

THE  
PARKS  
HOUSE

# SCRIBE

WRIGHT QUADRANGLE, INDIANA UNIVERSITY.



Volume XII

December 17, 1971

Number 3

You must not bear hatred for your brother in your heart. You must not exact vengeance nor must you bear a grudge against the children of your people.

(Leviticus XIX, 18)

"But I tell you who hear me: Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, and pray for those who mistreat you. Be merciful, just as your Father is merciful."

--Jesus

THE  
FAMILY  
OF MAN

"...if any show patience and forgive, that would truly be an exercise of courageous will and resolution in the conduct of affairs."

--Mohammed

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First . . . . .	Steve Hartman
Second. . . . .	Ray Ang
Third . . . . .	
COUNSELOR . . . . .	Bob Rund



## Editor's Ecstasy

In a world filled with war, hunger, hate, and destitution, we long to find the way to harmony and peace on our troubled planet. Unfortunately, only during this holiday season does Man look outward to his religious heritage for an answer to his many problems. Whether the LIGHT we seek is in the form of a Star, a Cross, or a Crescent, the message we seek is the same.

Our Christmas cover tries to represent this with a map of the earth surrounded by the symbols of Western Man's three great religions; Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. The quotations are taken directly from the Old Tes-

tament, the New Testament (Luke V. 31), and the Koran (Sura XLII).

The Scribe staff wants to wish all of its readers a happy holiday and a restful and a safe vacation.

Can it really be true? Is it even possible? Is the Park House Scribe going to go the way of such has-beens as the Stockwell Senator, the Dodd's Gargoyle, and the Harney Heretic? After 13 years as the world's greatest house newspaper and the voice of Parks House, will it finally come to an end? OVER MY DEAD BODY!!!

After two and a half years as your faithful editor, defender of the Faith, supporter of the Constitution and dedicated disciple of the memory of Beaumont Parks I will finally take leave of this hallowed institution I love so well and take my place "out there" in society's proverbial jungle. The February issue of the Scrib will be my 16th and my last.

In the past I have insisted that the editor who follows in my footsteps must; respect and live up to the high standards of the Scribe, bestow on me the title of Editor Emeritus with lifetime free subscription, never print potty-words or personal attacks, maintain the highest levels of legibility and neatness and finally, see to it that Mrs Jean Bryant gets a copy.

The eleventh hour is at hand and as yet no messiah has arisen from the halls of Parks House to carry on THE WORD.

Despondent but not forlorn, make one last appeal to all to search deep in your hearts to answer the question, "Am I worthy?"

The staff of the Scribe want to thank Steve White, editor of The Teter Bi-Weekly Browse, Dibble, Fogage, and Alan Lee of Student Government at Teter Quad for allowing us the use of their mimeograph machine while the one here at Wright Quad is being repaired.



From the  
**GOVERNOR**

by John Gonder

This has been a bad week for everything not excluding articles. For this reason and the fact that I have nothing to say, the brevity of this tour de force will be justified, I think.

I have only one noteworthy and space consuming thing to report. Our vice-governor Dick Gregory is leaving us for greeker pastures.

I also hope that next semester will be better for all of us regardless of what we want from it.

In my case I could wish for a better dedication to the books. Also, I could wish for more broads (sailor type).

Which brings to mind something else. Yours truly and the rest of the third floor behaved in a less than admirable fashion at the Campbell - Parks exchange. Perhaps an apology from the above mentioned would be in order.

Anyway, not much has happened since the last article so that's why this contains so much tripe. I'll offer two excuses for the sloppiness of this article; it was written in 10 minutes and the illustrious Larry McKinney kept destroying my concentration.

I hope to wake up soon and discover that this whole semester was a dream. That's all folks, and Merry Christmas and the best of a New Year.



Vice  
**Governor's Report**

by Dick Gregory

Dear Dave,

This letter is to inform you and the other men of Parks House that I am officially resigning. I have enjoyed being your Vice-Governor (ha-ha). In any event, better things have come my way.

I have been graciously offered the presidency of Walt's Rubber Emporium, which is moving to a new location on 702 E. Third Street. After giving much thought to the matter, I have decided to accept this new and exciting responsibility.

It is with deep regret that I end my term of office at this early date, but I rest assured that my successor, whomever he may be, will find the position as rewarding as I have. My successor may also rest assured that all pertinent information vital to the successful continuation of this high office is available, due in large part, to my meticulous bookkeeping. (?)

I will also heartily regret leaving the boys of Parks as there are many stimulating people, such as Marc Buickel, without whose tumultuous personality would have made life very dull. It then is my opinion that with such able-bodied people in the house, the tradition of Parks (what ever that may be) will inspite live on forever.

Sincerely "THE KING DO CARE"



## counselor's comments

By Bob Rund

The grand finale to yet another cycle of 365 monuments to our stupidity quickly approaches, and I doubt that the New Year will be different. To see ourselves as we are is to face that which we mask with our expressions. But through our walls of insensitivity filter through some excuses to hope and smile, and it is on these we must focus as Christmas approaches.

This first semester at Parks has been very rewarding for me because of the friends I made, and I am going to miss those of you who are leaving. At last count, Dick Gregory, Greg Sammons, Jim Brown, Walter Cloud, Rich Parness, and Mark Bronner, are leaving us to seek greener pastures in the Fraternities.\*

Also departing from the hallowed halls of Wright and its most elite neighborhood, Parks, are Robert Schwander and Mark Randall. They plan to move to other dorms if their petitions are approved. Dave Clinton and Mike Wright will be moving to different and they hope quieter quarters within the Animal Farm.

Finally Big George is planning to graduate and Mike Schaus is planning a pre-mature departure to work in the Muskie campaign.

I would like to thank all of you for making life tolerable, but I especially want to thank Jim Brown and Mike Schaus.

Jim, you showed me the meaning of the word friendship in staying up all night to help me type

(Continued on page 8)

\*EDITOR'S NOTE: Balony! Rather be dead than greek!

## EDITORIAL

by David Tutack

Semester's end is here and it's time once again to evaluate the goals which we so optimistically set at the beginning of the year.

Again Parks House has failed itself. The "Parks House Plan", the creation and pride of former residents is now nothing more than a laugh. The whole idea and concept of individual rights is now only a laugh. Two Parks residents are "forced" to move out of the house because their floor mates lack the maturity to realize that their rights, too, must be respected.

Socially our record is not any better. All of the House officers who are responsible for getting things done have by their apathy created a lethargic attitude in the whole house. Six residents are leaving Parks for fraternities. Apparently this house has nothing to offer them socially or academically. Two other residents may fail at semester. What was done to avoid this? Did anyone take the time to help them in their studies? Concern and consideration on the part of others can make the difference.

Last year a former vice-governor made the statement that house unity was dead and that it could never be revived. I didn't agree with him then and I don't now. House unity is not getting enough people to make two basketball teams; nor is it full participation at a social function. It's abstract meaning is more easily definable in terms of harmony and respect. If we have this, all else will follow.

The solution is not calling new house elections to replace our present officers nor is it by buying shirts for the basketball team in order to get enough people to play.

If house unity is dead, such (Continued on page 5)

**EFFECTIVE STUDENT GOVERNMENT  
STUDENT INVOLVEMENT**  
by Kurt Kaboth

Student government can be the most effective vehicle available for attaining meaningful change in the academic, residential, and social environment of a large university. That is to say, that when students desire a change in their environment, and the administrators or whoever can bring about this change refuse to do so, pressure from organized students is the single most effective way to force the administrators into meeting student desires. However, the only way student government can accomplish this is with active student involvement.

The most damaging thing that can happen to student government is for students to express a desire for a change and then apathetically refuse to participate in the process that can force that change. Granted that student government is involved with the petty as well as the important issues of students, it still remains the largest organ-

(Continued on page 7)



MIKE FOR MUSKIE IN '72

**MONEY AND OTHER THINGS**

by Don Dogan

I am actually getting bored with the job of Treasurer. Nobody gives me any money and nobody spends any. The only exception is the editor of the Scribe, but he only spends money every six weeks. I drag out the bookwork for each expenditure of David's as long as I can. If we had a social chairman that would spend some of our money on social functions I would be very happy. Of the \$130 budget for social functions we have spent no more than \$30 for the year. The only other expenditures we have made was for the exchange with Campbell last Sunday, the 12th. I, of course, wasn't notified till 2:00 Sunday that we were going to buy the food for the exchange. At this time Colby came to me and said that I would have to buy the food using our credit card because they didn't have one. I agreed because I was told that we would be paid back in full. For those of you that did go to the exchange with Campbell, you may be interested in knowing that it cost them \$70. I hope you enjoyed it.

Another thing of interest to me is income. In the last issue of the Scribe there was a paid advertisement. Being the treasurer of Parks House and in charge of all finances for the Scribe, I thought that I should

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**EDITORIAL, Cont.**

things as a boress Christmas Party, an inter-house football game, and even the Parks House Scribe would not be possible.

I have no solution to offer. All I know is that 12 men will leave Parks House because we have failed both them and ourselves.

## WHO'S WHO IN PARKS

by Colby Knerr

This second of the series of articles about the not-so-well-known members of Parks is dedicated to Jim Jontz (most commonly referred to as Rodenkirk's roommate).

Jim, 19 years old, will be starting his fourth and final semester in Parks directly after semester break.

Tomorrow he'll turn 20, and he'll graduate at the end of the summer.

Combine this information with the fact that no one knows who he is, and you can easily assume

**JIM JONTZ**

that Jim sits in his room and studies all the time. I discovered this assumption was wrong when I realized that he leaves Parks every day around 8:00a.m. and returns at about 12:30a.m. In between those two times, Mr. Jontz can be found at Morrison Hall just two doors down from the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research. This is the office for Bloomington's Crisis Biology of which Jim is head coordinator.

Jim is from Indianapolis where he graduated from North Central High School. Following graduation, he went to Williams College, a small private college in Massachusetts, for one semester before coming to I.U. He passed out of a year's worth of credit in humanities and social sciences and chose geology as his major.

Jim's interest as a naturalist began when he was 13. He worked at scout camps for four summers and for the last two summers he's worked at various state parks. He also worked with the Audubon Society last summer and was concerned about the fate of Lost River here in southern Indiana. That was the beginning of his involvement in politics and Crisis Biology. He described his role

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## TO THE EDITOR

206 Parks House  
Wright Quadrangle  
Indiana University  
December 15, 1971

Mr. David M. Tutacko

Editor

Parks House SCRIBE  
Wright Quadrangle  
Indiana University

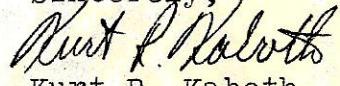
Dear Dave:

It is with the great regret that I announce that this issue of the Scribe will be my last. I have immensely enjoyed working on the "Best House Newspaper" on campus under the most inspired leadership, but now, however, I have received notification of my receipt of a single room in Dewey House. Therefore, with the publication of this issue I hereby resign as the Associate Editor of the Scribe.

It is really a shame that there aren't more single rooms in Parks, because I'd very much like to stay, but the advantages of a single seem to outweigh a double and so I'll have to move into Dewey yet, the Austria of Wright Quad. However, I'll try to keep in touch (which shouldn't be too hard since I'll only be 60 feet away). I'll also write to the Scribe from my voluntary exile if I get a copy each issue.

So, after two and one half years, good-bye Parks House.

Sincerely,


  
Kurt R. Kaboth

**COUNSELOR, Cont.**  
my paper without thought of compensation so I could turn it in on time.

Mike is leaving us to seek his fortune in politics, and I'm confident that his success here will be inversely proportional to the success that he has achieved with the girl he adores. I'm sure his efforts will be more appreciated and rewarded. He deserves more.

Keep smiling, Mike, we may have lost some battles, but we are still going to win the war. I'm going to miss your advice and verbal butt kicks that have been so necessary to knocking me out of my self-induced shell shock. Good Luck in New Hampshire.

The poem below (page 8) should put everyone in the proper frame of mind for finals and next semester's classes.

I hope everyone does their best on finals, and I wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a better New Year.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, CARL!



CARL TOBIN MINUTES BEFORE HE WAS TAKEN FOR A RIDE BY HIS BUDDIES.

**STUDENT GOVERNMENT, Cont.**  
ization with the best facilities to get the job done. It only remains for students to cut out their own dead wood, order their priorities, and then actively support the people or events that are vigorously working for these priorities.

We are the ones who can see what's wrong, because we suffer the results, whether they be from the faculty, the halls, or ourselves. We then, when we feel strongly about an issue, should see that our representatives are representing our views to the best of their abilities and then we should give them active support until our desires are fulfilled.

**WHO'S WHO, Cont.**

in the state parks as one of an educator-guide, but with Crisis Biology he terms his position as one of a political activist. He talks to a lot of people, writes a lot of letters, and makes phone calls concerning environmental problems. He recently became actively involved in the McCloskey for Mayor campaign and will support Smokey the Bear for President if he wishes to run.

Concerning life at I.U., he has few complaints. He has a very reasonable roommie and finds the food tolerable. Probably the strangest thing he's done for sake of education at I.U. is a 50 page paper comparing broom-making techniques in Kentucky to those in Ceylon. (I'll drink to anybody who can write a 50 page paper, period!)

Jim isn't sure what he'll do after he graduates but he thinks he may come back for further study.

I hope that his enthusiasm and dedication becomes contagious before he leaves. Too often too many of us fail to funnel our energy into constructive areas of social interest; but study and play our time away until our idealism deteriorates with our youthfulness. I wish Jim the best of luck in whatever he does.

And, it came to pass,  
Early in the morning toward the last day of the semester,  
There arose a great multitude smiting the books and wailing.

And there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth,  
For the day of judgment was at hand.  
And they were sore afraid, for they had left undone  
Those things which they ought to have done,  
And they had done  
Those things which they ought not to have done  
And there was no help for it.

And there were many abiding in the dorm  
Who had kept watch over their books by night,  
But it availed them naught.

But some were who rose peacefully,  
For they had prepared themselves the way  
And made straight paths of knowledge.  
And these were known  
As wise burners of the midnight oil.  
And to others they were known as "curve raisers."

And the multitude arose  
And ate a hearty breakfast.  
And they came unto the appointed place  
And their hearts were heavy within them.

And they had come to pass,  
But some to pass out.

And some of them  
Repented of their riotous living and bemoaned their fate,  
But they had not a prayer.

And at the last hour there came among them  
One known as the instructor; and they feared exceedingly.  
He was of the diabolical smile,  
And passed papers among them and went his way.

And many and varied  
Were the answers that were given,  
For some of his teachings had fallen among fertile  
minds.  
While others had fallen flat.

And some there were who wrote for one hour,  
Others for two;  
But some turned away sorrowful, and many of these  
Offered up a little bull  
In hopes of pacifying the instructor.  
And these were the ones who had not a prayer.

And when they finished,  
They gathered up their belongings  
And went their way quietly, each in his own direction,  
And each one vowing unto himself in this manner;

I shall not pass this way again.

# POTPOURRI

from the Dungeon

## Seasons Greetings!

I hope this article finds you well and having profited from what for many of you was your first semester's experience and for others one of many. I believe a couple early holiday surprises should be reannounced here.

Mike Schaus will be leaving first floor next semester (which is a reason for celebration on first floor). He went to Washington D.C. last week for the purpose of securing a job with one of the political parties and landed in the position of co-ordinating the Muskie campaign in a part of New Hampshire for its presidential primary (which is reason for Mike to celebrate). I wish him the best of luck.

Second, Tracy Dee Miller whom many of you remember as Ann's obscure hubby, will become a daddy sometime next June. How many years was it going to be, Trace? Ann, if you are reading this, I would like to say that even this news doesn't convince me about your hubby.

I thank Kurt Kaboth at this time for his numerous early hour jaunts to the ticket office for the sake of Parks House and many others. His diligence has provided us with the best possible seats for many athletic events during the past two years.

Congratulations are in order for Jim Harrison. Last semester while on third floor he pulled 1.4 grade point. This semester, after moving to first floor, he has become a student manager of the I.U. varsity basketball team, a part time quarterback for the best floor football team in Parks and is pulling a grade point of better than 3.0.

In the recent World Series of Scrabble held on first floor, the Hoosier State's representative trounced the Quaker state.

(Continued on page 14)

## A RETURN VISIT FROM THE SHADOW

I have been gone for four months. I have been alone, all, all alone--alone on the deep blue sea (Pennsylvania). I have been away for so long it seems, but now I return...but only for a short time.

The Shadow notices changes in the Quad--some good (beautiful ladies), and some not so good, I won't mention those things. The Shadow notices the extra pounds on Tom Kelly. What have you been eating, Mr. Kelly, and who has been feeding you? (Only the Shadow knows.)

Mr. Tutacko has moved to the first floor. What a drastic change! How could His Holiness of BPAUM ever allow himself to descend to such depths (two whole floors).\*

(Continued on page 15)

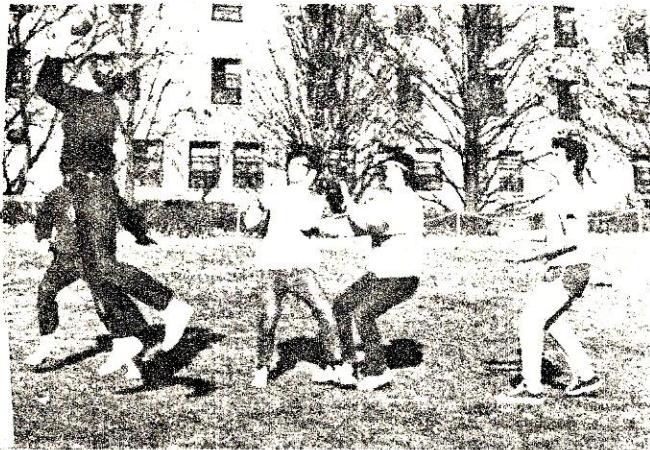
\*EDITOR'S NOTE: "He who humbles himself shall be exalted..."



\* 3rd FLOOR CELEBRATES SCOTT HUEBNER'S 5-0 WIN OVER M.B.

1<sup>st</sup> - 3<sup>rd</sup> Floor

# Football Classic!



Ist FLOOR PASS FOR JOHN FISHER IS  
INTERCEPTED BY FRED JOHNSON.

WAYNE (LASH) HART ON DEFENSE!



FRED MEETS THE 1st FLOOR DEFENSE

TOM KELLY MEETS 3rd FLOOR DEFENSE

MERCY: THE ORDER OF THE DAY  
by Steve Curtis

Was it a surprise to anyone?  
Could anyone have even hoped for anything else?

No--from its inception it was inevitable. The first floor Grenadiers handily handed the 3rd floor Greenadears a winless season, and the young whimps seemed to jump at the chance just to be able to escape with life itself. The power of 1st floor was obviously under clamps during the entire game, team psychology being a freshman's life is hard enough as it is. It must be admitted, however, that the game plan, in this regard was not followed to the letter. As much as it was guarded against, occasional glimpses of awesome gridiron prowess and finesse did escape to dazzle the appreciative fans. The defense was guilty of these slips repeatedly but it's as hard to instill mercy in guys like Lash Larue (he's Hartless), the Pyledriver, and Bob (Stonewall) Linn as it is to teach it to Spanish toros, King Kong, and Ma Deckard. (By the way, the whole defensive team offers humblest apologies and sincere condolences to all those who happened to cross their paths during the afternoon.)

First floor tried everything, but it seemed that they just couldn't come up with a losing defense; every combination of bench material seemed to be just as effective. As a result, sportsmanship demanded that the defense let out the slack. First floor offense tried to make the "breaks" look genuine but after deliberately throwing 4 or 5 interceptions--none of which resulted in a 3rd floor score--it was decided that if 3rd floor was going to score, 1st floor would have to capitalize on what the Greenadears did best. So, in the next 5 minutes 1st floor center Lane the Hearseman proceeded to deftly hike the ball untouched into his own end zone  
(Continued on page 9)

THE STORY FROM OUR SIDE OF THE FIELD

by Rich Bozich

On November 19th, in the beautiful Wright Quad football stadium the overconfident men of first floor took on the scrappy and determined men from the 3rd floor. In a football classic which should go down with the great Army-Navy, Michigan State-Notre Dame and Nebraska-Oklahoma struggles, the 1st floorers stopped the 3rd floor team 24-20. The men of 3rd floor just didn't have enough of a turnout from their upperclassmen to combat 1st floors steady stream of fresh men.

The offensive tempo for the game was set on 3rd floor's first set of downs which opened the contest. Repeated off tackle jaunts by Rick Bozich, Carl Tobin, and Joe Gross, were stopped by defensive stalwarts Tom Kelly and Wayne Hart. But the defense of the 3rd floor men was almost peerless except for two breakdowns in the defensive backfield. It wasn't that the 1st floor receivers had exceptional moves, but a couple of slips on loose turf by a third floor defensive back led to the openings.

The scoring plays were varied with luck playing an important role in all the scoring. 3rd floor opened the scoring with Joe Gross dropping big Steve Curtis for a safety. The lead was shortlived because first floor stormed back with a long bomb to Jim Harrison from Steve Curtis. The half ended with the score 6-2.

The second half was not at all like the first half. A more wide open game developed. Tom Kelly plunged in from a short distance to put the first floorers in a commanding lead. But a fired-up third floor defense made the game the expected close contest. Interceptions by Tim Mattox and the roving linebacker Fred Johnson caused the rever-

(Continued on page 14)



MISS

## BAREFAX

Dear Miss Barefax,

I am a fairly regular visitor to I.U. and am looking for a fairly regular place to sleep during my visits. Could you help me with some good prospects.

signed,

OUT IN THE COLD

Dear O.I.T.C.,

You might inquire as to possibilities in Parks #108--if you don't mind sleeping alone.

signed,

MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

In a post-victory interview Lantz reported that he beat out Pyle in their Pick-up game at the last Parks House party. I had to leave Campbell Memorial Assembly Hall early in the first quarter because of indigestion and nausea caused by the frenzy and excitement of the hotly contested match. Please tell me why the second half was moved to Don's room, and what was his final score?

signed,

DISGUSTED SPEC-TATOR

P.S. I think it is just terrible that Lantz's most loyal fans had to miss the second half action. It musta been fun.

Dear D.S.,

Stop concerning yourself with "beating" Lantz and do yourself!

signed,

MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Why has Cindy Turner had such a mad craving for pickles lately?

signed,

TRUTH SEEKER

Dear T.S.,

It all depends on what Don's been Doging lately.

signed,

MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Why does Jim (speedy) Pyle always look for the nearest bunk bed when he's around the girls that he's been seen with lately.

signed,

O.U. FRATRATS

Dear O.U.F.,

He wants to show off his new jockey shorts!

signed,

MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

What can I do about the guy in 310 who continually chops down his lumber without yelling "timber"?

signed,

B-U-Z-Z-Z

Dear BUZ,

He's been beating his tree for years!

signed,

MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Is it true that the screaming blond maniac received a hernia from his last outburst?

signed,

THE LIGHT STEPPERS

Dear L.S.,

No, I think it was a him-nia.

signed,

MISS B.

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**SPORTS**

LOSS TO DEWEY

by Fred Johnson

Parks House kicked off their 1971-1972 basketball season Wednesday, the 15th, with a heart-breaking 34-29 double overtime loss to Dewey House. The scrappy Grenadiers only turned up 6 men for the game, and it was in question right up to tipoff time as to whether we would be able to field a team. It is hoped that final exams kept a lot of our players out of the game and we expect all of these Earl Monroes to show up for our remaining three games after Christmas.

Even with our shortage of players, the Grenadiers put up a fine show. Fred Johnson scored the first two points of the season to open up a very short-lived lead. The Grenadiers could do hardly anything right after that and only scored five more points in the half to trail 16-7 at the midway point. Numerous turnovers and lack of hanging on to rebounds cost the Grenadiers dearly. Only Tim Shriner's ball control and four points kept the Grenadiers in the game.

In the second half the Grenadiers stormed back and began finding the range. Rick Bozich was the spark plug in the spurt, hitting some key shots and teaming with Les Butler for some fine rebounding. Late in the game the score was tied 23-23 when Marc Buickel put a shot in and was fouled. Buickel missed the free-throw and Dewey was able to tie the game 25-25 with only seconds left.

During the first overtime the score was tied 27-27 when Buickel apparently stole the ball from a Dewey player and scored a layup with 3 seconds left. However, the referee disallowed the basket, calling a backcourt violation on Dewey. Consequently, the Grenadiers got the ball with three seconds remaining. Bozich's 30 footer at the buzzer

(Continued in Col. II)

## SPORTS

by Marc Buickel

There just is not too much to report from the world of sports. While there have been a number of individual sports events since the last Scribe only five felt they could participate without endangering themselves.

I would like to commend Jim Harrison, Rich Bozich, Steve Curtis, Ralph Fornari, and Tim Shriner for their participation in the free throw contest. They did not win anything but at least they attempted to. Along this same line I want to thank the men of Parks for turning out for the basketball league. All ten of the guys should pat themselves on the back. Ten out of sixty! I do not mean to slam everyone because not everyone has the ability to play basketball.

If our attendance record at the basketball games is equal to the football attendance, it will not exceed three people. That is three on any given night.

This seems to be an overall trend in the house today. No one cares anymore and if you do not believe me just ask David about the future of the Scribe. It is high time that everyone started to get off their fat duffs and did something for Parks House.

## LOSS TO DEWEY, Cont.

just missed. During the second overtime, the Grenadiers trailed by 2, 31-29 when Buickel was called for turning the ball over. In his fury and disgust at this and the previous calls against Parks, Buickel hurled the ball high against the baseboard wall, putting a nice dent in the Old Fieldhouse. He was promptly awarded with a technical foul, which Dewey converted to lead by 3. Dewey also got the ball with the technical and tried to stall. Johnson intentionally fouled a Dewey man as time ran out and 2 shorts were converted to make the final score 34-29.

**MERCY, Cont.**

where, with the help of discrete trips from offensive linemen the third floor players did what they do best--that's right--they fell down--but with careful maneuvering they fell each time on a football.

This tactic, combined with safety performance by safety man Slick Hartman kept 3rd floor reasonably in the game.

First floor offense, like defense, did have their share of mistakes. Offensive offenders were in evidence from the very first play where the slippery Fish from Kewanna almost lost his head and caught a TD floater from 5th string QB. (Roochie Harry was fined for his TD reception later in the game.) Other errors were the occasional TD strolls by 3rd string tailback Tank Kelly, the Gay Quaker, who would have scored 6 more if he hadn't been deftly tripped by his Oscar award winning blockers.

The offense also apologizes to the foolhardy 3rd floor "defenders" who by pure oversight were in the way when we were tripping our own running backs and dropping passes. Hope there are no hard feelings (but I'm sure guys like you do not have to worry about those anyway).

Will freshmen ever learn?

**POTPOURRI, Cont.**

jerk four games to two. The last game was won by the good guy in spite of a desperate and futile ninth inning surge by the gay Quaker.

I hope all of you have a restful vacation and come back eager for school to begin and another I.U. basketball game to be played.

All Power to the People--who live in peace.

**OUR SIDE..., Cont.**

sal. But the key play was Governor John Gonder falling on a loose ball in the end zone.

The 1st floor struck back quickly with another flukey long bomb. 1st floor completed a very low percentage of passes but the ones they did complete did the damage.

The see-saw contest continued as Gross took a lateral from Bozich and scampered the length of the field for the score. 1st floor contended that the lateral was actually forward but they were promptly told they were all wet by the unofficial referee Larry Bottoms.

On 1st floor's following set of downs, Johnson intercepted a pass but third floor could not punch one in. With approximately 10 minutes to go, the defense of 3rd floor, led by Gonder scored another TD on a loose fumble. As the 1st floorers had heart spasms, the 3rd floor prematurely celebrated.

But the winning tally was led to by an interception of a John Gonder pass by Tom Kelly. A short plunge by Don Lantz sealed the issue of who was to pay for the golden nectar.

In a final analysis, the third floor team fought much harder with a smaller squadron of men. If "Springs" Kriegbaum, "QB" Buickel and Mother Dogan had turned out it would most definitely have been a more rosier outcome for the third floorers. Maybe next time.



MISS BAREFAX, Cont.

Dear Miss Barefax,

Does the editor of the Scribe always get special parking privileges?

signed,  
SAFETY

Dear S.,

No, it just puts him in a permanent "yellow" zone.

signed,  
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

I hear the name "George" repeated quite often on first floor. Just who is "George"?

signed,  
LOOKING FOR A  
GUY

Dear L.F.G.,

You'll have to look elsewhere: "The Institution" has been around too long to remember how.

signed,  
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

What has happened to Parks House this year?

signed,  
UPPER CLASSMAN

Dear U.C.,

I'm not available any more.

signed,  
MISS B.

Dear Miss Barefax,

What are the hours of open visitation? What are the penalties for breaking them? And is an R.A. exempt from them?

signed,  
JUST CHECKING  
UP

Dear J.C.U.,

The "ours" are set by your girls; the penalty for breakage is marriage and no one is exempt!

signed,  
MISS B.

MONEY, Cont.

have received any income from advertisements in the Scribe. I was never notified of any paid advertisements and have never received any money for any. So, Mr. Editor, please explain.\*

\*EDITOR'S NOTE: I'd be glad to. Estimated cost of paper, ink, and labor for 150 copies of said advertisement was 50¢. The price was mutually agreed to and paid by L. Bottoms and F. Ambler. This money went for personal expenses which I have paid in publishing the Scribe. I must remind the Treasurer that in the past three years I have not charged the house for the cost of gasoline, photography paper, 35mm film, tape, paper, or glue. Since 1969 this bill has accumulated to within the tune of \$40 of which I neither expect nor want repayment. Any other questions, Dogan?

SHADOW, Cont.

I am happy to know that Colby is more or less the same. Will I see you in grad school, Mr. Knerr with your 3.5 accumulative average. You do have such an average, don't you?

Mr. Schaus, you have kept 103 in great shape; I wonder if you ever found those notes which I taped to the insides of the drawers. For Schaus, today New Hampshire, tomorrow, the U.S.

Well before I go--it has been grand seeing all again, even you new men. Take care--and "Strive to be Happy" (sound familiar?).

As the Shadow fades away, a tear is shed that he must say-- Goodbye!

P.S. Hello, Bill (Connehey), hope your life is once again settled, for you I wish Desiderata's words come true.

The tongue of women is their sword; they take care not to let it rust. -- Chinese Proverb



from

Jim Brown  
Greg Sammons