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the ORACLE

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 23

ORAL ROBERTS UNIVERSITY, TULSA, OKLAHOMA

APRIL FOOLS' DAY



Little Melissa Freeman was abducted last Tuesday in the Prayer Gardens by an unidentified apeman. Although terrified, she was returned unharmed, as Mrs. Marie Fischer came to her rescue.

Child attacked by apeman, Fischer spoils wienie roast

Little Melissa Freeman is safe once again after a narrow brush with death last Tuesday.

Melissa, 5, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Freeman, of Smelly Pitts, Pa., were touring the Reece Memorial Gardens after viewing the slide-tape presentation in the Prayer Tower, when suddenly, a half man-half ape creature jumped from behind a gardenia bush and grabbed poor Melissa.

The identity of the creature is still undetermined and no one seems to know where he came from.

After seizing the girl, the apeman, sporting a red velvet cape and jeweled crown, began to climb the Prayer Tower with the greatest of jungle finesse.

Reports indicate the apeman also had a package of hot dogs,

a bag of marshmallows, and two coat hangers in his hand. Apparently he was taking Melissa to a wienie roast on the top of the Prayer Tower.

Hearing the commotion outside, Mrs. Marie Fischer, guidance counselor, ran out, evaluated the situation, and sprang into action. As astonished onlookers looked on, she shimmied up the tower after the two, and when she reached them, counseled with the creature.

She said later, "I used the first rule of emergency counseling and let him know I was on his side. I said, 'Look, I know the dating situation is bad, but this is no way to act.' I promised I would set up an appointment with Dean Inbody for him. Although he just grunted a lot, I think he understood."

Apparently he did understand, for within minutes after Mrs. Fischer had first climbed the tower, all three were coming back down.

Melissa, although terrified, returned unharmed to her parents. The apeman was pursued by Security officers, but escaped into the forest behind the ORU offices.

Said Chief of Security Joe Fuzz, "We really don't have a ray of hope in finding this creature now. We didn't exactly come up smelling like a rose on this case. But Mrs. Fischer is to be commended on her quick action and bravery."

Dean of Men Jack Wallace added, "We were lucky Mrs. Fischer was there." Although unrelated, he also announced there was an R. C. position now open.

Markley impeached by Senate, phantom polluter apprehended

It's a good thing that we caught him now, that's all I have to say!" Miss Peggy Dumas said of newly-elected ASB president David Markley's removal from office.

"I was just stunned when I realized that my suspicions about him were true. Several times during the year when I've come on campus late at night for some reason, I've seen a slithery figure dumping bits of trash and other pollutants into Fred Creek. Each time I would run to pursue the figure and it would disappear into the night. It was very frustrating. But then one night I was down sitting under a tree doing my needle-point—Patti Roberts taught me how, I might add—and all of a sudden there he was. Well, it was the chance I'd dreamed of. So we wrestled around for awhile and then we fell into the water where I used my superior life-saving techniques to tire him out and drag him to some of the campus officials."

Miss Dumas wasn't the only one who could lay out accusations against Markley. Suddenly several students little heard from previously during the year have come out of the woodwork saying they knew things Markley had done but had been afraid to say anything before.

"He couldn't fool me," said Bob Butcher. "I knew he was a phony all along! He came back

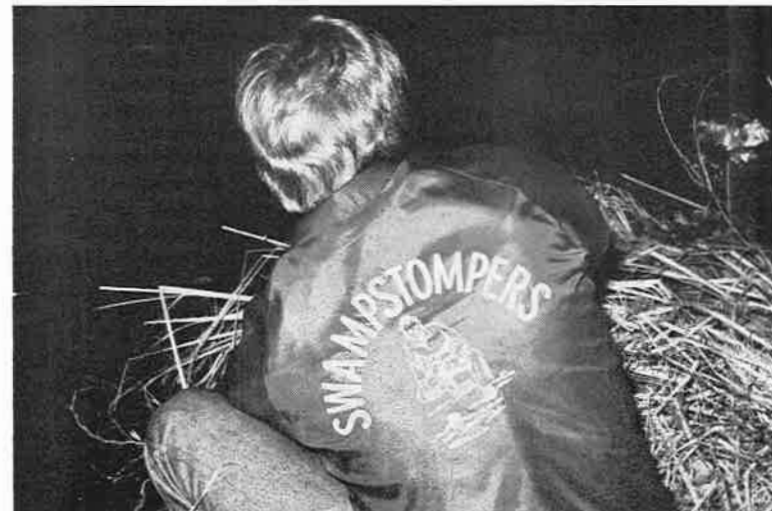
to school early to spread litter on the grounds so that he could pull off this massive ecological coup over the ignorant freshmen. He thought that it worked and he really did fool a lot of people. But not me!"

"I saw him walking across the grass once," reported freshman Judy Gleason. "When anyone else does it, he talks about how bad it is and I just know he'd wanted to do it for a long time. One afternoon I was sitting on the steps of the LRC behind a post waiting for someone and I

saw him. Not only did he walk across the grass, he stomped on it like he was trying to kill it."

Markley naturally denied all the accusations but during his trial he broke down when Dr. Jernigan brought out the honor code he'd signed. He cried and apologized, but Student Senate is reported as having stood firm, for once, and decided that Vice President Randy Sterns should take his place.

"I feel kind of bad," said Sterns. "But not really, because I know I'd be better anyway."



David Markley, former ASB president, is caught in the act of polluting Fred Creek. Impeachment proceedings held last Tuesday affirmed Markley's guilt. Although Markley hasn't received disciplinary punishment yet, his future at ORU looks doubtful.

Jewish LRC planned Lewis named regent

President Oral Roberts was glad to announce this week that comedian Jerry Lewis would be among the regents at this year's annual regents' meeting.

Mr. Lewis was asked if he would like to be a regent last year when he appeared on one of the Contact specials. Lewis, who is 47, hesitated because of his Jewish faith, but has since reconsidered.

After President Roberts delivered a \$2,000 check to Mr. Lewis for the Muscular Dystrophy Telethon last year, the two have become the closest of friends and have been seen together in Hollywood at such

famous restaurants as Chasen's and Mateo's.

Many of Lewis's critics have joked about the relationship by saying, "Maybe Roberts will heal Jerry's mouth." Likewise, many of Roberts' critics have wondered if his days in Methodism are numbered.

When asked why Lewis decided to accept the regentship, Roberts stated that Mr. Lewis accepted because of the new Learning Resources Building that is soon to be in progress. The new building will be shaped like a bagel and Matza ball soup will be served daily at lunch.

Roberts reopens tent ministry

Oral Roberts, evangelist, author, teacher, television personality, and president of Oral Roberts University, is said to be planning another tent meeting. A permanent gold metallic tentlike structure has been erected between Shakarian and Braxton Halls on the ORU campus.

This building, originally intended for fine arts, is now the official camp meeting ground.

The open-air domed structure will be dedicated in a ceremony with the disabled veterans. This "tent" will be easier to handle than the canvas tent used in the 50's.

Ringmaster Roberts will be appearing with the famous trapeze act, "The World Action Swingers." Weekly services are proposed. Ladies and gentlemen, see you under the big top.

April Fool's Day foolishly forgotten

April Fools' Day, like many other American traditions, has been flagrantly neglected in recent years.

Whatever happened to the days when you stole the battery from your friend's car, or fed your little sister yummy chocolate candy that later proved to be Exlax, or replaced your roommate's toothpaste with a tube of Ben Gay.

I firmly believe this is part of the Communist conspiracy. Guidelines set forth in a Communist Party newsletter that was intercepted by CIA agents in New Jersey June 30, 1967, state, "Try to break down traditions. Convince the people traditions are silly, much above their intelligence. If this can be accomplished, we are well on our way toward total takeover."

Don't succumb to this Communist hogwash. Don't let this nostalgic holiday die. If it goes, what will be next to perish? The dress code? Our country?

It's your duty as a Christian and an American to preserve this great occasion. Be a fool! You'll be glad you did.

Feedback

Aerobics applauded

FEEDBACK, the student's voice in government, conducted the fourth survey of 1973 during the week of March 12-19. This survey was designed to evaluate the aerobics program and to suggest possible improvements in the structure of this newly organized project.

Of the 249 students polled, 238 were in favor of the program and felt that it should be continued. There were 9 students opposed to continuing the program, and 2 were not aware of the program.

The HPE Department told FEEDBACK that it was concerned about the honesty of some students in reporting their actual aerobics points each week. To investigate this concern, FEEDBACK asked those students surveyed to report their total points during the previous week. The students were informed that there was no need to falsify the information, since the individual answers would be confidential.

All reports of dishonesty proved to be unfounded as the survey showed that the vast majority of students were achieving more than the minimum point requirement. The average male achieved over 34 points each

week, while the average female credited herself with over 28 points per week. Many of those who did not achieve the minimum point level said that they still reported their points honestly.

When asked how they would improve the program, many of the survey takers felt that there should be more of an emphasis on achievement. Typical of this attitude was one student's statement that, "Thirty points a week are not enough to make you physically fit." It was generally accepted that requirements would be "stiffened" as students become more adept in the program.

Other ideas included a longer track, bicycles provided by the HPE Department, a new swimming pool with special hours for swimming laps to achieve points, and a new multimillion-dollar aerobics building.

Contrary to popular belief, a second poll of 54 professors and administrators showed that most of these staff members wanted to go on the program also. They believed that the added degree of physical fitness would make them better teachers and more active administrators.



"We in the Health Services Department work on the premise that if a student is well enough to eat solid food, he is well enough to walk to the cafeteria."

dear annie answers

Dear Annie:

I never thought I'd find myself writing to you. After reading your column all my life, I thought I had read every problem and answer to help me cope with life. I mean, after learning how to deal with biting my fingernails, the neighbor's dog messing up the yard, my nagging mother, and my inferior, dull personality, what else could possibly come up?

Horror of horrors—I have a problem I doubt anyone else has ever been cursed with, and so I must seek your guidance. My problem is my girlfriend. We've been steadies for 11 years, ever since the fifth grade. Six months ago, Monica (not her real name) left for English discussion on the first floor of the LRC and I haven't seen or heard from her since then.

I'm worried. Could this be her way of telling me to "bug off" or is she just detained after class? I just can't figure it out.

Completely Hopeless

Dear Complete Hope:

Once again I've come through

to solve the deepest mysteries of your inner man. Your fears are groundless, so I suggest you stop worrying.

I'm sure your sweetheart is not giving you the brush. The truth of the matter is that she's probably lost in the maze of the first floor of the LRC. After checking with the Security Search Party, which makes daily rounds to gather stray students, I found that Monica was seen about a month ago, slipping around the corner, but was lost in one of the hallways.

Security explained to me that a girl was missing for 17 months and appeared one day ascending the depths. Since Monica has only been gone 6 months, there is still plenty of time to discover her whereabouts.

This is the only possible answer to your problem because if your girl has put up with you for 11 years, I'm quite sure she won't quit on you now.

My final advice is to give a complete description of Monica to Security to aid them in finding the poor lost soul soon, and

check lost and found daily.

Dear Annie,

What can I do about my roommate? There can't be any light enter our room until 11 in the morning—says she can't stand it. So I fumble around in pitch darkness.

She has also scattered sand on the floor of the room and the balcony to make it more like "the beach back home." She often sleeps out on the balcony in her sleeping bag as the air in our room is too "stagnant."

Her favorite food is raw parsley and her hobby is collecting toilet paper rolls. We now have 546 toilet paper rolls in our room. If this goes on any longer I think I may jump off the Prayer Tower. Please, help me!

Expecting a Miracle

Dear Expecting,

Don't do anything rash. Your roomie may just be suffering from a lack of love. The toilet paper cores may be supplanting a male interest in her life. Why not gently encourage her into the ORU social scene. She may not realize what she is missing.

Letters

Dear Editor:

I wanted to publicly praise and thank the outstanding efforts of the Humanities Department to improve the student body both academically and socially. Ever since the Humanities professors have begun scheduling required lecture tapes every Friday and Saturday night, my life has changed.

No longer will my weekends be cluttered with ordinary movie and pizza dates. Now besides receiving cultural enrichment, there is the added plus of excitement. How could a person help getting at least a little excited at the prospects of such an evening?

I'd like to recommend to all students not taking the Human-

ities course for credit to consider the slide tape presentations for their date next weekend. Where else can you find such a homey atmosphere like that of the LRC 236 featuring the best in late-night entertainment at a very reasonable price—free! (I am quite sure, though, if an admission fee were charged, the rooms would still be packed with enthusiastic students.)

Once again, my deepest thanks to all those people responsible for making weekends so thrilling. (You know, I actually find myself counting the days until the next evening lecture!) It's a motto to come true when I attend these sessions, for something good has truly happened to me.

Cheer up!
LK

Dear Editor:

I'm concerned over the great amount of censorship the Oracle receives. If a newspaper is to function effectively, it must be free. I believe the fault lies with

Furthermore

I suggest that
If you could only
and

Censorship is

Sincerely,
DC

P.S. If you stick this in at the last minute, they won't have a chance to censor it.

the ORACLE

volume 8, number 23—april 1, 1973

clark kent ----- editor
lois lane ----- associate editor
dan carlson ----- public relations
greg davis ----- head peon
lynn m. nichols ----- advisor
brenda atchley, scott aycock, glenn e. bailey, judith baxter, phil boatwright, scot's calendar, renee colwill, brew cool, david j. grimes, roy hess, melissa howell, dr. raymond long, rik sanders, margaret schick, beth smithers, mary smith, johnie whitson, tim will ----- conspirators

published twice fortnightly and sometimes more often, with exceptions made for vocation and exam week, flood, fire, pestilence, and uncontrollable sloth. opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the administration or the associated student body or the author.

News from far and near

National

Workers at the U. S. Mint went on strike today demanding that they be allowed to make less money.

Congress today proposed a new national anthem. Members of the opposing lobbyist group said they just won't stand for it.

Juan Valdez met with union leaders last week because he refused to give his plantation workers a coffee break. Also today, rugmakers demanded fringe benefits.

Mystery of Stonehenge was solved. The butler did it.

Local

La Fortune Park was the site today for the unveiling of the first statue of a pigeon. Generals came from miles around.

Mrs. Alfred Curtain, mother

of 15, yesterday leaned out her backdoor and made Curtain calls all afternoon.

ORU

Saga Foods recently took over operation of the Temporary Campus Post Office. Unofficial reports from the nurse's office say four students are ill from licking stamps.

ORU student Maxwell Rudd last week refused to go with his roommate this summer to scale the Alps. He became the first "anticlimb-Max."

Nurse Rine of the University Health Services department announced today that they have discovered that the scales in the women's dressing room are not functioning properly. They should be repaired by the end of next week. She said, "We have now realized the error of our weighs."

Boatwrong qualifies

We are proud to announce that Pill Boatwrong has qualified in three aerobic events for the 1974 Summer Olympics to be held in Helsinki, Finland.

Pill will compete in the stationary running, which he does in nothing flat; the stationary cycle, which he does in a flash; and the 440 jump rope, no doubt his best event. Pill also has the distinct honor of being the only student to earn all 480 aerobics points for the semester in one week.

Coach Johannson is proud of Pill and hopes he will inspire others to make that extra effort.

Classified ads

Wanted: man to wash dishes and two waitresses.

For Sale: Police dog, will eat anything, very fond of children.

Wanted: man to handle dynamite, must be prepared to travel unexpectedly.

For Rent: nice two-bedroom home in shady neighborhood.

Help Wanted: man for human cannonball, need person of high caliber.

Frank faults females

Miss Stephanie Frank, instructor of Behavioral Science, has recently completed her doctoral dissertation on the subject "The Basic Inherent Physical and Social Difference Between the ORU Woman and the Fruitcake." In research for the paper, she has found that the fruitcake has dates.

She said, "I found both the cakes and the ORU women to be nutty and full of fruit, and extremely fresh. They were both sticky to handle, although there was a noticeable lack of dates in the latter."

When the women were asked to comment on Miss Frank's findings, the reactions were varied. One said, "I don't relish the idea." Another commented, "It doesn't sound so hot to me." One wanted to know, "Is she saying we're dogs?"

The men had different views however. Junior Jim Sox said, "I think it's bunderful." One said, "I think the ORU women should ketchup with the times." Many others refused to comment because they could not mustard up the courage to be so frank.

Hi! I'm Doug.
I've got it going great
in today's Action Army.
Join me.

It's exciting, different, and rewarding. The sergeant-private ratio is 16 to 1 and the facilities are top-notch. But most of all, fun is the center of everything that goes on here. It's great!

Write to your local Army recruiter for more information.

Tell him Doug suggested it.

Join Doug.

Join Today's Action Army.



Titan tales . . .

Coach Trickey has recruited the ideal player to help strengthen next year's basketball team. Sam (the Stump) Smith is one of the most prospective college-bound players in America. Smith, a native of Blister, Tenn., boasts a 48.6-point scoring average and 29 rebounds per game. He was four times during his high school career selected as an All-Stater, and is this year's winner of Tennessee's Most Prolific Dribbler award.

When asked what most influenced him to come to ORU, Smith replied, "The food service." Coach Trickey hopes to use the 4-foot 8-inch, 305-lb. Smith (the Stump) to alternate with David Vaughn at the center position.

The ORU baseball field has been declared off limits for all students by Security. Numerous tremors, sinkings, and faults have taken place in the past week. Supposedly a giant earthworm 17 feet long and 1 foot in diameter is burrowing caverns underneath the surface of the ground.

The earthworm has been sighted by a few persons, and seems to make its appearances only at night. One student and his girlfriend reported seeing "the monster" one night while running the aerobics track.

Members of the Titan baseball team have noted the sudden appearance of large holes in the field as well as the loss of many bats, balls, and gloves. As of yet none of the missing articles have been found. Baseball practice has been indefinitely postponed until authorities can make further investigations.

Despite slight visibility, diving bats, and falling stalactites, the ORU golf team captured first place in the Carlsbad Caverns Championship tournament this past weekend. Over half of the 20 teams entered in the meet failed to come out of the cave at the end of the meet.

David Barr, ORU golfer who placed first individually, commented that the Bottomless Pit was the worst hazard.

Horalscopes

CAPRICORN—Today you should expect a miracle. Tomorrow may be too late.

AQUARIUS—Something good is going to happen to you. Turn and say it to your neighbor.

PISCES—Today is a good day to begin that term paper. Remember, God is your source.

ARIES—Today is the first day of the rest of your life. But if you blow it today, this horalscope applies to tomorrow also.

TAURUS—You are in the NOW. Don't be a WAS.

GEMINI—Do not sneak out of chapel early. It will make the rest of your life miserable.

Aman and aman.

CANCER—Be healed.

LEO—Cheer up!

VIRGO—Send for your **Miracle Book** today. It's free and post-paid.

LIBRA—And in Canada write —Oral Roberts, Toronto, Ontario.

SCORPIO—Pray and you will receive a **Daily Blessing**.

SAGITARIUS—And remember this, a point of contact is not the same thing as a PDA.

Between

75-90%

of the students

are

OFF

their rockers,

because they pay twice the

REGULAR PRICES

for items at the

Campus Store

Excerpt from his new autobiography

Officer reminisces about life

by Fuzzie Dunwrong
as told to Yvonne Nance

While reminiscing back to my childhood years I can't help but ponder over the most memorable event of my life. This was the time of life most people call birth. I use the phrase "most people" because my parents would rather call my birth a major catastrophe. You see I wasn't born anywhere near or anything like the rest of the army. Army is inserted because our family is usually referred to as a large destructive force.

There is very little I can remember about my birth. I was very young at the time and my mind was not fully developed. Stories vary wildly on the details of my so-called catastrophe in life.

One undesirable (to me) but reliable (to them) source says that I was born one dreary, raining Monday morning while my father was out hunting mushrooms on the lower 40. When my father arrived back at the little humble log cabin, where I lay wrapped in swaddling gunny sacks, he almost persuaded himself to go back hunting mushrooms until he died.

Separated from my parents I was all on my own

As days turned into weeks and weeks into months, things began to look up, although I had never thought things were really that bad. The lamp I had broken did not work anyway, my brother's badly bruised and bitten leg was healing fast, and we never really needed glass in the south window.

Finally, after lengthy discussions and considerable talk for

approximately one minute, my parents decided to pass me off to the next migrating band of renegade Indians.

Parting was such sad sorrow that day. There were so many tears one would have thought the monsoons had hit, if one would have been there. The Indians were bawling their heads off because they had picked me up. They were very warm, though, treating me as one of theirs, one of their livestock, that is. I soon became contented and decided it was time to move on.

The country, I found, was wild and free, just waiting for the ambitious man to step in and conquer. But, you know, I found that not too many people like to hire a young, industrious, liberal-minded boy of 3½ years.

Living with the coyotes I learned about life

Finally, out of desperation, I went to live where I was wanted. I lived with a traveling band of wild coyotes for almost ten years. (Be sure to read my new book entitled "My Experiences of Living with a Traveling Band of wild coyotes for almost 10 Years.")

At the age of 14, I took off with a touring band of gypsies. But, eventually, with that queer quirk of fate on my side, the law caught up with me and made me give it back. I was sentenced to hang 3 days by my thumbs. I took a different look at the world that day, from 10 feet off the ground. The local DA at my mistrial took pity on my poor soul and passion on my sore pits. He decided to take me in and let me live with his, "good ole mother-in-law," as he put it.

While I was staying with her, made a suggestion that I should find something worthwhile to do. I decided, much to her dismay, to take up the drums. I soon found out they were too heavy for me and the ole lady and promptly put them down. She made another suggestion at which I made no reply, but immediately left to live with the traveling band of wild coyotes. (Be sure to read my new book soon to be published, "My Experiences Upon Returning to Live with a Traveling Band of Wild Coyotes For Three Years.")

Living with the coyotes for almost three years I learned of much invaluable information. I was quick to learn it was a dog-eat-dog world, and even quicker to learn, but not quick enough, that it was also a dog-eat-people world. Especially if you upset the Daddy Dog of the traveling band of wild coyotes. I left the band that day shameful, dejected, and armless.

I went walking out of the wild coyotes' camp determined that a change in life was necessary. From that day on I reached for the goals I had established in my mind. I had already accomplished two; that of being an unforgivable fraud and a nationally unheralded impostor.

Predestined to become ORU security officer

Over the next 2 months I became a controversial figure in the underground world. However, working in the morgue wasn't all that good. The job had its ups and downs, and besides I was yearning to travel south to seek my fortune in oil.

Finding no fortune in oil to call my own, I settled for the next-best walk of life, one part of life for which I was unduly qualified. I became known as First-Class Officer, Security, ORU. Yes, by that same queer quirk of fate on my side the last time, the law had caught up with me again.



His name is Fuzzy Dunwrong, and he has recently written a book entitled "My experiences of Living with a Traveling Band of Wild Coyotes for Almost Ten Years." Dunwrong is currently an officer on the ORU Security Force and has found that his unique background has prepared him adequately for his job here.

BEN'S PIZZA PARLOR

presents this tremendous

Sale

phone ahead
for your
convenience
743-6161

● MENU ●

REG. FOR 1 NOW 2 ONLY

cheese	\$1.15	\$2.50
green pepper	1.50	3.80
mushroom	1.60	4.10
pepperoni	1.75	4.25
peanut butter	2.00	5.15
chocolate	2.25	5.25
cinnamon	2.00	5.15
egg	2.30	5.80
parsley	1.75	4.25
french onion	1.90	4.40

This offer is good for the ORU family and friends only, from 6 a.m. until 10 a.m., Sunday, April 1.



Verbal Mae Roberts, Oral's twin sister, will be the featured speaker at chapel Wednesday.

the ORACLE calendar

MUSIC CLUB: April 13, First Annual Bach's Lunch, 12 noon, cafeteria.

APPLICATIONS: Now being accepted for the Security Farce, pick up application at Prayer Tower.

INTRAMURALS: April 13, Tiddly Wink Championship at Mabee Center, tickets—\$5 or (with your student ID) \$6.

CAMPUS MOVIE: April 31, Cartoon Festival featuring Road Runner, Bugs Bunny, Fritz the Cat, 8 p.m., Zoppelt Auditorium.

MEETING: Last Annual Convention of Pessimists, April 13, Mabee Center.

FRESHMEN TESTS: April 7, Bring sack lunch, sleeping bag, compass, meet on first floor of LRC, 8 a.m.-???