

THE
PARKS
HOUSE

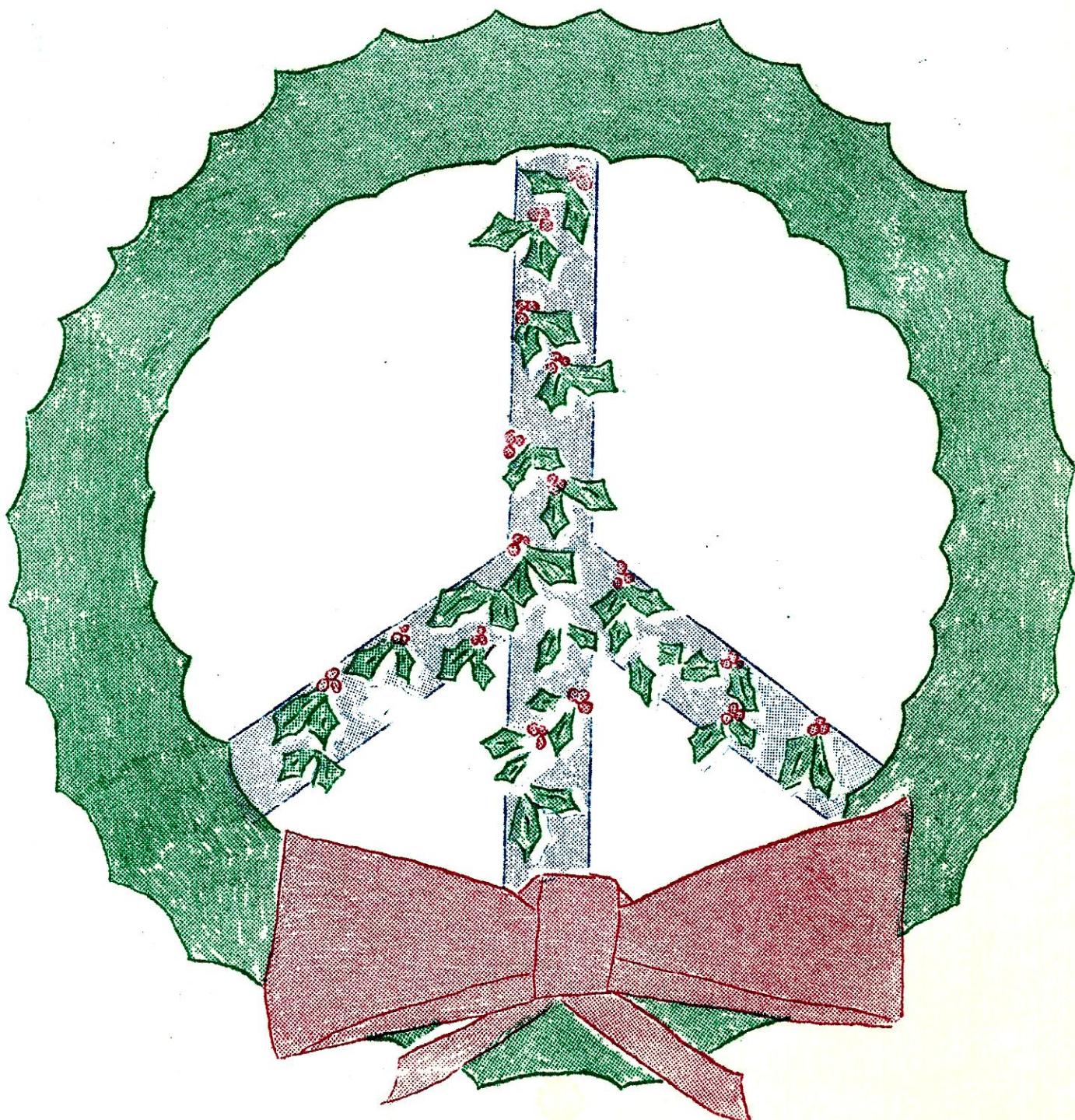
SCRIBE

WRIGHT QUADRANGLE, INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

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Number 3



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Second.	Dick Gregory
Third	Fred Ambler
COUNSELOR	Merrill Douglas



EDITOR'S "ecstasy"

The Scribe Bureaucrats want to wish everyone a very merry Christmas and a happy and safe New Year. As your Resident Pontiff I could sit here and lecture you on the evils of alcohol and

all the other fun things people do during this holiday period. But I won't because I don't believe a word of it. Besides, I got plans of my own.

ANNOUNCING THE LATEST STAFF PROMOTIONS: By the power invested in me I hereby promote Frederick Truden, Bruce Kiesling, William Laing, and Gary Hitch to the position of Scribe Bureaucrat. For the devotion and duty you have shown in the production of past issues of the Parks House Scribe the editor can only say, "Thank you."

Final exams are only three short class weeks away. This means that during this time 1st floor must stop trying to blow up the house; 2nd floor must postpone their hockey games; and 3rd floor must stop rolling dice on the floor after 3:00a.m. I therefore proclaim "Grenadier Study Week" between January 22-29. For Catholics observance is mandatory; for Protestants it's optional.

On February 11, 1971, the Parks House Scribe will celebrate its 11th Anniversary. The festivities will include an extravagantly expensive issue which will be distributed quad-wide. On that date Miss Parks House Scribe 1971 will be announced.

I thought we made it perfectly clear that we were not blaming anyone for the "Big Food Fiasco" particularly the kitchen staff. It's not their fault the food is rotten.



**From the
GOVERNOR**

by Larry Bottoms

There has been a rumor going around lately that I was going to resign. Once and for all, I want to clear up this rumor. Yes, I am resigning. As a matter-of-fact, I am resigning with this letter.

I really don't know what to say. It has been great serving the men of the house. But, I find that I haven't got the time that is needed to devote to the house. Don't take me wrong. I am in no way "sailing Parks House down the river". Parks House is undoubtedly the best house this Quad has.

As I am stepping down I wish to ask a few favors from you. I hope that all will work to keep Parks at the top. Secondly, I hope that you will support your next governor (whom ever it may be) the way you have supported me.

Well there isn't much I can say except, "thank you all".



*counselor's
comments*

by Merrill Douglas

Christmas vacation at last! Presents, parties, booze, good food, bowl games, no classes. A psychological oasis in the midst of another school year. A time to relax, forget about Wright Quad, review old romances, and maybe catch up on all the studying you're behind in. I guess you might say that I'm looking forward to a vacation and I hope each of you enjoy yours, too.

With mid-terms past, I would like to offer an additional word of praise to those of you who have done well, and a word of encouragement to those of you who didn't do as well as you hoped. To the latter, I will be happy to help you salvage your grades if I can. Catch me personally or slip a note under my door if you need help.

I trust that each of you has been especially good this past year and will be amply rewarded. Drive safely and return in good cheer.



PARKS HOUSE 2ND FLOOR



TO
THE
EDITOR

Dear Dave,

After working on the Scribe, you should be even sicker of the food, having to recall all those bad memories--enough to give you indigestion. I was surprised to see "Eulogy in Blue", thanks though. Glad to hear about Fiscell's 1-Y. Ask him how he did it. If you are wondering about my plans, may I say--so am I. All that I'm certain about is not starting school until Sept. as I will be able to attend some art courses and prepare a portfolio. Once I get into art I'll be able to better judge my goals and schools.

At the moment though, I am working. In a furniture store, believe it or not. For \$2.25 an hour I'll move a sofa anywhere they want it. It will do until I find something better. One of these weekends I'll be down there, as I have to show my sister around. I've heard that Grand Funk has a double out--and its live, that has to be great.

All for now,

Thanks for the
Scribe

Jerome E. Lieberman

Note: Don't laugh at the stationery. I received it for my Bar Mitzvah--which makes it 6 years old.



SANTA SAMMONS

TOP FROSH WITH THE GRADES

November 13 marked the end of the first eight weeks of classes and Midterm Reports for freshmen Grenadiers. Nine of the men from Parks marked 3.0 or better according to Merrill; four from the first floor, four from the second floor, and one from third.

The top nine ranked from 3.0 to 4.0, but it should be noted that not all grades were reported for every freshman and these reports are estimates which could be slightly higher or lower. (Well not really higher if you got a 4.0, but conceivably lower.) Anyway, the top of the frosh academically are;

Dave Malcolm	4.00
Bob Palomo	4.00
Richard Reed	4.00
Dick Gregory	3.78
Rick Johnson	3.17
David Sims	3.10
Richard Harvey	3.00
Don Lantz	3.00
Bob Rodenkirk	3.00

Congratulations guys, and keep up the good work!

A bullet can take a life of a man
It therefore wrecks his family plan.

A bomb can take the life of a nation
And reduce the world to desolation.

No wonder God is on vacation.

I wonder, will it be the same tonight,

Will I know the same terror and fright,

Will I fear for my life and limb
And Grovel in the mud in front of him?

Will I feel the sting of the whip on my back

And regret the day that I was born a black.

The end of the year is coming just in the nick of time.

Boy this has been a lousy year!

TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DREAM
by Kurt Kaboth

A crummy title perhaps, but as I lie trying to sleep one Wednesday night those lines from Hamlet kept running through my mind. With the noise level as it is, is it possible to get to sleep before midnight in Parks House? Occasionally, but certainly not on the night you count on. With the phenomenon of finals coming just three short weeks after we return from Christmas break, I think it's time we all seriously considered the question of an acceptable noise level within the House as I do not think the present level is acceptable to all of us at most of the time.

This being an academic institution and most of us being here for academic endeavors makes it necessary for most of us to study at one time or other, and studying necessitates a fairly quiet atmosphere. Then all of us realize that the two sheets of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch plywood separating every other room and the open grating in the doors makes noise control extremely difficult. Given all these conditions we must work out some sort of an agreement to what the maximum level of noise is and when it should be permitted.

This is not to exclude the genial and friendly atmosphere that I.U. is noted for. Here anyone can talk to the guy next door and gets to know a lot of different people pretty well, plus the thrill of a good boress. However, I think that for most of this semester the social side of university living and all the noise that goes with it has overshadowed the academic quiet needed by most of us at one point or other.

So, I would hope that informally if possible some sort of general agreement be worked out whereby the more rictous noise is reserved for the weekends and early evenings, and that a relative (to what we are used to now)

(Continued on page 11)

RACIST OR REALIST?

by William McConnehey

Indiana University has an unpleasant racial situation on its hands. After many meetings and endless conversation, I am personally at a grave impasse. All practical solutions seem to be beyond our reach, and communications are breaking down. People are increasingly being categorized, either as "militant blacks" or "others". We are told we should expect the blacks to behave in an untrusting and hostile manner, and that it is normal for we "others" to feel and express a guilt feeling for the wrongs perpetrated by a white society.

I refuse to be a "bleeding heart" liberal and ignore the reality of the situation. Attempts have been made to accommodate the needs of the Blacks, such as reverse discrimination and special programs. It may well be that more such efforts are necessary. At the same time, it seems inconsistent that we should be kicked in the head as we reach out to help. It is extremely illogical that blacks should seek revenge on an institution and community that is sincerely and directly benefiting them.

After many years and lives (of all colors), the Black peoples achieved what was thought to be an ultimate goal---integration. True, integration is still not complete, and there are racial injustices. But racism is no longer the national pastime. Now an element of the blacks here want segregation--an all black dorm. This leads us to considerable puzzlement. Is a black dorm any different from an all-white neighborhood, like Cicero or Glen Park? Yet, this is not the real problem. The problem seems to be on a more individual or group level. Hostile and destructive actions are being taken by a small group of blacks. Trays are left on tables

(Continued on page 7)

MY, AREN'T WE A NOISY CREW!

by Colby Knerr

Recently there has been a considerable amount of criticism directed toward roomie Greg concerning his bitching about noise. Personally the noise that bothers him rarely disturbs me. This is true for two reasons: 1) I don't study; 2) I have been known to sleep through bangs a lot bigger than firecrackers. There are two things that do disturb me though, that concern the social conditions in this house.

First there have been several so called "boress" or "jokes" which very easily could have led to some serious and disabling injuries. In the past two and one half years on first floor alone, I've seen boressing take a heavy toll: a broken wrist, a badly lacerated forehead, a burned hand, and a case of temporary amnesia. I feel sorry for anyone who lacks the foresight to realize the greatly increased potential danger of fireworks and firearms in a dormitory. I will and I hope every other member of the house will write up without warning any use of these named objects in this quad.

Second, there are for my third year straight some people in this house who try to defend noise making as some sort of a right to boress someone or to enjoy one's self. There is no such right that can infringe on another's rights. And anytime that one thinks that another's complaint of noise is unjust simply because of the time of day or night, let that person consider the same amount of noise coming through his door and walls at say 5:00 or 6:00 a.m.

IN MODERATION

by Don Cox

For some strange reason God made man. Sometimes I wonder why he would ever think to do such a thing. It is not often that I think such a thing, only at times when I get really disgusted at His creation. One such occasion was at a recent party where alcohol led to either regurgitation or people saying and doing things that they did not actually mean to say or do. When drinking reaches this stage then I think it is time that everyone take a second look at his drinking motive.

It has been my experience that drinking should be done as a social pleasure. Drinking to the point of "feeling good," and enjoying the party and human kind is fine. Have you ever watched Fred Ambler drink? He is one hell of an impressive person to watch. He enjoys his liquor and the people around but I have yet to see him get sick, or really not being able to hold his liquor. (I may be wrong, but I can only write about what I have actually observed.) There are others who would fall in the same category as Fred but I will not mention them. My column would get filled up with names.

None the less, it does make me most disgusted with man to see him totally unable to control himself due to the overindulgence in alcohol. If a person must drink until he gets sick or until he has insulted the entire world then do not drink! For the things that a person does or says under alcohol can have a definite effect on those around.

I end this "bitch" by saying if you like to drink, DRINK MODERATELY!! (Like Fred, maybe.)

MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED EAST OF
HPER BUILDING

by Boyd Hahn

In their last meeting, the Board of Trustees announced that a monument will be erected near the North East door of the HPER Building. The monument will be a sculpture by the world famous Sydny Farquad. When asked to describe it, Farquad said:

"The sculpture will feature a two foot, nude student armed only with a Schedule of Classes and an Arts and Science Bulletin battling a thirty-two foot monster will be guarding a fifty-three step stair case with "Checklist", "Time Check", etc. engraved on each step. The stairs will lead to a 325.50 foot dollar sign which is the student's goal. At the base of the sculpture half covered with dust, a Social Security card will lie unnoticed.

A bronze plaque will be to the left of the student reading:

To The Unknown Student
George Dummore
Who Entered Registration
at 11:20 PM,
Saturday, September 19, 1970
Expecting To Take:
Introduction To Education, F100
Human Development and Learning
P280
Introduction to U.S. History I,
H105
Freshman Literature I, L102
Introduction to Psychology I,
P101
And Was Not Seen Alive Since;
He Forgot His Social
Security Number:
His Remains Cannot Be Identified
THANK YOU AGAIN, RUTH CLEM, FOR
A WONDERFUL TIME!!! WE LUV YOU.

RACIST OR REALIST, Cont.

in the dining hall, whites are intimidated and harassed, and senseless, extensive damages are committed. If any punitive action results, it is labeled "racism"; in fact, official reaction is usually muted by the threat of a "racial incident".

The uninformed reader (most of the disturbing occurrences are hushed up) may not feel the threat inherent in such a situation. It is my fear that, as polarization continues between white and black extremes, we will all feel it, when it is too late. Now is the time to stop all this bullshit.

We presently are faced with four solutions. The first, and easiest, would be to let the situation ride and hope that things will work out. This is the ostrich head-in-the-sand approach. The second alternative would be to establish an all black dorm. This is the regressive segregation-in reverse approach. the third solution would be to accept the situation and invite I.U. Safety back into the Halls. This is the law-and-order approach.

The last approach is to do some hard and frank talking with both the administration and the blacks. This is the path now being followed. But, it seems that talk only results in sore throats, emotional reactions, and alienation. Many are on the verge of giving up this tactic, due to fatigue and doubts about the sincerity of certain individuals. We are faced with a near-explosive situation, and something must be done. Only by working together can we find a rational and workable solution. Will the Black people meet us half-way?

REMEDIES AND GRIPES

by Wayne Hart

Again I shall try my hand at demonstrating my literary talent. This time I wish to talk about power and relationships. I don't intend to leave out names. I'm not one to censor my thoughts. We have a few problems in our House this year, to say the least. Some are caused by Grenadiers(me especially) not desiring to allow for others wishes or rights. Last year I suggested that quiet hours be changed to 12pm.-10am. weekdays, and 2pm.-11am. weekends. My reasoning was that a student can study in many places on campus. We're so close to the library. The Quad has a study hall. But there is nowhere else we can go to sleep. I still support this.

But, we have no place on campus in this cold weather to raise hell and boress except in our rooms. We've had trouble on first floor because of this.

Greg Turza has an idea that he is the only one on the floor with rights. Agreed, he should be able to sleep in peace. But when the majority of the floor is still trying to get rid of some excess energy, they also have their rights--the right to enjoy life and have leisure time.

Little Fred, Donald Dog, Big Red, Steve Smith and I have enjoyed a few boresses at late hours. Perhaps we were too loud. If so, let the rest of the floor support Greg. Otherwise, we will probably continue.

Usually, on any floor, when anybody politely and undemandingly asks us to quiet down we will. We might not be elated or all smiles and birthday cake comments about it, but we will quiet down. And we won't blow fireworks, either.

Another thing, Greg, be at least hospitable to those who knock at your door. Many girls looking for Colby have been treated very rudely.

(Continued on page 15)

Life in the Woods

by A.S.P.C.A.

Once upon a time, there was a little chipmunk named Chippy. One night, Chippy and a friend decided they would have a bit of honest fun. So, Chippy took his squeak machine and turned it on in front of Sam Squirrel's house. Well, Chippy and friend made some basically loud noise, but Sam did not care.

All at once Alfred, the nasty old aardvark, decided he was bothered by the noise. Alfred, the self-made law enforcer noted for his hot temper and loose wits by all the animals in the woods, came storming out of his lair. Nobody else seemed to care, except Alfred.

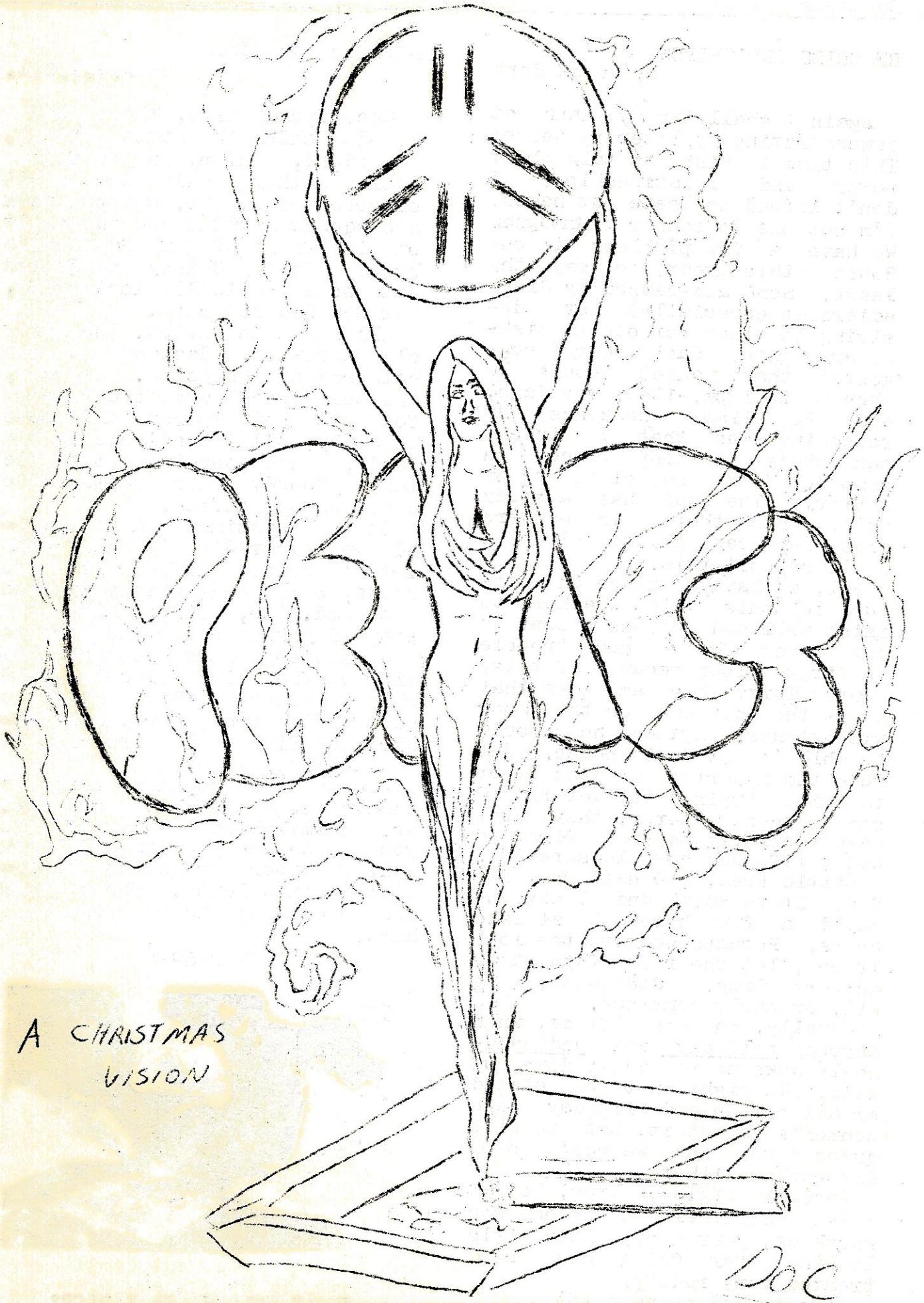
In the meantime, Sam had turned on his radio to hear the latest news. Alfred let the woods, Sam, and Chippy know he was mad. So, Chippy and Sam stopped making noise and went to the meeting place because they did not feel like sleeping, and what's wrong with talking to your neighbors? Harry Hummingbird and Mike Mole were also at the meeting place.

A conspiracy began in order to hassle mean old Mr. Aardvark. Mr. Hummingbird supplied the goods, and the gangleader, Frank Fox, was there to release an exciting experience. The meeting then broke up and everyone went home.

con't on page 17



WHO'S ROLLING THAT DICE?



A CHRISTMAS
VISION

Doc

WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IN MY HOUSE?

by Fred Truden

Guess again!! This is my article and I hope you give it a fair chance, this time. This is really one of the better arrangements of FIRST FLOOR ACTIVITIES since the last Scribe was published. If you haven't lost interest yet, keep up---there is still a chance.

--If you have one NO and you already KNOW, what do you have? Probably a LEFT ON, but if you don't really know, ask Mark the Shark. P.S. Ask him about the bats...

--Well, I'm deeply convinced those guys in the dungeon are going to actually end up in the lost files of the F.B.I. Are any of the three around? Are they square?

--Colby, How's it feel to be social director again? By the way, how's your single room? I have never seen anything that small.

--Bill Eigelsbach doesn't have his T.V. anymore. He doesn't have his car either.

--I guess Kelly does study?? He got an A on a Communications Law test. I still don't understand why he goes to his 8:30 class at 11:00

--It seems Mark and Jim are not really watching the time, lately. But that's all right. It does not matter.

--It seems that as soon as Wayne got rid of his tree, he already had another one in his room.

--Mario, were you drunk the other night? How's Frank?

--Dogan?

--M.D. Cox, can you tell me the answer? Heads? Tails? No, but I'll bet YOU KNOW.

--Big Red, your guitar is cool. Even so, you shouldn't keep it in the refrigerator.

--Rodenkirk, How's WIUS?

--It seems that my roommate is

(Continued on page 17)

PHANTASMAGONICAL

I have little to talk about at this point in the year. I am tired and ready to go home for a vacation. However, before I go I would like to give some Christmas gifts.

Sheryl--I think you need a bit of peace--maybe some happiness would do the trick. I will try to accomodate somehow?

Tom Kelly--Perhaps you need the same thing that Colby needs.

Colby--I think you should get some yellow nylon underwear.

Greg Turza--A heart would not be a bad gift for you provided that it is full of the milk of human kindness.

Fred Truden--I hope that a Becky will suffice you. Nothing else seems to have been able to do so to date.

Janee--I think that she deserves the starring role in the famous Macbeth. She would make the perfect witch--the voice and all!

Norman--I guess I will see to it

that he gets a halter for you know what.

Kurt--I think a game of Double Jeopardy should be given to him.

Fred Smith--A new liver would do him just fine.

Larry--The illustrious governor of Parks has everything--he has a Lark!!--(lucky dog)---- Merry Christmas to you both.

Pat Magill--A Diane doll will do the trick until you can see the real thing.

Art--You don't need a "Teresa" doll, do you?

Boyd--It is necessary to postpone his gift until the summer at which time I will give him Kathy. Nice of me?--No?

Have a good and safe Christmas vacation. I will be spying on you again after vacation in the next year. Peace be with you all until then.

TQ SLEEP, Cont.

period of quiet exists on weeknights until perhaps midnight when the noise level be reduced considerably from what it is now and perchance we all could dream.

HOCKEY ACTION

by Fred Smith

Yes fans, after a grueling exhibition season, the Second Floor Hockey League regular season is finally underway. On Friday, December 11, the six teams squared off to initiate what should prove to be a long and bitter battle for first place and four Stanley Cup play-off berths.

According to a local poll the favorite to cop the coveted regular season championship is the Chicago Blackhawks coached by Bill Laing. The New York Rangers (Fred Smith), the Detroit Red Wings (Greg Sammons), and the Vancouver Canucks (Jeff "Dil" Webb), are expected to struggle for the remaining playoff spots. The St. Louis Blues (Rick Johnson) and the Montreal Canadians (John Hart), are unanimously considered also-rans.

In opening day action the first game saw John Hart's Canadians fall unceremoniously to the ever pressing Red Wings, 5-1. The second game was a tough battle but the Canucks of Vancouver eventually lost to the overpowering Blackhawks. However, in what could perhaps be the upset of the year, "Kernel" Johnson's Blues came from behind to shock the highly-favored Rangers of Fred Smith. In fact, the out-

(Continued on page 17)



1st floor

GRENAIDIERS FIND MANY WAYS TO PASS THE TIME DURING THE 1st SEMESTER



2nd floor



3rd floor

BORESS CHRISTMAS

by Greg Sammons

Yes, there is a Santa Clause and he is now writing this article from the shower.

The very drab party was broken up with John Hart's outbreak of rage by throwing Webb's moldy cheese jar with hair in it back at him in thanks. A typical Hart move. Colby, on the other hand, was quite delighted with his Kotex and make-up kit.

Little Fred found out that Norm had been taking his girl out to eat before he could ask her. Larry had been wishing all year for a uniform for the annual mark up contest. Butt, being good this year, was awarded an extra large pair of B.V.D.'s complete with nicotine stains in them.

Colonel Johnson almost cried for the simple reason he had wanted artillery men and equipment instead of plain army men. A mistake on Santa's part.

This Christmas has an extra special meaning for Jeff Webb. Jeff had been in the slumps until the party when he received a new Dildo from Kurt. Now when his new girl (labeled sex by Jeff) comes over, she will have something to do.

Santa's roommate has a new bed partner. A month old, half eaten goose. It keeps him off my

(Continued on page 17)

BUTT'S BULL

by Larry Bottoms

Before I proceed with the main content of my most famous column I wish to make an apology. My first and only apology goes to Mrs. Baird (Pamela's mother). It was because of my last article that Mrs. Baird didn't get to read the last issue of the Scribe. I realize that it isn't Mrs. Baird's fault that her daughter is the way she is--corrupt! Pam just can't handle "college life". So, Mrs. Baird, I wish to apologize and I sincerely hope she will accept my apology. As for Pam--well if I say anything, Mrs. Baird will not be able to read this article so I will refrain from expressing my feelings about Pam and her actions.

It has been brought to my attention that many people feel that my articles are biased and that I often stretch the facts. I will admit that I often stretch the issues, but only in good faith. Such is the case with George. I have been rather inhuman when I speak of George. Sincerely, George is one of my best friends and a real "college Joe", even though he does work for the Warren Telephone Company.

Although, I do stretch some truths, I can honestly say that some things I leave unaltered. I mean is it my fault if I should wish to write about the "kids" on second floor? Is it my fault if some of the so-called men on that floor wish to play some stupid game of "Hockey" until all hours of the morning, while one guy finds it necessary to play army! However, telling the truth, that I always have and always will, I must say that Pat and Art are more grown up. They do not play dumb games or pretend to be a war monger. Pat just thinks--he thinks of how much he misses his honey, he thinks of how horny he is and he thinks of how long it will be until he sees

Continued in Col.II

Bull, Cont.

her again. While Pat is thinking, Art is busy placing little marks all over Teresa's neck.

And is it my fault that all the guys of first floor yell naughty words at each other as Don Cox walks by in his "bright gold undies". (Don says his U-trousers seem to blend in with their surroundings; however, I contend that he wears them so no one will miss him while he is walking in the dark!)

And it surely isn't my fault if my roommate is a dumb, rotten, stinking, ignorant, optometry major. I could also write about the "shorty" who lives at the end of the hall and tries to look taller by growing hair on his lip. The bad thing about it all is that it is the truth. I would also be telling the truth if I was to say that "Mickey" has turned to the bottle like all other great movie stars.

My article is based primarily on truth and nothing but truth. And it isn't my fault if you "ding-bats" do all the dumb, stupid, ignorant things that you do! I just write about the facts, that's all. *

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Are we going to let him get away with this?



2ND SEMESTER BILL McCONNEHEY WILL LEAVE PARKS HOUSE TO DO HIS STUDENT TEACHING. HERE WE SEE HIM WITH HIS FAVORITE BUBBLE PIPE.



**ASK
MISS
BAREFAX**

Dear Miss Barefax,

When is Tom Kelly going to learn how to talk? His language is atrocious, plus all those gross words!!!

The freshmen are starting to pick up a lot of rude and unnecessary language.

Signed,
MAMA'S BOY

Dear M.B.,

Sounds to me like he's doing a darn good job! Keep up the good work, Tom!

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Why did Ray Ang go to the Philippines so early? What in the world is he doing?

Signed,
Al Capone

Dear A.C.(D.C.),

Ask Ruth C. She's had some experience in these matters. Even she can't tell how many times though. (For that one try Rodney.)

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Why is Marc Buickel so intent on situps as an exercise?

Signed,
JEALOUS ARS-KISSE

Dear J.A.K.,

He's determined to keep his brown nose shiny!

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

It's really true that Greg finally outdid himself and wrote somebody up for disturbing his beddy-bye time? And, why does he no longer have a mirror in his closet?

Signed,
WONDERING ABOUT OUR LOVEABLE GREG

Dear W.A.O.L.G.,

He's afraid he'll catch himself up, too!

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Why did Bill L. have "cream" all over his face?

Signed,
SATISFIED CUSTOMER

Dear S.C.,

He was testing the merchandise!

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

There is a certain person who is very much in love with a certain guy, namely Artie Topper. Well, anyhow this young lady always runs around with "hickies" on her most beautiful and sexy neck. She has a unique excuse--she claims that she can not feel anything because she once had some kind of disease that has affected the nerves in her neck. I will respect that excuse. But it seems that Mr. Topper could find something better to suck on.

Signed,
ART HE NO BETTER

Dear A.H.N.B.,

He has an alternative, but somehow his bone just isn't enough!

Signed,
MISS B.

December 17, 1970

MISS B., Cont.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Lately Mr. Alan Lynell Oliver has turned into quite a "night man". He finds it necessary to stay up all night (usually not doing a thing except walking around yelling obscenities at everyone) and sleeping all day. Matter-of-fact, he hasn't seen the sun in three days. What in the hell is wrong with him?

Signed,
CONCERNED

Dear C.,

Maybe he is "attending" day "classes" (in bed).

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Why was KRK in Hall House after 12:00 a.m. during last week. Is he 2-timing me?

Signed,
BLEAKY

Dear Bleaky,

Oh, what the hall?

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

What do you do when on a Friday night at 12:30 a.m. when you have a date in your room and are enjoying each other's company, your roommate comes in and goes to bed? I know what I did or said but you couldn't print it. So tell me the truth. What should I have done?

Signed,
HORNY

Dear H.,

As long as he gets in his own bed, what do you have to complain about? Think of the time you wasted yelling at him!

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

My girl wants me to "love" her mentally! How do I do it that way?

Signed,
OLD FASHIONED
LOVER

Dear O.F.L.,
Use your head!!

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,
Why is M.R. always in bed?

Signed,
CURIOUS AND
WONDERING

Dear C & W,

Have you seen his BED?!?

Signed,
MISS B.

GRIPES, Cont.

Now... Butt hates Governor's meetings. Also, we know how important they are and how we need a competent man in there every Sunday. Well, Mr. Bob Rodenkirk has asked for the job.

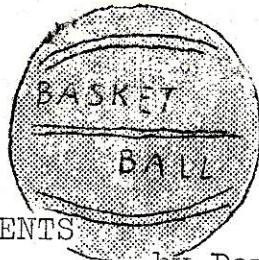
So, I suggest that we change the Constitution to have a governor for internal and external affairs. Let Rodenkirk be external Governor (and) go to the meetings--and let Larry be internal Governor and run the House.

THE CAMPBELL HOUSE AFFAIR

by Colby Knerr

In behalf of the men of Parks House, I would like to thank the women of Campbell House for a very enjoyable evening last Sunday. The food was great, the company was great, and, overall, the social event was as successful as anything we've had in three years. The turnout was pretty good and everyone enjoyed themselves.

Thanks again.



ATHLETIC EVENTS

by Dave Sims

And now for the Sports..... Our rip-roaring volleyball team had an undefeated season! I am proud to say that we had the best team in Parks House, or for that matter--First Floor.

Our basketball team was nothing out of the unordinary, in fact they were very typical. The team consists of:

--Kimberly Ryan Smith, who had 2 rebounds in our outstanding loss to Dodds.

--James Julius Thompson, who played his best game all season.

--John Fisher, who swam right through the defense, but failed to make his hook shot.

--Mike Christman, who had by far his best game in his 18 year career! Every shot was right on the puchaba.

--Jim Harrison, who did a real



JIM HARRISON MAKES A FREE THROW
IN LOSS TO DODDS.

fine job Thursday night, but his lovelife didn't help our basketball team any.

--Steve Curtis, who came out of the dungeon, which is awfully far to come through the ranks.

--AND--Last but not least---

--Dave the Rave, who led the team in solo tackles and assists and must have had about 15 fouls. He couldn't understand how he didn't foul out.



I have to mention our three ardent supporters:

--That three legged whore, Mark Miller, did a real fine job pointing out the players. We have to give you credit, Mark because you ain't got no moncy.

--There was also Don "Blue Eyes" Lantz and his before Christmas girl, Debbie.

In parting, I have to mention Kimberly "Schocker" Schmidterschit again, because when that baby is off--he ain't much; but when he's hot on target -- look out.

In other sporting events, Larry Bottoms topped the house with 18 beers, Kimberly topped the smokers with 2 packs of cigarettes in one hour. So, it seems that Larry is hooked on drinking and Kimberly is hooked on smoking. Now at least one man has high morals.....Don Lantz is hooked on dancing. With men like these--America is prospering and Parks House is achieving new athletic goals.

I play it cool and dig all jive
That's the reason I stay alive.
My motto, as I live and learn
Is: "Dig and be dug in return."

Langston Hughes

LIFE IN WOODS, Cont.

A violent boom rang out and about scared Chippy right out of bed, where he had already been sleeping for a while. After a few days, Chipp and Sam were served summons by the local authorities charging them with causing conditions sufficient to incite riot.

Mean old Mr. Aardvark was up to his old tricks. This time he actually found two scapegoats. So, if you happen to see two persecuted "goats" running around the woods, they are Chippy and Sam.

Remember...

We have to watch out for bad and idealistic creatures in our domestic animal world. It's too bad that self-made law enforcers aren't really as beneficial to community life as they think they are.

1st FLOOR, Cont.

one big drunk now that he's 21. Well, he is...

---Steve, Good Night. How about some shaving cream?

---Bob and Dave, where have you two been, lately?

---There ain't too much to say about Don and Kim, so that wraps it all up again.

Anyway gang, have a "hell" of a Christmas and some fun getting away from school. See y'all after the vacation and in the next article.

HOCKEY, Cont.

come was so unbelievable that rumors began circling around the press box to the effect that the Rangers threw the game. However, League Commissioner Fred Smith refused to call an investigation.

Local fans are encouraged to attend league games. Admission is free. Bring your own refreshments. Schedules and league standings should be regularly posted.

CHRISTMAS BORESS, Cont.
back now.

After the wonderous giving of gifts a cry of NOW went up and I was promptly swept up and thrown into the shower. So now I wish all of the men of Parks House a very merry and "Gay" Christmas.

Until Next Year,
E*t me,
Santa

THIRD FLOOR FIDDLE-FADDLE

by Gary Hitch

Dear Santa,

I'm not writing this letter to you because I like you. The truth is I want something! But not for me. I want Jim and John to get a spelling book so they can learn words that have more than four letters. I want Connehey to discover that everyday joy called "morning". I want David to give his paunchy tummy to someone for Christmas. I want Pat to get some white gloves and yellow shoes to go along with his Mickey Mouse ears. I want Big George to have a moustache (really!). I want Bruce to have a safe trip home on his tractor. I want Big Al to be reincarnated into a sweet potato plant. I want Steve and Gary to still have a dorm room when they come back after the vacation. I want Butt and Big Fred to find true happiness--together. I want dumb old Marc to stop keeping his room-mate all to himself. I want Paul to destroy his soccer ball and destroy his guitar. Then I want Rick to destroy Paul.

For first-floor I want them to all get girlfriends, because I'm worried about them living together down there. For second-floor I want a new floor. Third floor already has everything.

For my shy, unassuming self, all I want is a jug of wine, a loaf of bread and (if you have any extra ones) a Big Blue Frog. If you're out of frogs, got any elves hanging around?

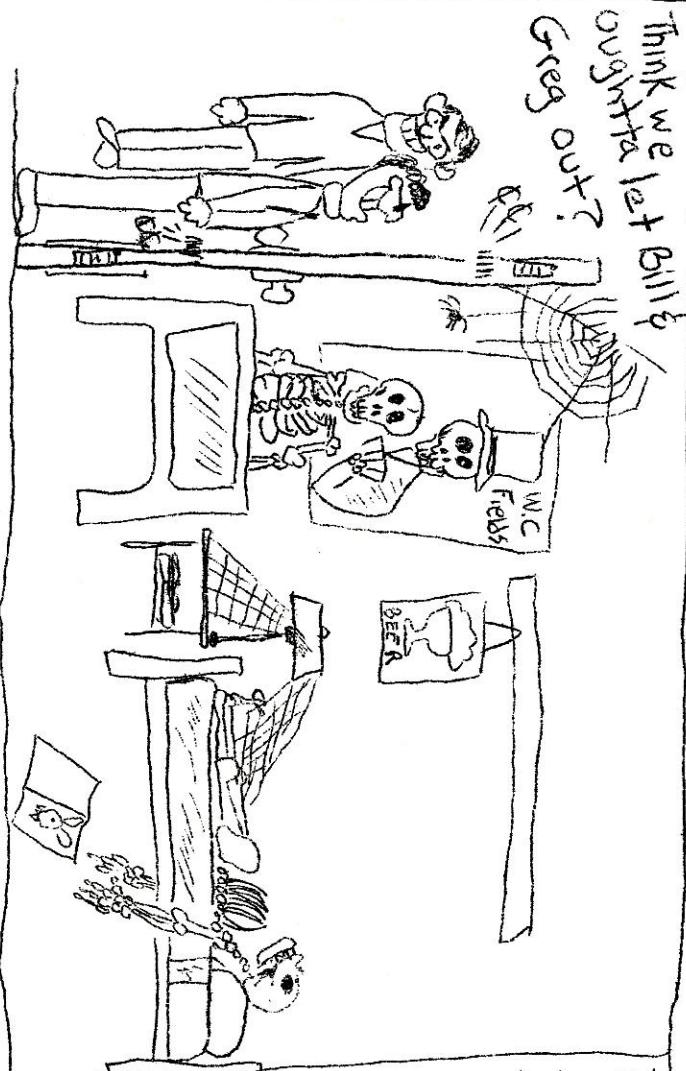
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

WAKE UP

This issue:
the PRACTICAL
Jokers (Jokes)
of
Parks House



O' Larry Butt
digs swimming
in the sparkling
Jordan! obscenity

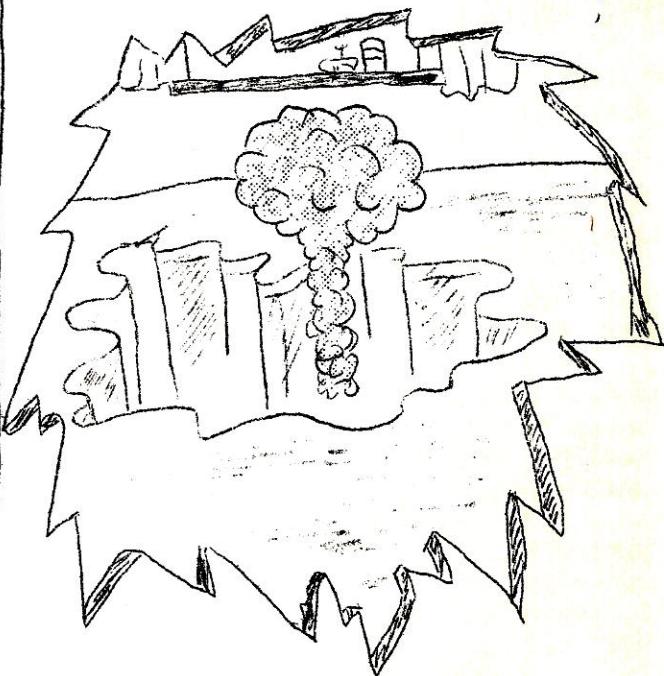


Would you believe - OUR Editor?!



HOW MANY TIMES, RAY?

When do you suppose John Hart
will learn to lock his door?



I could draw a lot of
other things that have
happened in Parks this
year, but Dave wouldn't
print them. Right, Dave?
Right Bucket?