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### Tomahawk, April 1, 1984

College of the Holy Cross

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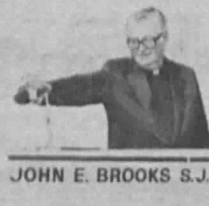
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Brooksie Sings/20



Brooksie Dances/22



JOHN E. BROOKS S.J.

Brooksie tells Bad Jokes/24

# The Tomahawk

VOL. VERY DENSE

COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS, WORCESTER, MASS.

"APRIL FOOLS"

## Mahoney wins SGA election in landslide

Oooops, sorry about that, we made a mistake!

### Miller, in unusual move, leaks info before he should

"Gee whiz, the campus hasn't seen so much excitement since they filmed that great admissions commercial in the post office; you know, the one starring everybody in Purple Key and Bob Emerson and Mo Deveney wearing funny sunglasses and mardi gras beads," said a radiant Bruce I. Miller at a recent press conference. Miller, who will direct anything he can get his hands on, from the senior class show to traffic at the Hart Center, seemed really psyched about his newest project.

"Yeah, cameras will start rolling next week for the filming of 'Sudden Impact II' on location at Holy Cross," confided Miller. "I'm not supposed to say anything yet, but you know me."

Miller gave a quick synopsis of the story line. "It's loosely based on 'Sudden Impact,' but Clint sings. See, the movie opens with a scene of a bunch of Holy Cross rugby players dragging these Colby girls — oops, I mean Colby women, I could get my ass kicked for that! — through the mud and singing dirty songs. What a great scene! I wanted to play Andy Kapp, but I couldn't pass out standing up while trying to make out with a girl, so they wouldn't let me."

"Okay, so then you cut back to Holy Cross, to the DOS office. Boy, is Marilyn Boucher pissed off. She had to take her phone off the hook because Jane Geaney kept bugging her. And Fr. Markey is no help at all, he just keeps saying, "No comment," and running up to Hart to shoot hoops with Togo. By the way, Togo and Markey are played by Kareem Abdul Jabar and Dr. J. No, I swear they're real convincing, they wear a lot of make-up and Dr. J. wears a skin-head wig."

"Oh, and Sondra Locke (on a bad day) plays Boucher. So Boucher decides she's sick and damn tired of all this sexual harassment shit. She decides to take the law into her own hands. And what better place to start than with that perverted,

sexist tradition, the Alumni First-Snow Quad Streak?"

"The best scene is when Boucher and the women's rugby team sneak down to the Quad. Ominous music plays in the background. It's Ed Maybury DJing in the middle of the Quad, showing videos on the front of Carlin. Out come the streakers — and the snowballs are flying. The poor guys drop like flies. It's a pretty gruesome scene — all those corneal tears, perforated eardrums, broken clavicles, and gaggles of groin bruises! This movie is definitely not for the faint-hearted."

Read This, DORK!

"Suddenly, our hero, Alumni RA Jim Reidy comes strutting out of the dorm. He's played by Clint Eastwood, and even Clint has a hard time capturing the true Reidy machismo. It's the big showdown scene. He walks slowly towards Sondra Locke. All of a sudden — swish! — She nails him right where it counts with an ice ball. For the rest of the movie, he limps around doubled-up, squealing "Make my day!"

"Well, I won't give away any more of the plot, I'll just say there's a happy ending, but for while, Father's Day never looked so far away. The last scene shows Reidy and Boucher riding off into the sunset, headed for the Worcester Fine Arts Cinema and Motel of a Thousand Mirrors."

The Tomahawk wanted to publish a review of this masterpiece, but couldn't find anyone to review it, because Ken Happe kept staring at the streakers and giggling, Jason Wirth wanted to write all this philosophical garbage like "What is steaking? What is snow? Is Alumni really here? Am I really here?", and all Rob Lue wants to write about is whether Marilyn Boucher should get silicone implants like Mariel Hemingway. Crusader editor Jeff Knight refused to comment on the movie, but said, "Yes, she should!"

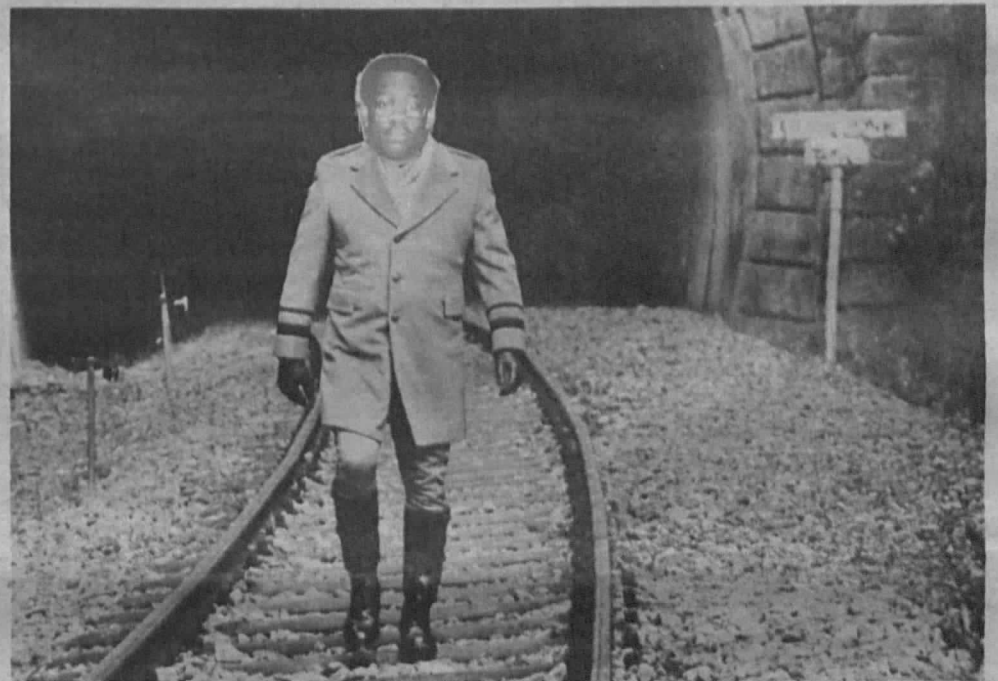
### Watt heads campus grounds; joins Social Concern Committee

At a press conference last Tuesday, the Rev. John E. Brooks, S.J., announced that James Watt, former Secretary of the Interior, will replace James Long as head of the campus grounds crew. Brooks stated that this was a necessary move, in spite of Long's award winning work.

The administration was originally opposed to Watt's appointment, but after a deliberation decided to go ahead with the change. "Watt pointed out that there could be oil under Fitton Field," the Rev. Francis X. Miller S.J., director of development said, "And Brooksies eyes turned into dollar signs."

Another plan that Watt is working on is to start strip mining behind the Hart Center. He is going to convert the Hart Center itself into a nuclear reactor and use the new pool for cooling. With the assistance of Kelly Wright '85, Watt plans to chop down all the trees on campus. When asked to comment, Fr. Brooks said "Money, Money, Money!"

Watt stated that the working conditions at Holy Cross would be ideal for him. "There's a lot of oppression on campus now. I won't have to worry about Women, Cripples, Blacks, and I certainly won't have to worry about Jews."



Peter Lloyd Brown seen shortly after he took Hogan by force.

### Brown stages SGA coup

Hogan Campus Center was the scene of a great deal of political activity as a military coup was staged by former SGA Chairperson Peter Lloyd Brown. Dressed in polyester fatigues, Brown led a group of students with M-16s into the Student Government offices on Hogan five.

Threatening to "Bring social justice and check cashing to Holy Cross whether you like it or not," Brown torched The Crusader office and tossed grenades into the Chaplains office as well as WCHC.

"No more Mr. Nice Guy! I'm gonna kick some ass! Oh boy, I never thought politics was this much fun! Get outta my face boy!"

Kevin Thimble, Brown's replacement, narrowly escaped an assassination at-

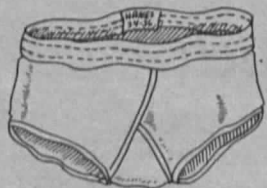
tempt today. Right now Thimble is in hiding. "Gonna get me that boy," Brown said.

Asked why he decided to take over the SGA again, Brown said "When I ran the SGA I didn't do much but a lot of people listened to me and I got invited to a lot of dinners and meetings. Now I ain't got nothing to do and I have to spend my time with my roommate Paul Giamo. There's only so much a man should have to take."

Among the objectives that won't be accomplished during this administration is an idea submitted by Jason Wirth, Brown's right hand man. Wirth has decided to work for human rights by destroying the Jesuit Concentration camps on campus. "That Honkies got his mind right," Brown said.



Petie, Gillie, and Darren say "Spread a little cheer - support Holy Cross athletics!"



# News in your briefs

In a surprise move, the Board of Trustees has announced that Class of 1984 member Carmine Salvucci will be replaced immediately by classmate John "Sid" Wynne.

Salvucci was not immediately available for comment because he was reportedly sobbing furiously into his "La Cage Au Folles" designer pillow. Close friend and fellow fruitcake Sean Murphy reported, however, that Salvucci appeared to be "devastated." "I haven't seen him this upset since they canceled 'Love, Sidney,'" said Murphy.

The Board would not release an official statement pertaining to Salvucci's dismissal but informed sources have revealed that the change came about as a result of an incident on the night of the 100 Days Banquet. The source was quick to point out, however, that the Salvucci incident was in no way related to an incident involving Bob Emerson '84. "No," said the source, "he wasn't caught peeing sitting down or anything like that other fag."

The story, which was corroborated by Holy Cross vintor Mortimer Q. Lugnut, claims that when Mr. Lugnut went to a fourth floor closet to get his industrial strength Liquid Plumber, he discovered Salvucci and an unidentified male involved in what Mr. Lugnut described as, "... the damndest entanglement I've ever seen."

Wynne reacted to the news by announcing that, as his first official act, he would "arrange the entrails of the existing members so as to spell out the words to the Holy Cross song across the Quad."

"It's about time those humps recognized my worth," snarled Sid. "They're all a bunch a sacks of pus. Wait'll I get through with those merts. We'll have enough money to keep me in Meister Brau's and Chink food for life."

Wynne, who fancies himself as something of a subway poet, released an original composition commemorating the occasion. A portion is printed below:

*I love you all, I'm truly proud,  
To serve my H.C. friends,  
You've made my life so meaningful  
That I must make amends.  
Now that I'm a class trustee  
My school spirit soars like a comet,  
Wait! I'll come clean, I'll tell the truth,  
You people make me vomit!*

## Journalists looking For "Blow" jobs

The Crusader. The Agora. The Purple. Cross Currents. The aforementioned are all examples of student journalism and free expression at Holy Cross. The Tomahawk, which is nothing more than a bird cage liner and a sociological disgrace, has learned that there will be yet another student publication in the works to join the list of suggested reading in the tiled throne rooms of the campus.

"Well, there's a paper for science majors, one for politicos and holy rollers, one for English majors, and so we thought a new breed of journalism was in demand," explained Rich Flaherty '85, founder of "Blow," the newest campus title. The breezy, self-styled Flaherty added, "We want a magazine that will appeal to the procrastinating, lazy, carefree types who blow off classes and pass papers in late without even proofreading them. Your basic collegiate screw-up. "Blow" will be the perfect compliment for an afternoon spent goofing around on the library steps."

Flaherty indicated that a start-up date for the magazine is uncertain as yet, but it might come out "some time next week. Or maybe the week after that. I don't know."

## Leary replaces Schroth; advocates non-study

The Holy Cross Board of Trustees announced today that there would be major institutional changes at the College, beginning in the 1985 academic year.

"It is the opinion of the Trustees that a farcical academic ambiance has des-

cended upon Holy Cross," Board Chairman Edward Bennett Serf read from a prepared statement. "We have decided as a result to replace Reverend Raymond Schroth as Academic Dean with Dr. Timothy Leary, the respected and well-read former Harvard professor.

"In a related move, we also voted to have the guy who cleans the bathrooms in Clark assume the additional responsibility of the Wheeler I dumpsters."

Dr. Leary appeared excited, bewildered, fascinated, depressed, awestruck, dumbfounded, cynical, and wild-eyed at the introductory conference. "Wow, you know, I'm really turned on about being at this mega-college. You know, college isn't just books and expository articles and the search for truth. That's all a crock of shit. College is explorin' things babes, like chemicals, far-out alcoholic concoctions, and each other's anatomy. Dig?"

"To me, the consummate student is not the one who carries all his textbooks around in a fag bag, but the one who carries around the sum total of his finances in his pocket, crumpled up in a moneyball."

## Modest Miller stars in senior play

Pr. Bruce Miller, the noted musical leviathan of Mt. St. James, announced that the 1985 Senior Class Play will be *Of Me I Sing*. Miller wrote, produced, directed and choreographed the blockbuster behemoth whose score and lyrics he wrote himself. Upon being asked why he had taken on this monumental task (which surely built up quite appetite), Miller replied, "I'm sick and tired of amateur kids ruining my productions. Besides I'm the only one who could fit into the wardrobe."

The play will run from October 1984 through February of 1987 so at least three graduating classes will get a chance to usher. Special allowances were made to Senior ringers Chris Chamness who will appear as "The Cheese" and Bob "Roberta" Emerson who will bring back to life the role of "The Mauve Hairdresser." Disgruntled Auditioners Julie Halpin and Mary Beth O'Donnell commented, "We just don't understand it, we could play Bruce just as well as he could, probably better. We've been singing, dancing and throwing down big breakfasts at HoJo's since we were three years old, you know."



Bruce "Jim Craig" Miller.

## "Schroth promotes stimulation"

The Rev. Raymond A. Schroth, dean of the college, announced that because of the success of his recent publication, "100 Books," he is compiling a similar book to be distributed to Holy Cross students and faculty. It is the "Holy Cross Book of Lists."

Schroth said that the lists would reflect the diversity and value sets of both students and teachers.

The lists to be compiled include: "Fifty Ways to Prepare Kimball Chicken," "100 Raunchy Intramural Team Names," "100 Funniest Confessions Heard Face-to-Face," "Fifty Ways To Fake An ID," "Fifty Ways to Bullshit Fr. Markey," and much, much more.

## Miller leaks again!

The Holy Cross Admissions Office regrets to report that the multi-million dollar admissions commercial shot last week on campus had to be cancelled. "No one with half a brain would be in this commercial," complained Bruce Miller, who directed the ad. "We tried to get a cross section — one Navy ROTC nut, one basketball player, one football player, a couple of geeky-looking kids carrying backpacks, and a whole bunch of real obnoxious preps carrying signs that said "Hi Mumsy!"

"But it was just one disaster after another. First, they started shooting in Clark, but Frank Walsh ran out of the girls' room naked so they had to bag that film. Then, we couldn't find enough students or teachers to be in the classroom scene, but who cares, we figured nobody would notice, so Rusty from Kimball played a professor teaching organic chemistry to all the Kimball workers. It would have worked, but Jamie the deli bar worker kept swearing, and Red wouldn't stop winking at the football players and pinching their asses."

"The worst part is that the only film that came out right was some footage of Rich Hoff saying, 'Gee, I came to Holy Cross 'cause I really dig the chicks and because I want to make enough money to buy and sell Chuck Millard someday.'"

"We finally gave up," Miller said. "When Markey tried to kick me off-campus because he said bringing the camera crew into the post office constituted a party. The guy just doesn't know how to have fun."



Camera pulls back to catch all of Miller.

Jeff Knight would like very much for you to believe that he had nothing to do with this.

## Cast of 1985-1987 Senior Class Play "Of Me I Sing"

Directed, produced, and choreographed by Bruce I. Miller, Songs and Lyrics by Bruce I. Miller.

- |                                 |                                       |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Bruce I. Miller                 | Bruce I. Miller                       |
| The Ensemble                    | Bruce I. Miller                       |
| The Crowd                       | Bruce I. Miller                       |
| Portly Man with beard #1        | Bruce I. Miller                       |
| Portly Man with beard #2        | Bruce I. Miller                       |
| Man with Whopper and Fries      | Bruce I. Miller                       |
| "The Cheese"                    | Chris Chamness                        |
| Mauve Hairdresser               | Bob "Roberta" Emerson                 |
| Technical Set                   | Bruce I. Miller                       |
| Lights                          | Two drunken Stew Bums from Lee Street |
| Special Piano music page-turner | Fr. John Reboli, S.J.                 |

# I AM THE NRA



Noted pacifist and actor John Landry speaks out for the National Rifleman's Association.

When I was just a young boy, my father bought me a hunting rifle. I had so much fun shooting the neighbor's dog that now I always carry a .357 Magnum with me wherever I go, even on stage. I also carry an M-16 with me on trips into town, just to raise a little hell.

Next to reading the Bible, I think owning a gun is the most wholesome thing a person can do.

The NRA — working to keep America safe.

# It's here! The men of Holy Cross Calendar

They're witty, they're gorgeous, and, best of all, they're yours. Yes ladies, *you* can have twelve of Holy Cross's most wanted men. Twelve of them: one for each month of the year. They can decorate your wall. They can watch you undress. Available at the Campus Bookstore.

Limited supply. Buy today.

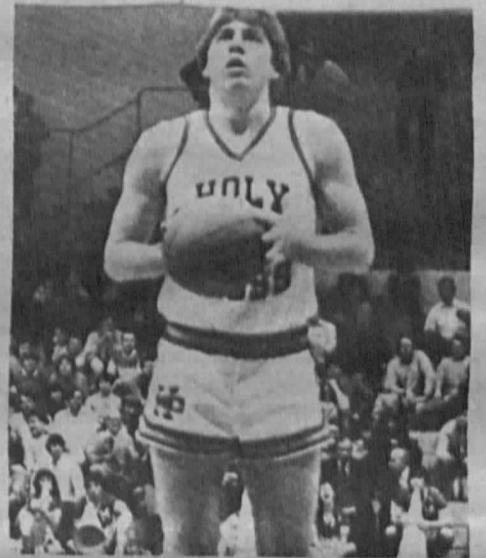


**Peter Lloyd Brown**—"I'm certainly not here because of anything I've done, I'm not here because of my looks, for my army uniform, or designer briefcases. So why am I here?"



**Donny Angell**—"My shirt is white, my hair is brown, and even though you can't see them, my eyes are green. I'm horny."

**Richie Guerin**—"They said I couldn't get anything on my own—that I couldn't be on the team, couldn't be co-captain without my Uncle Ronny. But I did, and now I'd like to thank the Men of H.C. selection committee, particularly Patrice, Donna, and George Blaney."

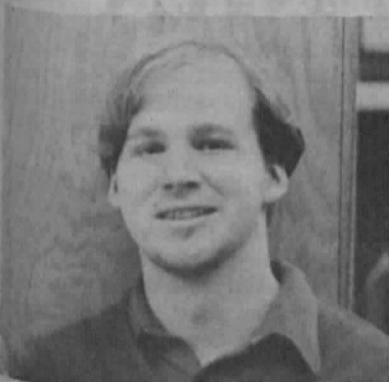


**Paul Grisanti**—"Being chosen for this is like ... a statement of mine — it makes no goddamn sense."



**Kevin "Gorgeous" Kenneally**—"My fellow good-looking people, only in a great nation such as this, and at a fine school like this, can so many fine, upstanding young men be chosen to be ogled, drooled over, and have their crotches stared at, and hopefully, this will catapult me to the Pres- (Ed. note: remainder of speech continued on pg. 22).

**Mike Hinkley**—"I feel this is a great idea and a great privilege. But I think we should reorganize the whole thing — instead of calendars you should put our pictures on balloons — I've got tons of them left over ... Think Hink!"

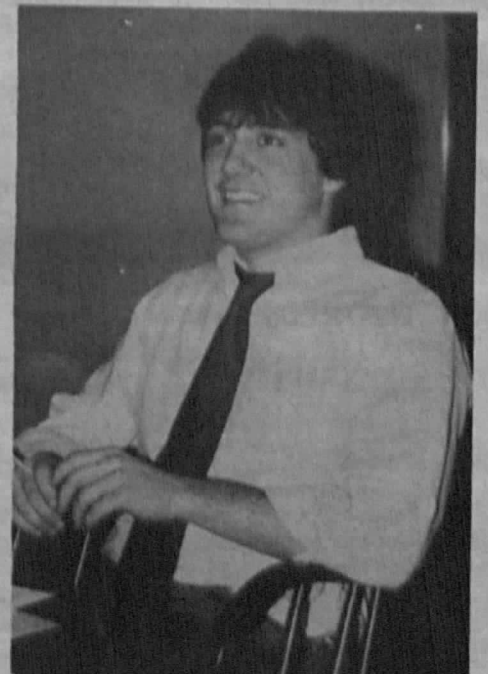


**Ray Greene**—"Of course, you know they wanted me on this calendar for my great intellect." (Ed. note: we regret that we could only fit part of Mr. Green's rather large head in the space allotted.)

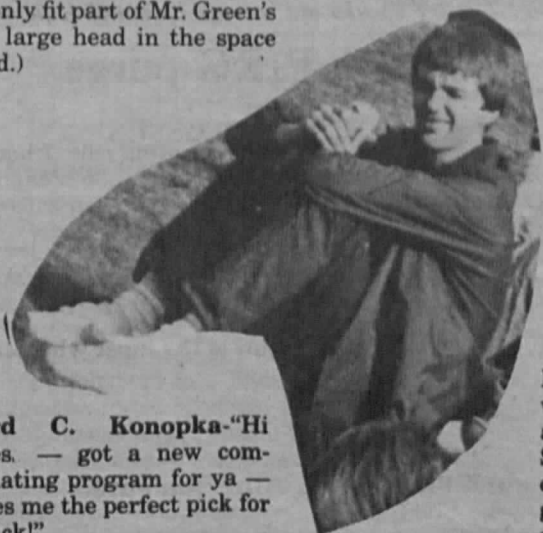


**Jim O'Reilly** -"Burrrp."

**Tom "Gak" Carlin**—"I'm glad someone finally recognized the value of polyester. I've done more for leisure wear than JC Penney ... Has anyone seen my reindeer sweater?"



**Bob Tolan**—"I knew I was a shoe-in for this. But you should've just put in 12 pictures of me and left out the 11 other schmucks. Between this and my tie-pin, I'll be getting laid all the time now."



**Howard C. Konopka**—"Hi sweeties. — got a new computer dating program for ya — it makes me the perfect pick for any chick!"

**Ken Burns**—"Hey, hey, hey, what do you say?! Dis here's really great, gettin' chosen for dis. Say, sweetpants, why don't you come up to my house later — I got a TV. You got a quarter so's I can play Mr. Do?"



# The Tomahawk

Published When we feel like it

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## Down with everything ... or How to write editorials at the last minute before deadline

Boy are we pissed. We hate just about everything. We hate Father Hamilton, and he hates us. We hate the Football team, but we like the field hockey team. It's funny how those work.

We hate the pub too. We get hot and sweaty and all icky and it's real creepy. We like Guertin's though. Maybe because there are freshman chicks there. We never pick any up, but they're nice to look at.

We hate Peter Simonds. He's the big meany who takes all our money. And Dennis Mahoney never gives us any money. Oh boy does he make us ever-so-mad!

We like distribution requirements. We won't have to worry about them anyway and we really don't care about the freshmen. But we don't want three hour exams. Writing that long makes our hands hurt.

And Dean Schroth hates us now. But that's alright, we never really liked him anyway. We just used him for a dinner and drinks from his well-stocked bar.

What's the point to this editorial? None. But it's four thirty on Thursday afternoon and we've gotta fill space.

### Claude Balls speaks

To the Editor:

I can't understand it! You see I was at a party talking Sartre with this girl and all of a sudden she asks me if I want to go to her place and have sex. I feel so cheap!

Kevin Murphy  
Hiding in shame.

### Readers turn comedians

To the Editor:

Who says we don't have a sense of humor. Why we're as funny as the next person. Take this for example:

Q: Why did God invent women?

A: Because Sheep can't cook.

Woohoo, now that's funny.

The Women's Org.

### Snoozing Noozing

To the Editor:

I recently read that people think we ain't doing our jobz write. How kan thay say that. We werk very hard to put out a kwalitee publication. Besidz we werk 4 the Deen of thee Kollej, we haf 2 be smart. Furthurmore, ssf uheu ddjsjo sddflks.

The Daly nooz editors

### Progressive obscurity

To the Editor:

What's this I read about a top 101 albums? Nobody can pick albums on this campus except me. So here are my top five choices:

- My Dingle by The Rancid Americans.
- Puke in My Sleep by the Disasters.
- Shut Up and Eat by Ty Co Pro.
- East River Scuzzballs by the Flaming Nuns.
- Songs to Fart TO by the Under Thirteen Club.

Of course you haven't heard of these albums. That's why I picked them.

P. J. Carroll

To the Editor:

If you're telling jokes, then don't leave us out.

Q: Why does the Pope wear boxer shorts?  
A: He doesn't want to look down on the unemployed. Oh boy! We're so funny, we wet our pants.

The Joseph Reilly Family

To the Editor:

Knock, knock.  
Who's there?  
Rick Carter.  
Rick Carter who?  
Rick Carter Montalbon.

Bruce Kozerski

To the Editor:

After four years of racism, I can be as funny as the next guy:

Q: How many white people does it take to shingle a roof?

A: It depends on how you slice them! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Peter Lloyd Brown

To the Editor:

Hey we want a second chance:

Q: What's the definition of the perfect woman?

A: A deaf, dumb, and blind nymphomaniac who owns a liquor store.

See, we told you we were the funniest people around. Now get away before we kick you in the nuts.

The Women's Org.

## THE SGA IS BACK AND THE



## WHITE THIMBLE

R.A. TURNED VIGIL  
HE JUST WANTED TO CHANGE THINGS  
UNTIL IT CHANGED HIM... ALL LA

CO-STARRING

JEFF BRUSINI - AS SPANKY  
MATT SCHAEFER - AS RACER  
JIM DINO - AS LURCH

### Putrid prep ad nauseum

To the Editor:

I'd figured I'd get revenge by eating up L.J. Mitchell. What a mistake. Now I gotta puke.

The Izod Alligator  
Lake Ochechobee, Fl.

### Jesuit with secret

To the Editor:

I would like to inform your readers that I have found out what goes "bump" in the night. And I'm not telling.

Rev. Joseph Busam, SJ  
Loyola Cemetary

### Surprise!

To the Editor:

This week's film for the alcohol and drug degenerates has been cancelled. It seems that the movie they sent us showed Jim Wuelfing dealing dope!

Gerri Lewis

### Uuh, Hulk

To the Editor:

I was in the bathroom, sitting on the toilet the other day, and I proved what I already knew: mine doesn't smell.

Adriane DeAngelis

### Shields rumor squelched

To the Editor:

I would like to put an end to the rumor started by Holy Cross boys that I was attending or would be attending your school. Umm, the boys at Brown and Fairfield and umm, Army too started similar rumors and I really don't think I could do all those colleges at once. Besides, I'm happy with Princeton and Michael, confident that his "you know whats" pose no threat to my career.

Love and Kisses,  
Brooke Shields

### Danny Zzzzamboni

Hey Hey!

Did you guys ever notice how a lot of the buildings in Washington D.C. are white! Ha Ha Ha! No kidding! We're gonna name the backfield for the 1961 Oklahoma team! You guys'll never get it. Ha! Hey Hey, big Ron says hi from Pennsylvania Avenue. No kidding! Ha Ha Ha!

See you guys  
Danny Lawrence

P.S. Did I leave the Zamboni running?  
Ha Ha Ha!

### Old man and the White House

To the Editor:

It has been pointed out to me that I don't enjoy very much popularity among the college age to thirty-year-old age group. Well, I'd just like to say that I love you all like grandchildren, but I hope you understand that I just can't respect anyone who has license plates that read "Arrive Stoned," or "I Break For Hallucinations." And well, please just tell me Lawrence I'm sorry about the incident involving the Secret Service and the multitude of bullets they discharged into his VW.

Yours ever  
Ronald Reagan

### PIRG purge progresses

To the Editor:

Hi everybody! No, I didn't forget about you guys even if you did tell me to get out of your lives. I don't work for MIA PIRG anymore though. Now I'm a Hindu Krishna. I sit in airports and annoy people. My head is shaved but I still have my plastic purple ear-rings. How about a flower?

Katie HarassPIRG  
Logan Airport

THE PISSED!

APRIL 1st

ENDER

ALL LATE.

RATED G

defended minority

Editors:  
In the recent past we have noticed various incidents that we feel are indicative of a general depression. We also feel that this depression is directed at us because of our Catholic tradition, we find it quite appalling. People would like to believe that depression does not exist but the evidence is mounting. Obscene words are written on the windows of our BMW's. People stare when we pull out a twenty in the pub. When reading the Wall Street Journal in the library people get up and walk away with a blank look on their faces. It's not just to be tolerated, not just accepted, but to be embraced. After we've got the bucks and we can buy you.

The Holy Cross Elite Students

successful  
top steps

Editor:  
The following rules are now in effect regarding scooping. This protocol must be followed in all cases. They are listed in order of importance, not in order of importance.

Drunkenness (Only buzzedness) leads to regretfulness. Scooping must: a) know, b) like, c) respect the object of your scoopage. A full-fledged scoop is allowed if: a) all the above rules have been followed; b) the scoopers agree to speak to each other at a brunch the next day. Scoopers must walk female home and only in the hours previous to the light. Scoopers must establish a system of an unaware roommate to present a scoop (i.e. roommate's bed strategically in the hallway.)  
Earl "The Pearl" Markey

## To believe in a column

Jeffery R. Knight

*I was talking to my good friend Dan Rather last week, and I said, "Dan (he lets me call him Dan, you know, because we're such good friends) Dan, I said, exactly what does it take to be a topnotch journalist?" He didn't know, but said that ...*

& Richard E. Hoff

*My column has never been on the top of the page. Never! I can write, you know, but that asshole Brusini thinks his stuff is so much better. So what if it's his page? I can be funny. How about this one? There once was a lady from Nan-tucket ...*

& Jeff Brusini

*God, I'm funny. It's not that I'm just funny, but I'm funny and obnoxious. And it's not that I'm funny and obnoxious, but it's that I'm funny and obnoxious and egotistical. And it's not that I'm just funny and obnoxious and egotistical, but that I'm ...*

& James M. O'Neill

*Writing another book. Yes, almost a year without a sequel in sight, I have decided to grace the bookshelves of the Holy Cross bookstore with yet another piece of literature. It's entitled, *To Believe in Myself*.*

& Jim O'Reilly

*I had always wished that I was black. I had always wished that I was Mike Stanton. But I'm neither. What am I? I write columns. That is, I used to write columns. Now I do nothing. I'm bigger than a bread box. I ask poignant questions. Okay, so who am I?*

& Mark Judge

*Nuke Kevin Kennedy. That bleeding heart faggot won't be satisfied until we're all basking in a world full of love, peace and joy. Nuke him and Russia, and I will still my tongue. Forever. Oh, wait. Nuke Paul Giaimo, too, and R.J. Allain, and ...*

& Paul Gristanti

*I love trees. Brown ones. Ones with leaves. Pretty leaves. Pretty leaves on cute little branches. Branches with tiny twigs. And on each twig a little dead bug. How about an 'A', Fr. Schroth?*

(Continued up there)

## Blodgeoned

To the Editor:

The good news is that I'm finally well again. The bad news is that I'm in a fifty-percent tax bracket. Thanks a lot you bleeding heart faggots.

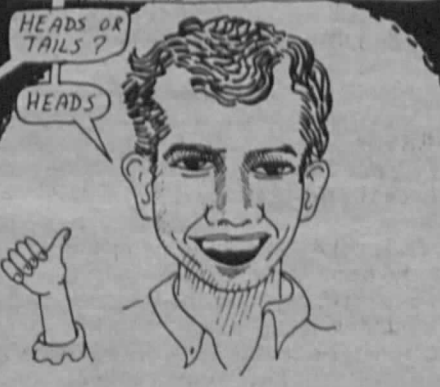
Christopher Blodgett

## Crowley's Cornered

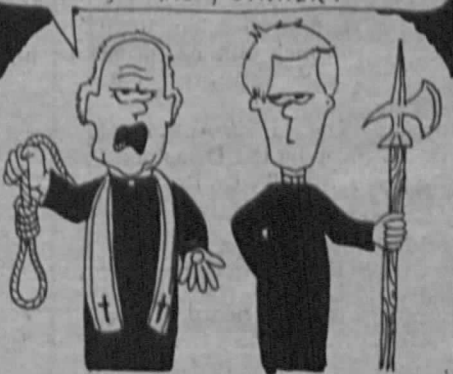
I DON'T GET IT! I WRITE A CUTE COMIC STRIP, I ILLUSTRATE BOOKS, TEE-SHIRTS, CALENDERS, I GO TO CHURCH, I'M A GOOD STUDENT...



AND BESIDES, HALLY, NEVINS, AND BROWN... THEY'RE A LOT WORSE THAN ME!



IT'S TAILS! YOU'LL HANG 'TIL DEATH THEN ROT IN HELL, YOU CRUDE, PAGAN, SEXIST, SINNER!



Mike Scully  
has  
announced  
that he has  
nothing to  
say.

## Tomahawk Top 40

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

I AM WOMAN

GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN

THEME FROM "THE ODD COUPLES"

YA' GOTTA BE A FOOTBALL HERO

— HEALY STAIRWELL

— BOB EMERSON, CARMINE

— SR. ANNA and SR. LAFFEY

— CAROL DONOVAN

— DONNA HOROHOE, ANN

KILEY, GREG BURKE, and

TED LYNCH

— RUGBY TEAM

— PETER LLOYD BROWN

— THE CRUSADER STAFF

— RICHARD HOFF

— BRIAN SMITH & JUDY

CRANE/ FRANK WHALEN

& MARION McCURLEY

— FRED MARTIN

— KAREN HAVLICEK

— THE ECONOMICS

DEPARTMENT

— OLD GUY IN LIBRARY

— FRANK WALSH

— TIM STANTON

— DAVE WEBB

— MARY KAY FANTASI

— MIKE KEEFE

— JANE GEANEY

— MARY CODD

— MARK JUDGE

— MISSY LLEWELLYN

— GERRY McCARTHY

— JIM O'REILLY

— FR. MARKEY

LITTLE T & A

SHARP DRESSED MAN

ALL NIGHT LONG

OWNER OF A LONELY HEART

LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD

I WANNA NEW DRUG

SOMEBODY'S WATCHING ME

KING OF PAIN

THRILLER

MANIAC

LOVE THE ONE YOU'RE WITH

SHOULD I STAY, OR SHOULD I GO?

OPEN ALL NIGHT

SEDUCE ME TONIGHT

MANHUNT

HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

WHITER SHADE OF PALE

SHE'S HOT

CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND

LEND ME AN EAR

PLEASE, PLEASE TELL ME NOW

(IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD

KNOW)

BABY, I JUST CAN'T WAIT, LET'S

COHABITATE

OH LORD, IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE

I KNOW WHAT BOYS LIKE

GREASE

THEME FROM "UNFAITHFULLY YOURS"

NOBODY DOES IT BETTER

I LOVE A MAN IN UNIFORM

EVERYDAY I WRITE THE BOOK

BEAT IT

AN INNOCENT MAN

DON'T YOU WANT ME BABY?

LITTLE WILLY

BABY YOU CAN DRIVE MY CAR

TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT

TALK, TALK

PROMISES, PROMISES

HERE COMES THE RAIN AGAIN

— TINA CAPURRO

— XENO

— KEN HAPPE

— ED VARGAS

— MELLISA HERIDEEN

— JEFF KNIGHT

— LINDA RACINE

— JIM O'NEILL

— THE FOOTBALL

MANAGERS

(LINDA FATH AND KATHY

APICELLA)

— ANDY KAPP

— LARRY CALCANO

— MIKE GERMANO

— ED HARRINGTON

— EVAN HOLMES

— CLAIRE MULLEN

— KEVIN THIMBLE

— POPULATION OF

WORCESTER

# CrossCrud by Larry "Bud" Kimball



## Off Your Duff

Q. As a member of the class of 1984, what do you look forward to doing after graduating?



**HUGH CURRAN:** Well, I don't really want to exploit my bigness, but I think the whole world deserves to know how I achieved my monumental largeness, so I'm gonna write a book. I'll call it, "HUGE: Epic Saga of a Really BIG Guy."

**SHERRY LEVIN:** I'm going to buy a vineyard and produce my own sherry; I'll call it Levin Sherry. No? Well then I'll become a comedian and call myself Sherry Levity! No?



**MICHELLE MAYNARD:** I want to mate with the unholy Prince of Darkness and bear his hellish brood.

**KEVIN KENNEALLY:** My dear classmates and fellow Americans, it is indeed an honor for me to respond to this question, and let us all thank God Almighty that we have been given the freedom and opportunity to respond to such questions, even as petty as this one may be, and maintain the dignity to spew such long-winded jibberish as this.

**JAY WHITE:** I'll join Dick Enberg and Al Maguire for coverage of exciting college roundball and offer colorful insight on seat-squirring buzzer beaters, high-flying tomahawk slam-dunks, charity stripe odds, and all sorts of nauseating hoop cliches.



**LARRY BROWN:** I want to suck down Heinekens and export Communism to the industrialized nations of Western Europe. Or Something.

**JANE GEANEY:** I'm gonna burn my bra and then douse myself in kerosene and light myself on fire; this would be the best way to bitch about women's rights at HC. I'm pretty pissed.

**KAREN HAVLICEK:** I will flit, nay, flutter o'er this great greenish hued marble, and e'er my eathen voyage is thru, like that of the fallen sparrow, or the crested wave, or the AIDS-infected flamer, I will darkly thromble the ballys-quambe.

Well gang, ready for the scoop on this week's fun folk? Good, that's wicked keen! Read on!

Good time had by all last Sunday in the Cambridge apartment of Pat "Elvin" Hayes, Doug "Colgate" Cornell, and Bob "Euke" Shea, who hosted a party for the host giverouters at mass and the Packs Crispies. A brief period of prayer and reflection preceded a hymn-singing session, topped by an exquisite buffet dinner of shrimp scallapini, mouton pietre, roast chuck du Gaulle, and fine Chateau Poughkeepsie wine. Fun turned to tragedy, however, when Bob "Cliff" Clifford, Dickie "Dick" O'Hare, and Dick "Big Dick" Mulligan, showed up, dare I say it, uninvited, rolling in with them three cold kegs of beer.

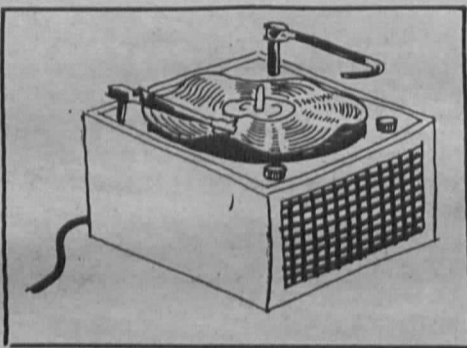
Messers. Hays and Cornell soon cranked up "White Lines" by the immortal Sugar Hill Gang, and the mood of the

evening turned to one of revelry, dancing, beer guzzling and explicit acts of a sexual nature which decorum prohibits me from printing in my column (including more than two but less than five incidents in which a couple kissed and their tongues touched). These incidents coupled with the combined blowing of farts by party crashing members of the Lacrosse team were enough to make this humble scribe leave the party. It was a sociological disgrace .....

A new campus society for gay men is forming this week to address the needs and concerns of their kind at Holy Cross, and is hosting a "mixer" in HoJo's featuring music by Boy George and readings of Oscar Wilde's poetry. The Purple Fudgepackers, as the butch-coiffured boys are calling themselves, will become an active organization at the school, and will soon lobby to have their own representative to the SGA. Watch out for the dreaded mystery-killer AIDS, guys! .....

Speaking of the SGA, newly elected chairperson Kevin Thimbles first move in office was to announce that he was doing away with the title of chairperson and reassuming the title of chairman. Says Kevin, "Let's cut out the bullshit. My features indicate to me that, for all intents and purposes, I am a man, not some sort of asexual spore! ..."

Congratulations this week go to: Ray Greene, accepted at the Muhammed Academy of Literary Dysentery; Tom "ZAK" Carlin, to The Buffalo Bob Institute of Men's Fashion; Steve "ChaCha" Burke to the Greater Fall River Pool Table Solicitors Association; Champ Golt, to the Jim Smith Society; and Tom Dinopolous to the Ouzo Institute of Athens, Greece .... See you guys next week! .....



## Stupid Music Stuff

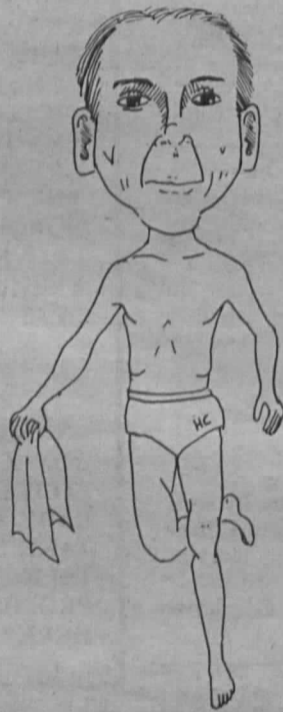
Peter Townsend is a rock musician. Pete Townsend is a famous musician. He has long gangly legs. He has a big ugly nose. He has his own band, a band which plays rock. On your stereo, you can play his rock loud. You can play his rock softly. It depends on the volume switch. I think.

I played my stereo loud once. I've played it loud other times too. I think I recall played Pete Townsend loud on my stereo. Have you? Have you played him loud on your stereo or mine? Good show! Pete Townsend sounds shitty when I play him on my stereo. I shouldn't have left the record next to the heater in my dorm. The record goes around. Then wump! the needle goes up, almost a half inch! Then comes down, and goes seccretly! It's pretty funny.

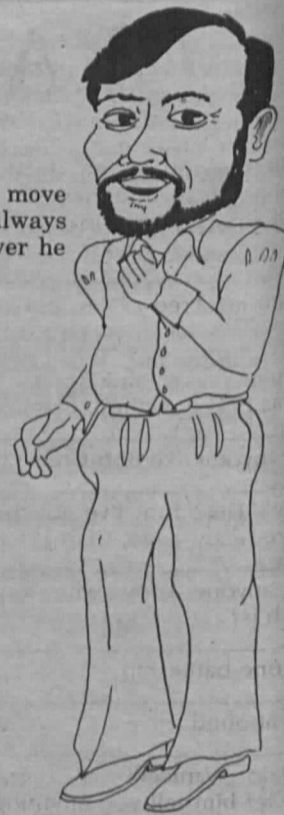
# Ken Happe's Five Best-Dressed Jesuits



1. Fr. Markey scores a hole-in-one in his golf attire. No one can touch him in his sealskin nickers.



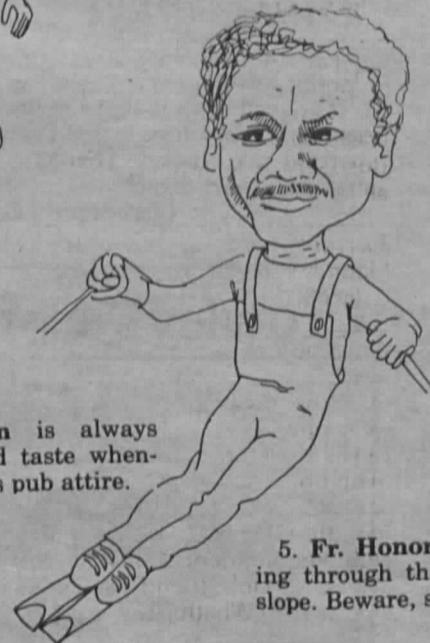
2. Fr. Schroth's fur lined Speedos earn him a hot second place. Just darling!



3. Johnny Travolta move over. Fr. Hamilton is always king of the prom whenever he makes the social scene.



4. Fr. Labran is always loaded with good taste whenever he dons his pub attire.



5. Fr. Honore is just dashing through the snow on any slope. Beware, ski-bunnies.

# Parenteau's GASH a hit

In their end of the year banquet held in the alley next to the Fine Arts Cinema last Sunday, women's swim coach Barry Parenteau wrapped up his season by praising all members of his squad for dutifully following his prescribed training regimen, which included a new twist this season.

Parenteau explained that on a fact-finding tour in Bangkok, he discovered a new muscle relaxation technique.

"It's called G.A.S.H. exercises," said Parenteau, "which stands for Girls Aerobic Swimming Health exercises. It's an exercise program I work on personally with the girls to relax

the leg muscles, particularly in the upper thighs."

"I can definitely say," continued Parenteau, "that each one of the girls approached the exercises with enthusiasm and vigor, except for one: Kathy McNiff. I don't know, I guess she's a rug-muncher or something."

In the photo below, Parenteau and one of his girls is shown demonstrating the technique for our Tomahawk comers. Although not visible off to the lower right in the photo, Parenteau commented on the merit of the program by saying simply, "Mmumphuffermurphf."

This is empty.

Don't read this.

Scram.

Beat it.

Get lost.

Piss off.

Hit the road.

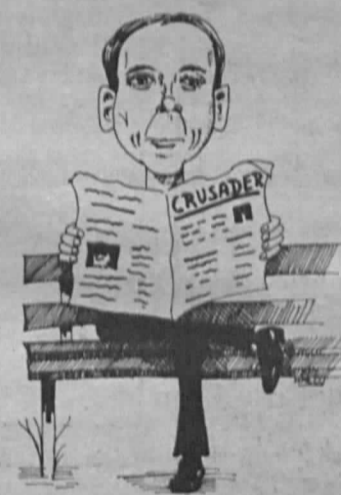
Take A Hike.



Pope John Paul II



Donald Duck



Rev. Raymond A. Schroth, S.J.

**His Holiness:** "Every day before I speak at St. Peter's Square, I read the Crusader. I enjoy Cross Currents, the Classifieds, and I never miss Crowley's Corner. Then I use it for the shells of my M & M's."

**Donald Duck:** "I read The Crusader and I take it along on dates with my girl Daisy. That way I don't ruin her rug."

**Dean Schroth:** "Of course I read The Crusader, my name is always in it."

What do all these people have in common? They're all members of The Crusader generation. They're well informed and well known. So don't be a loser, subscribe now.

**The Crusader Generation: Because we're the Balls!**

# CLASSIFIEDS

Beth,  
So I passed out! So, big deal!  
Is that any reason to make the  
rest of your life irrational.  
Guess who

Loosen up, Fred

Are Julie, Leah, and Scary al-  
ways as baked as they seem?

Does anyone like Bob Creevy?

Where's Tim? Tim, I've got the  
trapeze ready. Love, Clare.

Does anyone know who Tom  
Kovach is?

Lost: one battleship.

Dicks abound.

Maurizio Vanicelli is crazy.  
Don't let him tell you anything  
different.

And Tangherlini is whacked out.

Tim, the package from the Ta-  
pasco Film Co. has arrived. You  
bring the wine, I'll bring the  
cottage cheesy stuff. Love,  
Clare.

If you put Togo's brains in a bird  
it would fly backwards.

Dope ruens yur minde.

For sale:  
Rooms in Ho-Jos. Singles lo-  
cated

on the first three floors. Please  
contact the Athletic Depart-  
ment.

Timee-  
Dizzy Osbourne named his kid  
after you.  
seriously.

To Psycho-Chicken:  
Does your boyfriend wear  
boxers?  
Oh, how cute!

Hey Wheeler Five:  
What's a matter? Don't you girls  
do anything anymore?

Mr. King, landlord at 10 Caro  
St., would make a great college  
president.

Rich —  
I still haven't forgotten. But if  
you need \$300 in small bills ...

Artie —  
Can I throw up in your truck?

Why Can't I get a 4.0?

Can you be my friend? Can you  
be popular? Can you dance? If  
so, Contact: Danny Lawrence,  
Washington, D.C.  
(Just sent it anywhere — They  
all know me).

Everyone wants to get in Tom  
Mooney's Boxer shorts. Espe-  
cially NROTC's...

Why Can I get 3.5?

Q: Why does Kevin Murphy  
wear sunglasses on his chest?  
A: His head is too small to keep  
them on.

Join the Danny Lawrence fan  
club. Requirements: must have  
at least 320 close friends, and be  
able to say "Whattup?"

I don't care what they're saying  
as long as they're talking.  
The Boffer

Give me a ticket for an airplane,  
don't have time for no fast train.  
Kevin Kenneally

Hey, Buddha Body--  
Can I rub your tummy?

Cut up Ted Brennan--just cut  
him right up.

NROTC's are queers!

This is not true. NROTC's are  
not queer. And when I say they  
are not queer, I mean very few  
are queer. And when I say very  
few are queer I mean that less  
than half are queer. And when I  
say that less than half are queer  
I mean that not all of them are  
queer...

Lost:  
One Virginity. Somewhere  
Wheeler Five. When I went up  
there, I had it; when I came  
down, it was gone! Mommy  
warned me about this.  
A Scholarship Athlete

Rollo doesn't like girls.

WROOOONGWAAAAY!!!

Wanted:  
One sap to fill a position on the  
Board of Trustees. Must know  
how to say yes and have no  
backbone. Apply in person.

What do they put in the pasta in  
Kimball that makes me have to  
s--- so much?

Hey Markey,  
What do you think this is? Ar-  
gentina?

Hey Wolfman,  
We're having a party in the mop  
closet in Healey tonight.

Hey Ross, What is your act any-  
way?

I want to be a member of the  
Bottom 50 Club. I dig a good  
party.

— George Paletta

TAD walks like Dr. Zayus.

R. J. Dolan is on the hunt.  
Again.

Rick Carter has a very large  
head and very big ears.

Tommy Dougherty has a  
girlfriend!

Tommy Dougherty has a  
girlfriend!

Who gives a shit!

Who gives a shit!

When, Deeda, When?!!

Who's Danny Lawrence?

Beth,  
If that were the worst of my  
sins, then \$300 might be worth  
it. But, for some, that's just one  
for the scrapbook and chalk it  
up to experience.

Love & kisses,

Rich

Jack Donahue has a "thighroid"  
condition.

Provocateur for Rent — Donna  
Valentini

Desiree--

"Do it to us one more time"

Love & Kisses

All the Men of P.R.

Think Hink  
Drink Wink  
You Stink  
What a Dink.

RG  
Still looking for the "Big-O?"  
What are the odds?

I want it, I want it, I want it!

Deirdre likes Quickies

So I burn oatmeal and cookies.  
The Kitchen never was my room  
of strong performance.

Peter Simonds,  
I saw you at Fenwick Theater  
with that chick, You're an ani-  
mal - what you were doing isn't  
even mentioned in the Joy of  
Sex.

Rich Hoff would be the perfect  
date ... If he could only stay  
awake.

Hi Sweetums,  
I'm writing like a flaming homo-  
sexual because I am one.

Hi Mom and Dad,  
I'm here typing classifieds just  
like I do every week. When I get  
done here I'm going back to my  
room where two guys are wait-  
ing. We're gonna snort coke,  
pop some ludes and experience  
life in the Biblical sense. Can't  
wait.

Your Daughter

Kelly,  
This is how it's really done.  
Rich



## Where Are They now

**Harry Flaherty**-Old #42 has kept up his ties to football, coaching Pop Warner in his home town of Red Bank, NJ. Harry is also President of the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) and he says he'd be glad to show you his home movies some time.

**George Blaney**-Address unknown, was last seen warming his hands over a trash fire in Boston's South End. Clutching a bottle of NightTrain, observers said he was still looking for "that seven-foot spear-checker from Don Bosco who would turn it all around."

**Tony Petrick**-Who cares? Ditto for Fran Warren.

**Neil Wheelwright**-Proved ev-

eryone wrong and was elected President of the United States by the biggest plurality in the nation's history. Holy Cross alums sport bumper stickers reading, "Don't blame me."

**George Cotter**-The former HC Rugby president starved to death when he came to a fork in the road dividing a McDonalds and a Burger King and couldn't decide if broiling beat frying.

**Togo Palazzi**-The man with his name on every football scoreboard in America (Yards "To go" you stupid shits) is now nursing Earle Markey back to health after the Jesuit's recent nervous breakdown.

**Super Fan**-His last will and testament followed accordingly,

Holy Cross' biggest fan and number one Bookstore/Boutique patron has been stuffed and mounted in his purple jacket and ski cap and welcomes visitors to the Hart Center with his Crusader pennant eternally unfurled.

## O'Reilly to wrestle Women's Org.

**By FOGHORN LEGHORN**  
Former Crusader sports editor Jim "Whiskey" O'Reilly has agreed to take on the Woman's Organization in a charity mud wrestling match. The proceeds will go to the winner's favorite charity. The Women's Organization is reportedly giving their winnings to Abby's house. O'Reilly has earmarked his earnings for the Rugby Legal Defense fund.

The Women's Org. is lining up an all-star tag team of Katie "The Mauler" Phipps and "Battling" Olga Pina. These two ladies bring years of experience to the rings. Fr. Hart has decided that it would be best to wave the rule requiring the female entrants to wear bikinis. Coaching the girls will be Sr. Anna Kane, recently back from a world tour with Chief J. Strongbow and Bruno Samartino.

O'Reilly will be coached by Tim "On Top" Stanton, one-time noted wrestler who forsaked his career for the footlights. "O'Reilly's ready," said Stanton. "He's been going to Herbie's every night for work-outs. He's even doing two-a-days."

Originally O'Reilly was set to wrestle Wheeler Five. However, O'Reilly said that they were "easy." O'Reilly also admitted to fearing the Women's Org. opponents. Citing their tough schedule he said, "I won't be as hard as other opponents."

Officiating the meet along with Fr. Hart will be Diane Holt. The referee will be Mark "Fair and Square" Judge. Jane Geaney, noted feminist, had a comment, but nobody bothered to listen.

## Bumblings

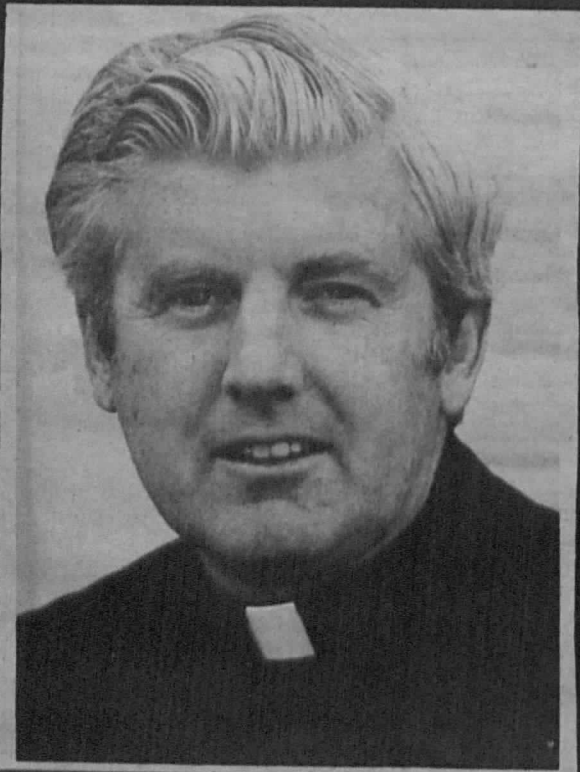
By TED LEECH

This is my column, and I'm the balls. Anybody who knows me knows that I'm the balls. I come up with the craziest, zaniest, whacked-out shit every week, and everybody loves it, and me. Like, how about the time Sick Dick and Beerball stole those guys' underwear from BC and wore them into that diner. Ha, ha, now that's funny stuff, ooh, yeah, that's funny stuff. Or how about that rugby game (the greatest sport ever invented, by the way) when we all got sick on that ladies poodle. Ha, ha, ha. If you don't think that's funny, then you're an asshole.

And, heh, if anybody wants to know anything about Boston just ask me. I know everything about the Sox, the B's, the C's, and the Pat's. And I know all the fat necks, too. They're my best buddies, those crazy nuts. I love those guys. They know I love them because I always wink at them across Kimball and shoot my finger at them. They love me! What great guys!

And sometimes, I don't even write about sports, but that's all right. And do you know why? Because I'm the balls! You're the balls, too, if I say hello to you at the end of one of my columns, like, "Don't drink too much this weekend, Big Jack Knucklesticks!" Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. That's funny shit, and everybody knows it. And do you know why? Because I'm the balls!! ... All you, you Big, Crazy, Sick Asshole!

## Crusader



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## of the week

The coveted cup this week goes to one time Holy Cross Dean Fr. Joseph Fahey, S.J. When the class of '84 were freshmen, Dean Fahey questioned the academic prowess of Holy Cross students. Fahey is now at B.C. and is receiving the laurels for his outstanding ability to cover up for basketball players who have the collective I.Q. of a marble. Where were you when we needed you, Dean!

## Puntings

### Don't tell me, I know everything

By KEITH RINGDING

Hi sports fans. Well everyone knows the big news in sports this week is Spring Training. A young man's thoughts turn to the burning question of who is better: Steve Garvey or Fernando Valenzuela. Never mind that one's a pitcher and one's a first baseman. After all, I'm the sports authority here and everyone knows that.

Steve Garvey is old and plays for the sorry Padres. But as Yogi Berra said, "It ain't over til it's over." And Thomas Paine said "Four score and seven Years ago." So Steve Garvey should be able to play for at least five more years.

Fernando Valenzuela is short fat and can't speak English. But he's a great pitcher and will strike out a lot of batters this year. After all, Abraham Lincoln said, "I hate war, Eleanor hates war, but the Germans love war." Look for the Dodgers to be on top around October. Remember folk's you heard it here first.

The Red Sox are going to be in it too. I know that because I know all about Boston sports. Nobody knows more than me. And now that they don't have Yaz, maybe they can finally win something.

And speaking of lousy athletes, has anyone seen the Spring teams on campus. Even though they've all just started their seasons I know they're all going to be terrible. After all I know sports. Which brings us to this weeks ...

Q & A: Who gets more broads, Larry Bird or Dr. J.

Well Dr. J is married, so he probably doesn't get too many broads any more. But, then again, Larry Bird is probably the dumbest thing this side of a brick wall. He probably couldn't pick up a chick with a boom crane. As Winston Churchill once said, "I know what course other men take, but as for me give me liberty or give me death."

A: Yogi Berra.



## Dudweiser KING OF BEERS



this Dud's for you!

Larry "Sugar Ray" Westbrook, this Dud's for you. For attempting to join the U.S. Military Academy Boxing Team with a beautiful sucker punch against Army, the Tomahawk staph invites you to punch open a cold can of Dudweiser, official sponsor of Olympic terrorists.

## Ruggers Fall to blind bats

The Purple ruggers of Holy Cross lost a heartbreaking match to the Perkins School for the Blind by a score of 32-4 behind the Hart Cneter last Saturday.

"We just didn't have it," explained Cancerous John Connolly, the team's anti-social secretary. "We were all so hung over and stoned, we didn't even know which way we were going. At least they had their B team standing and screaming in our end zone so the other team knew where to run. We didn't figure it out till late in the second half, when we started running away from the yelling."

"I don't think it was a fair

game," whined Ed McGloughlin, team VP and lone scorer for the Purple, on a last minute 80-yard stroll. "Some of those guys were only 80 or 85% blind. Their coach was telling them which shadows to tackle."

Tom "GAK" Carlin, making his A debut after cussing and kicking lockers for four years, seconded "Eddles" opinion. "Those blind humps knew every trick in the book, faking kicks, passes, everything. Their head fakes were uncanny; they'd run up field looking like they could see through walls, but you never knew they were look-

ing at all."

Post game festivities resumed at the Lee St. Rugby Cotillion, where the Purple ruggers enjoyed themselves by constantly moving the beer table around the room to the consternation of the gloom enshrouded guests. Tim Stanton jumped into his famous Stevie Wonder routine, and Wild Bill Keefe entertained with sick variations on the standard Helen Keller jokes.

The ruggers take on Jerry Kids from the Massachusetts Hospital School in their annual hard-hitting grudge match this Saturday, so come on up!