

# ISFANEWS - JUNE '73

Good-bye. There, I finally thought up a new opening.

Next meeting at, John & Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, In.  
Sat. June 2 7:30

In between watching old movies, studying for tests, and driving my teachers up the wall, this seems to have been an average month. I watched "A Night at Casablanca", reputed to be one of the poorest of the Marx Bros. movies; that is to say, better than 90% of the rest of television. It does have a few cute scenes, though.

I have received my copy of Abraxas, the school literary magazine. My father read my contribution, and said that I was liable to get complaints about, due to the subject matter, which is graverobbing. Some of the other stuff is good, although there was one I disagreed with; in brief, it said that school forced students into a mold. Nonsense! School hasn't affected me that way! (Of course, I do have some advantages over the average student in resisting molds.)

I have just seen the dirtiest commercial on television! It was shown during the Watergate Hearings, where they thought no one would pay attention. It goes like this: Boy, about 16, is shown. He says: "There's a lot to be said about older women; and if: you're not getting older, you're getting better!" After hearing this, I asked my teacher if his first name was Oedipus, and he said probably.

While on the subject of commercials, I think that the dumbest must be the one where the girl says "I like the idea of nature." I sorta like the idea too.

My last few nights have been rather harrowing, as I have been beaten ten out of the last twelve chess games with my father. However, I have found the specific against his opening and I expect to reverse the procedure.

My bridge playing seems to have improved. Playing with Jackie Franke as my partner recently, we crushed 1240 to 370. Then when I took my father as a partner we won 860 to 50. (we only got to play one hand, thanks to the lateness of the hour.)

I have discovered that to survive in high-school, one must have hands like Wilt Chamberlin. Inbetween paper, my school books, and my books (used for reading while the teacher is lecturing) I estimate that I carry around a width of six inches, on the average (Some times I carry 8 inches of books, and if you think that's fun...)

We have had Senior Honor day at school, where they give out scholarships, awards, etc. I spent most of my time reading.

The school schedule we have tells us that final exams will be held next week. None of my classes is having a final exam.

Why is it that ideas stop coming when you're in front of a typewriter. After a while, I have to get up in order to think of something to say. Just staring at the typewriter leaves my mind a blank. (No, Jerry, that's not how it normally is.)

This is ridiculous! In debate or speech, all I have to do is think, and I can stretch a topic worth two minutes into a 5 minute speech. why can't I do it now? Bah! I'll just end it here.

B.E.C