

THE
PARKS
HOUSE

SCRIBE

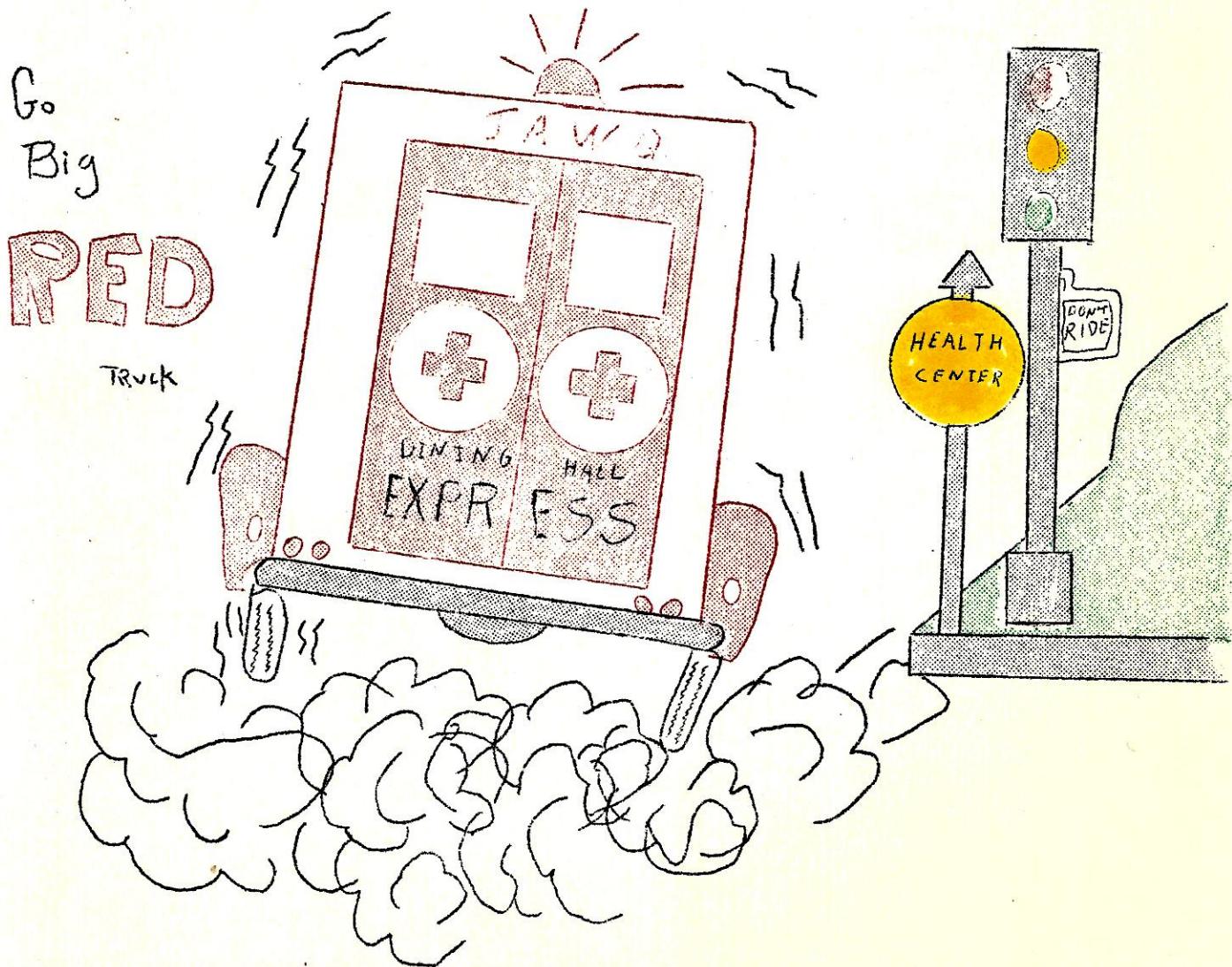
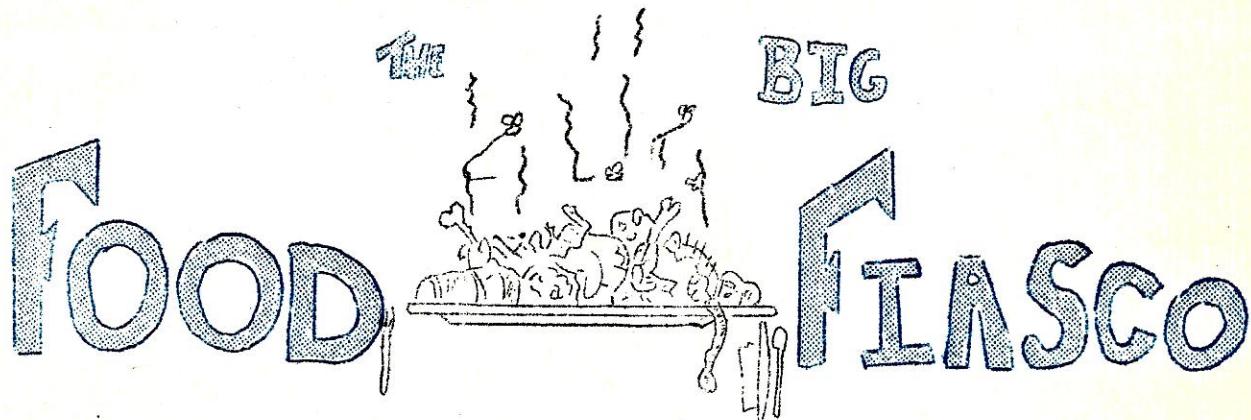
WRIGHT QUADRANGLE, INDIANA UNIVERSITY.



Volume XII

November 7, 1970

Number 2



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

Founded February 11, 1960; Box 157, Wright Quad; Volume XII, Number 2; Circulation: 650. All rights are reserved.

THE SCRIBE STAFF:

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

HOUSE OFFICERS:

GOVERNOR	Larry Bottoms
VICE-GOVERNOR . . .	Patrick Magill
SECRETARY	Bill Laing
TREASURER	Fred Smith
ATHLETIC DIRECTORS . .	David Sims
	Jim Thompson
SOCIAL CHAIRMAN . . .	Fred Truden
FLOOR REPRESENTATIVES	
First	Bob Rodenkirk
Second	Richard Gregory
Third	Alan Oliver
COUNSELOR	Merrill Douglas



EDITOR'S "ecstasy"

The multi-colored front cover for this issue was designed by staff artist Bob Palomo. The stencilling and color work was done, as usual, by the Scribe Bureaucrats. Congratulations, Bob, on a fine cartoon. You too, Fred!

Today we are distributing the Parks House Scribe quad-wide. Why? Because in this issue we are dealing mainly with a topic that is dear to everyone's heart--er, I mean stomach. Yes, we are speaking of the Wright Quad Cafeteria. The staff of this publication has asked the men of Parks House to use their literary talent to express their views on this most popular subject. Needless to say, most of the articles are of one opinion.

Bill Laing and Greg Sammons are the editors of the Parks House scrap book. Any material that could be used such as photos, negatives, newspaper articles, Todd House boress literature, etc. should be turned over to them in room 209. It will be appreciated.

Corrections on the Parks House Directory: Two new residents have moved into room 309. They are Gary Goetz and Steve Wilson, former men of Harding House. And to Gary and Steve, welcome to Parks House!

Also, the telephone number of Alan Oliver and Patrick Hornbeck in room 306 is 7-5616. Please correct your Directory accordingly. "Sorry."

On September 26, 1970 we shattered the all time record for the number of pages for the first issue of the Scribe by publishing a 22-page issue, almost doubling that of last year. I would like nothing better than to see all of this year's issues reaching the 30-page mark. However, if the Scribe continues to compete with the Bloomington phone book I'm going to have to ask you to get your articles in before the deadline, Colby. The only person exempt from this policy is Miss Barefax who can't always meet our deadline because of her busy schedule of numerous public appearances, speaking tours and other prior commitments.



From the GOVERNOR

by Larry Bottoms

I would like to take this time and opportunity to reiterate and continue the discussion of the Parks House Plan.

At this time I would like to thank all of you for the support which you showed me at the last house meeting. However, I must impress upon you that the excellent attitude must continue throughout the remaining year.

The Parks House Plan is not only a challenge to the House, but more important it is a challenge to you as individuals. It is up to you as individuals, as the men of Parks, as students, and as the leaders of tomorrow to prove yourself as being mature enough to accept responsibility. I know I sound as if I am preaching to you; however, I know no other way to impress upon you the importance of this plan.

I feel that the greater part of the problem was the ignorance on my part. I failed to explain just what the Parks House Plan was and I apologize. However, I hope everyone now knows exactly what our plan is. If you are still uncertain as to what it is please, by all means, talk to me.

Hopefully, I will be talking to the R.A.'s of the quad in the near future. The purpose is to win their support in favor of our plan. If successful, it will not be any easier on us, but quite the contrary, we will have much more responsibility on our shoulders.

(Continued on page 23)



counselor's comments

by Merrill Douglas

The last house meeting was a rather enjoyable one for me. Views were expressed and ideas developed which should be beneficial. I would like to share a few thoughts with you which came as a result of that meeting.

For those of you who have not read the Plan, I urge you to do so. But even more important, think about what it means to each of you as individuals.

The Parks House Plan is a philosophy. It is the expression of a way of living which many believe is not only attainable, but preferable to what is normally the life style in a residence hall.

It involves self-government. What does that mean? It is not simply the absence of rules, nor a way to avoid rules. It involves asking why rules are necessary. It requires determining the relationship between each man in the house with every other man, with the house as a whole, and with the rules themselves.

The Plan has something to do with responsibility. What is your responsibility? How can you carry it out? To whom are each of you responsible? This idea of responsibility is not easy. It is the essence of the Plan. If the Plan works each one of you must be a responsible individual, and all of you must be collectively responsible.

Tolerance is part of the Plan also. Tolerance for each other in the house and for others outside the house. Tolerance must

(Continued on page 22)

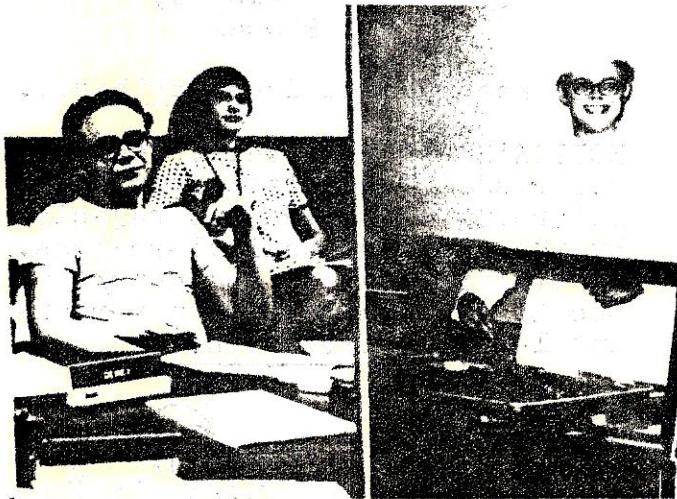
EDITORIAL

by David Tutacko

It is human nature to complain. People gripe about the War, high taxes, inflation, etc. We college students also complain: about tuition, boring profs, homework, etc., etc. In this issue we have singled out one such topic, namely, the Wright Quad Cafeteria. It makes very little difference whether our criticism is justified or not. We just want to complain.

It must be emphasized that none of the cartoons, articles, or poems which appear are meant to offend anyone. Humor is their only purpose.

And while I'm on the subject, I want to urge all the Men of Parks House, and indeed all our readers, to volunteer your help to Pat Magill and the Special Affairs Committee of the Board of Vice-Governors who are preparing a campus-wide meal survey. It will be well worth your while. Who knows, something may be done about the food!



STUDENT GOVERNMENT "MUCKRAKER"
VICE-GOVERNOR PAT MAGILL

INTERVIEWS OF INTEREST

by Roving Reporter Roy Rogers

I didn't have much time this week, so I was able to complete only two of my interviews. Both proved to be very interesting, however.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE JAWQ HEAD DIETICIAN

Q. Ma, why has there been so much trouble in the cafeteria recently? Could you enumerate some of the incidents?

A. Well, this morning we had a very upset student. It seems she was getting ready to eat one of our poached eggs, and it winked at her. I guess the problem was that she didn't know whether to complain about the freshness or wink back.

Q. What started last week's food fight?

A. Well, it seems that someone found something crawling around in his salad. He became excited and threw it, touching off the "Battle of GreaseandStarch". I don't know why he wasn't happy with his discovery. After all, you know you aren't supposed to get more than one serving of meat.

Q. It wasn't a very bloody battle, was it?

A. Unfortunately, yes. We had rare roast beef that night. I'm sorry, but I must go. We are expecting a shipment of dogmeat... er, I mean beef, in today, so I am really busy.

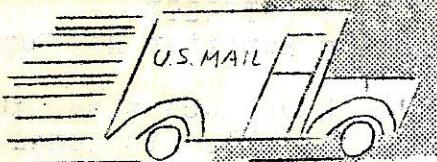
AN INTERVIEW WITH THE NICHOLS HOUSE RESIDENT ASSISTANT

Q. Mr. Right, is it true that you are spending more time in Parks House than in Nichols, your own unit?

A. It certainly is. After all, I can't let you radiclibs and freaks get away with anything that might be against the rules.

Q. But, the Men of Parks House aren't freaks or radiclibs. You
(Continued on page 23)

November 7, 1970



TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I thought you and the other residents of Parks House and Wright Quad would be interested in hearing about a little experience that I had in the cafeteria at lunch one day. Since lunch consisted of Austrian Ravioli, macaroni & cheese and Pork BBQ sandwiches I closed my eyes and chose and ended up with Pork BBQ. Well, I found a table and took a bite out of the sandwitch. Immediately I was aware of many small bits of indigestable material that strongly resembled cartilage. These I discreetly removed from my mouth and, as I am a fairly tolerant person, I went on eating. However on the third bite of sandwitch, I ran across an object which thoroughly disgusted me. It was a large hunk of bone about an inch and a half long and a half inch in thickness. That did it. No more of that sandwitch for me! I decided to save that hunk of bone in a napkin and show it to Pat Magill and gross him out. I did just that and he suggested that I take it over to the kitchen and show it to our head dietician. Here is where the plot thickens. Since he had to work, Pat went over with me and he can verify the story that I am about to tell you.

It seems that the head dietician was nowhere to be found in the kitchen, but I talked to one of her assistants. I showed her my prize and mentioned that I was slightly bugged by finding such things in my sandwitches. She explained to me that we had just had spare ribs a couple of nights ago and that they couldn't very well serve ribs again (at least in that form), could they? Of

(Continued on page 23)

Dear Charmin, Big George, Butt, Bruce, Marc, Bill, Alan, Don, and other Grenadiers,

It's 2:30 now and like usual I just got out of bed. I even miss lunch now with none of you to wake me up. Receiving the Scribe was truely a treat for me. It makes me feel like I'm not forgotten, especially since I was mentioned several times. Thanks to all.

Logansport now has some real class, a bartender who graduated from I.U. That's right! I tend bar at the Clinic Lounge and I make a damn good drink.

Remember when I said that I would never get drafted? Well, like a multitude of other times I was wrong. As of October 15, I'm going to get a little hair taken off the sides and thinned on top. I hate green.

I hope I get down to see all of you before "I" day... (Induction).

Drinking myself
to death,
Fiscel

P.S. Keep senden dose Scribes...

EDITOR'S NOTE: This week we received another letter from Joe informing us that he was rejected by the Army for medical reasons. He will remain in Logansport at the Clinic Lounge with a permanent 1-y classification.

Don't forget
the wonderful
Parks House
Kegger -

November 13! (Paid for by AH)



Dear Guys of Parks House,

This is just to let you know what an honor it is to be Parks House Sweetheart. I don't think I have ever seen a coronation like mine. I wasn't prepared for the surprise that awaited me when I entered Parks House. I thought I was going to help throw Little Fred into the shower for his birthday. Instead he helped throw me in. Thanks Little Fred. And as long as I'm thanking people I can't neglect Colby for his telephone call, Larry for his organization, and Big Al and David for their cameras. But most of all, thanks to all of the guys!

With love from
your sweetheart,
Pat



BONANZA TRAVELERS

EULOGY IN BLUE

by Gary Hitch

An era is over. We mourned at its Passover, and now it is no more. The great blue one, Chairman J, has crossed the mighty Jordan River returning to that Region on the shore of the great Dead Sea. Yes. Jerry is gone.

Jerome E. Lieberman, known to his disciples as Jerry or Lieb or "Hey, you dumb Jew!", was well-loved on third-floor, but Jerry, the Jew in Blue, saw the ways of the University and he spoke to his disciples saying, "This mother semester ain't riding right!" And so he is gone.

His intended major being Fine Arts, he found himself studying everything but art, a cross too heavy to bear. His action was decisive and well-Pilated: he concluded to wash his hands of the matter. In justified wrath he struck the secretaries and money-changers from hallowed Maxwell Hall (and himself) thus freeing his spirit.

Not soon shall we forget his blue shirt, his blue bells, and his blue shirt, and his blue bells,--his blue shirt,--and his blue.

However, un-Orthodox his actions were, one can not help admiring Jerry's decision to follow his conscience, although he would sweat blood. We may feel blessed that it was here on Mount Third-Floor that Jerry was spoken to, and learned what he was to do. His Exodus finished, let us hope that he reaches the Promised Land by next semester.

Jerome is no more, but his words live on: "I can't stand this anymore!"

Go and teach all nations.

DANTE ATE HERE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Recently our literary editors came across the original notes from which Dante's The Inferno was composed. In the interest of preserving literary history accurately, we are publishing them uncut.

Midway in my university's journey, I went astray from T-bones medium rare to find myself with Austrian Ravioli. Midway through my barfing, I heard a sadistic laughing echoing from the john walls and rattling the shower heads. Wiping my mouth, I turned to see a lady dressed in white with a name tag reading "I am Beetch" who said,

"I am the way into the City of Woe
I am the way to a Forsaken People
I am the way to Internal Gas
Follow me"

So she ran on, and still behind her pressed a never-ending route of souls in pain gagging through a door about which a sign read:

"ABANDON ALL HOPE, YE WHO ENTER HERE."

We moved to the back of this quay where no tortured wailing rose to greet us, but sounds of sighing rose from every side. And the Beetch said to me, "You do not question what souls these are that suffer here before you? I wish you to know before you travel on. These are the late comers. They must eat, but they must wait until the Alka Seltzer is gone. Without hope they must wait on in desire."

We moved past a closed office and stepped over skeletal bodies which had to be imported from Biafra. We moved past the agonized souls. With each forward step our ears were assaulted by an ever increasing moaning and groaning which increased to wailing and gnashing of teeth as we advanced to the head of the line. (We had a line-buck pass!!) Now the choir of Tuqurek, like a wound, shuck through the tortured air. Now I come to Hell's full lamentations, sound beyond sound. I came to a place stripped bare of light and squatting over the naked grill was an office gypsy in an ROTC uniform with a name tag reading "I am Mary." The defecation was grilled to a slimy protoplasmic mess which was scooped onto a plate by an ogre with a name tag reading "I am Green Gene," who said, "Take, eat, this is of her body."

The tortured souls wandered past the rest of the steaming pit holding their plates in one hand and their mouths with the other. Without pausing to contemplate aromatic putty, they deposited them on a chromium rack which was then pushed to George and Sylvia. Their eyes were real, their beards were greased with phlegm, their bellies were swollen. Huge hailstones, dirty water, and black snow poured from the dismal air to putrify the putrid slush that waited below.

(TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: Here the manuscripts break down. Only the last few lines could be deciphered by press time.)

Frozen in the center of the morass was a three-headed Guernsey cow who wept from her six eyes, and down three chins the tears ran mixed with bloody froth and pus which ran into a trench emptying into salad dressing bowls. Over her heart there was a burning name tag reading:

"I am the Mother"

FROM THE BOWELS OF THE CAFETERIA

by Dingleberry

This article is being written at the request of the Scribe staff to clear up some of the rumors about the cafeteria.

First of all, rumors of a conspiracy between Parks and Ruter to gain control of the cafeteria and snack bar using their fourteen employees and start serving good food are merely fairytales.

It has also been rumored that there is an up-and-coming folk group somewhere back in the kitchen. This is true. It's called the Jim Colby Revue, and they have a show every Tuesday and Thursday night from 4:30 to 7:00 P.M. back in the desserts department. Their singing reportedly stinks, but their social comments are strong. Their biggies are Big Blue Frog and On Top of Spaghetti.

Anyone concerned about Mrs. Lee's growing waistline will be glad to know that it's not a reaction to the cafeteria food. The latest opinion poll has it that there may be a new little Lee crawling around the kitchen soon.

Lastly, if the juice boy appears to be a little stiff on Wednesday morning, it's not from the citric acid in the orange juice but rather from the starch content in the sleeves of his uniform.



WHAT'S THAT SWIMMING IN YOUR SOUP,
FRIEND?

WHAT IS FOOD

by Marc Buickel

Well according to the authority (Webster), food is material consisting of carbohydrates, fats, proteins and supplementary substances used in the body of an organism to sustain growth, repair, maintain vital processes, and furnish energy.

You will notice that he said nothing about taste because he was only trying to define food, a needed substance for organisms to sustain life, for the whole plant and animal kingdom. In human beings there are such things as taste buds, that is right, we have taste buds, although this fact seems to have been overlooked by a few people. And contrary to popular belief, among the people who prepare our food, we do not just sit down and eat anything which is put in front of us. Oh, I'm sorry, but you say you never heard that! I will also bet that you never heard that we have muscles in our mouth and throats which help the food get to the stomach. That's right, you do not have to use grease to lubricate the throat region.

Most food that is eaten by organisms is dead. I'll bet you didn't know that either. What is more revolting than killing your food on the plate? I mean in a civilized society you just don't kill your food on the plate. Well in case you do not know it, there are such things as refrigerators which enable us to keep food for unlimited periods of time. Oh, I see you say that you have a cave south of town which is used for that. Well, you seem to have that problem licked but tell me, do you also do all of your cooking in another cave south of town. I was just wondering because it has been so long since I have had hot food. That is except for those live animals I've killed on my plate.

THE DISHROOM

by Silvia and George

Silvia and George are employees in the Wright Quad dishroom. They have been there since W.Q. opened up for business. This has been some twenty-odd years of service. Due to their length of employment, they feel that they are competent to talk about the "efficiency" of the dish room.

Silvia is the head of the garbage (food) line. She has three fine women, Anna, Ruby, and Angola, helping her run the line. She claims that the dishroom was ultra-modern in 1949, but this is, after all, 1970, not the dark ages. At 100% working efficiency there is still no way for the dishroom to keep ahead or just a little bit behind at the most. This is due to two reasons. The first is that the whole method of cleaning the plates is out-of-date, but this could be over-looked if the second reason would be corrected. Silvia says that back in 1949 the plates came back with hardly any food on them, but now it is not unusual to see plates come back untouched or in a complete mess (you may ask Fred S. what a messy plate is, right Fred?). The only reason for this form of protest is that the students want food to eat, not ***. The students' values of food has risen greatly from those of '49. Today's students can't be fooled. They know what FOOD is. But now to the subject of the D.R. Silvia closes with one question, "Why at 6:15 is the D.R. usually at least four and more racks behind?"

George is the mainstay in the dish line. George detests the dish-washing method. The loaders have to wait 'til a stack of plates or trays pile up before they can be washed. Then they must be rinsed, because poor George could not wash them clean if they were not rinsed off.

(Continued in Col. II)

DISHROOM, Cont.

The temperature where he works rises as high as 220-270° F., because of the inadequate methods of controlling the heat. The really BIG bosses complain that the dishes and trays are not dry when they are taken out to the front. George would like to know how to let everything dry in the cramped unloading area? The unloading place has room for six racks, there are 8 to 10 racks coming through most of the time.

They are in agreement that the dishroom needs to be brought up to date if H.R.A. plans on using it for any length of time. They either have too much help or not enough help. They are in complete agreement with the students about the quality of food being served. Silvia has even gotten sick from it. If you would like to talk to Silvia or George at anytime, they are always in the dishroom. Silvia is the food (GARBAGE) disposal and George is the dishwashing machine. After twenty-one years they both need to retire.

WORD FUN

by Don White

Here is a fun game especially for people who like word puzzles. The paragraphs below appear meaningless, but when one reads, say, the first letter in every word, an amusing anecdote appears. This is also true for the second letter in each, and so on. Have fun!

Wamsey rryto ienxbik gnats
htmizl ttorko qhisent ueskip at-
durn drosophila ienberklo seine
asaneuberry gambling orhgy
oooooooo. Durnit pnnk89y ldwerdoi
ahmed ccylon ernie teurkey
obmistle websters iaeg. Surge
itiebitic tistle bf7-up uu37zet.
Tl7cosine* Ii9 wn830? Otter
uhhuh dentist nfl tarpit wlt
alright never try to open eggs
at tea. Turnips hurt. Earth
remains earthy. Bless.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Scribe reporter assigned to the Bloomington Post Office managed to apprehend this letter before it was mailed. This letter was not written by a man of Parks House, however, it does illustrate the "plight" of thousands of dorm residents, like ourselves, on this campus.

Oct. 23, 1970

Hi Skinny!

How ya doin'? How do you like U of M? You really surprised me when you called the other night, seeing as how I've owed you a letter since last December! Glad to hear you're doing all right, although you're the last person I expected to go Greek.

How are they treating you at the Chi O house? Anything would be an improvement over the dorm, I guess. Are you very far away from campus? Are there a lot of people in your chapter? How was your initiation? I heard that those get really rough sometimes. How's the food? A couple of my friends here moved into Greek houses just because they couldn't take the dorm food any longer. (and that's no joke) IU can do anything they want to to try and keep kids in the dorms(O.V., no hours, etc.) but kids are going to keep moving out, or just not moving in at all, unless they do something about the garbage they're feeding us.

Let me tell you about the food here(at least I think that's what they call it). When you come down for summer registration, it tastes pretty good--the theory there is "try to impress the parents". Everyone I've talked to seems to have been served the same meal: Roast Beef, Mashed Potatoes, Corn, Salad, and Lemon Meringue Pie. I guess they consider that their "piece de resistance." They're wrong. When you get here in the fall, the food continues to taste decent for the first few months, but along the end of October it starts to steadily go downhill. You start reading things in the newspaper about students finding bugs in their rice at Read Center. Check that item off your list. Then you notice that the hamburger is beginning to taste strangely like liver. There goes another meal. You never eat mashed potatoes anyway, not if you value your stomach lining. In November they introduce a new dish: Mystery Meat(Salisbury Steak). You notice a sudden lack of dogs running around the Quad. November is also the month for our special Thanksgiving dinner: Turkey, I won't even go into that.

Meat isn't the only thing they screw up. You should see the salad. As a matter of fact, you can see the same salad being served for four days--they just keep putting out what's left from the day before until the brown becomes too noticeable. The jello salads have their own particular charm: what you think is a piece of fruit in it usually turns out to be a pit.

As I said , this gets progressively worse as the year wears on. You begin to wish for Sundays to come a little faster, because that's the day they don't serve dinner...You buy your own. By the end of last spring we were ordering out every night. A guy I was dating told me that the spring before that, the kids let about 15 dogs into the cafeteria on steak(?)night and tossed their meat to them--sort of a peaceful protest,I guess. Pie fights are not unusual. On pie nights you can walk into the cafeteria and see some pie gracing the pea-green walls. Speaking of peas, there's a pea fight scheduled for next Tuesday.

The most important thing is to destroy what you don't eat. Gotta go now. Think of me while you eat your Veal Scalopini--and I'm eating my half-baked Haddock!!

Write!

FOOD?

by MASKED MARAUDER

WHEN ALL ALONE IN THIS FINE QUAD
HOW 'BOUT SOME "FOOD" TO SOOTHE
YOUR BOD.

THE STAFF WOULD LIKE TO PLEASE
YOU WELL
WITH DELICACIES THAT LOOK LIKE
HELL.

NO DOUBT YOU WONDER WHAT I SAY
BUT LET ME ALSO HELP RELAY
THAT STOMACH PAIN IS NOT SO NEAT
AND THE STUDENT HEALTH CENTER IS
ACROSS THE STREET.

A TRIP TO BREAKFAST CAN HELP YOU
DECIDE
THAT SICKENING MEALS CAN'T BE
TAKEN IN STRIDE.
THE SAME OLD STUFF CAN HYPNOTIZE
SO DON'T BE FOOLED BY USING YOUR
EYES.

EGGS AND TOAST ARE HARD TO RUIN
AND IT SURE DON'T TASTE LIKE
COFFEE THEY'RE BREWIN'
BUT I DON'T CARE THERE'S ALWAYS
LUNCH
AWAITING A LARGE AND HUNGRY BUNCH
AH YES, AGAIN THE LINES MOVE
THROUGH
FOR FRIED GAINES BURGERS AND
IGUANA STEW
THE DISPLAY OF GOODIES IS SUCH A
DELIGHT
OH DON'T BE AFRAID, IT SURELY
WON'T BITE.

BUT BITE IT DOES AND WOW WHAT A
KICK
I'M SO GLAD MY MOTHER NEVER
LEARNED THE TRICK
OF GETTING GOOD FOOD FOR ALL THE
COMPLAINERS
THROWING IT OUT AND COOKING THE
CONTAINERS.

BUT DINNER HAS TO BE THE BEST
MEAL OF ALL
TO SERVE TO THE STUDENTS WHO
LIVE IN THE HALLS
"SURPRISE, FOOLED AGAIN!" THE
MENU RECITES.
WHILE THE CHAPLAIN WORKS OVERTIME
ADMINISTERING LAST RITES.
(Continued in Col.II)

FOOD?, Cont.

BAKED BISCUIT OF CLAY WITH
ROAST BRICK OF PORK
BETTER TAKE AN AXE, CAUSE YOU
CAN'T USE A FORK

THE STARCH FOODS ARE GREAT, IF
YOU LIKE QUITE A BUNCH
BUT REMEMBER THAT'S ALL THE
SECONDS YOU'LL GET TO MUNCH

I KNOW THAT YOU'RE CONVINCED
THE FOOD AIN'T BAD
WELL LET ME TELL YOU MAN,
YOU'VE BEEN HAD
WAIT, IT GETS WORSE, YOU THINK
IT'S A LIE?
JUST SIT DOWN AND TRY THE TAMALE
PIE

SO IF IT'S GOOD FOOD YOU'D LIKE
TO EAT
ORDER OUT AND CONSIDER IT A
TREAT,
AND IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL SUF-
FER ALL YEAR
BUT YOU WON'T SEE THE COOKS
SHEDDING A TEAR.

I HAVE TO CLOSE NOW CAUSE DINNER
DRAWS NEAR.
AND I'M GOING TO GET MYSELF OUT
OF HERE.
BECAUSE I WAS USED TO GOOD FOOD
ALL SUMMER.
I AIN'T EATIN' HERE CAUSE THE
STUFF'S A BUMMER.



MRS. JEAN BRYANT ALWAYS HAS A
FRIENDLY SMILE FOR THE MEN OF PARKS
HOUSE. SHE'S A REAL GRENAIDER!

GOURMET'S DELIGHT or "MY GAWD, WHAT'S THIS S_T?"
by
DJW

During the past few years, we at Wright Quad have had the opportunity to eat things which no mortal had dared put in his mouth before, ever. Responding to the pleas for something besides roast beef and potatoes, the ingenious cooks decided to start creating things. The results have often been bizarre. I'll list a few of the more spectacular ones.

WHAT THEY CALL IT

1. Egg Custard Pie

WHAT WE CALL IT

"God, it was horrible; it was like breakfast eggs put in pie with spice on it, and real cold."

--Steve Smith

2. Fr. Fried Egg Plant

"Come to think of it, that was the best thing we had today." --S. Smith

3. Gr. Eggs

Greased Eggs

4. Holiday Punch

"I always wondered what they did with the juice out of their fruit cans."

5. Spag. & Mtbls.

Macaroni Surprise

6. Well-done Rst. Beef

"I'll bet you a dollar you can't cut it either, big shot."

7. Rare Rst. Beef

First aid practice

8. Hot Ham Sand.

Hot Ham Fat

9. Austrian Ravioli

Ghessler's revenge

10. H.M. Bismarks

Jelly grenades

11. Mixed Juice

"I about threw up the first time I got a hold of some; I wonder how they make it look like orange juice"

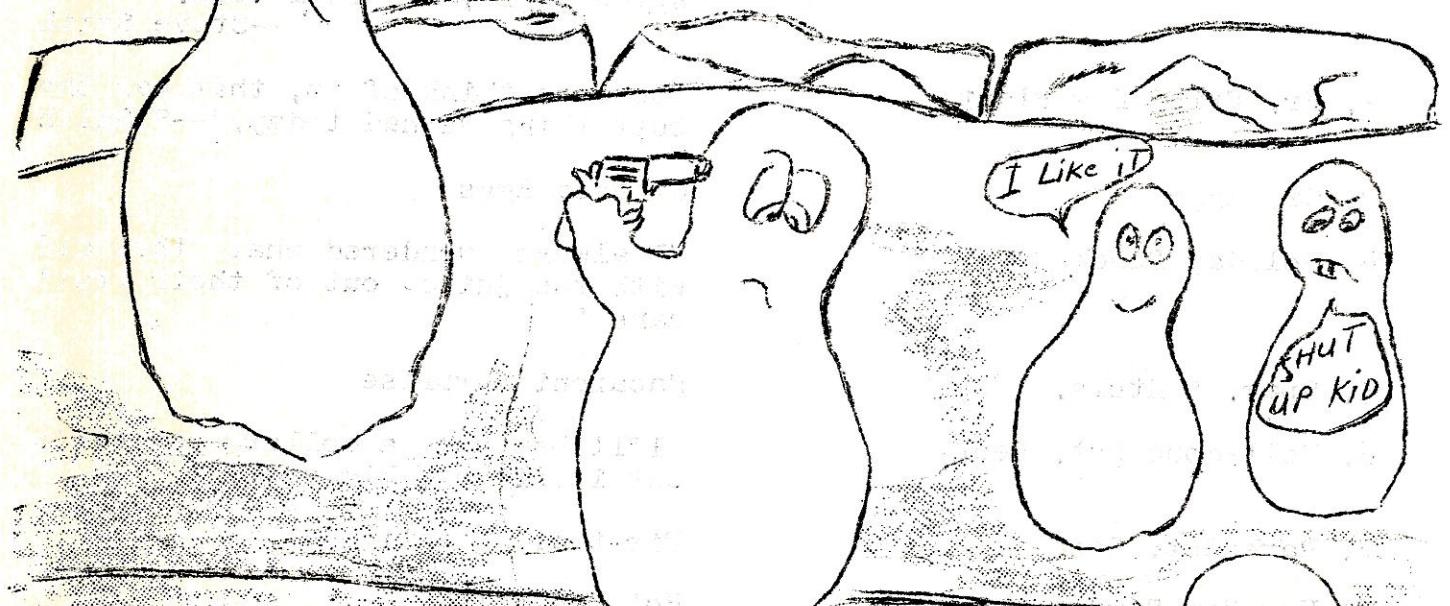
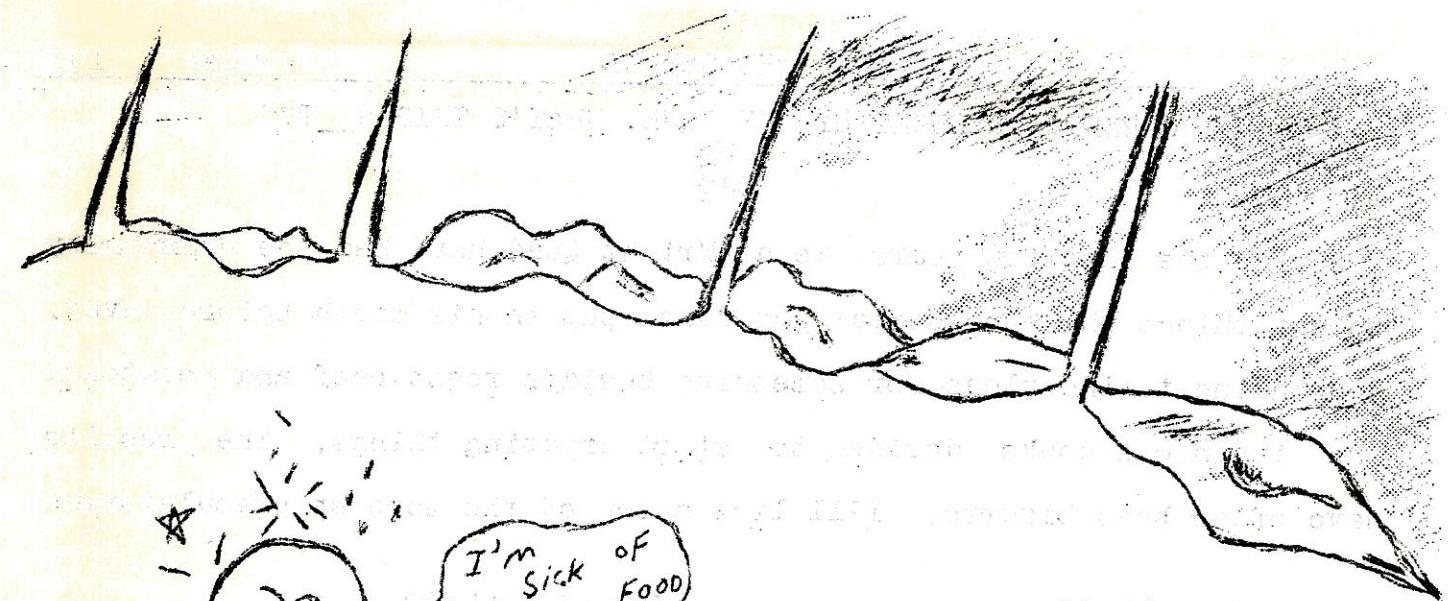
--S. Smith

12. Chipped Tuna on Toast Squares

"The Claw"

13. Pars. Bu. Pot.

"What do you mean you ran out of french fries?"



QUAD FOOD:
TASTE BUDS SPEAK OUT

doc

PARKS HOUSE 103

by Don Cox

Suddenly awakened at a ghastly 5:30 a.m. from a near-nightmare dream, it is dark. I am awake in my dull, dreary, and lonely little cubicle with its cold concrete uniformly blocked walls; and I awaken to the shadows that seem to fall upon these uniformed blocks. I refuse to get out of my bed because it is too cold, and I know that if I touch that squared, brown tile on the floor at this time in the morning that my bare feet will freeze. As a result I remain under my covers, my warm, but lonely, covers in this little cubicle at such an ungodly hour. Eventually, sleep comes to the inhabitant of Parks House 103. Zzzz. Zzzz.

R-r-rap, R-rap, "Who is that at my door? What time is it now?" Before I can get to the door I immediately recognize the fact that the earlier dreary little cubicle is no longer present. It seems to have mystically disappeared. Now the sun is beaming through the curtains, and what were shadows on the wall have turned out to be posters and nobiles hanging on or hanging from the walls. There is a bird singing outside my window, and the sun is shining through, and now the room seems to smile. For this reason the person living in the room cannot help but be happy, even pleasant, when opening the door on such a beaming 8:30 a.m. morning.

"Good morning, Colby and Tom Kelly, why me?"

"Morning, Don, thought we'd wake you up on such a fine up-standing morning," they both remark with a grin from ear to ear without a tooth showing. "Get a load of that underwear, yellow and silk, too," says Tom with that boyish snirk on his face which is quite characteristic of him. It seems quite normal to wear yellow nylon underwear, and they are quite com-

(Continued on page 17)

BUTT'S BULL

by Larry Bottoms

Lately there has been a great hassle concerning the consumption of alcoholic beverages. Everyone (especially R.A.'s) deem drinking a "no-no", but let us take a minute to look at it from the drinker's (drunker's) point of view.

To a drinker a couple of nips will change his views on life. Take for an example my roommate. He isn't a bad guy when he is sober, but he is quite an introvert, the silent type. However, give him a couple of drinks and you can't shut him up. While he is talking (still drinking) you really get to know him. Once he told me that when he was young, he window peeped. A good second example is Kurt Kaboth. When he is drunk he is a real likeable guy-he forgets all about the J-Board and power. Lastly, there is Mr. William McConnehey. When drunk, Bill forgets all about the cruel world, lets his hair down, has a good time, and makes an ass of himself.

Drinking affects people in many different ways. When Pam Baird gets "feeling good", she stretches her vocal chords, making her voice very strong. Thus, making it carry very loud for miles and miles; matter-of-fact, it sounds like a P.A. system. Sticking with the female sex, lets take a look at Nancy and Ruth (Big Al's sister). After a few drinks both find it very satisfying to lie together on Dave's bed. Some people would think this a rather strange act, but I have only one question-where and what in the hell was Dave doing?

There are also the happy drunks. Look at Colby, he is the happiest drunk I know--but then he was always gay! Pat (Mickey) Hornbeck when drunk smiles from one big ear to the other (he reminds me of "Mickey Mouse" with the smile and big ears).

Now let us focus on the bad side effects of drinking. People

(Continued on page 22)

FIDDLE-FADDLE

by Gary Hitch

First, I'd like to say something about Buickel! No. Later.

Big Al suffered many changes which probably stem from his succumbing to drink. Yes, he took the sinful road of CocaCola to booze. His hair has since grown and grayed, his hairlip has activated, he indulges in potty-mouth(although awkwardly), he wears jeans like the potato farmer he is, and has slept-in Sunday mornings (and afternoons, etc.), even with a choir singing in the hall and Gabriel (a refugee from the Air Force) blowing his horn. A far cry from the obese pear we all knew and abhorred.

Now for Buickel! Well...No....

Butt, the guy with the big---- (and hence the name) has been shooting his mouth off as usual. He can always be heard shouting at either his room-mate, or Lark or David, or you. Classic example of his mouth: opening a meeting, denying objections, moving on, repeating himself, vetoing, and boring us to death-all in one breath. But give him a break, because he's been busy stomping out those forest fires. If you think his name and feet are strange, well--did you ever think of why his room-mate calls him "Beaver"?

What I wanted to say about Buickel! No. I'll wait.

Paul "The Foot" USAFA is another strange one. He's always wearing a T-shirt with his name on it (he has 97 of them, he's enrolled in only 3 courses, and is known to "change the air" wherever he goes (to a brown haze). Paul goes early to dinner and scouts for us, however, he usually has to run into Mrs. Murphy right away. Whether he "runs" before he gets there or afterwards, we can only guess.

Now concerning Buickel...I'll save it.

Rumor has it that Fred (alias
(Continued on page 22)

BAD AND WORSE THAN BAD

by Buco

If you aren't eating your mother's cooking you are eating one of two types of cooking; bad and worse than bad. Due to my unnatural experiences, I have been asked to report on the comparison of dorm food with the notorious Army chow. I'd like to rate some of the delicacies on a scale from one to ten.

Some of the better foods people like are steaks. There is no contest here. The dry gristle served here rates a 10 while I'd have to give an 8 to the water buffalo steaks of the army cook. Sandwiches are things that any fool could prepare, yet, with the vast assortment of rot served in the dorm, few rate better than 6. The army can't compare with what we get here, as dorm cold cuts just don't make it.

If you don't get up for breakfast you're better off, but at least the eggs won't run through your spoon like G.I. eggs I used to get. Army eggs don't bounce like dorm eggs. Both rate a 2.

Beverages in the dorm are pretty decent compared to the army where there was pre-sweetened Kool-Aid and beer.

The thing that they both have the audacity to serve that should cause both to be condemned is SOS, which is known on the menu as Creamed Chipped Beef. I rate this a -ee.

If you have had nothing to compare quad food with, then it is bad. But if dorm food is compared to the worst, then it is really not that bad.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The articles in this issue of the Scribe were written by actual Parks House Grenadiers, however, many of the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

THE SUPER ELECTRIC NON DRUG SPE-LUNKING TRIP

by Mark Lentz

No girls going? Hell, I'll go anyway just for the fun of it. Twelve Parks House men proudly and bravely left the halls of Parks to descend into the depths of Buckner's Cave. Here I was, never having been in a cave in my whole life, walking down the hill which led to the cave entrance. The entrance was large enough to walk into, and that surprised me because I had heard that most of the cave had to be crawled through. I was having a grand time walking into the cave. Suddenly, there seemed to be no more cave. It seemed strange that our spelunking trip had ended so soon. Well, Fred said this is where we had to start crawling. But where? Well, there was this little hole about three feet in diameter and about five feet down that was the main entrance to the cave. We shined a light down the hole to find a cold wet puddle of water just begging us to enter. We descended, "god damn that water is colder than hell" were the automatic words spoken by each of the twelve as we went down the hole into the muddy cold water. Well, the puddle was only about ten feet long, and soon we were on nice hard dry rock which made our knees smart and made the muddy, cold water look inviting. Well, in we went; each of us was assigned a number from one to twelve, and the sounds of "count off---one, two, three, four----" could be heard to echo around the cave.

Further and further in we went, resting or occasionally stopping to view the formations of rock hanging over our heads. We went in as far as we could and decided to head out. We got back to the Volcano Room, and I saw this
 (Continued in Col.II)

*EDITOR'S NOTE: This is not correct. Number 12 said now such thing.

SPELUNKING, Cont.

ledge which looked a lot like another cave, I and two others went to take a look to see what was there. We had all agreed not to break up, but we only intended to take a short look and then return to the group.. Well, the cave we found was huge, and we could stand up and walk. We decided to go as far as we could walking and then to turn back and join the rest. Well, it had turned out that we had found the tunnel which led to the emergency exit. we climbed up the ladder to the bright sunlight above. It took us about ten minutes to get out of the cave which took one and a half hours to get into. Not being sadistic, we decided not to go back down the emergency exit and go through an hour and a half of crawling on rock and mud. We decided to go around to the entrance, to go in a little way, and to wait for the rest of the group to come out. We were going to say that we had found a quick and easy way out of the cave. Well, soon the others came and asked where the hell we had been. We told them. It turned out that Fred and Colby had gone back bravely to look for us and had gotten themselves lost. We all waited outside for them and when they did find their way out, they were

(Continued on page 22)



SPELUNKERS ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF COLBY & LITTLE FRED

The PHANTASMA

Should a Phantom or a Shadow peer into the Hall House shower? He must be extremely careful to avoid Tom and Sheryl taking a shower together. This was information received from the above mentioned; they can fill us in on the details.

Objectivism will be the death of one Turza. He had better die a rich man or he will depend on Social Welfare for his subsistence—All Power to the People and Liberty to the Masses!

Should you ever want to see a good out and out rhetorical battle come to first floor Parks House and listen to Bill Eigelsbach and Greg Turza. You will feast on individuals philosophically ripping each other apart!

Rodenkirk; Will he ever learn to operate the WIUS turn-table without cutting the listeners off for two or more minutes at a time? Get with it, Rodenkirk!

Alan will never be the same— I'm happy to say that. However, the monk has gone to the other extreme and is now a fiend, maybe? Come on, Al, can't you strike a happy medium?

Give Pam two drinks and watch out, Bill Laing. Pam you must build up your resistance to such vices, or let one last all night. (Smile.)

At a party with Fred Ambler anything goes. He dances the night away and the whole world is his friend— Right on, Fred!

Hey, Magill! Only 16 days to go and you can see your honey! No more horns— just plain, no baroque satisfaction— (sigh.)

I say to you as I part: — Beware the foul fiend who lurks at every corner. The night has a thousand eyes but the Phantasma omnipresent, omniscient, and does not forget a thing—well almost, and with his "gifts" he will know what you are up to.

Thanks to the SWOQ ~~stand~~
Government for making this
issue possible! We love you.

PARKS 103, cont.,

fortable, too. At any rate, down the hall go the two young men, and suddenly what appeared to be an empty hall with just a narrow green carpet with long horizontal rectangles called doors is filled with living creatures, who some dare to call men, and I guess I dare to call them the same thing, too.

The doors on the hall are open, and many of the creatures on that hall head for Parks 103 to view the wonder of all time, "the man in the nylon yellow underwear." "Woo-woo, man, does he look cute", says Colby with his hand over his mouth trying to really get his point over, and all of this continues for most of the morning. My underwear and I have set the tempo for the day which usually starts with a laugh. Today the laugh was at my nominal expense, and it made for a good day for me and for my fellow creatures.

Later on, Colby and Tom grin when they see me; for it was they who started the publicity campaign on my underwear. I can't be angry or self-conscious because the grin that they exhibit permeates through me, and I must sincerely grin inspite of myself.

Little things, tiny things, like waking up in the morning to happy people like the men in Parks, help me to forget the lonely room that I sometimes happen to awake to at 5:30 a.m., when nothing but clouded darkness is outside with the tiny stars speckling through just enough light to reflect shadows on my walls. After the lights are out in the room, and I have settled under my white sheets and near-warm blankets I can be thankful that the coldness that spreads over the room will only last in the darkness of this would-be cubicle. Still, I can be grateful that sleep passes heavy on my eyelids very easily, and I have no choice but to relent.

November 7, 1970

SEX AND GAY LIB....

by Fred Truden

Thought you were going to find a real spicy article didn't you, sports fans? Well, I just want to say that this is just another gimmick to get you to read about FIRST FLOOR ACTIVITIES. Yes, it is the continuing story of the members of the best (if not the only) floor in all of Parks House. Now, prepare yourself for some real goodies.

--I would like to say that the dungeon residents are the least likely to be found anywhere. Steve, John and Creep #2, where ya been hiding?

--Our great White Warrior, El Presidente, has been seen lurking around the halls lately. Shadow? What Shadow?

--Jim and Mark have the distinction of being our first residents with two - tone walls. Lesta doesn't seem to appreciate the aesthetic beauty of black paint. She is now holding a sheet boycott.

--Speaking of Lesta, it seems that she doesn't like Wayne Hart's clothes rack. Oh well, two's company--tree's a crowd.

--Bob Rodenkirk now has the distinction of getting his nose into the wrong places. Anything to say about that, Kim?

--Notice a motorcycle and a super large amplifier in one of the rooms? They belong to Steve Smith and Don White, respectively.

--Norm seems to be very interested in elections. Who else but my roommate would stand on a streetcorner all day handing out literature and information? Well, "good night", Norm.

--Mark and Dave seem to have a difference between lights and
(Continued in Col. II)

SEX, Cont.

stereos. Mark, people can hear the light but they can't see the stereo.

--I'd like to say something about "SHIPMAN'S LAW", but Sheryl probably wouldn't appreciate the humor. Maybe next time.

--Colby and Greg seem to be getting along fairly well, as of now. Gee, Colby, maybe you aren't trying hard enough. How about showing off your new body shirt...and such a dynamic chest.

--Maybe Dave Malcolm should open a produce store. Either that or a French Horn repair service.

--Well, all who I haven't mentioned are Don Lantz, Don Dogan, Mario Marcos, and Bob Linn. Now that I've mentioned them, there's no need to say any more.

In keeping with the theme of this Scribe edition, I wish everyone in Parks and/or Wright Quad, whichever the case may be, GOOD LUCK!! May you survive the meals in this place and be in good enough health to read the next Scribe issue.

See ya next time.



DON WHITE, JERRY LIEBERMAN, AND DON DOGAN OFFER THEIR CONGRATULATIONS TO WAYNE HART ON HIS RECENTLY ANNOUNCED ENGAGEMENT.



**ASK
MISS
BAREFAX**

Dear Miss Barefax,

Is there any truth to the rumor that all those red marks on the Dining Room check-off list are an indication of how many people died from eating the food?

signed,
NO. 497

Dear 497,

No, these are the ones next on the list!

signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Is it true that Ma Deck-hand and Mr. Sailor are now separated?

signed,
CAFETERIA WORKER

Dear WORKER,

Yes, Mr. Sailor has been replaced by a Burch canoe!

signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Do you think peppermint schnapps and bologna can have harmful effects on someone who is several months pregnant?

signed,
CONCERNED

Dear CONCERNED,

Yes! The Mormon elders have outlawed these foods (along with everything served in the JAWQ cafeteria) as morally (and often physically) fatal if consumed!

signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Is it true that you can be excommunicated for drinking with Protestants?

signed,
PERSON ON PUBLIC ETHICS

Dear P.O.P.E.,

Only in the cafeteria.

signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Why does Magill constantly parade around in his undershorts?

signed,
WONDERING

Dear WONDERING,

He doesn't, unless he hasn't had time to take them off yet; or unless he has heard that Mom is on her way.

signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Is it true that Austrian Ravioli causes rashes?

signed,
BROKEN OUT

Dear B.O.,

Yes, there definitely has been a "rash" of this sort of thing lately.

signed,
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Is it true that Bill Laing is P.W.ed by a certain Pam Baird.

signed,
INSIDE KNOWLEDGE

Dear I.K.,

Ask the JAWQ J-Board Chairman. I'm sure he'll understand.

signed,
MISS B.

Room 271

INDIANA State
Hospital

(July 20, 1942 6:20 P.M.)
Hello dear Mr. and Mrs. Barafax
I am writing you this letter
to tell you all about my life
here at the hospital. I am
very happy here and I am
learning a lot of new things.
Miss Barafax

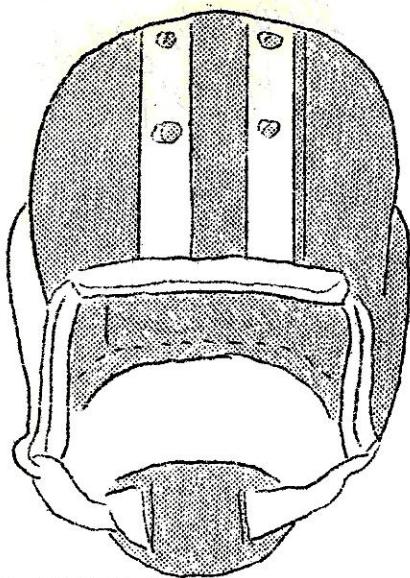
% Park House SKRIBE
WRIGHT Quad
Dear Miss Barafax

How come you always cut down good
old Ma Dekerd? I think that she had real
good food and did a bad swg job when I
was there. I think the dorm food is 20
times better than what we have here.

Please excuse the flirpen. They don't let
us have anything sharp here.

SINCE,

A Friend



SPORTS

by Mark Miller

Parks House, the "athletic" capital of the world, reminisce on another season of intramural football. Our outstanding win over Nichols(15-0) and our outstanding losses to Harding(2-0), Dodds(13-0), and Ferguson(12-7) went almost unnoticed by the unwary campus. However, we have just begun our intramural season of action packed thrills and excitement. Before the year drifts into the past, Parks will be the biggest, best, and number one house of ill-repute.

To digress, the upcoming volleyball and swimming schedules seem to be running very close to drinking, lovemaking, and

(Continued in Col. II)

(HOUSE SPORTS, Cont.)

popcorn popping, in that order. There are long waiting lists for these activities, so hurry and sign up! Because of a lack of personal experience, I can't tell what the potential of each team is, but it better be good since I'm the one who gets the ribbing. I get a little kissy-face too...but that's beside the point.

Our strong points this year should be in badminton and handball. We should go to the finals in these areas. Our three returning lettermen: Colby, Duane, and Knerr constitute the handball team. In one pre-game interview, Colby was asked what his opinion of the sport was. He replied, "It's a hard sport to handle and those balls really move."

Our table tennis team will have a tough time of filling the gap left by the loss of Tom Kelly. Tom suffered a shoulder injury in a heated wrestling match with a wall.

We are thinking of initiating some year-round sports such as pinochle, hearts, scrabble, drinking (you could win that yourself, Marc) and before Thanksgiving, maybe a casob shoot officiated by Jeff "spider" Webb and Mike Christmas!

On that note I'll say goodbye fans.....and remember-if Art Topper married Larry Bottoms would he be Topper Bottoms?



GRENADIERS MOVE ON DEFENSE AGAINST HARDING HOUSE. THIS GAME, THE FIRST OF THE SEASON, ENDED IN A 2-0 LOSS FOR PARKS HOUSE.

November 7, 1970

COUNSELOR, cont.

be based upon an understanding of, and respect for, the uniqueness of individuals. When achieved, tolerance allows a maximum expression of individual rights and group rights at the same time. Cooperative compromise becomes very real, not just an expression.

The Parks House Plan to me is an assertion of maturity. It means that 65 men can decide to live together in harmony without any imposition from the outside. It means that you have achieved a way of self-determination and self-discipline. It is indeed a step from boyhood to manhood.

The step, however, is not necessarily an easy one. It is oftentimes harder to do something for yourself than to have someone tell you what to do. Success or failure now rests on you, not on someone else. There are no pat, simple answers to problems. They must be worked out collectively.

I have raised a few questions here, certainly not all that could be asked. I have offered no answers, and that is as it should be. The answers, if any, are to be found dependent upon all of you, not the guy down the hall.

As you think about the Parks House Plan ask yourself, "How can I help to make it successful?"

FIDDLE-FADDLE, cont.

Wally, the 8-year old pervert) has been sleeping on top of his room-mate, but that's a lot of bunk. But then again, there's his little red hat...

Now! This thing about Buickel. First of all ... You see I guess when you come down to it who cares about Buickel anyway? Besides, I fell asleep before I read this far.

BUTT'S BULL, cont.

like Fred Smith find it necessary to up-chuck garbage. Getting sick isn't bad, but Fred do you have to do your thing in the ladies' potty hole and in the halls? I must say that Dave has more manners when he gets sick. To avoid blowing garbage all over our nice carpet he follows a trash can down to the men's room. But Dave, do you always take a shower in the incinerator room? Of course there is Pat Magill. He finds it necessary to drink so as to keep his mind off of his horniness and Diana. However, this doesn't always work, how many wet dreams have you had Pat?

Undoubtedly the good Lord has blessed all of us wonderful drinkers, for He himself saw fit to take a few nips at the "Last Supper". Big Al why don't you cut the ties with the devil and jump on the bandwagon?

SPELUNKING, cont.

just a little mad at us. They couldn't be too mad at me, because I drove one of the two cars there. Well, we cleaned up and hopped into the cars and made it back to Parks House after a day of spelunking fun. All I can say to this is that I'm sorry my roommate was too chicken to come with us. He is really a good kid(all Country and Western music aside), but I guess his religion has the goal of going up in the sky, not down in the ground. Perhaps that's why he didn't go down into the cave with us. I'm a pagan, so at least I found my true sport, going deep down into our mother earth.

These three lines are dedicated to Ruth Clem for letting us trample her house last week. Thanks, Ruth.

INTERVIEW, cont.

must be thinking of Harney House. Anyway, don't you think Merrill and the House officers can handle the situation?

A. First, anyone who isn't a dues-paying member of the John Birch Society is a radic-lib, in my book. And no, I don't think they can handle the problem.

Q. Just what is the problem?

A. Well you students think you have some rights around here. It is especially bad in Parks House where you are trying to run the whole show. Obviously, you are taking the fun out of being an R.A. when you take away his disciplinary powers. The only way to solve the problem is to get rid of all this "student power" mess and get back to a good situation, like the one in Germany in 1939.

Q. Oh my God...Is there a conspiracy among the counselors against Parks House?

A. Unfortunately, no; but I am working on it. Oh, excuse me while I answer the phone. Hello? Yes, I'll be right over. Well, I have to go. I might be able to catch a drinking violation if I hurry...

EDITOR'S NOTE: The husband's job is forcing him to leave! This is a once in a life time chance!

WANTED

MALE ROOMMATE

age 19-23

for 2½ months (Dec. 26 - Mar. 1)

Clean room and delicious meals and snacks plus washing, ironing and companionship furnished in return for various odd jobs including:

- protecting helpless female from cruel deviants that break into houses at night;
- keeping pilot light lit;
- taking out trash;
- understanding and comforting beautiful, vivacious, affectionate, young woman in her loneliness;
- doing other fun and interesting things husbands do.

Applicant must have a good sense of humor and warm feet. For interview come to Walnut Grove, Trailer #203-A, or call 339-9281 after 5 p.m. and ask for Mrs. Tracy Miller.

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

GOVERNOR, cont.

My goal at the beginning of the year was to make Parks House the best house in the quad. I am happy to say that we are well on our way to that goal. But I haven't done that much. You have done all of the work.

TO EDITOR, cont.

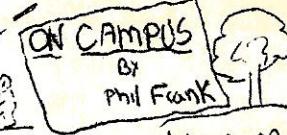
course not. So they have to cut the leftover meat off the bones and make something else out of it. The little bone there is just from the spare ribs and there's really nothing wrong. I guess she meant that it wasn't like they'd gone and thrown a live pig or dog or something in a grinder. No, it wasn't from anything, just the spare ribs we had a couple of days ago.

Well, I was thoroughly grossed out and I think Magill was too. I want to urge all men of Parks House and all the residents of Wright Quad to support the program forthcoming from the student government committee to do something about the situation in our dormitory dining halls.

Sincerely,
Bob Palomo

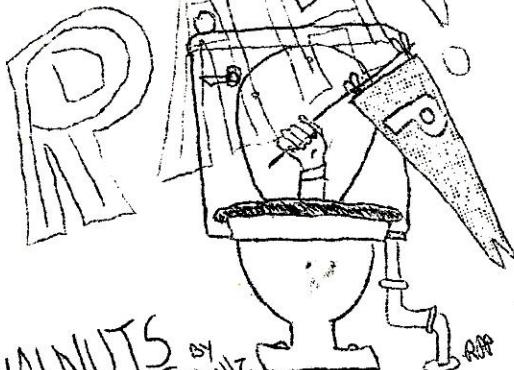


HEY GANG! We play
OUR OLD RIVAL, PURDUE, this
month! Let's be good sports an'
give 'em a BIG CHEER! Ready?
1 - 2 - 3 -



"The Dorm Kitchen Made
me the Frisbee Champ I
am today. I used their
PIZZAS!!"

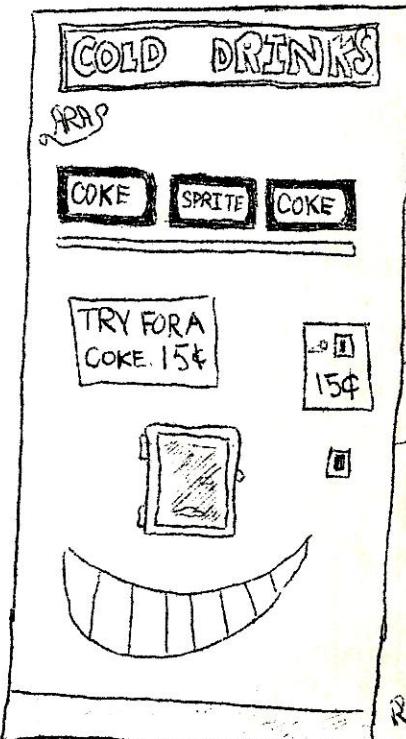
Have the Vending Machines Improved?
ARA Thinks So!!!



WALNUTS

by Schellz

Charlie Brown,
YOU BLOCKHEAD!



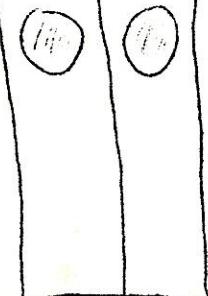
HEY YOU GUYS!



VERBOTEN!

Ja!

KITCHEN



Through
these
doors....



Jim Wright,
please call
your office.
Before someone
else does!!