

al words of wisdom for the youth of America?

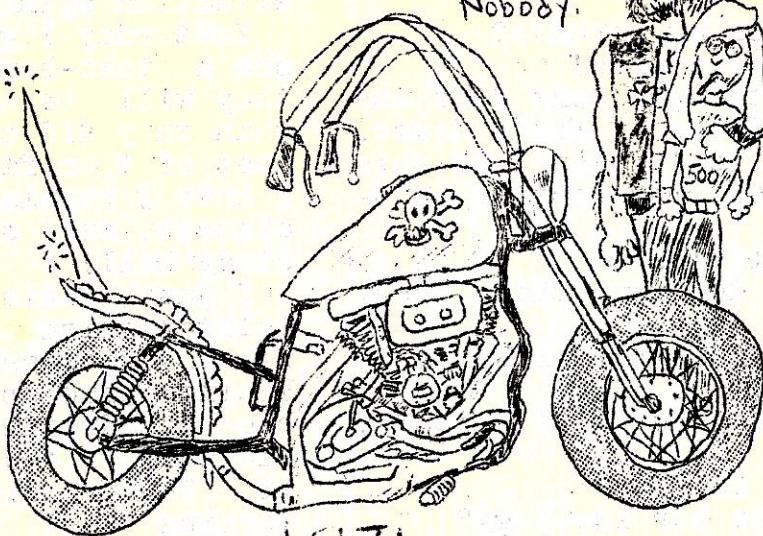
A. Wake up sunshine, open up your sleepy eyes for me. -- By order of the golden domed super speed fuel cell. Homos of the world, unite!

Staff "artist" Bob Palomo  
& SCRIBE Bureaucrats extend  
BEST WISHES for

# RUTER

Victory...

Little  
500



Nobody!  
Mini  
500  
Victory

1971

# PARKS

Do it!

BC



PARKS  
Bloomington, IND.