

ROSTRUM

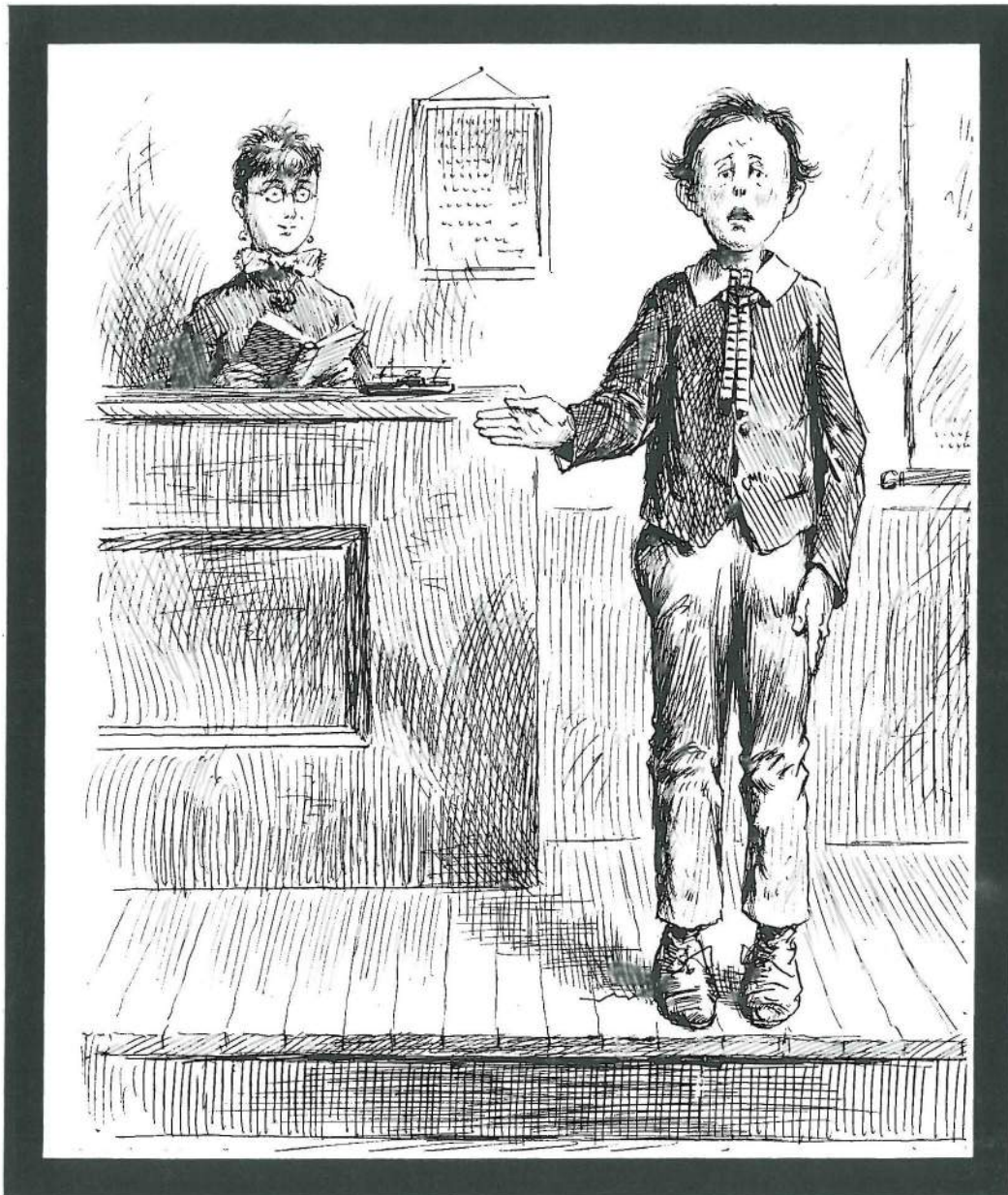
Volume 67

Number 4

December, 1992

BRO ANTHONY K CAVET
CATHOLIC MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL
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FORENSIC HUMOR ISSUE

CDE DEBATE AND EXTEMP CAMPS. THE BEST IN THE NATION.

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On the Cover: An original pen and ink drawing, now in the national office, that was originally drawn for Puck magazine December 3, 1887.



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THE ROSTRUM

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\$5.00 per year, \$2.50 for additional subs.

HUMOR

"There are few judges of humor, and they don't agree." This conundrum posed by Josh Billings constantly confounds gag writers, TV producers, and Broadway critics. No more withering comment can deflate one's ego than Molly's comment to Fibber "Taint funny Magee!"

But despite this pitfall our society is full of pratfalls. Humor ranges from the hip (Saturday Night Live) to the hapless (The Three Stooges). From the artistic (New Yorker cartoons) to the nihilistic (Tom and Jerry cartoons). From the classic (Shakespeare in the Park) to the manic (Monty Python). And what's its point?

Often humor has no redeeming value at all: jokes about various ethnic, racial and gender minorities are merely tasteless putdowns. And although some aver that there are two catego-

ries of humor – clean and funny; usually the lewd is only crude. But humor can have socially redeeming features. Occasionally humor becomes wit when it delivers truth in a clever epigram ("Fashion is for people with no taste"). And humor can also be a powerful learning tool. "Boring" material may be made interesting if illustrated with humor. Important material is retained longer if presented in a humorous manner because attention is held.

In this Rostrum we have selected the best in forensic humor generated over the years. Some will teach, some will entertain, and some will merely illustrate how humor has changed.

So learn from and enjoy this first forensic humor Rostrum. The laugh's on us!

James Copeland

JANUARY-FEBRUARY LINCOLN DOUGLAS DEBATE TOPIC:

(to be used at all January and February NFL District contests)

Resolved:

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"HUMOROUS INTERPRETING IN AMERICA" or "THIDWICK THE BIG-HEARTED MOOSE' MEETS 'PYRAMUS AND THISBE' (AND SOME OTHER GUYS)"

by Doug Wilkins

You already know all this, so there is really no point in reading any further. What follows is the self-pitying and simultaneously cynical whining of anyone in forensics who has been masochistic, egoistic, and altruistic enough to attempt coaching that most discouraging of events – humorous interpretation.

To begin with, the phrase "coaching humorous interpretation," is a contradiction of terms. A person can coach debate, coach extemp, coach dramatic interp, coach soccer, coach a flea circus, coach competitive lighter-than-air bricklaying, but one cannot "coach" humorous interp any more than one can coach a train wreck to think about the consequences of its actions. For the most part, the "coach" of a forensics program which includes humorous interpreters is likely to feel the same measure of job satisfaction with those students as he or she would in being a lemming shepherd. Certainly, the behavior of their charges are quite similar.

Normally, it is dangerous to generalize about large groups of individuals, but a generalization one can safely make about the students who want to compete in humorous interp is that they will drive you insane. After spending an hour describing the many different events available to the beginning forensics students, roughly 98% of the students will ignore all the advice they have just heard about the variety of worthwhile, valuable events in forensics and declare an unwavering allegiance for HI. At this point, you, the forensics coach, should advise all of these students to leave the forensics classroom, never to return until it is reasonably demonstrable that hades has frozen solid. A lengthy, thorough, and careful assessment of the reasons behind why these students are so committed to humorous interp uncovers two standard motivations for their pre-packaged devotion to HI:

1. They can't read.
2. They can't write.

Add to this a "play" ethic that collectively replicates the habits of the characters from a dozen John Hughes films, and you have a potential

disaster area that would make a navy target range jealous. One-on-one "counseling" of the HI hopeful is perhaps the ultimate study in futility and foregone conclusions ...

Coach: So, what events interest you?

The Kid: (with mild astonishment, as if there were some question as to his/her stellar capabilities) Humorous Inturp.

Coach: (with that familiar submerging sensation) Okay. Got any possible selections in mind?

The Kid: (having trouble with the presence of multisyllabic words in the previous line) Huh?

Coach: (drawing a deep mental breath, and feeling like a minor character in *Clan of the Cave Bear*) What... think... you... might... want... do... for... ha-ha...?

The Kid: (now vaguely annoyed by yet another stupid adult who can't read superior minds) Pick sumthin fer me.

Coach: (clinging desperately to principles and a now glowering and tail-thrashing temper) If I "pick" something for you, you wouldn't be learning to help yourself. Besides, you might not like what I picked, and I would hate to see you suffer. Now, surely you have read something, a novel, short-story, poem, essay, or play, that was truly funny and that you would be willing to perform.

The Kid: No.

Coach: (whipping the proverbial deceased equine) What about something you read in English class ... or something at home?

(**Author's Note:** "The Kid" has two options here. S/he may name a favorite electronic medium, such as a graphically obscene Sam Kinneson tape (audio or video) OR s/he may opt for unworkably bad material from an alternate source. In the case at hand, the Kid opts for the latter ...)

The Kid: Um, my mom has a Erma Bombeck book about a septic tank that's fulla cherries.

Coach: (deciding to lie) Great!

Certain rituals have to be observed during this agonizing process. "The Kid" must ask to use a variety of unpublished recordings, videotapes, and TV sit-coms. "The Coach" must

explain why this is not possible. "The Kid" must not listen to **any** of the coach's explanations, forcing "The Coach" to repeat these explanations, which must again be ignored, etc. Eventually, when another kid explains that "tapes and stuff ain't allowed 'cuz the coaches think they're satanic," the aspiring humorous interpreter haunts "The Coach" with requests for "a real good monolog that no one has ever heard before that'll automatically win first place." Add to this the heretofore unmentioned, but universally accepted fact that most humorous interpretation rounds have an amusement quotient roughly equivalent to watching mold grow.

Also worth noting is that the occasional talented humorous interp speaker has the emotional stability, the courteous grace, and the dependability of superman when he's been freebasing kryptonite crack. The "successful" humorous interp whiz is almost invariably: late to rounds, forgetting his/her code number, confused by exit signs, in tears, barefoot in the winter, losing **your** keys, wanted in three states, flunking P.E., or rappelling out the hotel window during a tornado warning. It is during **these** times that you are most likely to be singled out as the mentor responsible for this individual.

Finally, there is the tournament experience itself. Again, certain unwritten and unchanging rules apply.

1. The HI student who is liked the least will do the best.

2. All HI entrants from your school will either be psychotically depressed or they will be uncontrollably exuberant before the tournament. No matter, **not one** of them has practiced since October.

3. All of them are depressed when they don't reach the "out" rounds; none of them will ever forgive the others for failing to pay full attention to their post-"postings" suffering.

4. The hard-working, polite kid will get your hopes up with a 1st in round one, and will pull straight fives from then on. (Many people regard this as a mere corollary to unwritten rule one.)

(Humorous to Page 23)

SQUAD SPIRIT or A CHRISTMAS QUARREL

by Bill Davis

And so it came to pass, of all of the good nights of the year, upon District Tournament eve, Screwloose the Coach sat in his classroom, meditating on the sins of his squad. He had one student who laughed when others lost, and two who cried when the first one, and three who hated the four who despised the five who – well, it was just one great big pile of sins.

Suddenly, Screwloose heard a harsh clanking deep down, down in the bowels of the building. At first, he thought it was only the steam pipes, but when the clanking was accompanied by moans of “No! Please! Don’t make me judge policy!”, Screwloose knew that spirits do walk the earth. And then the door seemed to melt away, and a ghastly spectre peered inside. The vision groaned and spake! “Pardon me, but is this the coaches lounge?”

Screwloose knew him. It was the previous coach at the school who had coached for two years but had been paid for twenty. “It can’t be,” roared Screwloose, “but it must be! It’s Gnarly’s ghost!”

“Mr. Gnarly to you,” retorted the shade, pouring a scalding cup of coffee from Screwloose’s thermos, and testing it with a finger. “Ah, ice cold! So much cooler than where I come from!” He poured the brew into his gaping mouth, Screwloose goggled as the liquid coursed through the transparent ghost, and then collected in a steamy puddle on a pile of scripts on the floor. Gnarly glanced down and emitted a nasty chuckle. “‘Agnes of God’ again this year, eh, Screwloose? I could give you a few suggestions, but, never mind. I’ve been sent to warn you.”

Screwloose’s smile looked as if he was judging humorous interp. “Warn me?” You’ve scared the Dickens out of me already.”

Gnarly chuckled as he poured coffee on a handbook. “You don’t believe in spirit, do you? No, not me. Of course you believe in my existence. Anyone who can send a kid off to a tournament with ‘The Scarlet Ibis’ in DI believes in miracles. No, Screwloose, what you don’t believe in is squad spirit. You think of these kids as just competitors, and not as a team. And it’s clear that they don’t believe in it either. They are not only in competition with other schools, but in competition with each other. They blame each other for their failures. And you know, Screwloose,

they blame you.”

“Me! What can I do about it?”

“Good. Right on cue. I’ve brought you help. The other day I was wandering through some of the warmer regions of my current domain, and I stumbled across the coaches from East Kansas. They were waiting out a student congress at the time. To get to the point, I asked them for their suggestions on how they increased spirit on their own squads. Their answers fell into three categories – fellowship, support, and reasonable expectations.

FELLOWSHIP

1. Parties. You knew that. What is unusual is the variety of suggestions:

a. First of the season football game and cookout.

b. Pizza party after hosting the tournament.

c. Christmas party with gag gifts (make sure you set careful parameters).

d. Initiation (not hazing) for novices on the first overnight.

e. Crossing the Equator ceremonies upon passing a certain landmark on trips.

f. All night cut and paste marathon.

g. Stopping to bowl on the way home from a tournament.

2. Notes on the bulletin board for squad members only.

3. Making the squadroom a home away from home. Encourage the squad members to “hang out” around the room before and after school.

4. Work sessions with pizza brought in.

5. Worknights at somebody’s house with recreation breaks, such as ping-pong.

6. Squad T-shirts with nicknames on the back.

7. An inside joke board with phrases hilarious to squad members only.

SUPPORT

1. Brothers and Sisters – students paired off for mutual support. They help each other like wake-up calls, listening to performances, etc.

2. Debate families – experienced debaters adopt novices. It’s always interesting to see who of a two man team gets to be called “Mom.”

3. Roll calls with a compliment from one squad member to another as a response. Variations on this theme (“who is your secret hero?”) are endless.

4. Have squad members not going to a tournament write a cheer for those departing.

5. Secretly organize the school’s cheerleaders and pep band to come crashing into a squad meeting for a surprise pep rally.

6. Squad officers send notes of congratulations to winners.

7. School announcements of winners. There are many variations, but my favorite is a bulletin board outside the room decorated with flashing lights.

8. A spirit chair, who decorates lockers, cars, etc. of competitors.

9. A dinner prepared by novices the night before a big tourney. Program includes practice, then dinner followed by an inspirational movie.

10. A squad song book. Write songs in the van on the way to tournaments, and save them for the year end party.

REASONABLE EXPECTATIONS

I believe that one of the biggest divisive aspects of a squad is disappointment. Jump too high; fall too far. Here are some suggestions to keep failure (and success) in hand.

1. Set reasonable goals for every tournament. Make every tournament a success.

2. A bulletin board with awards such as Best First Negative, etc. Even if nobody wins at the tournament, in class on Monday somebody wins.

3. Practiced behavior at tournaments, such as “How to Win.”

4. The awards dinner at the end of the year. It’s a hassle, but the teary goodbye to the seniors establishes a tradition of caring that is invaluable.

Gnarly paused and then grinned. “Yeah, I know all of these suggestions are work, aren’t they, Screwloose? All this takes effort.”

Screwloose whined, “But this just sounds like having fun. Why should I have to do this? Isn’t squad spirit the kids’ business?”

“Business! Education is your business. Judging, teaching and driving is but one drop in the comprehensive ocean of your business. Growing together with each other is the very bottom line of your business.”

The ghost passed through the door, then his head reappeared through the solid wood.

“God bless us. Even having fun.”

(Bill Davis, NFL’s most prolific writer, bless him, coaches at Blue Valley HS, KS. This article appeared in the 1989 Rostrum.)

Announcing the February California Swing

Berkeley - February 13-15

Stanford - February 19-21

Quality national circuit tournaments held at the University of California at Berkeley and Stanford University. Both tournaments feature:

- National Topic Policy Debate and Lincoln-Douglas Debate
- All primary NFL individual events, as well as other selected events
- Last year's tournaments included national competition from over 200 high schools representing all regions of the country. Last year's semifinalists included Bronx Science, Bellevue, GBN, Greenhill, Lincoln-Oregon, and San Antonio-Churchill
- Kentucky Tournament of Champions Qualifiers at Octafinals and/or Quarterfinals in both Team and L-D debate
- Avoid the snow! Come and enjoy the beautiful California weather at two of the finest Universities in the nation
- Conveniently scheduled around Presidents' Day Weekend to minimize missed school days - Six days of competition in only Nine short days!

The 20th Annual CALIFORNIA INVITATIONAL

- Seven Debate Preliminary Rounds
- Three Individual Events Prelim Rounds
- Team Debate Elimination Rounds begin at partial Triple-Octafinals
- L-D Debate Elimination Rounds begin at Triple-Octafinals
- Planned Individual Events include:
 - Extemporaneous Speaking
 - Impromptu
 - Humorous Interpretation
 - Dramatic Interpretation
 - Expository
 - Original Oratory
- Individual Events Elimination Rounds begin at Quarterfinals
- Student Congress

The 7th Annual STANFORD INVITATIONAL

- Six Debate Preliminary Rounds
- Three Individual Events Prelim Rounds
- Team Debate Elimination Rounds begin at Full or Partial Double-Octafinals
- L-D Debate Elimination Rounds begin at Full or Partial Double-Octafinals
- Planned Individual Events include:
 - Extemporaneous Speaking
 - Impromptu
 - Humorous Interpretation
 - Dramatic Interpretation
 - Thematic Interpretation
 - Original Oratory
 - Expository
 - Spontaneous Argumentation
- Student Congress

Special Entry Fee Discount for Out-of-State Schools Attending Both Tournaments

Schools that attended last year's tournaments will be mailed invitations. Any new schools wishing to attend, or any school attending last year which does not receive an invitation by December 1, 1992, should contact the tournament directors. For additional information, contact:

The California Invitational

Tournament Director - Jon Hersey
SAS - 102 Sproul - Forensics
Berkeley, CA 94720
(510) 654-4327

The Stanford Invitational

Tournament Director - Matthew Fraser
Stanford Debate, P.O. Box 2333
Stanford, CA 94309
(415) 723-9086 or (510) 549-9847

ANSWERING GENERICS or THE MALTESE MALTHUS

by Bill Davis

Some private detectives chase divorce cases. Others move to Hawaii to become TV stars. Me? I'm a debate detective. I'm the best. I flow fast, talk faster, and my ears pack 20-20 hearing. My name? It's Lincoln Douglas. I can't help my parents' taste.

But – I was bored. I hadn't had much business over the summer months, and now that the first tournaments were under way I had a lot of time on top of the ink on my hands.

So, I was in the bathroom of my office rinsing out my briefs when the john door opened and in stepped a dame. She had hair the hue of a catalog case, skin the color of a cream colored legal pad, and the figure of a two drawer file box ready to spill.

She looked at me. I looked at her. I spoke. "Lady this is my private john. A little privacy, huh?"

Later, as I emerged into my office she was plopped on my desk, nervously chewing on her multicolored pen. For a long time I said nothing. She finished her prep time.

"It's my affirmative case. It's gone."

"What do you mean, gone?"

She giggled. "Just what I said. I took it to the first tournament and it disappeared in three rooms. The negative got up, and it just disappeared."

"You suspect anybody? Like your colleague?"

She snorted, and a little fleck of spit lodged itself to her lower lip. She certainly seemed genuine. I poured her a fifth response and she gratefully spilled it over her dress. Only a debater would be so uncoordinated.

Finally, she spoke again. "No," she babbled, "I know who did it. It was ... the Generic Gang!"

A hush fell over the room. I think it was because neither of us was talking. "You mean 'Nasty' Nukes, 'Gonzo' Growth, and 'Mickey' Malthus?"

"Yes," she gasped.

Sugar, they're all the same. Bad eggs. But you'll get over it. There are other affirmative cases. I can get you a good deal on an Aliens Disco Death case."

"No!" she cried, "I want my old affirmative back! I just need to disprove the Generic Gang!"

I chortled. "You mean carry dirt on Gramm, Rudman and those other jokers? That's a lot of evidence to spew out in a rebuttal, Precious. Can you

handle it?" I leered at her.

"Of course not! I can't talk fast! Look at these!" Those lovely lips parted to display more twisted metal than a debate van after a sharp curve. "Some debaters give road maps before their speeches. I have to pass out towels."

"Well then, maybe you better figure out how to damage the Generic Gang in the cross-ex, so that you can save time in the rebuttal."

"Tell me how, Douglas."

"Call me Link, babe. Before you can disprove the Generic Gang, you have to have Motive and Mechanism."

She goggled. "What? What kind of debate theory is this? What happened to Brink, Impact and Uniqueness?"

"That's the law firm down the hall. Now pipe down. This is different. It's analysis. Ever heard of it?" I ignored her pouting.

"The first thing you do in the cross-ex is establish quick labels for each sub-point of the generic that you are going to take out. Due to the speed of the second negative, or merely because most second negatives who run generics aren't very good anyway, what you have on your flow and what the judge has may be different. Unlike current strategies, it is better that you and the judge agree on what was said so you aren't wasting your time talking about something that the Guy with the Ballot doesn't have down. Clear?" She nodded, but she obviously wasn't enthused.

Suddenly, I kissed her hard on the lips. She drew back, and popped me one right in the chops. I grinned as I sopped up the blood. "Now, you know how to beat the Generic Gang."

"No, now I know you're crazy. Why did you do that?"

"I was making my point about motives and mechanisms. As I was laying the Big One on your kisser, you didn't know what to do at first, right?"

"You can say that again. But I obviously didn't have the same motives as you. And as for your mechanism, you'd better see your dentist, Big Mouth."

"I said call me Link. And that is the problem with the Generic Gang. It confuses actions with motives and actions with mechanisms."

"They're not the only ones who are confused. Keep talking."

"Take the Malthus d/a. That old

chestnut has been around all these years because of two points. First, it is based on the fact that populations have been expanding for centuries, and second, because the eventual impact of expanding population is extinction. But the problem is this – motives are constantly changing as they are encountered by other motives. People have been creating more people because it has been advantageous for them to do so. As world population grows, the costs of having children will grow higher, and the population rate will slow down."

She had begun to flow, reluctantly. "So your point is that unless the negative can show a motive that ultimately outweighs the motive to continue living, they can't show impact."

I patted her head. "Exactly. And now for mechanism. Current events tell us that as population growth becomes more apparently undesirable, governments respond with birth control, or even better, programs that make life easier if people don't have children. In other words, alternatives – mechanisms – exist short of just waiting to see the food chain collapse."

She sucked noisily on her pen. "Great. But how do I prove this without evidence?"

"Evidence? Who said anything about that yet? This burden lies with the negative, because he brought it up. You demand the evidence for the motives and the lack of alternative mechanisms in the cross-ex. If they cannot produce it, the argument dies for lack of a crucial internal link." ...

She blew on her smoking pen. "So what was the Motive and Mechanism business?"

"You never figured that out? Motive means that generics must prove that the main actors that cause the disad's impact are so motivated that nothing will change their course, not even prospective disaster. And Mechanism means that there are no other lesser options that these highly motivated actors may take. Think about it. The very fact that effects topicality is so popular this year is a sign that Motive and Mechanism are going to be very difficult to prove for a brain dead negative team that hasn't done it's research."

(Maltese to Page 23)

COLLEAGUE CALAMITY

by Bill Davis

O.K. So us psychiatrists get a bum rap. Everyone thinks we are a bunch of wimps with pointy beards who smile and nod a lot and ask you questions about your fantasies of beating your mother with a dead fish. By no means are we like that.

I don't even have a beard.

Maybe that's why I'm different. I'm a forensics shrink.

Yeah, that's right. I deal with those hard cases. The debaters with the meglomaniac complexes. The prima donna dramatic interps. The H.I.'s. Nuff said.

So I wasn't surprised when I got a message on my car phone that another kid had flipped out over in the burbs. I pulled up in front of the house, and I knew that I had a case that could write a thousand doctoral theses. In front of the house was a wooden booth with a chain saw mounted on a sign. "Homeless Dental Clinic" it read.

I knocked on the door and a nervous looking woman answered. I flashed her my diploma. "Thank God you're here!" she hollered, clutching my arm and leading me down into the basement. That is where I entered policy debate hell.

Papers everywhere. Paper hung on the wall by friction. Paper covering every inch of the floor. An entire rain forest in front of me. It was enough to make me vote for a growth disad.

And underneath the multicolored mess, a body stirred. I tried to get to it, but I stumbled over Malthus and Cuban - Angolan Intervention. I had heard that these arguments were slippery, but I had never believed it until now.

Yes, there was a young girl under all that papyrus. An eyeball, shedding salt water like bad plumbing in a submarine, looked at me with desperation. A sound surfaced from under a post it note. "Have you seen him?" the sound said.

Instantly I knew the problem. I had seen it a thousand times. I knelt on Malthus and spoke. "Colleague difficulty, huh? Can't get your partner to do his fair share of the work?"

She surfaced and sneered at me. This would be a toughie, all right. "What makes you think that, White Coat?"

I wouldn't let her get next to my skin like that. I cost me a good twelve

thousand bucks of tuition to get to wear that lab coat. I faked a chuckle. "Classic case. Here you are, obviously distraught. Tons of work to do, right? No help, right? So you blame old El Partnero, Tonto, Kemosabi and all that. Am I right?"

I knew I had her on the run, so when she opened her mouth I plunged on. After all, this was my cross-ex.

"And your mother is very upset. Don't you care about that?" My professional training told me that hadn't struck home. It was in the way she laughed. Resistance. I had seen it a thousand times. So I gave her a grin and went on.

"You're lucky I stopped by. Here, look at this." I pulled out my scholarly article on Colleague Abuse and tossed it to her. It raised a lump on her head.

"Ow! You think I have time to read this? Summarize it for me!"

So I did.

THE FORENSICS SHRINK'S
TEN COMMANDMENTS OF COLLEAGUE COMMUNICATION.

I. Treat your colleague as you would like to be treated. Like - do you enjoy debating by yourself? Then why not a mutual wake-up pact? And why is it the five-three girl in spike heels carries the files while the six foot goon manhandles the flow pads? Huh? Natural selection?

II. Refer to your team in the Royal We; for example "We broke at Waw-Waw High; We made the cover of the Rostrum in the special anthropology issue."

III. Walk away from conversations about your colleague behind his/her/it's back. No matter how much fun it may be to stick in the knife, it'll cut you back sooner or later.

IV. Plan out your work schedule with your partner at the beginning of each week, and then live by it. And take care of your part of the team. Why are you going to the double overtime football game before the Saturday tournament, while your colleague gets the eight hours of sack? You a poster child for Caffeine Anonymous? What's fair about it?

V. Never plan to go to another tournament without your partner unless he/she/it is happy about it. You may enjoy your vacation, but the team will be dead when you get back.

VI. Never talk in the colleague's

ear. Especially after a quick lunch at Taco Pedro's.

VII. The First Negative Gets To Talk First. This means that the Second Negative Has To Talk Second. The First Negative Calls the Tune. At the very least, the Second Negative Needs to Hum Along.

VIII. Never read ballots out loud. All you can do is hurt somebody's feelings. I'm sure it is very urgent that the whole bus knows that you got better ranks than the creep you obviously dragged through the tournament.

IX. Talk. Rumour has it you both speak the same language. When you are having difficulties, it makes sense to talk to the fool before you call her one behind her back.

X. Never forget; they may give out speaker awards, but only one trophy per team. Think about it.

I looked at her triumphantly. Her words began slowly.

"Great. Very wise. Wonderful. But you've made one mistake."

"I doubt it, but go on."

Suddenly she renth her garment. "I'm Seymour's girlfriend! He's disappeared in this mess! Help me find him!"

We did. He hasn't been dead that long.

(Bill Davis teaches at Blue Valley HS, Kansas. This article is reprinted from the December 1991 Rostrum.)

SECOND DIAMOND



****Glenda Ferguson**
Heritage Hall HS, OK

May 6, 1992

3030 points

THE HARVARD INVITATIONAL FORENSICS TOURNAMENT

FEBRUARY 12, 13 & 14, 1993

The Harvard Forensics Tournament
has for two decades been the very pinnacle of high school speech
and debate competition. Last year's tournament hosted nearly
2,000 competitors from over 30 states.

Policy Debate Features:

7 rounds of Varsity and 6 rounds of Junior Varsity preliminary
competition breaking to double-octas and octas respectively.

Lincoln Douglas Debate Features:

6 preliminary rounds breaking to double octas.
Our own topic is announced in the invitation.

Individual Events Features:

3 preliminary rounds breaking to quarter finals.
Extemp, Oratory, Dramatic & Humorous Interp.
Special Impromptu Speaking Competition on Sunday.

**The Tournament is held on the Harvard University Campus
in Cambridge Massachusetts.**

Invitations are automatically sent in late November
to attendees of previous tournaments.
For an invitation to the 1993 Tournament, please write:

**Harvard Debate
Adams House Box 420
Cambridge, MA 02138-5004**

or call:

617-495-4822 and leave a message on our voice mail.

MOTELATHON!!!

by Doug Wilkins

The Bates Motel stands as a sort of flagship of fear in the cinematic realm of hotel/motel horror, but this is only because Hollywood doesn't have the intestinal stamina to display the cabalistic atrocities which take place in motels on "speech" weekends.

When you were a kid, hotels and motels were nifty places to visit. The basics and then some were all supplied to you, and, since you were under the age of 10, the question of money didn't phase you. It wasn't your money. Life was good to you.

Then somehow you ended up as the forensics coach at your school. You were minding your own business; prepping four different English classes, grading papers until 3:00 AM, serving as sophomore class advisor, taking two night classes, and mowing the school lawn (next time, read the small print in your contract, I guess), when your principal called you in and asked, just hypothetically, if you would be willing to serve as the advisor for the forensics program.

Your first reaction was one of disgust. After all, who wants to be in charge of a bunch of junior Quincies? (Future Morticians of America?! Yuck!)

Once the initial misunderstanding was clarified, your principal assured you that (perjury time) "The activity doesn't take too much time or effort, and the students tend to run the program themselves." (This statement is all too true.)

The realities of forensics have chilled many a discussion. "The Motel Manager Always Rings Thrice," and "Invasion of the Dozens of Noisy, Obnoxious, Completely Unsupervised Brats from Rancho Suburbia High in a Dangerous Neighborhood Where the Hotel Has Hourly Rates" are but two of my gloomier, and therefore more successful, epics.

A few synopses, are, I suppose, in order. You will be able to verify them, unfortunately.

"The Invisible Hotel Reservation"

The title is self-explanatory. It's late, your students are in pain and being quite vocal about it. You trudge into the hotel at the State Tournament (it was State Tournament in my case, anyway), and *voila*, the reservation has vanished into thin air. No one

thinks to blame anyone but you for the screw-up. Inga, the desk clerk, isn't much help.

"Invasion of the Sleepless Wonderfreshmen"

Consider yourself lucky if they were **only** watching Triple-X video porn in the hotel jacuzzi at 4:00 AM with four free-spirited stewardesses.

"Track Meet from Hell"

You might have missed this one if the vibrations caused by their endless thundering up and down the hallways hadn't spilled a glass of water from your nightstand into your sleeping face.

"Sorority Hedgemony"

A bad comedy centering on a singularly "blonde" error. Six young Future Debutantes of America-types wander through the passway door between their room and a room which is **not** assigned to your group, and which is eventually destined to be assigned, late at night, to a pair of hard-driving, hard-working, hard-living truck drivers. Somehow, this one isn't **entirely** your fault.

"The Realm of the Beast"

You tell them and you tell them and you tell them: "Let me know where you are going!" I just wish I had been there to watch as four or five of my more intelligent boys left the motel and climbed a fence into a pasture occupied by one rather possessive bull.

"The Realm of the Beast: Part Two"

No charging bull is a match for a motel manager I will call "Zelda." Armed with a cunning variety of booby traps, Zelda relieves her boredom and insomnia by calling **your** room and complaining:

1. Every time a room door slams (There are diabolical devices which are set to a single setting, "Autoslam!")

2. Every time a hot water pipe clanks (They are designed that way.)

3. Every time an eighty-nine pound girl in the room above her office rolls over while sleeping on the Mega-Squeak Mattress.

4. Every time it's "too quiet," and Zelda thinks your kids are "Up to no good."

But, of course, I am guilty of poetic license here. There is no way that a

forensics weekend would be like any of these. **Any** typical forensics weekend **COMBINES** most or all of these simple pleasures.

THE TYPICAL FORENSICS WEEKEND

(Tighten yer seatbelts and ex yer digits)

Friday Afternoon

Leave school, but don't leave school on time since Oswald had to find his magnetic chessboard, Bartholomew had to wait for his mom to bring a special snack, and Millie left her lucky pillow, "Mr. Fluffenstern," in the classroom.

Friday Evening

Eat at the traditional, sacred, junk-food Nirvana at the confluence of two of the ugliest freeways in the region. Tell the students that they should limit their stay there to 30 minutes, and then watch helplessly as Oswald and Aaron disappear in search of the convenience store you passed roughly two exits earlier. Wonder what normal people are doing now.

Stop again, five minutes after Oswald and Aaron finally return, because Millie, who slept (with the help of her lucky pillow) through the food stop, now needs to go to the bathroom.

Friday Night

Standard Operating Procedure. Yassir, the night clerk, has no record of your reservation. As a creative alternative, he recommends the "Puce Penguin Motel" just down the street a few furlongs. If you are a veteran (he doesn't say "of what") you might get a break in the already reasonable rates, since they give special discounts to servicemen.

Your students rise to the occasion, whining and complaining just as mightily as they would no matter **where** they stay. They dub your rather sinister-looking accommodations the "Puke Penguin," and settle down to the usual routine of screaming across courtyards and jumping on the beds. Oswald suffers a slight ankle sprain during an abortive attempt to abduct "Mr. Fluffenstern" from a surprisingly capable Millie.

Saturday Morning

Just as the twin boys finally fall
(*Motelathon to Page 23*)

A DEBATE DUET

(A scene for policy debate antagonists)

by Cecil M. Trent and Zach Laine

A typical encounter . . .

The UnLearned: "Hello, debate God."

National SuperHero: "Oh, hello, low-life Nationals non-participant."

TUL: "Love your 47 tubs o' ev."

NSH: "Yes, Egbert and I went to 7 different camps and Xeroxed most of the redwoods this summer."

TUL: "Is that why you always win?"

NSH: "Well, that, and the fact that we cross-apply arguments brought up at previous tournaments."

TUL: "And your coach lets you get away with that?"

NSH: "Him? He just signs the bus request forms. No, actually, the backbone of our organization is a former debater: Justin, 'Just' to his friends, Winatanycost. He's cool. He makes sure we always have college judges from S.U."

TUL: "S.U.?"

NSH: "Spread University."

TUL: "Oh. Well, our coach tells us that debate is supposed to be educational."

NSH: "Isn't he the guy that always goes home early on Saturdays?"

TUL: "Well, we have won a *few* trophies."

NSH: "Non-qualifying tourneys don't count!"

TUL: "Sure they do. Everything counts; we do personal research on each case we hear, and adapt ourselves to every judge we hear."

NSH: "No wonder you're not a sextuple-ruby all-American NFL member."

TUL: "Well, we always try to understand why we lose rounds, learn from it, and get better."

NSH: "You really are a poltroon! Egbert and I have never lost a round; we have, however, had 73 bad judges."

TUL: "You mean that just because a judge votes against you that he's an idiot?"

NSH: "Exactly. Any judge that is not a tabula rasa hypo-tester who prefers speed, open C-X, and always

votes on Nazi-farmer DA's is obviously unqualified."

TUL: "What about a judge who likes 'real world' applications?"

NSH: "He needs to go judge L-D."

TUL: "How about a judge who won't flow excessive speed?"

NSH: "He, like all extremist idiot judges, should be shot!"

TUL: "But don't you think debate should be more accessible to the 'common man'?"

NSH: "Not if it means fewer trophies for me."

TUL: "And Egbert too?"

NSH: "Well, I don't let him keep the trophies anyway. See, he never questions in C-X, and only reads what I feed him. In fact, we're thinking about doing a ventriloquist act for beer money when we attend Spread U. You know, 'My partner will deliver this 1AC while I drink this glass of water . . .'"

TUL: "Back to the point; shouldn't debate rules be followed?"

NSH: "No, the rules the judge makes up when he walks in are the rules for that round."

TUL: "That's insane! What if the judge walks in and says that the topic sucks, or that the 1AC should be 2 minutes?"

NSH: "No problem. Winatanycost can always protest, and we'll end up with another judge from S.U."

TUL: "But don't you think that . . ."

NSH: "Look, I've got to go. There's Egbert, and he seems to be having trouble with the hydraulic forklift. Man, I hope we're not on the second floor again. It's a good thing Egbert's dad is a chiropractor."

TUL: "Ok, well, I guess I'll see you in the out-rounds."

NSH: "I doubt it, but stranger things have happened."

Cecil M. Trent III coaches at Northbrook Senior HS, Houston (TX). Zach Laine is a senior debater at Northbrook who has earned a double (but not sextuple) ruby from NFL.

ANOTHER DEBATE DUET

(Because policy debate antagonists come in all shapes, sizes, and prejudices)

by Doyle Srader and A.D. Bater

Encounters like *this* also frequently occur ...

Clashless Tongue O'Silver: "Why, hello, you mindless spewtron. What brings you to my neck of the woods?"

Incomprehensible at 100+WPM: "Not much. Another weekend, another tournament. More debating---"

CTOS: "*Debating?* Excuse me, my precious muskrat, but what you do is *not* debating. Debating consists *solely* of sounding like me."

WPM: "You sound like a debater?"

CTOS: "Certainly! I sound like Carl Albert, and he sounded like Daniel Webster, and he sounded like Edmund Burke, and *he* sounded like Aristotle, and---"

WPM: "I suspect Aristotle spoke Greek."

CTOS: "Don't interrupt! And Aristotle sounded like other orators going back to Habakuk's address to the warriors of Sumeria before the Darian stellae. True debate never changes."

WPM: "So as little as possible should change?"

CTOS: "No no no no no! You don't understand at all! *Nothing* should change! Change is very very very bad! *Bad* change! Bad!"

WPM: "Who told you this?"

CTOS: "One of my judges wrote it on my ballot. He's standing right over there."

WPM: "I think I'll go talk to him."

CTOS: "There you go again, spewmeister. Judges must *never* talk to students. Before my coach will allow anyone to judge at our tournament, he has their vocal chords surgically extracted."

WPM: "Why?"

CTOS: "Because if the debaters were actually allowed to discuss the round with the judge, then he might have to justify his decision, and that would take all the arbitrariness out of judging. [Gasp of horror] Worse, the debaters might actually receive an idea from the judge, one that their coach hadn't come up with first, and then ... and then ... the coach's ego might be irreparably bruised ... [Faints, falls to the floor. WPM revives CTOS with smelling salts.] I beg your pardon old chap, old bean, old shoe, old jockstrap. The thought of such ... *chaos* just overwhelmed me."

WPM: "You seem very confident that your way of debating is best."

CTOS: "My little swamp turnip, it is not just the *best* way, it is the *only* way. We become polished speakers, we learn poise, and I can dimple my full-windsor like nobody's business. I've won three speaker awards this year on my tie alone."

WPM: "What about learning to think?"

CTOS: "Excuse me?"

WPM: "Thinking. Arguing. Clashing. Researching?"

CTOS: "My little desert flower, I do all the research I need in *Bartlett's book of Sappy Quotations*, which I borrow from the extemp file. Actually, it is our extemp file. As for the rest of that ... stuff ... you mentioned, I think you're in the wrong activity. If you want to think, go do Academic Decathlon."

WPM: "But what if I don't like rote memorization? What if I want to be able to present and defend new ideas in a forum which will test them through dialectic with other intelligent, prepared students?"

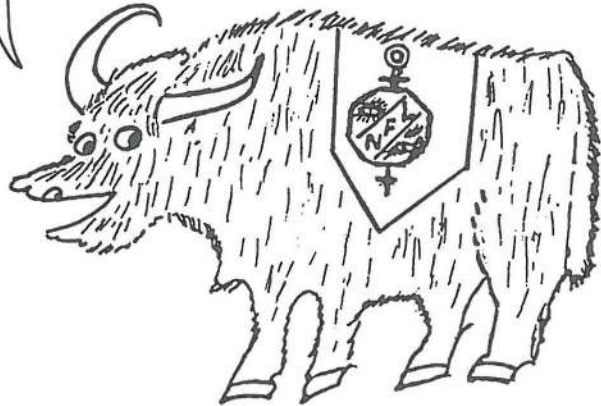
CTOS: "If that's what you want, then you're outta luck, me bucko. Here, your tongue isn't quite bright enough for this tournament. Borrow my silver polish. Hurry! Round one begins in a few minutes."

(Doyle Srader is an assistant debate coach at Baylor University. A.D. Bater has earned his sextuple ruby breast plate from NFL.)

FORENSIC CARTOONS

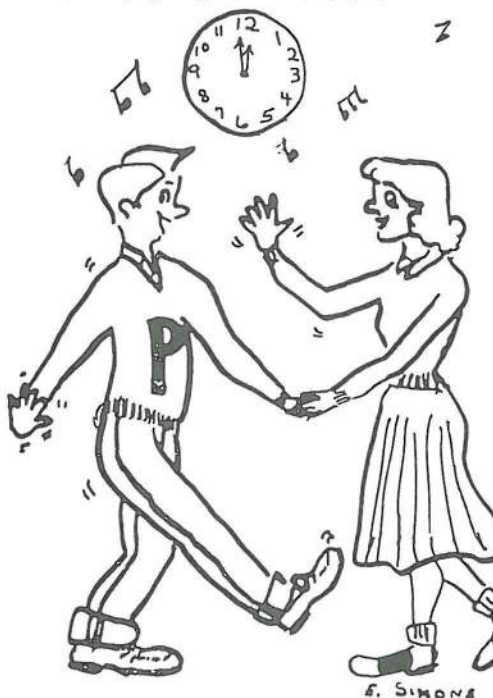


Boy am I excited ... I just joined NFL.
I hope I can get my next degree soon. Maybe I can
make quad ruby ... and go to Nationals! NFL is sure exciting ...
the tournaments are really fun ... you get to meet some really
great kids ... and judges, too ... except this one judge ...
Let me tell you ...



YAKING ABOUT NFL

A COACH'S OPINION
OF A DEBATER.....

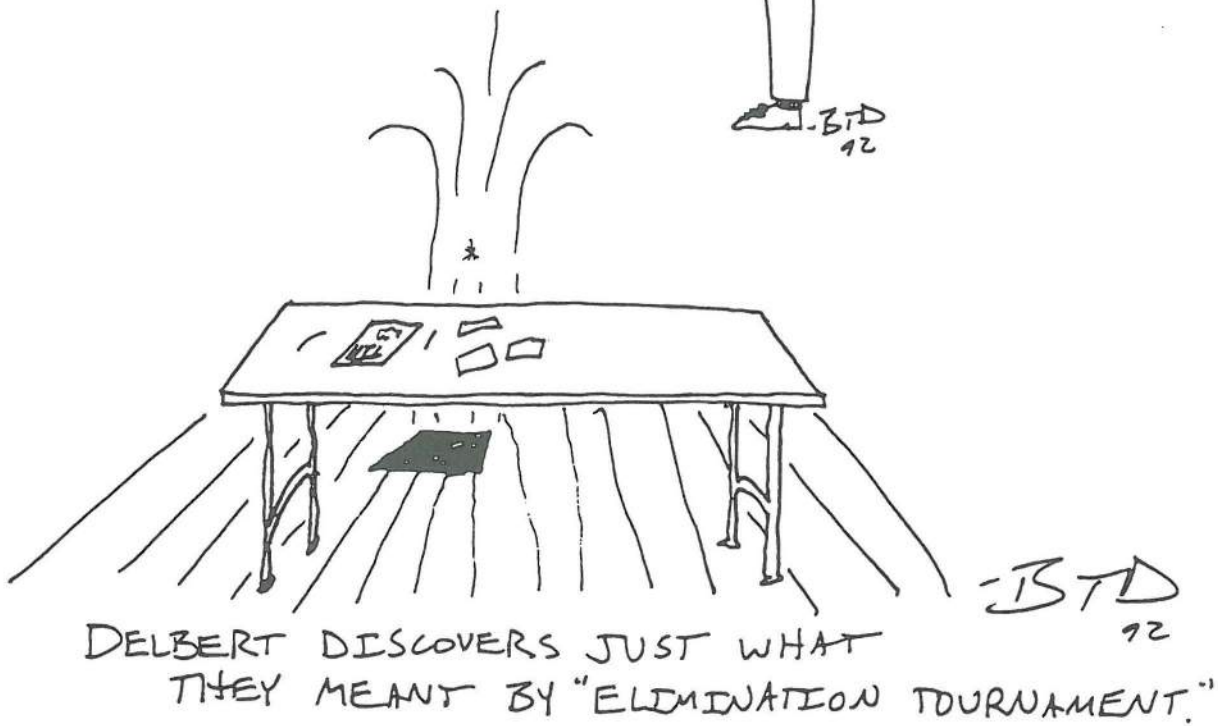
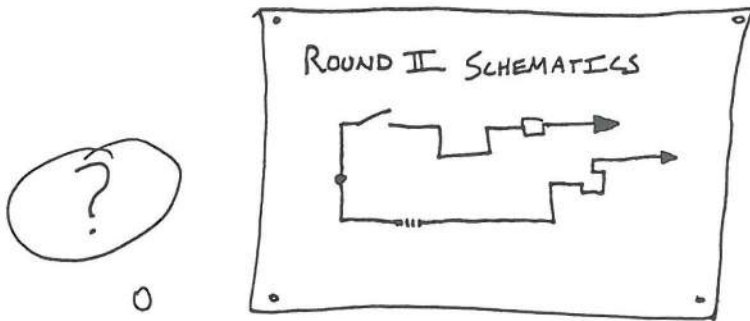


A DEBATER'S OPINION OF
HIMSELF



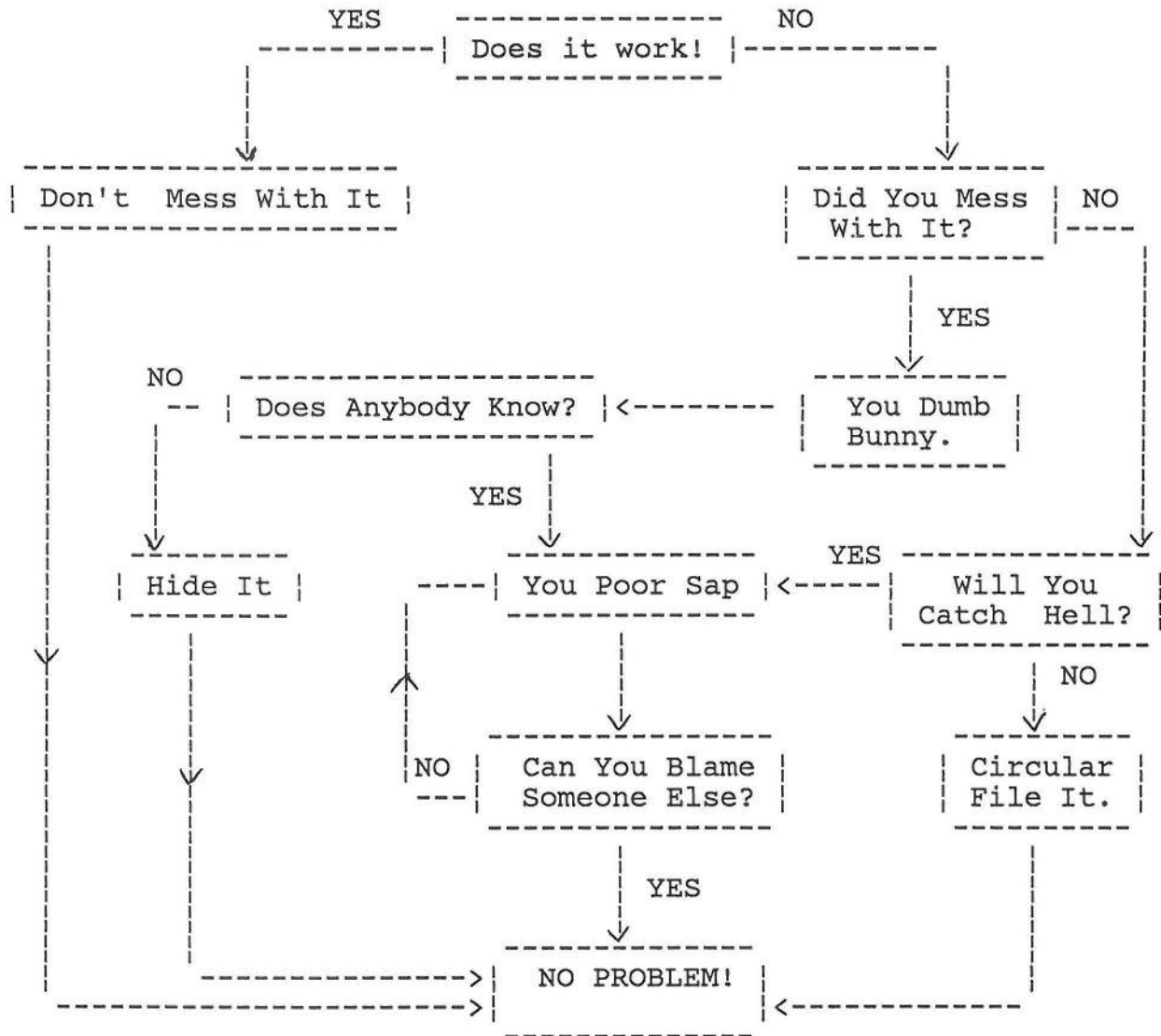
(Rostrum January 1956)

FORENSIC CARTOONS



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HAVE GUN, WILL GAVEL

By Bill Davis

“WELL SON, I GUESS YOU KNOW WHO I AM, HUH?”

Uh, naw, 'cept for the tin star on yer shirt.

I'M SHERIFF PUREBLOOD, SON. I'M THE LAWMAN WHO BROUGHT IN BLACK BART, GREEN GARY AND RED ROVER. AND NOW I'VE GOT YOU, MAUVE MAX!

Lookit, sheriff. Let's talk 'bout this.

THERE AIN'T NUTHIN' TO YAP ABOUT. YOU'VE VIOLATED THIRTY LAWS, TWO HUNDRED ORDINANCES AND NINE OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Aw, shucks, which one did I miss?

THE FOURTH ONE ABOUT HONORING THY FATHER AND MOTHER.

Those old bags?

THAT MAKES TEN.

Now, Sheriff, I'm sure that this problem has somethin' to do with our li'l disagreement up at the schoolhouse.

THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE? YOU BETCHA. YOU WERE ON THE SHORT END OF A TWO AND ONE DECISION, MAX. THAT'S CALLED SQUIRRELIN', AND IT'S ILLEGAL IN FOURTEEN STATES AND THE BRONX. I'M GONNA SEE YOU SWING.

But, Sheriff, sir, let me explain my decision.

YOU HAD THE BALLOT FOR THAT.

But I'm illiterate.

I DON'T CARE WHAT COUNTRY YOU COME FROM—

Naw, Sheriff. I mean I can't read or write.

THAT NEVER STOPPED ANYONE FROM THESE PARTS FROM JUDGIN' BEFORE. YOU HAVE TO BE THE LOWEST OF THE LOW, MAX. HOW COULD YOU? VOTIN' AGAINST THAT PURTY LI'L GAL WHO WAS UPHOLDIN' FREEDOM AND LIBERTY!

But, gol darn, she never convinced me that freedom and liberty were valuable values.

VALUABLE VALUES! WHAT KIND OF COMMUNISTIC DOUBLETALK—

Easy, guy. Why should I vote for somethin' just because it's mentioned in the Constitution?

THERE YOU GO AGAIN, MAX. INSULTIN' THE CONSTITUTION. SECTION ONE, LITTLE A, PENALTY TO BE FOUR YEARS IN A LAW LIBRARY.

Just listen for lan' sakes. Were you born respectin' your Mama and Papa?

OF COURSE NOT. BUT AFTER MY PAPPY MADE ME SWEEP UP THE TAB ROOMS AND COACHES LOUNGES A FEW TIMES, I LEARNED.

He was a mean old cuss, wasn't he? But respecting your Momma and Papa is a value, ain't it?

SO?

So this — values are all learned. Every one, even the one about life that everyone thinks is so clear as to not even be arguable. But we have plenty of cases on record when killers never learned to respect life. Maybe that's why they kill.

ORNERY CASES LIKE YOU?

Go ahead. Get personal, Sheriff. That only proves there are some common values that you haven't learned, yet. Like respect for others.

I THINK YOU JUST CALLED ME A NAME. BEFORE I USE DEADLY FORCE ON YOUR SCRAWNY BODY, WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

All values are learned. That makes their value debateable. That purty gal claimed some “core values” from the Constitution, and expects us to salute 'em. Maybe some people would, but a negative doesn't have to agree. The Constitution allowed slavery for nearly a century, until we learned that liberty meant for everyone, not just the owners, right?

YEAH, WE FINALLY LEARNED THAT SLAVERY WAS WRONG.

Learned! That's the point. Even “core” values have limits, and the balance between the core values are learned. If you accept that, then you see a whole new vista of argumentation opening before your bloodshot peepers, Sheriff. The value of life is mighty nice, but even the law doesn't hold it as absolute. Otherwise would we have three degrees of murder, manslaughter and horsicular homicide?

HORSICULAR—

Never mind. How about “law and order?” What a nice soundin' phrase that means nothin'—

HOLD ON, MAUVE. YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR.

Give me one shred of evidence that says we are born with respect for law and order. We do quickly learn that if somebody carries a gun he thinks he's a big shot, and don't pardon the pun.

I THINK I JUST GOT INSULTED AGAIN.

Someday you'll learn. Tin badge.

BUT WHAT ABOUT SOCIOLOGICAL EVIDENCE, OR PSYCHOLOGICAL EVIDENCE LIKE MASLOW'S HIERARCHY OF NEEDS? DOESN' ALL OF THAT PROVE A CORE VALUE EXISTS?

Maslow isn't debateable? If you take Maslow as evidence, then all values are contradictory until by some freak accident they agree. Values do not equal needs.

SO HOW CAN YOU DEBATE VALUES IF THEY ONLY EXIST WHEN BY ACCIDENT PEOPLE'S NEEDS COINCIDE?

Think about it, Pureblood. Maybe you can't. Maybe all life boils down to is the moment when two pistols spit lead and —

SPITTIN' IS A VIOLATION OF ORDINANCE NUMBER TWO THIRT—

Billy, step over those guys and try this bean dip.

(Bill Davis coaches at Blue Valley (KS) HS. This article is reprinted from the December 1990 Rostrum.)

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A DEBATE IN VERSE (OR WORSE!)

by Verda Mae Christensen

Mr. Pro: On disorders of the day
Ms. Con: What disorders of the day?
Mr. Pro: Let us work while we may
Ms. Con: We the negative say, "Nay"
Mr. Pro: Show the harms that we should heed
Ms. Con: All is well just as it is.
Mr. Pro: Find the plan to meet the need,
Ms. Con: The status quo is in the biz
Mr. Pro: See inherent barriers,
Ms. Con: Of rectifying all those wrongs ...
Mr. Pro: Noting who are carriers
Ms. Con: Write the poems; sing the songs
Mr. Pro: Of disease and of dismay
Ms. Con: Here is proof of truth to tell.
Mr. Pro: In disorders of the day.
Ms. Con: All is happy! All is well!
Mr. Pro: Let us work while we may
Ms. Con: Given progress, you will see
Mr. Pro: On disorders of the day,
Ms. Con: What is needed come to be.
Mr. Pro: Show the full significance,
Ms. Con: Furthermore what you propose
Mr. Pro: And the super "If" icance –
Ms. Con: Will not work, we here disclose.
Mr. Pro: If this happens, if that goes
Ms. Con: Mr. X and Mr. Y

Mr. Pro: Our proposal plainly shows
Ms. Con: Whom we quote will tell you why.
Mr. Pro: If you'll listen, if you'll hear
Ms. Con: Harms are not as great, you see,
Mr. Pro: If you voters will come near
Ms. Con: As you've painted them to be.
Mr. Pro: You shall seek and you shall find
Ms. Con: There are even those who say
Mr. Pro: Great things to improve your mind.
Ms. Con: It's sublime in life today.
Mr. Pro: Social problems we will solve,
Ms. Con: Do not give us one more law.
Mr. Pro: Hard-core solids will dissolve
Ms. Con: What you said sticks in my craw!
Mr. Pro: Since we now have the solution
Ms. Con: Disadvantages galore ...
Mr. Pro: To disordered institutions.
Ms. Con: Two or three or even more
Mr. Pro: We have brilliant things to say
Ms. Con: Will accrue and there'll array
Mr. Pro: On disorders of the day.
Ms. Con: A real disorder of the day! All is well just as it is
Mr. Pro: We have learned folk to quote
Ms. Con: As you'll discover when I quiz

Mr. Pro: We have reason here to note
Ms. Con: In cross-examination stance,
Mr. Pro: Evidence that you will see
Ms. Con: While, head forward, I shall glance
Mr. Pro: Brings on reciprocity ...
Ms. Con: Not at you, but out at them.
Mr. Pro: Evidence that we'll extend
Ms. Con: The tides of opposites I stem.
Mr. Pro: As we go great lengths to mend
What's amiss and what's gone wrong
Ms. Con: Let us get back on the track.
Mr. Pro: And it shouldn't take us long.
Ms. Con: There is not a thing we lack.
Mr. Pro: Just eight minutes; then just four
Ms. Con: If there is what we now have
Mr. Pro: With rebuttals to explore
Ms. Con: Will soon provide the healing salve,
Mr. Pro: That which we have left unsaid.
Ms. Con: Curing nicely we should say
Mr. Pro: Down, Disorders! You are dead!
Ms. Con: All disorders of the day!

P.S. (Percy Shelley) "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

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FORENSIC POETRY



TO A FILEBOX

Thou mighty container of fact and opinion,
I bow down before thee – complete slave and minion.
The devils of thought, Idea and Conception.
Art rash foolish boys who lead to deception.
But thou art omniscient, never disputed,
Logic and Reason before thee art muted.
Delivery, rhetoric, orat'ry, eloquence,
Thou e'en with the dullest voice make of no consequence.
Reincarnate Cicero, with golden discourse,
Would fail 'fore a stammer, if thou wert its source.
The voice of Demosthenes, pronouncing decision,
Would fade 'fore a Walsh quote on tariff revision.
The logic of Plato would soon be ignored,
If countered by words of the sage Henry Ford.
Farewell, declamation. Goodbye, cogitation.
I leave you forever; accept abnegation.
All hail sacred filebox, per-empt'ry checkmater,
I surrender before thee – a stupid debater.

John A. Donnelly
Loyola High School, California

[Ed note: written in 1955, An updated version would laud an "OX" or a "tub"]

An Extemp's Prayer

Let me die in the Prep Room
With my note cards scattered 'round
Slumped across my magazines
Is where I will be found

The busy others will not notice
When my final hour is past
As I clutch in death my Newsweeks
An Extemp to the last

I've never strayed to Drama
Nor Poetry will I try
Won't ever do Discussion
It's Extemp until I die

Let me die in the Prep Room
And there draw my final breath
As I research my topic
An Extemp unto death

Sarah Wallace
Brebeuf Prep

The Last Rebuttal

Friends, humans, judges, lend me your ears;

I come to abolish the Electoral College, not to praise it.

The evils of the Negative case live after them;

The good is oft as insignificant as their moans;

So let it be with the Electoral College.

The noble speaker
Hath told you the Affirmative was evasive;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievingly hath the Affirmative answered it.

Here, under leave of the chairman and the rest,

(For our case is an honorable one;
So are they both, both honorable cases),
Come I to speak in behalf of Direct Election.

It was my plan, faithful and just to me:
But the Negative says it was evasive;
And the Negative is an honorable team.
They have brought many points home to the judges,

Whose decisions have the Affirmative sorrows increased:

When that the noble judges have spoken,
the Affirmative hath wept.

Yet the Negative says we were evasive;
And the Negative is an honorable team.

You all did see that in the first constructive

I thrice presented them with minority presidents,

Which they did thrice refuse: was this evasion?

Yet the Negative says it was evading;
And, sure, they are honorable men.

I speak not to disprove what our opponents said,

But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did believe us once, not without cause;

What argument dissuades you, then, to believe us now?

O judge! thou art led by bribery and cunning,

For the Affirmative hath lost its case.
Bear with me;

My heart is in the clutches of the handsome timekeeper,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

Sue Gelin
Lourdes Academy, Cleveland



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FORENSIC SONGBOOK

BIG D/A'S

(To the tune "Glory Days" with apologies to the Boss)

(To be sung with Slamming Briefcases, Clicking Notebooks, and Gently Riffing Legal Paper.)

(Adagio, which means "with a fleck of spit on the lower lip.")

I knew a guy wuz a great debater back in high school.
He could toss those arguments at ya, make ya look like
a fool, boy.

Saw him in the judges lounge, he was walkin' in I was
walkin' out.

Went back inside, drank some coffee grounds but all he
could talk about

Those Big d/a's

The ones claimin' the end of your days.

Big d/a's.

Structured down to the little a's.

Big d/a's. Big d/a's.

I knew a gal who could read those big blocks, baby.

Turn all the judges' heads.

She could talk real nice. She could talk real slow.

'Till you wouldn't listen to what she said, yeah.

She and her partner - they won state, provin sweet
talkin' pays.

They thought they were great til they hit Nats and ran
into all those gay

Big D/a's.

That big old Pie in the dee-bait sky.

Big D/a's.

Puts de gleam in de college boy eye.

Big d/a's. Big d/a's.

I went down to the library, thought I would find me a
quote.

Trying to find the link to a decision rule, maybe get me
a vote, yeah.

It sent me trailin back, all the logic of those arguments
I had before.

That I might use some common sense but all I got was the
"four"

Big d/a's

Where the environment fries.

Big d/a's

And the whole world dies.

Big d/a's. Big d/a's.

All right. (All right) etc.

Nuke war! Go boom! Nuke war! Go boom!

All right, gonna run Malthus now. Let's Grooowww!

Bill Davis
Blue Valley HS, KS

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WHAT A TERRIBLE TEAM

(To be sung to the tune of "Wonderful World")

(with apologies to Sam Cooke)

He don't know much about proliferation
Thinks bananas will cause mass starvation.

He don't know much about Nicaragua
Thinks they shoot alot, don't drink the agua.

But I do know that he's a fool

Can't even give a speech without a drool

What a terrible, terrible team we would be.

He don't know much about de la Madrid

Says he went there when he was a kid.

Forgets the B when he tries to spell debts

Thinks Costa Rica plays short for the Mets.

And I do know that he'll get the "4"

Even his Mom thinks he's a crashing bore.

What a terrible, terrible team we would be.

Now don't tell me that he's an "A" student.

He's got the brain of a flea.

And just because he may be an "A" student, coach, yeah,

Don't mean he can debate with me.

He thinks "Duarte" is a German painting.

Can't do rebuttals without spitting or fainting.

Thinks a handbook is a bathroom fixture.

Turns the pages and he looks for pictures.

So I know that you may not like me

But please don't say he's right for me

(What a terrible team!) What a terrible, terrible team we
would be.

Bill Davis
Blue Valley, KS

"SIXTEEN FIGHTS"

(Dorothy Eggleston, NFL member at Worthington, Minnesota, penned the following parody of the song, "Sixteen Tons that was published in the March 1956 Rostrum.)

Debaters aren't made out of muscle and blood,

They learn real early how to sling that mud;

Muscle and blood and wind that's long;

A back that's weak, but a mind that's strong.

CHORUS

Talked 15 minutes with all my heart;

Another loss deeper, but twice as smart.

St. Peter, don't you call me, 'cause I can't come.

There's a trophy waiting that's got to be won.

I was born one morning, an ignorant fool,

I picked up my case and walked to the school.

I talked 15 minutes, gave it all that I had,

And the Coach said that I should be fighting mad.

Born one morning in the drizzling rain,

Debating, in general, always makes me a brain.

Was raised behind a rostrum by an old mean teach,

He worked me right hard to teach me to preach.

When you see me coming, better step aside,

A lot of speakers didn't and a lot of 'em cried.

One fist of reason and a case of good facts,

If one doesn't beat you, then the other one acts.

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(Humorous from Page 3)

5. Students from **other** schools will score "picket fences."

6. The kid from your school who **does** make finals will do **le gran choke** in the finals and will be unable to recall either the author, the title, or **both** when reciting the introduction of the now not-so-humorous interp.

7. The students who got straight "fives" will loudly blame this on their judges (inevitably) and their coaching (possibly), to anyone within 50 yards. They will never find fault with their performances.

8. The students who bombed the worst are the ones more deeply committed to improving for "next time." The ones who missed finals by a point are the ones who sulk and make dark mutterings about quitting.

9. The student who competed with a fresh and sophisticated selection you suggested now wants to find a new script, preferably something by Sam Kineson or Erma Bombeck.

10. The singularly most obnoxious student in the history of the program will sit next to you for the entire ride home. This does not make keeping awake any easier.

Humorous interp takes many sacrifices; unfortunately I have discovered too late that the first thing to go is the coach's sense of humor. This gives the concept of "the last laugh" a whole new meaning.

(Doug Wilkins formerly coached at Clovis HS, CA. This article was originally printed in the California Speech Bulletin and the December 1987 Rostrum.)

(Maltese from Page 6)

She gnawed so tightly on her pen that the plastic split with a crack nastier than a two girls champ round cross-ex. "But if this Motives and Mechanisms stuff is so great, why don't all debaters run it?"

"Everyone does, once in a while. But what most debaters forget is how to organize the analysis. Maybe someday the Good Guys will win and the Generic Gang will go away. And now, confess, Sweet-heart, you really aren't a debater."

She gasped, and then hurled her pen across the room. "Link, honey, how did you know?"

I grinned. "Because real debaters don't chew their pens. They compulsively twirl them."

She left, sobbing. Just another lovely interper, looking for the perfect HI.

(Bill Davis coaches at Blue Valley H.S. (KS). This article originally appeared in the January 1991 Rostrum.)

(Motelathon from Page 9)

asleep (with some persuasion on your part) at 4:00 AM, the four freshmen girls launch themselves into a morning routine consisting largely of thunderous showers and vast quantities of hair spray. Everyone orders "breakfast" at the counter at the nearby Denny's. Millie knocks Aaron's double-fudge sundae into your lap with her lucky pillow. Nobody tips.

All Day Saturday

You have to judge. The students don't think they're doing very well, and you receive much of the credit for their difficulties.

Saturday Night

Aaron and Oswald do cannonballs off the Coke machine into the jacuzzi while repeatedly shrieking, "We're high on Coke!" (Sploosh!) "We're high on Coke!" Bartholomew's mother calls after you've finally fallen asleep to complain that a boy said "something vulgar" in one of "Little Barty's" rounds of humorous interp today, and that she wants you to bring Bartholomew home at once should this happen again tomorrow. Finally, peace settles over the motel once the local SWAT team rousts the seven Marines who refuse to leave the room of the four "hair-spray" girls in the room next door.

Sunday Morning

No one wakes up on time. No one packs their stuff. Arrive at the tournament during the 5th speaker's draw in Extemp Prep.

Sunday All Day

Goofy Wendy Guardrail makes it to the semi-finals of expository with a speech on "The Legend of Mister Clean," so all have to stick around until 10:00 that night (awards were supposed to start at 7:30) since this is one of those tournaments where semi-finalists receive "pet rock" trophies.

Late Sunday Night

Millie hyperventilates when she discovers that she's left "Mr. Fluffenstein," her lucky pillow, back at the "Puke Penguin" Motel.

Maybe next year your administration will let you do something less demanding, like supervising the intramural gang fights.

(Doug Wilkins is the former coach at Clovis HS, CA. "Motelathon" is reprinted from an earlier California Speech Bulletin and the March 1989 Rostrum.)

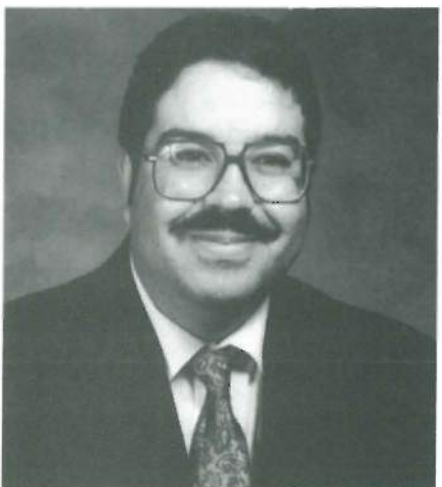
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