

THE
PARKS
HOUSE

SCRIBE

WRIGHT QUADRANGLE, INDIANA UNIVERSITY.



Volume XII

February 11, 1971

Number 4

Scribe Masters

BUREAUCRAT



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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First	Mark Miller
Second.	Dick Gregory
Third	Fred Ambler
COUNSELOR	Merrill Douglas



Editor's Ecstasy

On February 11, 1960 the men of Parks House began a newspaper which was to provide information and entertainment for the residence of Parks House. Today the men of Parks House continue to combine their imagination and their talents and publish what they proudly call the Parks House

Scribe. It is the symbol of their house unity. Today is its eleventh anniversary.

The idea of the "Dutch Masters" picture was entirely that of Assistant Bureaucrat Gary Hitch--I had nothing to do with it. Unfortunately, I can't say we used refrigerator crates or 1000 staples. Nor can I sit here and thank the Ladoga Music Boosters for their kind cooperation. The only thing I can tell you is that it took 3 rolls of tri-x and half a box of poly-contrast rapid with a number 4 filter.

Grenadiers, before you throw away your old tests from 1st semester, remember, we have a test file in the plush and lavishly furnished Dr. Thomas F. Barton Lounge. Add them to the file and you just may help some fellow grenadier through college. Both Mickey and Big Al used the test file extensively last semester.

It is the duty of every Parks House Grenadier to vote in the election for governor which will be held today. The polls are located in the house lounge and will be open from 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. The votes will be counted at 10 o'clock by the House Council and the results announced immediately afterward. Neither the Scribe nor the Vatican endorses either of the candidates so you may vote according to your own preference.

I must apologize for not having a Miss Parks House Scribe. I wrote three letters to Miss Goldie Hawn. In return I received three receipts--but no picture. More will be said later.

February 11, 1971

THE CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR

Glenn Patterson

I guess the question is unavoidable (most likely surfaces during every man's attempt to democratically gain public office), so here, Men of Parks House, is why I believe I am qualified to serve effectively as your Governor.

I have experience in student government. I (as Mr. Buickel can testify) served as chairman of the renown Parks House J-Board, and then moved on to a position on the center J-Board--a position which I hold at this time. On numerous occasions my stay in Parks House I sat for Governor Bottoms on the Board of Governors as a representative of Parks House and many more times I sat for Mr. Magill on the Board of Vice Governors. At least it has educated me to the extent that I would not be completely lost in the maze of bureaucracy that inevitably worms its way into student government.

What will I do for Parks House? I'm a "Parks House Plan" man all the way. I'd like to institutionalize the plan--or at least give it a go. As far as Maxwell Hall is concerned, we are still in an experimental stage. I think that the Men of Parks

(continued in col.II)

Rick Johnson

Once again the students of Parks House must go to the polls to choose another man as governor. The men of Parks House should realize that there is a need for a man who can and will stand up for the ideas that Parks House represents. They must vote for a man who can express their feelings to the other governors, the R.A.'s, and school officials. He must be able to stand up for Parks House, no matter what he is up against.

I have no 4.0 grade average. I have no experience in student government at I.U. I'm only a 2nd semester freshman who has the desire and the ability to stand up for the ideas of the men of Parks House. I can only promise that Parks House will not be worked over by this university.

Patterson, Cont.

House have proven that the plan works. I would like to get it out of the experimental stage and down on paper "legal like" as a workable form of house government, so that we can operate more effectively and so that other houses in the Quad. can follow our course. I can only promise that I'll give it a hell of a try.

General House Elections in March!

Do you have a responsibility to your house to run for a house office? Consider it!

EDITORIAL

by David Tutacko

Two years ago Parks House had no Little 500 team, no Regatta team, no Colby Knerr as Social Chairman, and no David Tutacko as editor of the Scribe. (Social activities and publications account for over 40% of the house budget.)

Today things are different. Parks House will be well represented in Little 5^o activities. The Scribe now averages over 20 pages an issue. Our equipment includes 3 colors of mimeo ink, 3 lettering guides, and more than 9 different styles of lettering. To print six issues entails the use of over 40 reams of paper, 6 quires of stencils, and more than 1100 mastheads. Supplies won't get any cheaper and in a house which prides itself on not paying its social fees we cannot afford to spend money needlessly.

This brings me to the Miss Parks House Scribe tradition. In my opinion it is not worth the time nor the money to have a photograph of a celebrity printed and distributed to the quad every year. The house gains nothing--the Scribe gains nothing. It may sound like I'm trying to justify my failure to get an autographed picture but the fact remains that it is becoming much more difficult to stay within the budget.

A Parks House qualifying bike team is much more deserving of an offset page. The Miss Parks House Scribe tradition is officially terminated.

IS IT REALLY ALL OVER?

by Larry Bottoms

As hard as it may seem, the first semester is over, or is it? Yes, classes of the first semester are over, and the grades have been posted, but I contend that it isn't really over.

For some, the first semester was good and for some it was not so good. But, have you stopped to think just what you have accomplished? What you have learned?

Stop and think a minute, just what have you accomplished? Some have succeeded in student government, some have succeeded in being the world's greatest drinker, some have succeeded in being the most outstanding boresser of the house, some have succeeded in making Parks a great place to live, while others have made it the worst possible for their fellow residents. Let us be truthful with ourselves, what have we as individuals accomplished? Were our accomplishments good or bad?

We have all been here for the first semester. We have been going to school for many years hoping to obtain an education.

But what have we learned? It is a great feeling to receive good grades, but are grades everything? So one has memorized a text and was able to retain it long enough to receive a good mark. On the other hand, we have those who received average or above average grades who have truly learned something and who will retain that knowledge for a long time to come. "Book learning" is great, but it isn't everything. What have you learned.

(Continued on page 17)



ANN MILLER

The Scriber Staff:



ASSISTANT EDITORS



ASSISTANTS



EDITOR



STAFF



MANAGER



ARTISTS



SPORTS



counselor's comments

By Merrill Douglass

The editor of this paper is relentless in his pursuit of articles. Somehow he can't appreciate the fact that I hate to write. Even my mother knows that.

Believe it or not, the year is half over. Only seventeen more weeks to go. As near as I can tell that is about 340 more weeks of "wonderful leisure". I sure wish Ma Deckard could cook.

The past semester has had both high points and low points. On the whole I am satisfied with you men of Parks House. I am looking forward to a good spring semester with you.

To those of you who may not have done as well as you hoped with your grades--I will do all I can to help you next semester. Let me know if you want help. Don't wait until June 1.

Finally, I would like to welcome the new men in Parks House. You are now living in the best house on campus. I hope your stay is a pleasant one.



HELP!

by Wayne Hart

Now that it is already second semester and as we recover from vacations and get ready to start in and make up for first semester mistakes I would like to mention another part of second semester, this is the part you heard about before you came, the part you've heard about while you've been here, and the part you should enjoy. Little 500 activities are second semester. I.U. revolves around Little 5 and if we want to swing with I.U. we'll have to swing with Little 500. Little 5 has things we all enjoy--girls, bike competition, girls, water fun, girls, rock concerts, girls, and just general good times (at least 1st and 3rd floors enjoy girls).

Parks House has a tradition of enjoying Little 5 times, and I see no reason for this year to be any different. Therefore, Colby and I are working hard to try to help you enjoy it. We want to help you meet as many girls as possible. Parks House will sponsor a girls house or floor in the MINI 5, and we will work together in other Little 5 activities. We want to choose a girl's group that will be lots of fun. Colby and I are going to try to arrange for us to meet and have a coke or popcorn party or whatever with as many groups as possible. We ask for your help! If you know of a group or any floor you would like Parks to meet with, just give us a call, and we'll do our best to arrange something. After we get things arranged, we still need your help. Go meet the girls. We need many opinions, and yours is included. We are shopping in a sense; let's get a good buy. The girls are shopping too, so let's give them the best Parks has to offer. The more you participate, the more you'll enjoy. We're planning the fun for you.

*2nd FLOOR TOPS IN GRADES
by Kurt Kaboth

The Second Floor of Parks House has taken the academic honors again for the sixth straight semester by having the highest G.P.A. and the most men make a B average or better. Eleven men from second made it. First Floor ran a very close second only .06 of a point behind Second and placing eight Grenadiers on the list. Third floor trailed their usual third by placing seven on the list.

M. Don Cox	4.00
Glenn Patterson	4.00

Dave Sims	3.79
Rich Reed	3.75
Greg Turza	3.73
Paul Schneider	3.63
Art Topper	3.56
Pat Magill	3.53
Larry Bottoms	3.50
Gary Hitch	3.47
John Fisher	3.33
Joe Brown	3.31
Bob Linn	3.21
Rick Harvey	3.18
Kurt Kaboth	3.18
Dave Howd	3.14
John Kephart	3.14
Bob Palomo	3.13
Ray Ang	3.12
Dick Gregory	3.10
John Hart	3.10
Steve Goodwin	3.00
Don Lantz	3.00
Larry Luntsford	3.00
Jeff Webb	3.00

1st Floor Average	2.76
2nd Floor Average	2.82
3rd Floor Average	2.49

Parks House Average 2.69

Special notice should be given to Mr. Cox and Mr. Patterson, the two who made 4.00's. Like maybe a shower or something.

It should also be noted that although Parks House lists everyone above a 3.00, the Dean's List is 3.3 or above.

* Editors note: who cares?

"IF I COULD BUILD THE WORLD ANEW"
by Don Cox

If I Could Build the World Anew,
What Would it Be?

Different?

The Same?

Not at All?

It would have to be, but why?

Would there be conflict?

Would there be peace?

Or can conflict and peace co-exist?

If I Could Build the World Anew—
It would be different—

Thats true!

Conflict and Peace would coexist.
But war would be no more.

People would respect and protect
each other's rights,

And love would forever win out.

Different, yes, different this
world would be from the one we
live in today.

No war—no hatred—no bigotry or
strife—

Just plain honest conflict which
eases the monotony of love,—
what's that?

I guess that's why I will never
be allowed to build the world
anew.

It would remain the same—

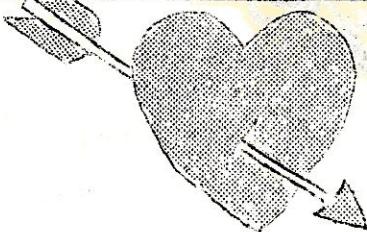
As it was yesterday, and is to-
day.

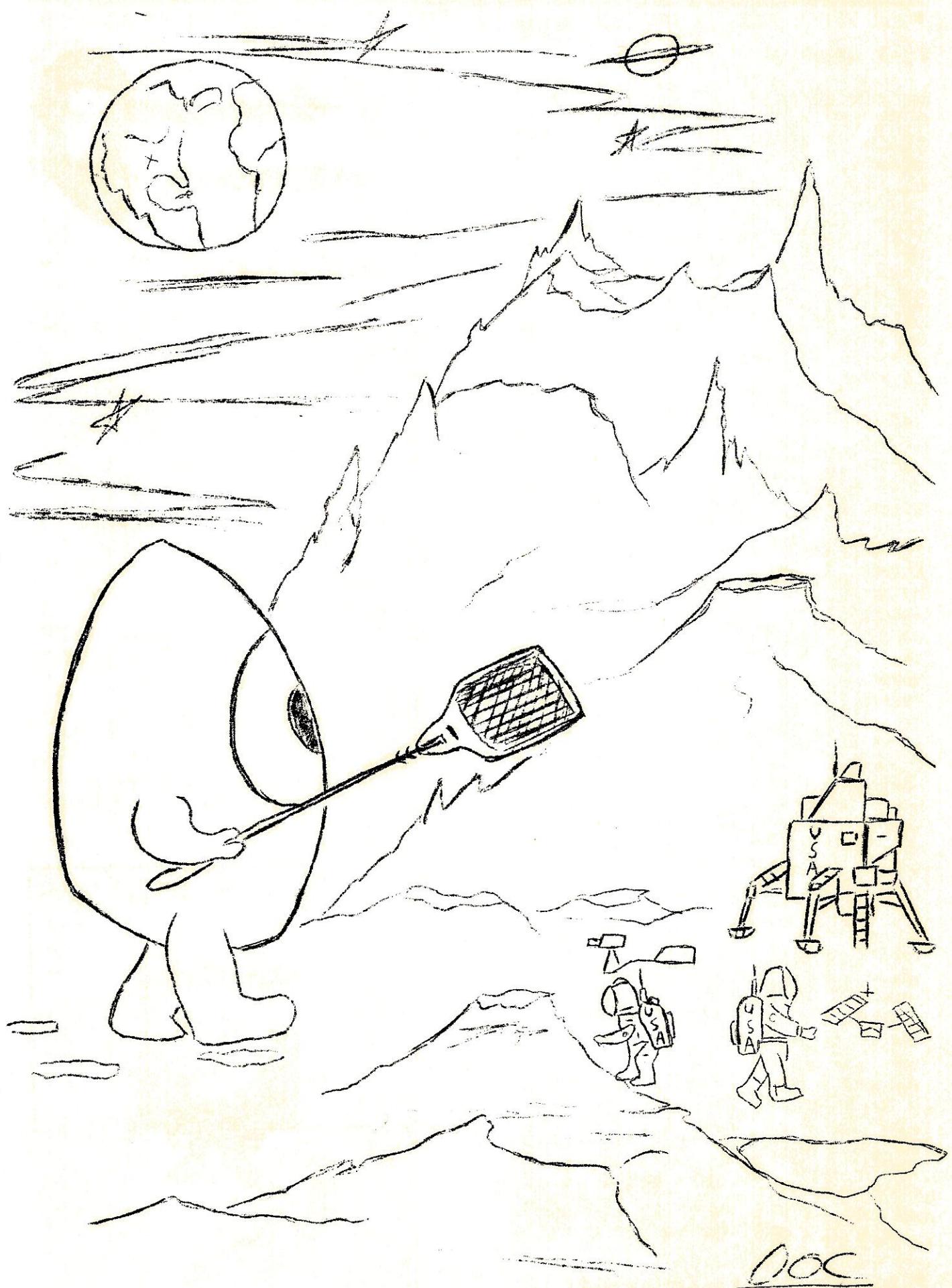
A pity?

The staff of the Scribe owes
a big "thank you" to Miss Pam
Baird who graciously volunteered
her services and good offices to
make the burden of quad-wide pub-
lication a little lighter.

I would also like to thank Miss
Pat Magnuson for "persuading" me
to put myself through this misery
one more time. Pat, I'm glad
you did.

Thank you PR and PR!





FROM THE PRESIDENT

by McClellon Don Cox

There are many roads to the same goal. This statement rings very true in Wright Quad, and can be plainly seen almost everyway you turn. It is just to say that since the people in the quad are different it is only natural that they take different routes to obtaining their "education". The trouble with this is that in a dormitory twenty-one years old with paper-thin walls some routes to the same goal are more suitable than others. These routes have caused immense strife during the first semester. It is only now that we are beginning to come to grips with the problems. Please remain patient and tolerant, and open minded if we have to alter your routes in someway.



The Wright Quad Constitution was passed 151 yes to 39 no. The main attribute is that it gives more rights as far as the J-Board procedures are concerned. In its attempt to place a check and balance on each level of the government the constitution is not too successful, but it is basically a good document, and I am happy to see it passed.

During this semester a steering committee of the Board of Governors and Vice Governors will be taking action, tenant action against the halls of residence for the deplorable conditions under which we live-faulty plumbing, plaster peeling, cock roaches, rats, insufficient heating, horrible food, and insecure room doors. These will be the things that this committee will work with, since it seems that not many other groups (i.e., administrators) seem sincerely interested. There is a ray of light, though, in that housing has set

(Continued in Col. II.)

Hi Guys!

Well here it is! My great penmanship has hit the Scribe again. It has only taken me a semester to learn the names of the guys of Parks House. That is really quite good for me.

Well, guys, this Sunday is Valentines Day. I expect everyone of you to send a valentine to the girl of your choice. Of course if you haven't got a girl you can send one to me. (My box number is 385.) I will be thinking of you because all of you will be my valentine!

Do you remember the days of grade school when you were forced to send a valentine to everyone in your class? I do! What a pain! It didn't matter whether you liked them or not. You even gave them to those gunky girls. In my case it was those gunky guys! Well, those days are gone. Either you find some girl to send them to or you send them to me. What a choice! Well, good luck and Happy Valentines Day!

Your Sweetheart,
Pat

PRESIDENT, Cont.

out bids for new door locks and stronger vents for the doors.

This semester we will be adding the residents in their study skills, too. There will be an area, soon to be announced, where students can get help for taking lecture notes, or in reading subject matter.

There will be many movies, some dances, and cultural events for this semester, to release tensions. All things promise to be exciting. Indiana Is beautiful in the springtime, I hope that we in Wright Quad can help make your spring enjoyable.

A motto for all:

"I play it cool and
dig all jive

The reason I stay
alive

My motto as I live
and learn

Is: Dig and be dug
in return."

Langston Hughes

This night behoove us all.

LONG LIVE THE SCRIBE

by Gary Wayne Anthony

It has long been my intention to contribute an article to the Scribe. This writing will probably not contain any literary value; I only want to be able to say that I wrote an article for the legendary Scribe. I am a junior majoring in chemistry and an ex-resident of second floor Parks House. I have resided for the past two years by my lonesome in 301 Dewey House, but still make frequent visits to my former stomping grounds. I have taken a lot of good-natured kidding about being a hayseed (farm boy) and about my love for C & W music. (Country music is here to stay folks. Long live the Grand Ole Opera!) But you don't have to be a genius to appreciate the Parks House Scribe and I always enjoy reading it. For this reason I hope the Scribe will not begin to falter and I hope that the Freshmen and Sophomores will keep it going strong. I challenge those who will be here after us upperclassmen to live up to the past acclaim that the Scribe has achieved. Long live the Scribe.

Also to those that are fairly new to college life and I.U. I say take the most of what it can offer you for what you want out of an education. This institution and its environment is a place for finishing the job of growing up. It was for me. If the saying "you don't learn everything there is to know in a book" ever held true, it does here. After my first three months here as a Freshman I concluded that I had seen the whole world pass by. So, from one who is nearing the end of the long furrow to those who are just setting their plows in, I say good luck, don't swerve from the row, and learn your education and life well.

IRRELEVANCYby Heps-J Esp.,
Mark W. Lentz

As the time draws near for our release from the prison of school (4 more months) after 16 years of rehabilitation, it inspires us to write a brief summary of the total experience. Here we are a cultured person ready to take on the world. Let's see what we've got.. Here is a sample of our acquired truth.

As the snow flies down from the sky, we wonder if we can see how we have tried to ask the important question which is on everyone's mind. When will they legalize happiness?

Society is as a stream. It flows along and the individuals are salmon fighting against the strong current by nature trying to be free. Some poor fish never make it. The ones who do feel the pull of society all the way.

Yesterday and tomorrow are but concepts of the jailer who places his soul in a belief that others have the truth which has to be. Follow me, we know this the more we see the reality of the present.

A bright clean brook scattered with stones which seem to babble. We see a sun which burns life in our soul. Next we ask why is irrelevancy the true light to follow?

Remember how you put your faith in many things as a child only to have the revelation that daddy was Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny was an invention of the universal Capitalist conspiracy. Well, put your faith in irrelevancy and there is no one who can make it relevant. So, they can then make it irrelevant.

This is no joke for we appeal

(Continued on page 22)

BUT THIS IS NEXT SEMESTER
by Kurt Kaboth

So, we've made it. One down and one to go. Last semester's grades are in and registration is over. Congratulations to those who deserve it and good luck to those who need it.

Speaking of grades, since no one's perfect (well practically no one, Cox and Patterson made 4.0's) now is the time to buckle down and get to work, because the semester we put everything off to is here. This is next semester. The time to up your average and accomplish all those academic goals is now.

That is if it's possible. The noise level in Parks House is considerably better than it was before finals, but it is still not tolerable to anyone who wants to study or sleep before 2 or 3 in the morning.

Everyone likes to goof around and I am one of the biggest goof-arounds there is, however, I do like to study and sleep in my room before 3 in the morning.

Therefore, I have a few humble suggestions. First we all try and find out what kind of noise we make that bothers the guy next door, and not do it. Hard to imagine, but the Golden Rule never hurt anyone. Secondly, let's leave the heavy boressing alone after 7:00 p.m. Thirdly from 7:00 to about Midnight let's keep the noise to a reasonable study level. And lastly, after Midnight let's knock off the noise altogether.

This is not to say that everyone has to be proper and prim at a given time, but let these times be a sort of gauge. Everyone, especially me, will probably not be reasonably quiet every night, but if we try to remember the other guy we can help each other to improve academically and physically (Boy, would I love to have a good night's sleep).

(Continued in Col. II)

FLORIDA TRIP

by Fred Smith

It was one of those anxious and stomach-turning nights only a few tense weeks before finals, when freshmen are known to get paranoid, nauseous, and prone to irrational actions. Five-second-floor freshmen were discussing the intimidating and oppressive ritual of finals, forced upon them by the sadistic academic establishment. Seeking monetary but much-needed solace from their gargantuan apprehension. They began to shoot the shit about places they would like to go.

One said, "Let's go to Florida."

Another: "Come on, let's go!" Things snowballed. A third declared, "I'm packing." He wasn't kidding!

And so, at 3:00 a.m. on a bleak school night the five (Rick Johnson, Bill Laing, Fred Smith, Greg Sammons, and John Hart) headed out for the white beaches and the sunny surf.

Short hours later, they arrived at the Florida welcome station, and tasted the sweet orange-juice. But still, they journeyed onward, yes, on to St. Petersburg. And finally, on the night of the second day, they tasted the magnificent sand, and spat it out, and slept in it, and got it in their shoes.

They had a good time in Florida, water-skiing, cruising the streets, swimming, playing pinball, and cutting down Hart.

The odyssey had to end, however. It was farewell to the tepid climes and a reluctant reunion with the cold and bleak I.U. But the trip was well worth it, and it is something that the five will not soon forget.

NEXT SEMESTER. Cont.

Together we can do it. Let's all help each other. If we do we'll end up helping ourselves. Remember, this is the next semester we worried about last year.

THE HAPPENINGS OF LIFE

by 

In life there are many treasured happenings and moments always to be held in blessed memory.

For some fellows they enjoy the contentment of strumming a guitar in the basic echo box or commonly known as the men's rest room. This sort of entertainment always draws a large audience and they like to participate in the goings-on. One man picks the guitar while the others keep beat on an organ or john wall, while others play a tune among themselves.

On any given evening one can see a group of very gay people sitting around the old dorm room drinking it up and finally in the end before all is done, they down their various assortment of headgear and head out to the "Hitchin' Post", on their way picking up anyone game enough to go along and enjoy an evening of whooping it up and just having gay 'ole fun.

Some college people bring along with them many treasured memories of home and loved ones. One in particular of Indian descent has a most lovely picture of his great-great-grandmother diligently hung upon the wall of his room. A picture of a fly in the corner of a window frame is another close-to-heart picture from home. For these students those memories are widely and deeply held in the hearts of all who see them.

Other happenings of dorm life are the occasional visits from the perverts of the world who do not see day-light for stretches of five or more days at a time and stay up long into the hours of darkness visiting and approaching the many individuals who are trying to spend a peaceful night in slumber.

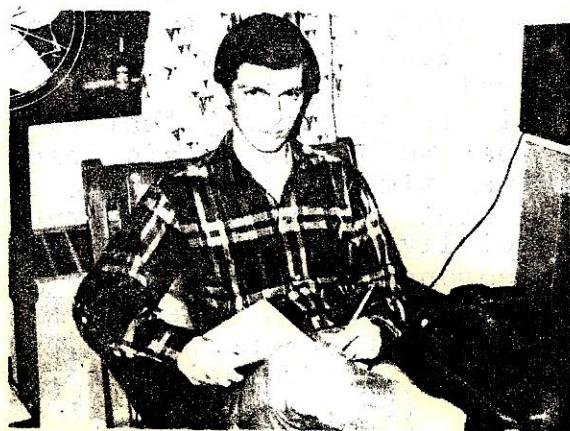
These are just a few of the happenings that go on everyday in the life of a student.

WHO DUNIT?

by You Know

They returned from Florida tan, refreshed, and happy. A pleasurable vacation which suddenly turned into a popcorn disaster as they stepped across their greasy threshhold. Their humble abode had been violated and some popcorn pervert had ransacked their room leaving popper after popperfull of those fluffy white and yellow jems covering their beds, chairs, desks, floor, and anything else uncovered that a lidless popcorn popper could reach. Oh, what a sight to return to!

They were stunned. Unable to speak (except for a few profanities concerning fellatio) they quickly began to gather evidence to determine the identity of the offenders, and track them down to make them pay for their crime. Locating a foreign popcorn popper lid and some slips of paper they jumped to conclusions that turned out to be incorrect. Further probing revealed more evidence in other rooms, but these leads too turned cold as all the suspects presented their airtight alibis. Questioning more suspects only turned up even more; all, of course, with airtight alibis. (Cont. on page 25)



COLBY KNERR HAS NEVER GOT HIS ARTICLES IN ON TIME. NEVER!

Bold Finger

by Fred (Doc) Ambler

Once upon a time there was this koala bear who always stuck his fingers in closing doors. The koala bear's name was David and he was awfully fond of fish on Fridays. He was raised in the waste land of the region, and climbed on the steel trees found in the area of the steel mills.

Now everyone knows that koala bears have four fingers, but David bear had five. He didn't think this was bad and even tried to make everyone think he was a people. He let his hair grow long and curly and wore people's clothes. He even went to church and claimed he knew the Pope. David bear even acquired a taste for people food and became a constant patron of Hotdog Johnny's. It seems that the sauce used on hotdogs was made from bark and leaves of the rare Australian Eucalyptus tree found only in the region.

Now David bear fooled everyone and got into school. Everything went fine until his junior year.

Let us regress a little now. At the same time, only a couple years before, a great future foe of young David Bear was growing up and learning his future role in life (this foe grew up in the land across the state known as the Area). This was a real superman---golly gee for real people. His name was Doc and he was known as the "Koala Killer". Doc roamed the land inside the borders of the Area ridding the countryside of koala bears. Doc also grew up and went to school.

(Continued on page 21)



SPOOKINESS

by the Parks House Spook

YEs Grenadiers, I am the Parks House Spook. I have been in Parks House for quite a while now, you just haven't heard from me. When you aren't paying any attention I drift through the halls picking up little bits and pieces of interesting information to pass on to you.

Yes, First Floor has found out why they came to college. I heard Colby had a substitute roommate during semester break. What about that vow you gave when you took the office of social director last spring? I think you were thinking only of yourself. Norm, what were you really doing from 11 p.m. to 8 p.m. That is an awfully long time---to be sleeping. So, your girlfriend thinks it is too hot in your room, eh Fred.

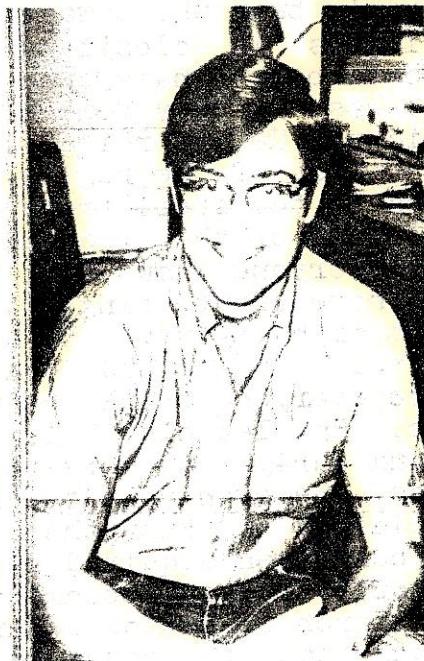
First floor why don't you talk to second floor, they just don't understand. Maybe it is because Magill is so horny. I really don't blame Joe for moving off the floor. Although I am sure he had no complaints about his roommate. Kurt, I am afraid it is even affecting you. Otherwise why would you keep repeating those two simple little words.

Third floor you elite bunch of slobs. (Dave is the exception, if he weren't I am sure this wouldn't get printed.) How can you upperclassmen possibly get below a 1.00 average? I am sure you found it difficult. Anyone who has insomnia talk to Al and find out his cure for it. Maybe it is the aroma from the 200+ (Continued on page 21)

THE CANDIDATES



RICK JOHNSON



GLENN PATTERSON



Want you

be my

Valentine?

BORESS: IMPOSSIBLE

by Bob Palomo

DOM BA DOM DOM!

My name is Ralph Saturday. I'm a cop. A cop out that is.

DOM BA DOM DOM

I'm an agent for P.A.R.K.S., (Performing Atrocities and Readily Keeping Silent). My job--crewman for the Boress Impossible team! (B.I.T.)

DOM BA DOM DOM

January 15, 4:03 P.M., I reported in to P.A.R.K.S. Headquarters. I checked in with Titty, B.I.T. Leader. I found the whole team assembled in his office.

"Come in, Ralph. You're just in time!" said Titty. "We've got an assignment from the chief."

I went in and we listened to the Chief's message, cleverly concealed on a Barbra Streisand album. "Good afternoon, men. I've got a stinker for you today. As you men know, last night two agents from the Boress Impossible Team for Corrupt Happinings from H.A.L.L. (Horryifying Agency for Liberated Lesbians) penetrated P.A.R.K.S. Headquarters and boressed several offices, including my own. Your mission, should you accept it (and you'd better decide to accept it), will be to penetrate the innermost sanctum of H.A.L.L. Headquarters. Should you be successful in gaining entry, you are to execute Boress # 2901-872-04X. You will be met at H.A.L.L. Headquarters by agent # 250LB, who will be operating under the alias of Man Mountain Dewdad. You must pretend to know him well if you are suspected. He will assist you in carrying out the final stages of Boress # 2901-872-04X. So you must do anything necessary to carry out this mission at any cost! Good Luck, men. This recording will self destruct in five seconds!"

We all sat in stunned silence. Boress # 2901-872-04X.. Why, it hadn't been used in ten years! What was the cause....?

(Continued in Col. III)

BORESS: IMPOSSIBLE, Cont.

Only to be used in case of extreme circumstances.....

"That was my favorite album," said Titty.

DOM BA DOM DOM

4:18 P.M. Titty sent a man on stake-out to find out when the best time to strike would be. He reported back at 4:21 and said that conditions were perfect and that we should strike immediately. We knew that it would be audacious and dangerous to do this in the daylight but we knew that conditions might not be right for a long time.

"O.K., boys," said Titty. Let's move out."

DOM BA DOM DOM

At 4:23 the Boress Impossible Team moved out: Titty, our leader, Sachem, our strong arm man, Glint and myself as crewmen. We moved unhurriedly toward H.A.L.L. Headquarters without attracting attention. We went to the window of one of the offices on the ground floor. Sachem tested the window to see what out chances were there. Suddenly, two H.A.L.L. agents burst into the room. "Quick. Get back; they may have spotted us." hissed Titty. We beat a short but hasty retreat to get a new plan of action. Who should we run into but the Chief!

"Hello, men," said the Chief. "Thought you might be able to use a little help."

"Yeah, we could." said Titty.

(Continued on page 23)



BORESS IMPOSSIBLE TEAM

THE RETURN OF THE

SHADOW

After a long period of absence the Shadow returns lurking through the halls of Wright Quad, especially Parks House, trying to find out what really lurks in the minds of men and women.

The main thing that I have learned this time is: that which is maybe is not. I would suppose that Brother Tom and Little Mike could avouch for that. It seems that Mike just allows other "men" to open his "private door" anywhere, in the cafeteria, in the hall, or on the street. The question is what is it Tom was doing trying to open that door and why did Mike even allow him to? You will have to figure that one out. Maybe what we thought they both were is not.

Speaking of Brother Tom --how many strands of protein are really on your gluteus maximus? Since you seem so willing to expose it to so many people--even what's her name? A bit of advice, Mr. Kelly, in the future watch what you say to anybody--people might get the idea that you're a perv---

Well, Greg T. called Don Cox a scatterbrain. That shows you that it must be Greg who is the scatterbrain because anyone with good, common, subjective sense knows that Don Cox is perfectly sane and balanced. Greg, if you need lessons on how to be a non-scatterbrain, and a subjective human being just contact Don--the experience might prove rewarding.

What happened to Al? He went from a pregnant--no, not pregnant, it just looked that way--Mormon to opposite extremes. Is there a happy medium, Al? The Shadow was taken back to see such a drastic change.

Kurt seems to have learned to play his double jeopardy quite well. You can teach the rest of the house now, Kurt.

I see we have the Three Musketeers
(Continued on page 21)

THIRD FLOOR FIDDLE-FADDLE

by Gary Hitch

First, let's all forget Buickel exists. OK?

Next, Big Al proved that he is consistent and excellent at something: waste, by pulling (or dragging) a 0.8 average with diligence and intestinal laxity. I wish he would have paid me his tuition instead of throwing it away. His roommate Pat did almost as well--0.7. Thus room 306 even totalled is not passing. It's been nice knowing you guys.

Usafa has opened a pool hall with an exotic Turkish name. It is frequented by a Huntz Hall-type character known only as Nino the Eyeball. The infamous Raoul has yet to be seen. But if nothing else you can come to listen to Rick formalize people to death or Mike chatter incessantly.

David (Il Papa) must have summoned "Spooky" to help him get that C in Math, or else the blood from his injured finger won him sympathy. (You sneaky little koala bear!)

Jim and John are letting anyone play hockey free of charge (with a 5¢ donation), and they will acquaint you with a quantitatively limited but facile vocabulary of four or five words, useable in all contexts but suitable to none.

(Continued on page 21)



FIRST FLOOR ACTIVITIES

by Fred Truden

Hello again people, hello House members. In accordance with the topics of a Quad-wide SCRIBE, First Floor Activities shall try to acquaint all readers with the members of Parks First Floor.

First of all, it seems that we have two new-old members living on first floor. These two being John Fisher and Jim Harrison really don't add impressive qualities to the overall picture of first floor. Would anybody like to buy two

LITTLE FRED lost third floor clowns? For 50 cents?

—Next, there is the dungeon personnel; the only one person I have seen often enough to be sure that he exists is Steve Curtis. What happened to the other people—who knows??

—McClellon Don, President of Wright Quad and resident scatterbrain, occupies the same old room 103. How's a 4.00 semester help the old average, senior.

—Greg Turza, floor quiet hours man and resident name-caller, seems to know where he is at but where is everyone else?

—Colby Knerr, professional student, does not even know where he is at, let alone everyone-else?

—Don Lantz, occupies a new single since Kim Smith pledged and moved out... I guess we all can't be too lucky.

—Tom Kelly—Who knows what runs around in that Pennsylvanian Farmers' and/or Quakers' little mind.

—Bill Eigelsbach—the last and final semester awaits this late to bed, late to rise makes a



(Continued on page 22)

FIRST SEMESTER HOUSE AWARDS

by Colby

FICKLE FINGER OF FATE AWARD:

The nominees were Pam Stevens, Judy Millikan, and Dave Tutacko. The winner is Dave because he is the least likely to win in any other competition with them.

ACADEMIC IDOL OF FRESHMAN AWARD:

The nominees were Lt. Hornbeck, Big Al, Little Mark, and Colby. The winner is Colby but the reasons are incomplete.

POTTY MOUTH AWARD:

The nominees are all twenty members of third floor, all twenty one members of second floor, and Tom Kelly. The winner is Mike Christman because one needs a shovel to get into his room.

BASTARD OF THE YEAR AWARD:

The nominees were Roomie Greg, Mark Buickel, Kurt Kaboth, and Big Al. The winner is Big Al because he is twenty one and refuses to serve the needs of second floor. I might say that Roomie Greg was a close runner-up for sticking around this semester.

FAILURE OF THE YEAR AWARD:

Nominees are John Hart, Big Al, for the fourth time, and Roomie Greg. The winner is Roomie Greg because he can't win at cards, chess, or monopoly, and I felt sorry for him.

IS IT OVER?, Cont.

ed about the world in which we live, about those who live with us? There is more to be learned in life other than that obtained from books, no one can teach you about life, you must learn and teach yourself. Just what have you learned?

No, it isn't over! You have just begun. What you have accomplished and learned in the first semester will be with you all your life. Your past actions may give you satisfaction and pride throughout your life or it may haunt and hurt you forever. Only you know the answer. Only you and you alone know!

BUTT'S BULL

by Larry Bottoms

Well here we are with a brand new semester, facing all the hell that comes with it. But never fear, because the Butt-hole is here to spread joy and laughter.

Before beginning with the main body of this most famous, illustrious, great, wonder and spectacular article I would like to say a few words to the "ding-bats" on the second floor. It seems that the so called "men" on the second floor (I rather think they are boys") don't seem to agree with my last article. Well to those guys who can't take the truth, I say eat some stuff. In answer to their rebuttle, (which will be published in this issue, thanks to the dumby editor) I don't write about myself in my own columns because I do not wish to seem conceited. I am convinced. Butt cool! Long live Butt!

On with the column! As I said earlier the first semester is over, so forget it. Forget about Colby and his fairy nice actions, Don Cox and his most brilliant undies, Pat Magill trimming his horns, Jeff and Mikes potty mouths, Mr. Kaboth knowing it all, Dave's broken finger, Pat's (Mickey's) damn noisey cans', Big AL's constant hibernation, Big George's limited vocabulary - picked up at the telephone company, and last but not least my roommate- no one could ever imagine what it is to spend a semester with something like he is! Well if I can forgive my roommate, you surely can forgive those living around you! I and only God will forgive all of us!

Looking forward into the 2nd semester --- well we can look for the same dumb people to do the same dumb things. A word of warning-- watch out SHADOW!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, BUTT !

by Ron Dickles

Well, Butt, I'm glad to see that with your last Scribe BULL session you gave up stretching the truth. Still stretching U-trau elastic though, I see. Well, that's what life (and an excess of beer) will do to a man. Or even you. Butt, I must not revert to cutting you down, because after all, all I want to do is state the facts.

I mean, can I help it if you insist on getting drunk and then stumbling all over the house go and bug the poor Colonel and his roommate? (Whatever his name is.) And on top of that, when you do these disgusting things, must you carry your booze around with you and risk evoking the wrath of J.W. upon all of us: However, this may be normal enough and I can't help it if you want to shake up cokes and let them spew all over the lounge and other people until the whole place looks like hell. But when you roam over the whole house clad only in your bathrobe handling obscenities and shooting super-size moons and redeyes all over the place, I say why don't you get yourself a frayed jock strap and a day job and sit around and watch mohair go bad. Besides, it might come in handy if you ever decide that you can't hack it in politics.

**SARGENT CHARMIN'S LONELY BUREAUCRAT BAN**



Dear Miss Barefax:

Why is it that no matter how many different ways room 313 is arranged, Big Fred always ends up sleeping on top of Butt?

Signed,
FREUD

Dear F.,

Who can resist a bunk Butt?

Signed,
Miss B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

Is anything infallible anymore?

Signed,
PIOUS BUT
DISILLUSIONED

Dear P.D.,

Yes! Two people know all the answers. His Holiness (of course), and the ever popular Mary Gastly-Killer (just ask her).

Signed,
Miss B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

What is the matter with us in room 306 that together we can't pull more than a 1.5? Aren't we college material?

Signed,
0.80

Dear B.A.,

Prolonged pregnancy can have that effect. I recommend an abortion.

Signed,
Miss B.

(Continued on page 24)

Dear Miss Barefax:

Everyone knows that Mr. Cox, our almost illustrious president, is a great guy, well almost a great guy. He is a good student, a great humanitarian, a good church-goer (even though he isn't a fish-eater), but he is most definitely a poor lover. There is this girl, Carmen, who really groves on his body, but when it comes to love Cox has a yellow streak running up his back that matches his yellow undies. I know Mr. Cox has too much pride to ask for help, but could you please give him some advice?

Signed,
AN ALMOST
CUPID

Dear A.C.,

What he needs is to take advantage of the qualities he already possesses. A good starting point might be his illustrious name. Surely with a name like Cox he could come up with something!

Signed,
Miss B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

What does Greg Turza see in Elvis Presley's 1957 golden records?

Signed,
SORE EARS

Dear S.E.,

Maybe Elvis is still a queer.. I mean, living.

Signed,
Miss B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

Is there any truth in the rumor that Colby is going to play school this semester?

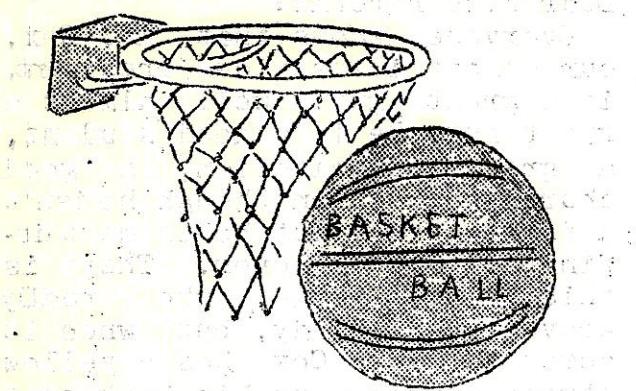
Signed,
MAMA KNERR

Dear M.A.,

In an incomplete sense, yes.

Signed,
Miss B.

(Continued on page 24)

**SPORTS**

by Dave the Rave
Boy (Continued from page 18)

Well, the mighty Parks Place Grenadiers I saw the fruits of luscious victory twice, yes that is no misprint, twice in the month of January. Once over Hummer Home House, 50 something to 30 something, give or take a few things; and then over Harney Home by the exact same score.

Yes, I sport fans, we beat the hell out of both our opponents. The mighty Reindeers, or, excuse me Grenadiers were led once again by James "Harry" Harrison, who looked good all night and even played a good game. Gee, he must have scored 20 or so points, if not less. Next there was John Fisher, known to the Grenadiers affectionately as "Fish", who did a good job of dribbling when he didn't have the ball, and was the leader of many a fast break. He must have scored, oh, at least 8 points. Thirdly, we had the services of Kimberly Ryan, who took time out from his busy studying schedule to have a cigarette at half time. He is presently pledging allegiance to Sheeba Chi Fraternity. Fourthly there was James "Julius" Thompson, also a Sheeba Chi, who filled a couple of buckets against Hummer. Fifthly, Stephen "Dungeon" Curtis, who played another one of his outstanding games, and who also plays a mean piano. Nextly Fred Smith played superbly on defense. He had 6

(Continued in Col. II)

OUR TEAM

by Jim Harrison

There has not been a great amount of publicity given to this year's basketball team. After just three games the team has shown moments of greatness. The team is lead by such stars as John (Kewanakie) Fisher, Steve (Springman) Curtis, Dave (the Rave) Sims, Mike "Harry" Christman, Rich (the Rocket) Johnson, and Jim (NNF) Harrison. They streaked to a 2-1 record with its only loss to Dodds House.

Two games are left on this season's schedule (Dunn and Harding Houses) and victories in these games could assure the team of a play-off berth.

The team would appreciate all your support--- not jockies---so give your allegiance to the Parks House team.

**"OUR TEAM"**

SPORTS, Cont.

tackles, 2 interceptions, and recovered 2 balls, which is some night's work for the "Philadelphia Flop". Seventh, Mike "P.W." Christman, was really firing that ball up there, which is a pretty easy task because of his large selection to choose from, that lucky dog. Kingly Dave the Rave made a spectacular 10 foot shot with the whole opposing team completely neglecting him, but can you blame them???) The (Continued on page 21)

BOLD FINGER Cont.

This is the setting for one of the great epic battles of all of recorded history.

As fate would have David bear and Doc lived on the same floor. David bear strived and obtained a position of influence and, therefore, kept Doc under his control. Not to be defeated, Doc, shrewd as he was, kept his distance and planned for the day that he would uphold his time honored heritage and eliminate the last remaining koala in the same sensational fashion as his illustrious and immortal forefathers. Doc pretended to be David bear's friend and waited for his chance. One day, during a routine boress Doc got his chance. David bear decided to fight back and boldly tried to open the door and face his foe. Doc cleverly slammed the door on David bear intending to crush the little creature. David bear jumped back and only got his paw caught in the door. Doc also received a wound, but recovered immediately due to his great physical and restorative powers. David bear received a broken finger. This made him look like a for real koala bear.

The story of David and Doc is not over yet. Doc will not give up his mission until the infidel is wiped out.

Take heed, David bear. My day will come.

SPOOKINESS, Cont.

beer cans in his room. Since Bill has left, the weeknds have been a little quieter, Dave's stereo won't go quite as loud. Fred, Larry, why is your room so close to the John? Buickel how is your roommate?

SPORTS, Cont.

Colonel had it in him, but we just couldn't get it out. Oh, I thought I'd also mention Don "Baby Blue" Lantz, who gave us moral support because we couldn't find him, and he didn't want to risk injury. Anyway, he might
 (Continued on page 24)

SHADOW, Cont.

eteers in the house this semester. Oh! No, it's the Three Filipinos--Mario, Nony, and Ray. I hear that Ray has the Institute to Sex Research in his room. Wow! He is teaching the second floor whatever how to do it--whatever it is Philipine style.

Well, Steve Curtis finally drove his roomy out! After all, three weeks is a long time to break Vis--and so subtly that even the President of the Quad did not know it. John was quite slick, wasn't he, Steve?--or was it she who was sl--, oh never mind!

Well, I must leave now. I will return when you least expect it. I am everywhere--so don't do much that you are embarrassed about because I see all, hear all, I wish I could experience all--but I am a mere shadow--what can I expect?

Bon Soir! Buenos Noche! Goodbye in every language in the world--even whatever you (Mario, Ray, and Nony) speak. I am about to be turned off if you haven't done so already. Bye Sheryl, Pat, Pam, Carmen, Larry and Fred. I will get to you all next time, so watch out.

FIDDLE-FADDLE, Cont.

Seriously, however, there is a problem on our floor which perturbs me: the lack of love and respect for others. This inconsideration is brought about by several causes: 1) insulting someone by lack of control while drinking; 2) talking down other guys or past loves behind their backs as if they were shit; and 3) feigning romantic interests towards girls you don't care for. In each case you are fooling someone, probably yourself.

Love and respect don't appear to matter--just conveniences, fickleness, and egoistic pleasures. Personally it disgusts me. If these last paragraphs have been vague then let me say --so are the motivations of people who act these ways.

No funny ending. Sorry.

February 11, 1971

1st FLOOR, Cont.

person healthy and happy freak. His system must work—he's gonna graduate.

—Dave Malcolm— He's still here and just as much a party-goer as before.

—Bob Linn, I did see Bob the other day. I don't really know what he is up to, but he is thinking about switching majors again.

—Mark Miller has a new roommate too. Jim Thompson pledged also.

—This may seem crass and rather out of place, but somehow I managed to goof up my article in a rather obvious place—right here. Continuing....

—Don White still has the same roommate. That is something new for Don and room 109.

—Steve Smith did not move out and is still around, like a tire, but not square.

—Mark Lentz, fellow cave man and all around senior, is in an enviable position, too. Only 4 months to go.... Up to here???

—Dave "the Rave" Sims. Mr. study seems to be doing all right, except he is under the influence of ex-Aristotle.

—Bob Rodenkirk, Mr. WIUS, has a different partner, now... Mario just could not take it I guess. By the way Bob, who is your roommate? I have not seen him.

—Don Dogan now helps with the SCRIBE.

—Wayne Hart, hasn't been around too much, but still is not secretly married, either.

—Norm Chastain, has picked up a new pastime of getting plastered and staying out late.

—Last but not least, good ole ME. I am still a loyal Bureaucrat, but really I'm just swell!!

As a final announcement: Turza the Terror and Turza Bird will be patrolling and on the prowl soon, because of 8:30 classes. But who cares, Greg, other people have early classes too.

So Y'all, bye for now and get a good start on 2nd semester so it will be a bit easier when May rolls around.

IRRELEVANCY, Cont.

to your emotions not logic. Look at society, it has almost hustled us all. Look at most children and you will find they can be happy with so little. But society says "no", you must have the 2 cars and color T.V. to be happy. So the poor in spirit get robbed and start performing as a white rat pressing a bar. Watch yourself sometime, and if you can bear to see the truth, many things are done in the name of logic but are illogical by nature.

Kill for peace. We all have been shafted to an extent, but if you will only see that, you will know why our band has dedicated its aim to being true to yourself. Well, the end of this is the beginning of life, for life is the irrelevance of the universe. Ask—How can you be doing what you are and then turn around and expect the magic of life which you had as a child not far away.

So here we are, the paradox of them all. Be a salmon and make it, or a barnacle which attaches itself to the first piece of junk it can find.

If you take any idea you will find it is only that. You behave because you tell yourself you are one way, but you block off the other way you used to act. Now seems so stable but remember the illusions of childhood. The beauty all around if you just look. If you fear for what is you will see a sea of sees. We have to go and so be of nature of which you were born, be the salmon of main street, knock 1984 out of the future and put peace and freedom to be yourself after the storm of the fight against the stream of society you will lift up your head, see the sunshine, flex your wings, and fly above them all.

Irrelevancy? Life is your own game. Play it as you wish, but wish that you can play.

NOTICE: Many thanks to Mrs. Jean Bryant for the great Banana Bread!

BORESS: IMPOSSIBLE, Cont.

"All right, men, let's move. Man Mountain Dewdad will be here soon!"

We went back and checked out the window, but we'd been spotted by two H.A.L.L. agents and the window was locked. We then decided on a ruse. The Chief went up to the door posing as a social caller. When the agent on guard duty opened the door, we all rushed in and demanded to be taken to the office of the leader. We were escorted up the stairway and through the door. There we were. Arrived at our destination to carry out our diabolical duty, we were in the Innermost Sanctum of H.A.L.L.!

DOM BA DOM DOM!

Suddenly we were surrounded by H.A.L.L. agents! The office we were to boress had been sealed off and we had been trapped. Nowhere to run. No way out. The only thing left to do was fight! We battled desperately and tried to force the door. Suddenly, Titty found an opening and raced out to get our secret weapon: RIGHTGUARDANDBUTANE! One of the H.A.L.L. agents saw his intent and raced off in pursuit. We recognized her as Mom Shipemov, one of H.A.L.L.'s most dangerous operators and one who had raided P.A.R.K.S. Headquarters.

Few of us expected to see our team leader again, but we had our job to do. We finally succeeded in quieting down the H.A.L.L. agents and got one of them to open the door for us. Once inside, we called Titty on our super secret communications system, in case he was still alive and had escaped. Who should answer our call but the infamous Mom Shipemov! She wouldn't let us talk to him, but suddenly the Chief yelled into the mike, "Hey, Titty! We've captured H.A.L.L. Headquarters! Get over here!"

Mom Shipemov took the bait and made good her escape after capturing Clarence, an office boy, as a hostage. Titty showed up in a couple of minutes and the

(Continued in Col. II)

BORESS, Cont.

Boress Impossible Team went to work!

DOM BA DOM DOM!

Like a well-oiled machine the team went into action! Every man was skilled and trained to do his job, and every man had his job to do! Glint went to work and quickly installed a latch on the door that made opening it impossible, even with a key. I went out the window and joined the Chief who had gone out to keep the H.A.L.L. agents covered. With perfectly synchronized timing Man Mountain Dewdad arrived in a car and the men inside began passing out everything in the office. The idea was to get all their stuff and hold it for ransom. Inside of five minutes we had all the stuff that would fit in the car out and Man Mountain Dewdad roared off in a cloud of dust to meet us at P.A.R.K.S. Headquarters. After adding a few finishing touches to the office the rest of the Team descended to the ground by the only available exit: the window. Unfortunately, there was one thing that we overlooked in making our plans. It seems that during our entire operation we were being watched. Numerous pairs of eyes had been scrutinizing us and observing our every move! As we were leaving the scene, we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by agents from C.E.N.T.E.R. (Committee for Enforcing Nasty Trite and Enraging Regulations)! C.E.N.T.E.R.! The most dangerous agency in existence! Once again we found ourselves surrounded. This time we were hopelessly outnumbered and a fight was unadvisable.

"Let me handle this," said Titty.

Titty was interrogated by Killer Gasbag, one of C.E.N.T.E.R.'s most feared agents. Name, rank, and student number was all he would give, even when threatened with torture! We were told that we had just five minutes to get

(Continued on page 25)

February 11, 1971

MISS BAREFAX, Cont.

Dear Miss Barefax:

Is there any room on the same floor for an intellectual and a scatterbrain?

Signed,

INCOMPLETE

Dear I.,

Only the Shadow knows.

Signed,

Miss B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

How many can a Kelly grow?

Signed,

YUL BRENNER

Dear Y.B.,

Enough for a Dolly to count.

Signed,

Miss B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

Why does Bob Rodenkirk run everywhere he goes?

Signed,

WONDERING

Dear W.,

Look behind him next time and you'll find out.

Signed,

Miss B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

What does "ga" mean?

Signed,

HUNGRY

Dear H.,

It's a colloquial expression for cafeteria lunch.

Signed,

Miss B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

Can you tell me why the freshmen are so apathetic?

Signed,

COUNCIL MEMBER

Dear C.M.,

I don't know and I don't care.

Signed,

Miss B.

MISS BAREFAX, Cont.

Dear Miss Barefax:

We, the men on third floor, definitely have a problem. It seems we have a wild man living around us. It seems that this person has an obsession with fingers. Within the past month he has broken Dave's finger and severely jammed Butt's finger!! No one knows when he will strike next or who his victim will be. What can we do to contain the "finger killer"?

Signed,

A WORRIED
DIGIT WATCHER

Dear W.D.W.,

It seems like it is you who is obsessed with fingers. Why?? Try seeing a shrink. But if you are sincere, give him a bird to finger, maybe then he'll leave you alone.

Signed,

Miss B.

Dear Miss Barefax:

What is your reaction to the new development in room 206, as opposed to the Weimar Parks machine?

Signed,

K.K.

Dear K.K.,

Seig Heil!

Signed,

Miss B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Why do I fall out of bed all of the time?

Signed,

KRK

Dear KRK,

Perhaps you were Beckyned out. Or did someone Terry you away? You'd better hope she doesn't Sue.

Signed,

Miss B.

(Continued on page 25)

BORESS, Cont.
 back all the stuff liberated from H.A.L.L. Headquarters or we'd no longer be working for P.A.R.K.S. or anyone else. We went back to P.A.R.K.S. Headquarters to meet the load of stuff that Dewdad was bringing in. We waited and waited. No stuff. No car. No nothin'!! Immediately a search was undertaken to locate Dewdad and the goods. We had to find him or our leader would be shot at sunrise on the first cloudy day! I was detailed to search all the parking lots close by. I went to the Library, the main Red lot, the Teter lot, 7th street, and the auditorium lot. The only one I missed was the G.R.C. main lot. Of course that's where he had been. Fearing capture by H.A.L.L. agents if he returned immediately to P.A.R.K.S. Headquarters, he decided to lay low until the heat was down. That's where he slipped up. He didn't know that the heat had doubled!!

DOM BA DOM DOM!

The story you have just read is 95% true. Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

WHO DUNIT?, Cont.

So the questioning continued, with no result. Eventually the poor vacationers worked themselves into doing it. Today, while now even questioning themselves, and after helping clean their room of grease and fluffy white popcorn, not to mention the tiny kernels that stayed in every crack, the identity of the mysterious mrauders remains a secret.

SPORTS, Cont.

have had to save himself.

Well, that about wraps it up, and it isn't even Christmas. I thought I should start using some big words now that I'm in college. I also would like to say "Hi!" to Mommy and Daddy and Uncle Henrichtta in Florida.

MISS BAREFAX, Cont.

Dear Miss Barefax:

What is the correct procedure to follow when you find a cockroach in your "cherries"?

Signed,
CONNOISSEUR

Dear C.,
Eat them!

Signed,
Miss B.

GO AWAY

by One of the Staff

Stop! Don't go any further. Don't continue, don't even read this line. This article has no relevance to the rest of this issue, except for the fact that it fills eighteen or nineteen lines of type. (I don't know the exact count yet because our dear editor hasn't pasted up the dummy sheet for this page.)

Still with me? Dummy! You can't take a hint, can you? Well I estimate that this is about line seventeen so until the next time we get some success to read this, Good-bye!

