

THE
PARKS
HOUSE

SCRIBE

WRIGHT QUADRANGLE, INDIANA UNIVERSITY.



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May 7, 1970

Number 6



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THE SCRIBE STAFF:

EDITOR	David Tutacko
SPORTS EDITOR . . .	Marc Buickel
PHOTO MANAGER . . .	Bruce Kiesling
STAFF ARTIST	Fred Ambler
STAFF	Gary Hitch Kurt Kaboth Larry Bottoms Patrick Williams
SPECIAL STAFF	Sue Savich Fred Truden Patrick Magill Becki Endicott The Boisen I Babes

HOUSE OFFICERS:

GOVERNOR	Larry Bottoms
VICE-GOVERNOR . . .	Patrick Magill
SECRETARY	Patrick Williams
TREASURER	Fred Truden
SOCIAL CHAIRMAN . . .	Colby Knerr
ATHLETIC DIRECTOR . .	Marc Buickel
FLOOR REPRESENTATIVES	

First	Fred Ambler
Second	Ronnie Norfleet
Third	Alan Oliver
COUNSELOR	Bill Van Wert



EDITOR'S "ecstasy"

A special welcome to the Women of Boisen I. Today the Men of Parks House come to you not with buckets and water balloons but with their house newspaper. We must thank Susan Savich, Becki Endicott and the rest of the Boisen I Babes for contributing to the Parks-Boisen I SCRIBE.

For those Grenadiers who had found a good excuse for not being at Lake Lemon to support their Regatta team, I would like to introduce the members of the team to you. They appear on the front page. From left to right: Marc Buickel, Larry Bottoms, Fred Ambler, and Wayne Hart. Their Boisen I teammates are Becki Endicott and Valerie Davis. On the second running of the second heat Grenadier Bob Smith replaced Larry Bottoms. We are proud of the fine showing and enthusiasm the team had displayed. In the words of Marc, Larry, Fred, Wayne, and Bob, "NEXT YEAR!"

Remember that tomorrow is the Mini 500 race. Let's get out there and support our team! Boisen II qualified with a time of 46.2 sec. and placed 23rd in the Quals. GO BOISEN II!!!

This is the last issue of Volume XI. However, don't worry. I shall continue to spend your money lavishly on the creation of a House scrapbook. Anyone wishing a 4" x 5" "glossy" of any of the pictures taken during the school year please put your order in now. Over 200 pictures have been taken this year!

Special mention must be made of Joe Fiscel who will be graduating at the end of the semester. Joe has been stapling SCRIBES together longer than any Grenadier on record. We hope that he has a successful career teaching those high school moppets and that when he leaves he kindly takes his bat, beetle and bug collection with him.



**From the
GOVERNOR**

by Larry Bottoms

Just what the hell is student government? Is it something the administration has given the students to play with, so as to pacify them? Is it really a "sand box"? These questions are often asked.

In my opinion, student government could be and should be a powerful body to help the students, every student. Lately, the Board of Governors has been nothing more than a sand box.

Sunday night I walked out of the Governors' meeting. At this time I wish to explain my action to the men of the house and any governor who may read this.

The motion on the floor was to accept and back the five demands of the students(?) as presented to the administration. First of all, I did not know how you, the men of the house, felt on these demands. It was then moved that the Governors as individuals vote on the five demands. As individuals (fourteen) we have no more power than anyone else. There are also rallies and petitions for an individual to protest the war and back the demand if he wishes. However, the vote was taken on the first demand. The vote was three for, five against, and six abstentions. It was after this vote that I packed up and left.

Maybe, if the Governors would think of the men they represent we could get something constructive done. Until this time, student government will remain in its "sand box."

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EDITORIAL

by David Tutacko

I want to thank the two Grenadiers who have stayed around and have done all of the "dirty" work in preparing the six issues of the SCRIBE, Kurt Kaboth and Bruce Kiesling. Where were the rest?

On Sunday, May 3, 1970, Parks House had a team in the Little 500 Regatta. Only six Grenadiers were there to support their team. Count them; Little Fred, Don Cox; Boyd Hahn, Scott Liggett, Bob Linn, and myself.

Everyone else I suppose, was either too busy or thought that it was beneath them to stand in the mud and cheer their team on. If it wasn't for the enthusiasm displayed by the women of Boisen I and Boisen II at Lake Lemon the team would have had no vocal backing whatever. It wasn't their team, it was ours.

Those who expect any support for a bike team in next year's Little 500 Race are indulging in wishful thinking. There will be none. Unfortunately, Parks House will have a very small "turn over" next year. The same lazy, apathetic people will be back.



CLONA: A FRIEND TO US ALL

by Bill McConnehey

Clona Birch is quickly approaching the golden age when one can finally quit working himself to death and retire to rest up for that time when the Lord decides to get shitty about the whole thing. Yes, this seems to be the last year the Snack Bar will be graced by the kind, generous lady. There is a slight possibility that Clona will remain at the end of the counter next semester until December; I certainly hope so, because I feel the Snack Bar needs someone with balls in charge, and some of the guys working would not qualify.

Clona has been working in the Snack Bar for a very long time--19 years. During her years of service to the students, she has attempted to maintain the level of service and quality of food served. However, under the guise of cost cutting and efficiency, the bigwigs who have ultimate control have eliminated such things as home-made chile and pies on Sunday nights, while simultaneously cutting back the number of employees. Thus, we now have to wait longer for less appetizing products.

Of course, some will think that Clona's departure will be good. In this age of confrontation and intolerance, it seems the game is to push the rules until Clona is angry. People like Terry Oprea and the Heretic Staff must get complete satisfaction by going into the Snack Bar "half-naked" so they can hear Clona yell. Clona does not like to see somebody's sweaty pits hanging over the condiments. I can't think of anything more disgusting (except, perhaps, John & Sheryl).

CLONA, Cont.

And, as if that weren't enough, Clona catches the shit from those above. Ma Deckard seems to think that Clona is responsible for everything that happens in the Snack Bar. Sometimes nobody is responsible (especially on Fridays). Ma and her cronies are always trying to squeeze blood out of the proverbial turnips, and when all they can get is Coke syrup they just can't understand.

Clona's retirement will definitely be a loss to us who are friends to her. She has lent money to some who were in need, and she has given invaluable advice to others. After she is gone, who will return a smile for a smile, a bitch for a bitch? Who will remind some of us that freedom is one thing and respect for others is another?



Carol Lois Lark Karen
Teach Arvin Bearden Barker

TIE RIGHT
OF
DISSENT
by
OUR FOUNDING FATHERS

FEAR GAS

PROBLEMS
ASSOCIATION

CITY OF KENT
STREET DEPT.

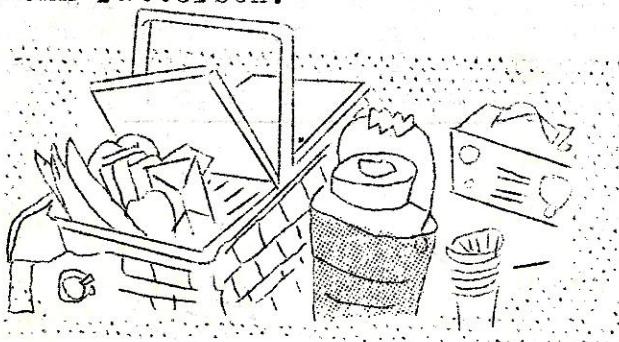
GRENADIER TOPS IN ROTC

The Chicago Tribune Award for high academic achievement was recently awarded to second-floor Grenadier Glenn Patterson. This award for high academics is presented each year to the cadet in that year's class with the highest ranking in R.O.T.C. courses. Glenn was presented the award at the April 24 R.O.T.C. awards ceremony.

In addition to this outstanding award, Glenn, who has an overall G.P.A. of 3.5 has been awarded the Academic Wreath. Not stopping there he has also been awarded the Outstanding Cadet Award presented each semester to the most outstanding cadet in each company.

Glenn also received two drill awards, the individual and Squad drill awards. To top off this seeming endless list of honors, he has been awarded the Ranger Service Award. This award is for outstanding service in the Rangers, the R.O.T.C. Green Berets.

Glenn has given up weekends to drill and march; to practice exercises at the Monroe Reservoir, but he still maintains his status on the Dean's List. Hats off to our leading R.O.T.C. man, Glenn Patterson.



LYSOL OVER EVERYTHING

by Don White

If this article has any punctuation marks where they shouldn't then squash them. They're bugs. Little tiny creepy red crudbugs, and they infest Wright Quad every Spring. So far, only I and Bill Eigelsbach have found them lurking in our rooms this Spring, but this could be due to the fact that you can't see them unless you're looking for them. About the only time they're visible is when they crawl across something you're reading. For you see, these little beasties eat the bindings out of your books. I suppose it's partially the University's fault for binding the books with flour paste. Anyway, the little crawlies can stand up to almost any kind of bug spray; Real-kill, Raid, Lysol. Me, I goosh them. But they travel like an iceberg; for every one that crawls across your page, there are a thousand lurking in dark hiding places.

If you find yourself beset with these little crabs, the only thing you can do is catch some to prove to the housing manager that they're not falling out of your hair, upon which they will send the killer over, and he will spray your room with cyanide for freebies. The only catch is that it takes him about two weeks to get around to it. So if you discover that you've got unwelcome guests, prepare to spend an itchy two weeks. These bugs don't inhabit humans, but it's hard to sleep when you can hear them tromping across the floor.

VISIT TO THE ZOO

by Sue Savich

The first floor of Boisen, Teter Quad is often referred to as Boisen I Zoo. As the name would imply, the place is noisy, fairly messy, and full of animals. The girls on the floor managed to come up with the highest grade point of any floor in Teter Quad and were 10th on campus. To the naive reader this may sound impressive but let me give you an example of a typical schedule for a Boisen I resident. The following is our Vulture's first semester list of classes:

Saturday

- 8:00 Vampire lessons
- 9:00 Personal hygiene for vultures
- 10:00 The theory of were wolves
- 11:00 Introduction to the art of swooping
- 12:00 Lunch
- 1:00 Frang sharpening
- 2:00 Vulture Prey Lak
- 8:00 Meeting of IMU
Vulture Club

Now wouldn't you really expect a vulture to get above a 3.0 with a schedule like that?

Besides studying, our main activities are the bi-daily (or more often) double bid euchre and pinochle clubs, water fights, and athletic activities. We have had intramural teams for basketball, volleyball, softball, and of course our famous Mini team.

The above is a general picture of the atmosphere of the Boisen I Zoo. Following will be a series of short interviews with some of the zoo's residents.

Interviewer: Carol, say something repulsive.

Carol Teach: ACK!

Interviewer: Becki, what would you like to say?

Becki Endicott: What's a chicken head?

Interviewer: Coach, what words

PATIENCE MAKES PERFECT

by Kurt Kaboth

Remember the picnic Parks House and Boisen I had the afternoon of the Mini qualifications? Naw, da you? Well it seems on that day too many of the guys went home leaving the transportation facilities of Parks rather strained.

Because of the minimum of facilities the cars were rather crowded both coming and going. It seemed to be worse afterwards, though.

Twelve people left in Butt's car much to his dismay, but only seven got back to campus. At the corner as you turn to get on the road that takes you to the road--ah, forget it. Anyway,

Butt noticed that his springs didn't seem to be doing their job. In fact, the frame was a bare $3\frac{1}{2}$ " off the ground. Naturally, five Grenadiers offered to let Larry take the girls back. They decided to hitch. Actually they were ordered to hitch, but that's beside the point. Well the five gracious Grenadiers--Bill Eigelsbach, Fred Truden, Gary Hitch, Steve Gafken, and myself.

Off we went, optimistic in the thought that soon we'd hitch a ride and in a short time be back in the warmth and comfort of Parks. Well, it seems that no one is too eager to pick up five students en masse all headed in the same direction. Three cars passed us all haughtily speed-

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THE BOISEN I ZOO

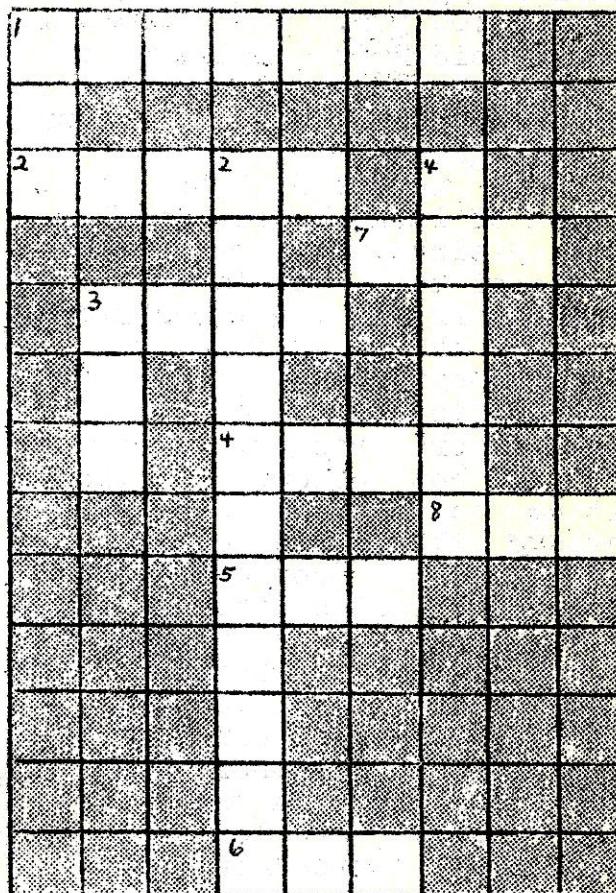
by Sue Savich

DOWN:

- 1-What girl on the floor is nicknamed Froggy?
- 2-Becki Endicott's nickname
- 3-This girl's nickname is Lizard
- 4-Synonym for a dog which makes a lot of noise (Also a girl who broke her ankle)

ACROSS:

- 1-A bird of prey--also Terri Pfau's nickname
- 2-Lark is the animal name for this girl. What is her nickname?
- 3-Loogootee's real name
- 4-The turtle's real name. (She's an alternate on the team)
- 5-Nanny goat's real name.
- 6-The weasel is coach. What is her real name?
- 7-Carol Ann Teach is what animal?
- 8-Rebecca Ann Myers is what animal?



EDITOR'S NOTE: Anyone getting 100% correct on this crossword puzzle will get a free banana split, compliments of Larry Bottoms.

the men of
Parks House
salute



KAREN BARKER

who unselfishly permitted Becki Myers to ride in the Mini 500 Quals.

BOY'S BUCKETTED BY BOISEN

by the Boisen I Babes

On April 10, 1970 at approximately 7:00 p.m. the Boisen I Babes decided to challenge the Men of Parks House to a game of tackle football. We went to our rooms to gather the refreshments and party favors for our game. The men of Parks House deliberately misinterpreted the significance of the buckets in which we were carrying the refreshments and came charging out with no warning what-so-ever at us with wastebaskets full to the brim with either freezing cold or scalding hot water. Without waiting to make sure of our intentions they attacked. And being the poor defenseless females that we are, we ran about like chickens with their heads cut off. After several minutes of warfare, everyone was thoroughly drenched, and the Boisen I Babes were left with empty refreshment buckets. Again the men mercilessly beat upon our bodies and carried several females into the House. The war seemed to be turning cold when suddenly a blood-curdling yell *CENSORED* was blared from inside the prison walls. All of the babes helped without fear to retrieve the innocent victim. And the war slowly came to a close with the Parks House men promising the Babes ice cream at 12:00 to make up for their wrong doings. All of the Boisen I Babes returned home to prepare their bodies for the social event. At the stroke of midnight we heard a noise like an army marching off to war. Peering from the windows we realized that the men of Parks had returned. The Boisen I Babes prepared for the attack. The second siege ended in a wet but pleasant game of cards.

THE GREAT WATER FIGHT

by Don White

It was about 6 o'clock when the call was going around first floor: "Boisen has challenged us to football!"

"Touch or tackle?"

"Tackle, okay, I can see it."

A well-rounded team of about six guys turned out and started over to Boisen, only to be met by about forty girls with water buckets, screaming "Kill!" Using an ancient military strategy we broke and ran like hell for the safety of Parks. Imagine our consternation when the mob followed us in, water and all. Why, they weren't even signed in!

However, as the men of Parks gradually realized what was coming off, the girls were routed. Marc Buickel was official executioner of prisoners, with a 20-gallon canister to dump on them.

After about a half hour of small skirmishes, the girls withdrew, shouting that they would "get us" at 12:00 that night.

We didn't know how, but we were all for it, and we made attack plans.

About a half a million water balloons were purchased, and mass production of water bombs was started. Mean old Fred Truden filled his balloons halfway with Gillette Foamy, an especially grotesque mixture. Finally, at midnight, led by impeccably dressed Lawrence Bottoms, we marched in formation to Boisen, yelling, "Kill!" This was not first choice as our battle cry, but the others were voted down as they might cause the Safeties to shoot us as a crazed sex mob. Anyway, it wasn't much of a fight. They had placed snipers on the roof, but anyone who can't dodge a bucketfull of water fal-

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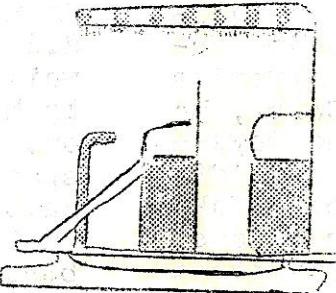
PARKS HOUSE MATES UP WITH BOISEN I
by Wayne Hart

As spring fever hits campus and studying becomes so much harder to do, it becomes evident that the opposite sex is a lot more attractive than the cadavers in Morrison Hall. Therefore, some occasionally wet Grenadiers have taken this challenge to Hart and investigated the various possibilities in our female cohorts.

Little 500 weekend might be the greatest college weekend, but that's because it starts in March and lasts almost forever. Naturally in my coarse and verbose way, I am referring to the various couples which appeared or lasted through our acquaintance with the Boisen Babes. To date, I have a very unofficial tally of something near seven enjoyable evenings planned or past involving seven Grenadiers and seven Babes. My tallies are only as human as I am. Please excuse all omissions and inclusions.

First floor is the easiest for the Babes to invade and they did a fair job. Little Fred has been seen working out lately. It seems he may have to teach his tiger a thing or two. Liggett is still trying to figure out why, where and how, his blankets got wet. Doc enjoyed a "duded up" evening on North Jordan last week and Bill is playing possum to get a vulture to notice him. Our illustrious Governor can't get around very well so he's taken to watching Birds, Especially Larks. Curly has found a good reason to head for Loogootee but he can't find it on a map.

Well, it's late and the seventh Grenadier has much better things to do than just "talk" about his Babe. So I will **proudly** exit stage left while I'm still ahead.



As a side comment--the views expressed here are not of the author's but they're pretty close.

THE INTERVIEW

by Little Fred

INT = Interviewer

INT: Say something repulsive.

Bill Eigelsbach: Sheryl!

INT: What would you like to say about Boisen I?

John Fisher: Give me a while to think.

INT: What words of consolation do you offer the Mini team?

Colby Knerr: Break a leg.

INT: Say something gross!

Wayne Hart: BURRPP!

INT: What improvement would you like to see made between us and Boisen I?

Jim Harrison: Better girls in Boisen!

INT: What recreational activities can be suggested for Parks and Boisen?

Steven Smiley: Community Interaction.

INT: Men, say what you want to about Boisen I.

Little Fred: Who's a troll?

Big Fred: I don't!

Scott Liggett: What's this about the coin flipping contest?

Tom Kelly: Not a damn thing!

John Fisher: What blankets of Liggett's?



BUTT'S BULL

by Larry Bottoms

I have chosen a topic which many men are experiencing or have experienced at one time or another. I would like to dedicate this fine piece of literature, which you are about to read, to Mr. Pat Magill and Mr. Topper. The subject is that of horniness!

For those of you who don't know what it is to be horny, I will explain it to you. To be horny is to go a long time without any female companionship. To be rather blunt, one is horny when he has had no lovin'.

The question now arises as to why one would let himself get in this sad shape. There are a number of reasons. As in Big Al's case he blames it on religion. However, I thought Mormons could have as many wives as they wished. As for Colby, he would rather be with the boys--especially Tracy who has left him for a real woman, not a fake like Colby. Last, but not least is Mr. Magill. His horny state is caused by many miles, you see Diana is in Florida. Right Mr. Magill?

There are a number of ways in which a person can cure this most serious disease. The best and most effective cure is to find yourself a woman! Take my roommate for example. Since he has found his true love, Karen, he no longer complains of being horny.

Mr. Magill pacifies himself writing letters and dreaming of the day when he can be with Diane. A word of warning goes to Pat--summer is a long way off. Pat start counting the seconds, the minutes, the hours, the days, and the weeks.

Bill McConnehey finds it necessary to have Linda down every other weekend. If Bill is ever needed on that every other weekend, you can find him at the Stony Crest Motel.

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OPEN LETTER TO TRACY

by Colby Knerr

On behalf of the house, I would like to use this space to wish a former Grenadier, Tracy Dee Miller, a happy twenty-first birthday. April 17 was the day and judging from the recognition it received, that day may be proclaimed an annual Parks House holiday. At 12:00 o'clock a.m. the boys on second floor tearfully sang their own rendition of "Thanks for the Memories." Simultaneously, several first floor members danced down the floor singing "Celebrate." In other parts of the house different reactions were observed. Someone on third floor rolled out of bed and screamed, "What's the damn noise about?" Little Fred did cartwheels in the courtyard while singing "Tracy". Tom Kelly hockered; the dungeon slept on. The events of the night speak for themselves, Tracy. The guys were really disappointed that they couldn't celebrate your birthday with you as they did last year, but they will get over it. Second floor said to tell you they still leave Tuesday open just in case you happen to come down.

Once again, here's wishing you a happy twenty-first.

ANOTHER GRENADIER SELECTED FOR QUAD OFFICE

At the May 5 meeting of the Wright Quad Judicial Board, second floor Grenadier, Kurt Kaboth, was elected Chairman of the Board for the rest of this and next semester. Kurt was an alternate member of the old J-Board and was recently appointed to this Board.

This brings to three the number of Grenadiers in the Quad Executive Cabinet, a number exceeded by no other house. Don Cox, president of Wright, Bill McConnehey, V-P, and now Kurt, Chairman of the J-Board are all Grenadiers.

1ST FLOOR ACTIVITY

by Fred Truden

CAST: Parks House and "special guest stars"--Boisen I, better known as Boiseni.

First of all, a big congratulations out to Big Fred, Butt, Marc, Wayne, Bob, Chicken Head, and Val. Good job, even though the judges didn't think so. I have one question--Why us?

To whom it may concern:

--I am happy to admit that the two cripples on 1st floor, Parks are quite well. Colby and Bob aren't really hurt, they are just sympathy getters.

--I think Bill Eigelsbach has those dark circles under his eyes from too much sleep. Maybe you can get a job with the Sears & Roebuck sleep shop this summer, Bill.

--Tom Kelly actually did play golf this past month. He didn't do too badly. Of course, what's a 93 when the winners get scores of 70 or better. Keep trying, Tom.

--I think there's a real serious problem between Scott Liggett and John Fisher. Maybe Scott should Sue--or something.

--If you ever go to the main library--Don't go down to the cafeteria. You might run into some people there who are real talkers.

--I wish to admit that if you ever need exercise, you can walk to Lake Lemon. It's only a 3 to $3\frac{1}{4}$ hour walk from Beaumont Parks Academy for Undergraduate Men. It's a wonderful experience, too.

--There has been a recent comment from a certain pigmy at Boisen I, that "Chicago" uses too much guitar. Some people should learn to "strum" along and not "pick" at differences of opinion.

--When is Gary going to get his handy-dandy machine fixed?

--Boisen I is really a zoo. They have a vulture, a lizard, a chicken--head, a nanny goat, a lark and various other types of

(Continued on page 17)

THIRD FLOOR FIDDLE-FADDLE

by Gary Hitch

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of...Well it's time once again for fiddle-faddle, and what an appropriate name that is, because reading this article will be like having popcorn stick to your teeth. Don't ask me why.

Third floor has been industrious lately: George has gone to a class or two; Bill has been doing studies of open viz violations which have had him personally involved late in the night; Marc has been grooving to the "Best of Buddah", and of course talking a lot; Pat has been just swell. (Really, Mr. & Mrs. Williams!)

I'll say no more against the "Sponge." He has caught up with his book work (and mine). And another reason that he's O.K. by me is that I don't smoke.

Jerry, the Jew in blue, has been busy deciding which pair of blue bells he'll wear and scraping gum off his laundry.

David has been working hard on this SCRIBE, but articles like this still sneak through. Maybe it's because he has had no help from the obese pear across the hall who has betrayed him. (See Mark 14:72).

The last time I saw A. Cole he was wearing tan and aqua striped pants with baby-blue spats and a "Vacation in New York" souvenir belt. The most interesting part of his wardrobe, however, is the charcoal-gray, 100-foot electric cord which lights up his flowery shirt. Gosh, he's pretty.

Our own Governor Butt was padding on the Regatta team. I always knew, Larry, that those flat feet of yours would come in good someday.

Last and certainly least is the fact that Joe Fiscel will be graduating and leaving third floor (we think). Joe has become a tradition on the floor: a venerable old sage who seems to have been here before the build-

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THIS ARTICLE IS ACK RATED!
by Little Fred

Friends and other people--being at dock side last Sunday and after mingling with the fantastic crowds, I was able to arrive at these vital statistics:

- 1) 43% of the people asked didn't know what Parks was;
- 2) 94% of these people didn't know what a Boiseni was;
- 3) 2% didn't know what Wright Quad was.
- 4) 7% thought a Teter was the 1st half of a totter;
- 5) 100% of the people know what the SCRIBE was and they thought it was one of the best newspapers in the area*
- 6) 98% of the fans attentively watched Mr. W. Hart proceed to dump everything except the kitchen sink in the water. I've heard of polluting water, but next time keep Sheryl out.

Now we move on to the crowd reaction department.

Prior to Parks-Boisen I first Regatta race, the air was tense, people were tense, riders were tense. In fact, even one unidentified individual said: "Gee, I am tense."

Upon our 1st triumph everyone became very excited. Karen Barker informed me "that the race was quite fantastic." Scott Liggett refused to comment. Bill Eigelsbach smiled (that's a good sign). I wasn't able to get much of a reaction from another spectator--she kept babbling--Speak, child of misery--victim of circumstance--creature of habit!!

Anyway, after being defeated, Parks House rooters were a little deflated. Marc Buickel even had no comment! But our victory charge was given a shot of adrenaline. The race was recalled. Again, people were excited.

(Continued in col. II)

*EDITOR'S NOTE: What do you mean, ONE of the best, Freddy?

ACK ARTICLE, Cont.

Things picked up as Parks was ahead--Really, on the return lap, the boat's chain slipped and the race was disqualified. Then Parks was awarded defeat, with another team winning. Boo!

Again, there was no reaction. Better luck next year?

GOVERNOR, Cont.

Last week, both the Board of Governors and Vice-Governors defeated a bill to support the Harney Heretic for the remainder of the year. In direct conflict of the Boards, Mr. Clifford, the Rec Board chairman, has agreed to take the money out of his contingency. However, this contingency fund is for supplies and small articles that the rec board may need on short notice. Action is now being taken to stop this action.

For your entertainment next year there will be a TV in our rec room. However, if you would rather sew than watch TV there are now two sewing machines available at the main desk.

Flash--the Quad may have a "workable" constitution by the end of the year. Another flash--I am sorry to say that the SCRIBE will not receive its annual due to the absence of the Quad Award Banquet. Still another flash--the JAWQ Judicial Board may be in operation, constitutional even, by the end of the year.

At this time I wish to thank all of you for your support of the house in every aspect. Next year I hope will be the best ever experienced by Parks House. There are many plans in progress for next year which should prove to be very interesting.

That about does it. Don't study too hard, it is bad for your health. Good luck on your finals.

FIDDLE-FADDLE, Cont.

ing was. But we won't forget Joe (you can take that any way you like). Seriously, Joe it's been great, and best of luck.

THE SHADOW

It's May time again, time for flowers, showers, "laying" in the sun, and campus unrest. as I said before, it's Fun Time. Who else would start a column like this except "the SHADOW?" From the annals of the past six weeks comes a few good events and some sad ones.

What would you do if Curly (Norman Chastaing) sang out of tune in the showers? Would he get by with a little help from his friends? Only the "Big D" can answer that.

I bet the "men" at Ball State do not have the strength or courage to give Mom a bath--in the lake, of course, maybe the shower? What would you say to that Sheryl, or even Pat?

Kelly, Tom Kelly, Kelly--How does it feel to be a big time gambler, and a loser at the same time? I think the horse was maybe aware of the fact you bet on him.. You jinxed him!! Did Kelly or did Steve Smiley do it?

Joseph, do you think after almost six years that you will be able to make it out this June? I will be a strange Farks House without the "Old Man."

Kurt, the old faithful, will he never run out of "hot air?" (smile) Do you fall in this category John B.?

Posture seems to be somewhat of a problem for Colby. Poor thing broke his clavicle bone. Did it hurt? Bob broke his toe, too. What is wrong with those?? on the first floor? You know!

Finally, a note of sadness. I hope that you have enjoyed it, that you have laughed a bit. Now, stop and bid a silent prayer for those four students who were cut down in the midst of a campus demonstration. It is worse than a shame that our country has to come to such ends.

Have a good summer--Remember, the SHADOW watches, he is omnipresent, he knows!

PATIENCE, Cont.

ing up as they passed.

Then one of the group--who shall remain nameless, roommate to Steve Webb--dropped back about 20 yards and slowed down. We walked around a curve and the next thing we knew there he was in a big spacious auto making no effort to have the driver stop and pick us up. Oh boy, the nasties we called him. So on we plodded, no hope in sight.

The sky grew dark with rain clouds and we wondered if we would get picked up by Larry or anyone before it started to rain. Then out of the clear blue sky, a contradiction, I know, but it makes for better copy, an already overcrowded Mustang stopped and gave us a ride back to the dorm. Rather nice, huh?

Well the moral to the old story is everything comes to him who waits. We got back to town slightly wrinkled and no thanks to our nameless friend, but safe and dry.



May 7, 1970



**ASK
MISS
BAREFAX**

Dear Readers,

I want to take a moment and, putting all kidding aside, make a comment. My point is simply that, in other "letters", I am kidding. The type of column this is puts it in the same category as other articles, poems, etc. that lend themselves to poking fun at real people. This makes it possible for those people, or others, to get offended, or, if they're really shortsighted, to take them seriously. Offense and implication are NOT the purposes of such creations; humor is their only aim. Anyone who reads any further either does not share the author's sense of humor or is a fool. End of lecture.

--MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

What are they fighting for in the Center Office?

Signed,
PARANOID

Dear P.,

They're Mercer-naries, fighting for "Big Brother" Don.

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

We have someone on our floor who likes to dress up like a girl and then walks uptown and back. Do you think there is something wrong?

Signed,
QUEEN

Dear Q.,

Not unless you do.

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Just what exactly has Kurt Kaboth so "hung up"?

Signed,
SECRET ADMIRER

Dear S.A.,

He's obsessed with two things: The Judicial Board, and people with their hair combed back (like Ronald Reagan, et al). Sorta tells you something, doesn't it?

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

On the third floor there lives this fat, dumpy, slob who has been giving obscene gestures and he has also been heard using several new words in his vocabulary. What should we do?

Signed,
APPALLED

Dear Appalled,

See your nearest gynecologist! I think he's about to deliver!

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Being a good friend of a certain horny man of the first floor by the name of Scott Liggett, I am a little concerned about his laundry. It seems that he and a companion of the opposite sex were out washing his blankets until 8:00 a.m. There is only one problem, his blankets had little white spots all over them. If it is in your power, would you please help this poor boy?

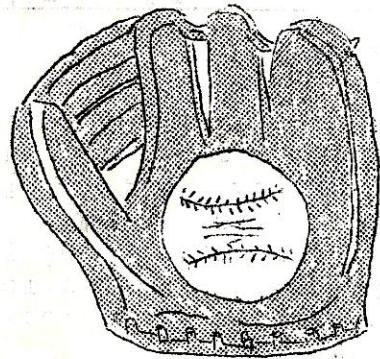
Signed,
WHITE SPOT HATER

Dear W.S.H.,

My door is always open. (Until you get the opportunity, try to keep a stiff upper lip--or sheet as the case may be.)

Signed,
MISS B.

(Continued on page 17)



SOFTBALL

by Marc Buickel

The Parks House softball team suffered two defeats in the month of April. The first came at the hands of Dodds. They beat us 10-8 but the score doesn't tell the true story. We got to a very, very, bad start and we actually trailed 10-2 going into the bottom of the last inning but then we made a fantastic rally in which we got 7 straight hits.

We were beaten by Hummer in such a terrible game that I would like to forget that we ever even played it.

The all Campus Track meet is coming up on May 18 and those who wish to participate should see me in room 310 for further details.

On Sunday, May 3, Parks House competed in their first regatta and I must say, we did damn well! The members of the house, Boisen I, Boisen II, and a few wet girls from Hall House went for a picnic to enjoy the regatta and the Friends of Distinction. The members of the team were Fred Ambler, Marc Buickel, Larry Bottoms, Wayne Hart, and Bob Smith. Several of the members of the team arrived just in time for our first heat, which we won. In our second heat we were beaten but then the judges called a mechanical failure so we had to run another time. This time Bob Smith replaced "Butt" who hurt his knee. On the second leg of

our run, the chain on our boat slipped several times so we naturally expected that we would be allowed to run again. But the judges said that everyone's chain slipped. After our defeat we decided to relax and join in the fun. And that we did, especially Wayne Hart, who indulged in a little sport of his own. Right, Pat and Sheryl? So all in all, we had a very fine and rewarding time.

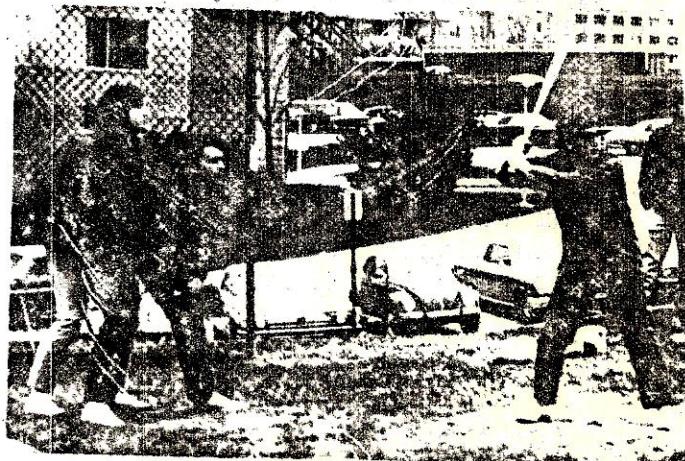
LOSS TO NICHOLS

Parks lost their third straight game by another terrible score, but did we ever have fun. If you don't believe me, ask our superman with the glove, gorgeous George. I would like also to thank Butt for helping us by being our tenth man, even though he had a bad knee.

PARTICIPATION IS THE GOAL

With this year's sports activities almost over, I would like to thank everyone who has helped throughout the year. I have but one thing to ask of everyone who will be back next year and that is to participate. I realize that not everyone can participate in the whole game.

We are not out there to win, we are out there to have fun. With your help we will make it through next year.



May 7, 1970

MISS BAREFAX, Cont.

Dear Miss Barefax,

I have a friend who likes to throw his underwear on U.S. Highway 37. What can I do to help this perverted young man?

Signed,
CONCERNED

Dear C.,

Just continue to pick it up for him, as you have been. Just wash it before you wear it, O.K.?

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

I have lately been dating a girl who is very nice. However, she has one huge fault--she slobbers when she kisses me and I can't swim! What can I do?

Signed,
SOAKING WET

Dear S.W.,

Talk to Tom Kelly. He may have some extra napkins to soak it up with.

Signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

I'm usually not a griper or a complainer, but I want to question the action of a certain Mr. R.S. Liggett. While riding home from Lake Lemon last Sunday, the aforementioned party took the liberty to nibble my ear! My reaction then was AOK! Can you offer some advice?

Signed,
L.T.

Dear Loves Feels,

Remember the Golden Rule and "turn the other cheek." Remember, to ear is human; to feel divine.

Signed,
MISS B.

(Continued in Col. II)

MISS BAREFAX, Cont.

Dear Miss Barefax,

We went to this party on Homecoming weekend and one of the guys fell in love with this beautiful young lass(ie) but he is afraid to admit it. We would greatly appreciate any advice you could give this poor lovesick young man.

Signed,
PARTY GOERS
CAN'T FORGET

Dear P-G.,

See if she'll pull a "Jane" for him!

Signed,
MISS B.

1st FLOOR, Cont.

animals.

--Parks House 1st wonders if Sheryl will go where she was told to go; also, we voted Pat Magnuson "the most likely to get soaked."

--Terri Pfau is president of the Chicago White Sox Fan Club--membership of one. Eigelsbach has a Chisox jacket going cheap--or is it a cheap Chicago White Sox jacket!

--Chicken Who?

--All right, I give! Who won the flip of the coin contest at the Lucky Steer last Sunday night?

--ACK, what's an AUGGH!!!

--It's really amazing that Boisen II's slowest time is faster than the time of another team's fastest time. Makes you wonder?

--I heard that Boisen I likes water fights. Don't they know that they are no match for Little Fred's water balloon ballistic bombs.

--Ha, Ha, this is Little Fred saying I'll be back again for the Wonderful SCRIBE next season--so stay tuned.

What do you mean ACK!!!

INSIDE BOISEN I, Cont.

of consolation do you offer your Mini team?

Coach: I would like to say gorillas are good. They're big but they're good. (Don't knock it till you've tried one.)

Interviewer: Kyle, say something gross.

Kyle: 144.

Interviewer: What improvement would you like to see made in our relations with Parks House?

Elsa: Get the "boys in" to Boisen.

Interviewer: What recreational activities can you suggest for Parks and Boisen?

The Pfau: Euchre has been my life.

Becky Myers: I want to have a softball game and a football game and I like picnics too.

Interviewer: Girls, what would you like to say to the Men of Parks House?

Pat & Beth: Hi Bob! (Hi, Karen too.)

Val: Here's what I think of Parks House: Ah! Yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh! (And they're showers aren't bad either.)

Lizard: I think the boys are all trolls and I miss my friendly hog.

Me: I want to say we've all enjoyed every minute of getting to know Parks House guys (even though they did start the water fight.) To prove how much we like you we composed you a song which premiered at 4:00, Saturday, April 18. Some of you may have missed the words the first time around, so for your benefit, here they are now for the first time in print!

(To the tune "Consider Yourself")

We've considered ourselves at home

We've considered ourselves part of Parks House

(

(Continued in Col. II)

INSIDE BOISEN I, Cont.

We've taken to you so strong

It's clear

We're

Going to get along.

In the Regatta or the Mini 5
we'll conquer all,
Boisen I & Parks will win.
At Lake Lemon there will be a
lovely pic-i-nic
And the drinks are on the house
(Parks House!)

So consider yourselves well in
We don't want to have no fuss
So get your bodies out of bed
right now
And come along with us!

BUTT'S BULL, Cont.

Mr. Horny himself, Scott Liggett, rids himself of the hornies by washing his blankets until 8:00 a.m. in the morning even with a fine female companion.

Colby relieves the tension by chasing after guys, hoping to find one as nice as Tracy. Good hunting, Colby.

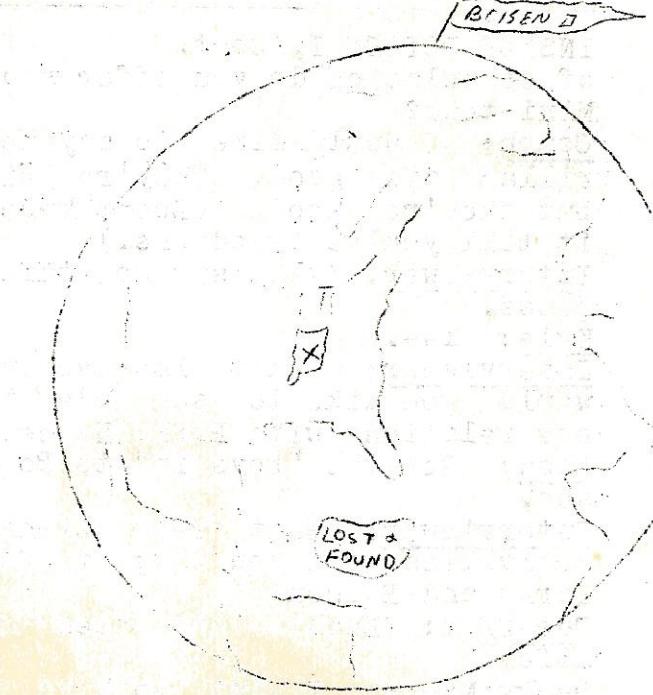
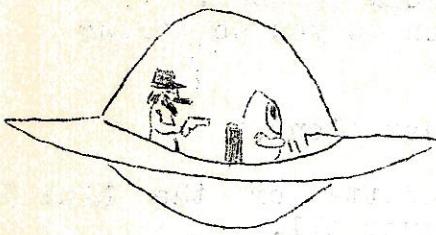
Mr. Fiscel has a sure cure, all he does is find himself a troll by the name of Jane.

Patrick Thomas Joseph Williams has a unique cure for the hornies. However, Patty does not want to be known as a deviant so nothing more will be said.

Last but not least is our great and wonderful, the woman's man himself, Mr. Alan Cole. You can find him playing with himself almost all of the time. Sometimes, however, He does have the pleasure of "cleaning his pipes."

WATER FIGHT, Cont.

ling four floors deserves to get wet. As it finally turned out, we captured about 7 or 8 girls and dragged them back to our rooms. We let them go 2 or 3 hours later, wearing different clothes. All in all, I think we won the fight.



THE WHOLE WORLD?
IS WATCHING YOU
BOISEN TWO.

