

NYU
RM

WASHINGTON SQUARE SNEWS

Vol. 4, No. 4

The Plague

Wednesday, April 1, 1981

FINANCIAL AID CANCELLED

Dorms to go Co-op say NYU

Administration

By RON TWITT

New York University, in response to President Reagan's request to reduce government spending, has voluntarily decided "neither to distribute nor allow its students to use financial aid payments of any kind to meet tuition costs," a highly placed administration official announced yesterday.

William "Wild Willie" Barnes, deputy assistant to the under-deputy-under-secretary of finance, explained NYU's decision "to pitch in and help combat inflation. We will sacrifice for our country and no longer accept government financial aid checks of any kind. Of course, this puts those who rely on federal aid at a disadvantage. In a spirit of fairness and to provide an equal lack of opportunity, we have also decided to refuse to accept any private aid or aid based on academic merit. "As for NYU distributing financial aid, Barnes cheerfully laughed and said, "When Hell freezes over."

In a related move, Weinstein, Rubin, and Brittany Residence Halls are slated to go co-op "beginning with the Fall '81 semester." Rooms will be sold through the housing office for a four-year period at a cost of \$50,000. Those who choose not to purchase rooms must move out by June 1. An explanation was neither offered nor sought but anyone who resists will be "blasted out." This is not an idle threat. It's a little known, but documented fact that NYU has had full nuclear capabilities since 1974, and commands military divisions larger than all but 5 nations on earth.

When asked about these 2 moves which will force thousands of students to leave the university due to an inability to meet tuition or housing payments, outgoing acting President I.M. Bennet, tear in his eyes,

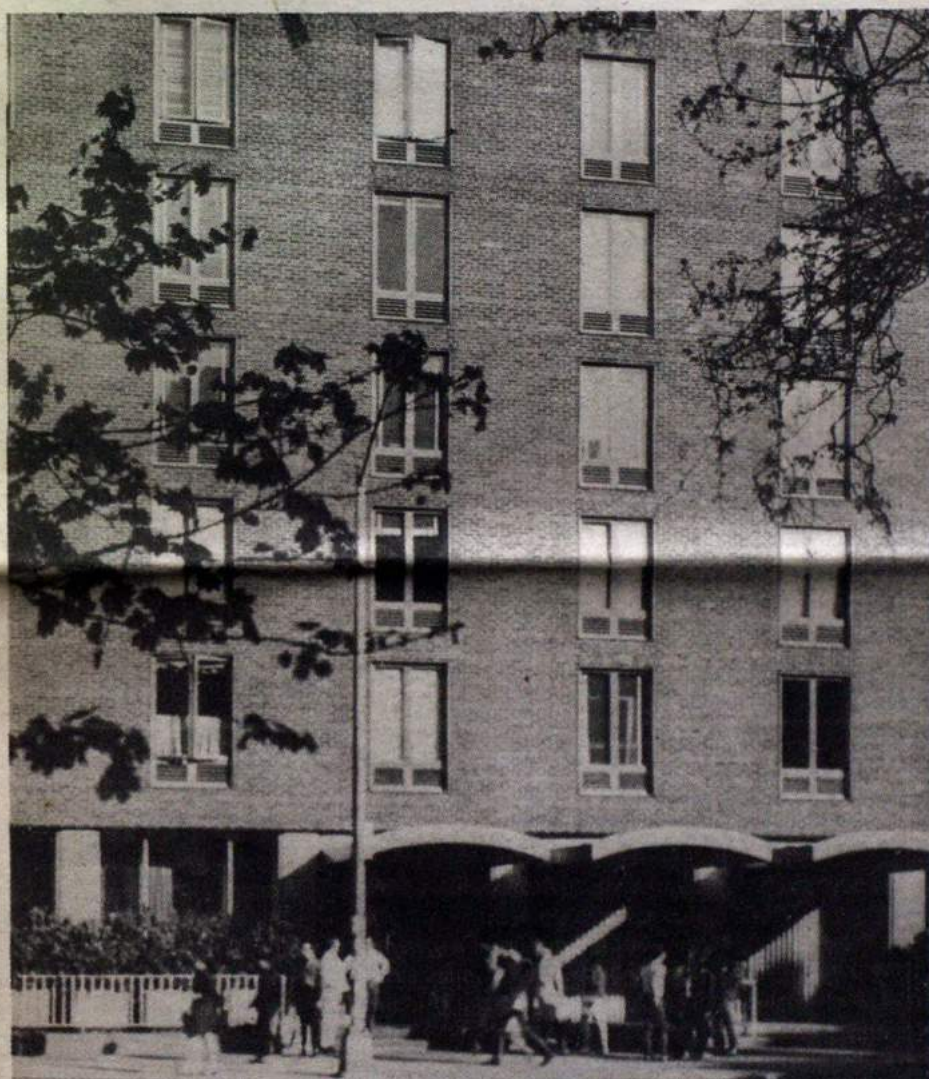
gruffly barked, "Who?" and went fishing. However, Barnes later announced that NYU would no longer process transfer requests because "it is too expensive and time-consuming. Better you should stay here."

Epsilon Aivert, press secretary to Barnes, explained the advantages of the plan. "Instead of the projected 15 percent tuition increase, we can now get by with only a 7 percent increase. We've lowered tuition by 50 percent in those terms." This is confirmed by independent mathematical calculations.

Reaction among the student body has been mixed so far. Einstein, a freshman in SEHNAP, said, "I think it's great. I, myself, refused financial aid. Handouts, bah. I play goaltender for the Baltimore Blast of the Major Indoor Soccer League on weekends to earn tuition. I have broken my nose 17 times, had all my teeth knocked out, and had brain surgery twice in the past 4 weeks, but I'll play Sunday, I've got my self-respect."

Senior Abigail Van Buren, an English major who lives in Brittany, disagreed and angrily denounced the "co-op"ing of the dorms. "It be bad 'cause people who like, you know, can't, you know, like pay, you know, no \$50,000, will have to leave school."

Jose Sulaiman, president of the World Boxing Council, could not be reached for comment at his Mexico City office.



According to NYU Administration plans, the Weinstein Center For Student Living will be renamed the Weinstein Arms. Rooms will lease for \$50,000 for four years.

NYU finds alternate solution to money problems

By RHINO KRUST

The NYU administration has come up with an alternate solution to its money problems. Coming this September, NYU might implement a three point program to bring the NYU endowment to its former level of \$250 million. This drastic but overwhelmingly approved measure, was proposed to make up for the tremendous secret loss the university suffered when it took the Philadelphia Eagles and gave three points in the past Super Bowl. The Board of Trustees reluctantly blamed themselves for their poor use of University money and claimed that they had information that Jim Plunkett, the Oakland quarterback, was injured.

The plan calls for cutting financial aid in half and lending the rest at an interest rate tripling the prime rate. Expecting

demonstrations from the normally apathetic student community, an unidentified non-University affiliated official said, "... that once we show them [the students] that it, will help the University, they'll understand. Besides, we've rented 500 riot dogs. Those kids haven't seen anything."

The second prong of this plan is the institution of a moonshining system. A source not at all close to any trustee said, "... What about that chemistry department, they got all those chemicals there, we might as well make alcohol and sell it to the kids and drunks in the part, they'll never know the difference." This reporter had to ask about making synthetic drugs and the source responded, "... Hey, we're not into that scene anymore, man. Like, you know, man, it ain't where it's at. Drugs ain't in now 'cept for heroin, but we're not into



Garlic: When soil-building legume crops were maintained in a rotation, liming was traditionally considered a landlord expense.

that man."


That conversation brought us to the last prong in the policy, gambling. It seems that a secret land deal had been arranged between NYU, the state's dormitory authority and a large real estate firm. This land was to be used for new dormitories and construction of a new building right near Barney Building; it was to be called Fred Building. But all this became academic, when the Board on Academic Policies, according to our undependable source, learned that gambling will be legalized in New York State. Instead, casinos and hotels will be built.

The projected earnings over the first five years is 1.8 billion dollars. Our source told us the board was looking forward to the next football season.

N. Y. U. PROGRAM BORED PRESENTS...

A P R I L

monday tuesday wednesday thursday friday saturday

<p>Lecture Committee presents 6 JOHN C. SAWHILL — how to resign "Loved by millions" Shimmel Auditorium 4:37 and 4:41 P.M. \$1.00</p>	<p>7 MOVIE! GIDGET GOES ANOREXIC! Eisner & Lubin 4:72 and 9:84 P.M. \$.99 "Marvelous!" — Joe Franklin</p>	<p>15 JIM NABORS "Sings at NYU" Eisner and Lubin 7:53 P.M. FREE! "Loved by millions"</p>	<p>2 MOVIE! GIDGET GOES TO DOWNTOWN CALCUTTA! Eisner and Lubin 3:52 and 8:07 P.M. "Marvelous!" — Joe Franklin</p>	<p>3 PARAPLEGIC DANCE CLUB presents DANCE FOR THOSE WHO CAN Eisner and Lubin 6:26 P.M. tickets: \$6 w/ ID \$1 w/o ID</p>	<p>4 "HIS T.V. ALBUM IS SWEEPING AMERICA!" BOXCAR WILLIE "He's captured America's Heart!" "Loved by millions" Top of the Park 3:24 and 10:64 P.M. \$10.00 w/o ID \$100.00 w/ ID</p>
	<p>14 MOVIE! GIDGET GOES TO PSYCHO-THERAPY! Eisner & Lubin 4:44 and 8:88 P.M. \$1.00 "Marvelous!" — Joe Franklin</p>	<p>Peter Lemmonjello TOP OF THE PARK 9:53 P.M. \$5.00 w/ ID \$.50 w/o ID "Loved by millions"</p>	<p>16 MOVIE! GIDGET GOES SENILE! FREE! Eisner and Lubin 1:00 P.M. "Marvelous!" — Joe Franklin</p>	<p>10 </p>	

WHAT'S GNU?



That is. That animal in the picture. It's a gnu. Not a pleasant picture is it? That's because gnus aren't pleasant animals.

They are lousy talkers, and couldn't make a decent eggplant parmasean if their lives depended on it. They aren't much fun in bed and aren't worth a damn in a polo match. They aren't smart and they aren't polite.

THEY AREN'T PLEASANT AT ALL.

They're messy and ugly. They're lousy house-keepers, poor maids, and probably wouldn't know the first thing about shampooing your rugs.

They don't have valuable financial advice to give you. They have no codes of personal hygiene and aren't worth a damn in a water polo match. They're also lousy talkers. You wouldn't want to buy a used car from one, much less let your sister marry one.

WE REALIZE THIS, WE'RE S.M.E.G.M.A., STUDENTS MANDATING THE EXTERMINATION OF GNUS, MYNABIRDS, AND ABOLONES.

The way we see it these beasts aren't worth the air they breathe. We think they're a menace to society. If you think differently, then answer these questions, if you can.

- 1) When has a gnu helped your grandmother across the street?
- 2) How many mynabirds do you know who have died in service to their country?
- 3) Has an abolone ever tried to cheer you up when you were feeling down?

If you are like most students, your answers to those questions were July 8, 1932 "42 or 43" and "yes"

THAT'S WHAT MOST AMERICANS THINK, AND THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMERICA.

WE CARE. S.M.E.G.M.A., Students Mandating the Extermination of Gnus, Mynabirds, and Abolones.

Interested in joining? Contact us at
Room 504, NYU Student Activities Annex
21 Washington Place,
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COMING OUT OF THE CLOSET?
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N.Y.U. GAY Coalition

WANT TO BE A CHEERLEADER?
Then you should have gone to a school where they got sports. Tough luck.

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Nuclear silos in subways

UPS—WASHINGTON D.C.—A spokesman for the Defense Department's Pentagon Planning Office of Operations for Development and Deployment of Strategic Deterrence Forces (Nuclear) announced at a press conference today that the Air Force's proposed MX missile project has been cancelled.

The MX project was a multi-billion dollar plan which would have called for 200, or so, missiles to be placed on launcher/transporters. The launcher/transporters would be on a large track which would have several shelters connected to it. The launcher/transporters could then be able to drive from shelter to shelter, each one being several hundred yards from the next. In this way the missiles would have been virtually invulnerable to a pre-emptive Soviet strike; since the Russians would not know where the forever moving missiles were—they could not hit them.

Secretary of Defense, Caspar Weinberger, said that the Reagan administration was not "by any means" scrapping the program entirely, just radically altering it. "We started with just a thought and turned it into a notion, then we formed a committee to see if it could be transformed into an idea. Now all that remains (to be done) is to delegate a task force to work it into a proposal," Secretary Weinberger said. The new proposed "proposal" would call for the MX missiles to be mounted on specially modified R-46 subway cars and shuttled around the New York City subway system.

President Reagan has expressed his support for the new plan. "It's a great idea—I'm told New York has hundreds of miles of subway tracks (260 miles in the four boroughs with subways) why the reds would never find them (the missiles) even if they fired a thousand warheads at New York City!" When questioned about concerns that the ICBM (intercontinental ballistic missile) network would only increase the city's chances of a first-strike, President Reagan said, "Well, New York's such a nice place to visit, if the Soviets attack—it will be the first place to go."

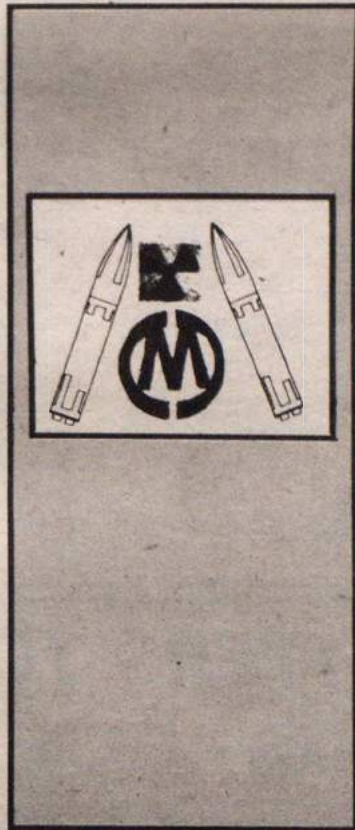
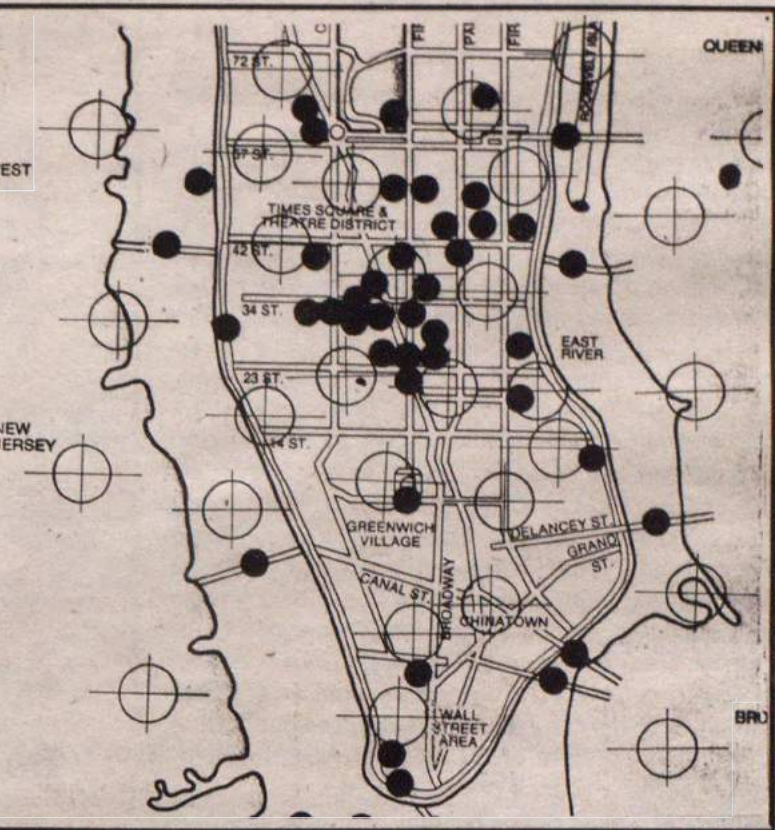
Other officials were equally supportive of the plan. Mayor Ed Koch, who wants to maintain good relations with President

Reagan, has expressed his support for the plan. Commented the Mayor: "Ah . . . I hope nobody steals one, but as long as those soldiers pay their fares, we don't mind. Seriously though, New York really has no choice in the matter, accepting the missiles is the only way the city can get Federal funding for Mass Transit."

Strap-hangers are, to say the least, not happy with the scheme. Commented one commuter, "Those damn missiles will take up too much room; there'll be no room to stand, you know?"

Another passenger, who turned out to be a West German tourist, said, "Vell, if we had these in World War Two, it would've been all different."

The general feeling about the subway missile plan is one of uncertainty, uncertainty of the effect, uncertainty of the safety.



New Critical-Mass Transit Authority logo, right; Snews exclusive, captured Russian top secret map of strategic Subway lines, left.

Illustrations: Peter Rieger

Rapped Curtis Blow, head of the Guardian Angels (a citizen safety patrol group):
 It's a Pro-li-feration!
 It's a De-to-nation!
 I go back and forth and forth and back
 'Don't want no bombs on the subway track.
 Surviving the rush-hour is my mission
 I don't want no nuclear fission
 It's a Pro-li-feration!
 It's a De-to-nation!
 There's a parity goin' on right here
 We don't need more Nuclear!
 We got muggers, perverts, and rapists too.
 Down on the platform it is a zoo.
 Now you want to make it atomic too?
 It's a Pro-li-feration!
 It's a De-to-nation!
 I don't box, nor 'know no karate

'Don't want radiation in my body!
 Think I better let it go ...
 Looks like another Dove TKO
 When questioned about some people's fear that the MX missiles might be set off accidentally, a spokesman for the MTA (Mass Transit Authority) said, "If a nuclear explosion occurred at rush hour it would delay service considerably."
 But despite the uncertainties, the fears, the concern, and the danger, the project will begin as scheduled. Some of the work already under way:
 —The Army Corps of Engineers is beginning to "camouflage" the R-46 subway cars with graffiti.
 —The Mass Transit System is changing its name to the Critical-Mass transit System.

Students don't realize where they are

By RON NO-WITS

A WSS poll discovered that students are not aware of the name of the school they attend. The poll was completed last Thursday 700 responses recorded.

A surprising 41 percent of the students polled have no idea what school they go to. An outstanding 77 percent of those polled think they are in a state mental institution.



SHENAP Junior Wanda Gohome thinking she is a warrior at the battle of Marathon, sits in her Precalculus class as she slays a Ozolian Locrian Hoplite.

photo: NYU Photography Bureau

There were 4 students out of the 700 who guessed that they went to NYU after the following true or false question: "You go to New York University."
 When acting president Benntt was asked about the polls results, he commented, "We run the best fish farm in the nation." On a sad note, the reporter who took the poll was killed while he was polling students near Bellevue.

Really big fire in Main

By RON TWITT

There was a really big fire in Main the other day. It was hot. It was bright. It was really big. A big red fire engine had to come and put it out as all the students had to go out in the street so they would not get trapped in the building and get caught in the fire and die or something. It happened around 11:09 a.m. the other day.

Norman Snerd, a freshman at WSUC, said "when is all this going to stop? First they make us wait on line for hours to

register each term, and then they make us spend all this money on books for all our courses! And then I get mean stares from odd-numbered elevator operators whenever I mention an even-numbered floor!"

Another concerned student at the fire refused to comment.

"I suppose this is as good a time as any . . ." stated Dean Roach, "to finally tell the truth." Staring at the big and orange flames coming out of the windows she said with tears in her eyes, "the real Dean Roach died in an NYU fire three years ago, and I've

been faking it all this time." An ambulance escorted her away as she ignited herself.

The nice firemen put out the fire with water. They had all these hoses and stuff on their truck that they used to put out the fire. They were wearing boots and helmets and everything. The cause of the fire was something unimportant. Allegedly, an elevator operator named "Enrico" went berserk and torched down the seventh floor with a flame-thrower. But police are still investigating. About thirty people died in the fire.



photo: NYU Photography Bureau

The really big fire the other day happened in the Main Building.

editorial

THE TRUTH

Student activities are activities, simply, which involve, at one time or another, students. Active students may and should participate actively in student activities.

Recently, some questions have arisen, however, as to the roles of certain student groups on campus. Various student organizations have attempted to get even more money from the University. Although these groups receive their allocations through the goodness of the corporations' hearts, they do not humble themselves and are not properly grateful for the pennies they receive.

Just last month, a campus group fought to receive funding directly from student tuition money. We, at WSS, are glad that this horrendous, immoral, unethical and un-American attempt failed. As we pointed out in our editorials, stories and letters' column, student groups have no right to receive so much money in such a way. Every group must go through the proper channels before receiving funds. Only student activities with high standards and far superior quality may overlook the official process.

Take the Washington Square Snews. After years of suitable homage, we now proudly receive 100-percent of our funds (including salaries) from the NYU Corporation. And we are a student publication. It's easy to tell we're a student publication. Just look down at the bottom of the editorial page, under the staff box, in the corner, in small print—it says:

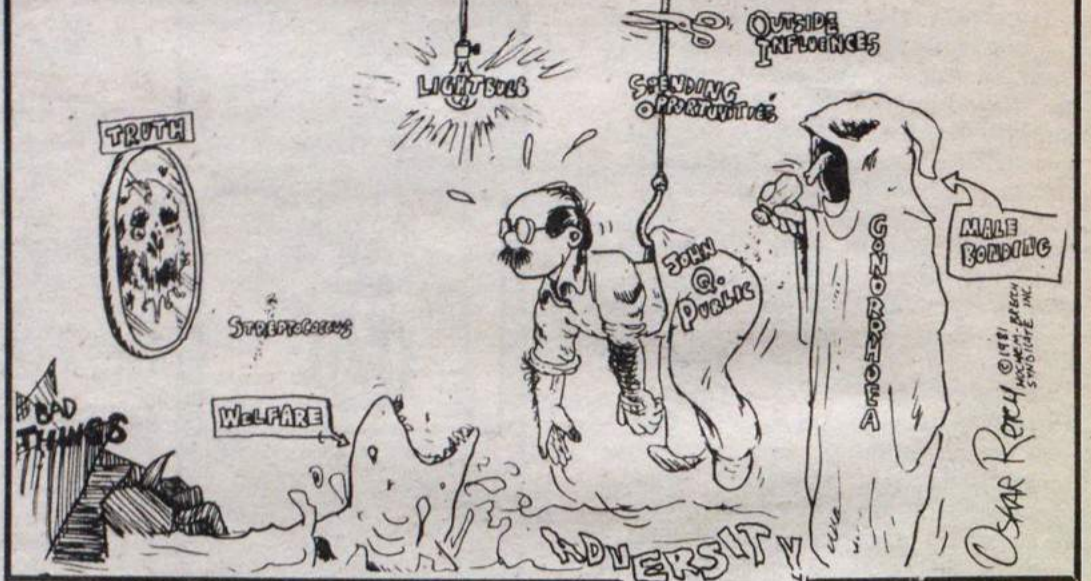
"The Washington Square Snews is published twice weekly by the students of New York University." You see? No kidding.

So, as paid students of New York University, we at WSS call for:

- a) No more budget appeals for student groups on campus.
 - b) No more parties allowed for student groups on campus.
 - c) No more student newspapers or magazines allowed on campus.
 - d) Increased funding of the Washington Square Snews, official student newspaper on campus.
- 2) No more commie groups on campus.

If we're going to have student activities running well on campus, we have a responsibility to keep the active students running.

"Gee! Thank Goodness for the Government!"



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Shithead

To the Editor:

The NYU Administration is aware that much of the student body is P.O.'d about the school's calendar, especially the fact that the fall semester doesn't end until January. We, the Administration, feel it is time to present the positive aspects of our bizarre system to the students, and we chose *The New York Times* of college newspapers in which to do so.

The point we want to present is that if you, the students, would wake up to all the advantages inherent in our calendar, you would be eternally grateful to us. One of the biggest complaints on the NYU campus is that students are forced to study during Christmas vacation. But just think, is there a better way to avoid the forced interaction with your family during the holiday season? The lucky NYU student can leave the living room with the excuse that one must study for finals. Instead of complaining, you should pity all your friends at other colleges who must endure hours with distant aunts interrogating them about whether they wear clean underwear.

Another common complaint is that NYU students do not have time to socialize with friends during their Christmas vacation. Now, be truthful. Do you really want to spend time with your 9th grade chum after you haven't seen him or her for five years? The NYU Administration believes it is providing an essential mental health service for the student body. Because you are cooped up studying every minute during vacation, you do not have time to reawaken the old jealousies, resentments and anger of your high school years.

Perhaps the most serious argument which has been raised is that students cannot work full time in January. Since this argument involves the topic of money, the NYU Administration can easily understand it. We realize what might happen if students acquired too much of the green stuff, instead of remaining poor like NYU students should. You would not come back in February, which means NYU would lose out on substantial amounts of tuition

payments.

The NYU Administration sincerely hopes we have enlightened the students to the fact that they are attending a school which is ahead of its time.

Dr. I.M. Bennett, M.D.

Acting-President, N.Y.U.

Geek

To the Editor:

I can't seem to understate the way NYU mistreats sum of it's students. Especially NYU's Finanshul Ade Deepartmint mistreats NYU students specially. As one of this students i shold now how badly NYU's Financhell Department treat us. I am a member of a minority of NYU students, i'm a illerate student. As a illerate student i find it vary, vary hard too stay in shcool and mentoin good grade and git money from the shcool so i can sty in shcool. I fill that the shcool is pers-Q-tin me for not reeding and riteing to good.

This is specially troo of professors and stuents and adminstors at NYU how can reed and rite better then stuents like me can reed and rite. They are offen mean too me becawz i can not reed to well an they can not understate what ib am riting. I think this is not far it is unfar and i am mad about it very much.

This is unfar caws i can not reed the books that are assined too me to reed and i cannot reed them vary much at all. I can not rite paprs or anser qeustons on tests too well to and i get reel bad gardes becaws of the porbelms. Wen i get bad gardes i have trub-bell getting money form financial deepartmint and when and when i dont get money i cant go to shcool no more.

This makes me vary vary mad becus if i hav too not go too shcool thn i hav too go too work but i can not get wokr because i can not reed or rite too well si i cant get a job to eezy. This makes me vary vary mad.

Juan Chagetiaglasabir
GSAS

Cretin

To the Editor:

I'm a SOA freshman who doesn't really have many opinions or thoughts or anything. I guess that's why I don't have many friends. I guess that's why when I

say, "hello" to people they just hide their faces as they shuffle past me only to erupt into violent fits of laughter when they have passed out of, what they wrongly suppose is, my earshot. I guess that's why I'm spending a perfectly nice Saturday night, not sucking Dutch beer from a buxom vixen's pumps at the Ritz, or hoity-toitying around at One University Place, but sitting in a dark, dank cubicle at 3-5 University Place writing this letter.

What have I got to say? Simply this—Bronx Democratic boss Stanley Friedman has moved the offices of the county organization to a two-story building in the Pelham Parkway section owned by Republican Assemblyman Guy Vellella. Efficient endodontics is only possible through organization. I put up with that sort of funning around for 735 days in a row; do you really care to journey with me to the happy carefree days of yesteryear?

On the other hand, Bob Gause, who died recently at Coon Rapids, Iowa, was most famous for his cordial relationship with Russian premier Nikita Krushchev. But I remember him as one who had little but contempt for anyone who grows alfalfa. I bet'cha' the East Germans didn't get much! but junk. Their Santa Claus is Krushchev dressed up giving them, instead of presents, "Praganda."

I hope you don't think I'm crazy, really, but I think you know what I mean. Hi mom!

Norman Toothguy
SOA

PLAGUE

Vol. 4, No. 4 "All the News That's Fit to Print" April 1, 1981

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Although this newspaper contains silly, ridiculous, inaccurate articles, it is NOT the *Washington Square News*. This paper, the *Washington Square Snews*, is the creation of the *Plague*, and it is our April First's present to the students, faculty and administrative personnel of NYU. It was not our intent to have this paper taken seriously (well, maybe for just a little while).

Any similarity between persons depicted in this paper and real persons (living, dead, or otherwise) is purely accidental and unintentional (which is a pretty good description of the staff of the *Washington Square News*).

We, at the *Plague*, know that everyone with a sense of humor will not be upset, angered, vexed, or miffed by our newspaper, and that is why we expect a lot of trouble from the *Washington Square News* ...

So much for the disclaiming—now for the claiming. *The Plague* is published 5 times a year. Our office, which we'd like you to visit, is located in room 504 of the Student Activities Annex, 21 Washington Place, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. Notes or material can be left in Box 79 or 80 in the aforementioned building. Or you can call us at (212) 475-9701 or 598-4044.

Letter Policy

The *Washington Square Snews* finds letters and soapboxes from its readers to be silly and inane examples of how idiots relieve themselves of their frustrations. All soapbox entries should be double-spaced, no more than 500 words, rolled counterclockwise, and inserted into left ear of the writer. Letters should be mixed with refried beans and tabasco sauce and served in a tortilla.

—soapbox I—

N.Y.B.I.R.D. defends its nest

Your publication's recent editorial proposing extermination of the pigeons in Washington Square Park was chock-full of the inhumane, neo-fascist, overblown, mendacious propaganda that fills decent, sensitive NYU students with outrage and disgust. In ridiculing the Village's most familiar birds as "flightless, dirty creatures who only . . . get in the way of the park's bums and pushers (thus interfering with neighborhood commerce)," you have done a great disservice to your readers and the community. The area's pigeons are as vital an aspect of the Square's ecological balance as the little lady who walks backwards on LaGuardia Place. Furthermore, your suggested policy of catching squirrels and chucking them at our winged brethren is unconscionable.

We, the members of the New York Bird Idolaters' Research Department (NYBIRD), wish also to respond to allegations concerning next month's student referendum, which would add a \$1 fee for NYBIRD to student tuition. Keeping the primary goal of improved human-bird relations in mind, here are the specifics to be funded by the extra revenue:

- 1) ARA food service for the park pigeons (including feed, worms, bread crumbs, creamed corn);
- 2) A program in which NYU pre-meds and biology majors would spend three weekends per term con-

ducting checkups and performing "broken egg" abortions;

- 3) Manufacture and implantation of false beaks for aged birds by Dentistry School students;
- 4) An exchange with New York University in Paris for French "evening" pigeons to satisfy the needs of the locals.

This bare-bones plan had to be submitted by our organization after all other sources of funding had proven dry. The All-Square Student Budget Allocation Committee With A Really Dense Staff (ASSBACWARDS) allotted us \$12.37; only the Russian Roulette Club received less. We have been accused of trying to subvert the activities-funding process, most notably by *Washington Square Snews* editor and administration mouthpiece Rhino Krust.

Yet there is one "student" club that has surreptitiously avoided the standard process for several years—the WSS. For a variety of misty, shapeless reasons, the NYU student body has remained largely unaware of the *Snews*' unusual funding methods:

- 1) Receiving \$18 from each student's tuition (acquired through the blackmailing of Bursar's Office employees with incriminating photos and wiretap transcripts);
- 2) The operating of a popular bordello on St. Mark's

Place;

- 3) The laundering of funds from the above sources through Mexico to keep the Feds in the dark;
- 4) A proposal currently before the University Senate that calls for the first-born male child of every NYU student to become an indentured servant to a WSS staffer.

Given the amiable relationship between the WSS and those whose duty it is to prevent such nausea-including abuse of university loot, an official cleanup may be too much to expect. But be forewarned: NYBIRD will not be content to chirp submissively as monies are pumped into self-indulgent, pseudo-journalistic pulp. Now that spring has arrived, and the senior officials of the statewide NYBIRD have returned from a winter in the Everglades, we will crusade tirelessly to end budgetary abuses—LIKE A RAVENOUS BIRD OF PREY, content only when his VICTIM'S BLOOD DRIPS FROM HIS TALONS.

Tippi Hitchcock
President, N.Y.B.I.R.D.

—soapbox II—

Moron can't find coffee

I tend to think of myself as a man full of patience and long suffering. My contact and experience with NYU has tested these qualities to the limit. I have endured everything from humiliation during registration to masonry falling from the buildings. However, patience usually has its foundations on a hope or situation that transcends and compensates for the bad. And New York University is one of the more prestigious institutions in the United States. There is the much lauded Law School, the School of the Arts, a Medical School. But I have yet to find A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE anywhere on campus!!

It is easy to pass over this most critical of situations. Hundreds of moral-less merchants have camped on the gates of NYU, their dark minds filled with nothing but the black fluid market. Coffee Shops are aware that though NYU teeters on the brink of academic greatness or mediocrity it has fallen into an abyss of improperly brewed coffee.

Sure there is a Pub. Beer. Big deal. They buy it from a giant corporation whose sole function is to brew beer. But an urn, a pot, a cup of good coffee,

forget it! Not at NYU. The situation is indicative of the disregard this institution has for the individual. Good coffee is the work of one talented and dedicated INDIVIDUAL. A person who realizes that Coffee, CAFFEINE is an integral part of the American system. Maybe even more so these days than the dollar.

You may say "so what." Cretin! Imagine a day without coffee for those who imbibe. Imagine a week, a month, a year! Can you do it? Imagine the gears of industry grinding to a halt. The stock exchange shredded by chaos. Moving into the late morning without COFFEE. Damn it I'm serious. And unbeknownst to most of the NYU community we sit on just such a time bomb. Uncaring and careless bureaucrats have been entrusted with this most important TASK.

The university is training leaders for the future huh? Then why do the administrators not correct this malice at its root? Does tomorrow hold unthinkable horrors because students are not being given good coffee today? I envision jumbo airliners crashing into buildings, filmmakers shooting at the wrong f stop. The Horror of it all.

Who is the new NYU President? Has he ever, once, stated his position on the foul coffee conditions at Weinstein, Loeb or Rubin? NO, NO, NO.

The time has come to wise up to this most critical of situations. NYU's professorial staff has concocted LSD, in the past, in massive quantities. Why not decent coffee? Don't let painful withdrawal symptoms be an inevitable part of your future. Stand up NOW! We are all paying inflated prices for tuition, room and board. Demand good coffee. Warped and heedless men are gambling with your future and the future of America. Let it be said by future coffee drinkers that this was our finest hour. In the face of insurmountable conditions we overcame. Oil, gold, security, these are all ploys to distract us. Waver not. Our morning happiness is in the balance.

L.X. IHENTE
BPA

—G. Gordon Liddy: My Will Be Done—

The Castration of America: a Cure?

Now that Ronald Reagan's administration has had a couple of months to settle comfortably into the nation's capital, groans of despair have begun to replace the initial shouts of optimism. The new president's supporters have lost their hopes of quickly passing the federal budget cuts through a constipated Congress, and resigned themselves to a long struggle which will inevitably produce a mangled version of the Reagan program. It is a lesson which must be bitterly learned by each new Chief Executive, no matter how idiotically he vows to make the legislative branch do his bidding during the election campaign.

When the impotence of the Congress finally hits home, the Commander-in-Chief must seize upon a new strategy for righting the American ship of state. This is where the lily-livered Jimmy Carter failed miserably, whimpering about weak-sister issues of world peace and human rights like a useless old woman who deserves to be shot but for waste of ammo. Now that his economic policies are about to be dismantled, President Reagan can still keep intact his promise to make the United States respected throughout the world. He can do it by rebuilding a weapon of strength which has fallen into a woeful state of neglect: the American intelligence network.

When I joined the Bureau in the late fifties, it con-

sisted largely of veteran G-men who learned the gospel at Mr. Hoover's knee: "We learn everything we can by any means we can, and only tell the government what J. Edgar wants them to know." Then there were the new recruits like me, men of steely nerve who were ready to carry out any order and to seek out danger and adventure (we didn't have Space Invaders then.)

Things got even better in the sixties when the Bureau got its own TV series, "The FBI." Efreim Zimbalist Jr. became a folk hero equal to John Wayne and Sandy Koufax. Recruitment leaped by 120 percent; the show was our greatest public relations tool. Additionally, as the civil rights movement spread across the South, youthful rednecks who had no one left to legally abuse or maim joined the FBI and CIA. It was our finest hour.

But in the following decade, one disaster after another struck. "The FBI" was cancelled. J. Edgar not only died a virgin, but took half of our secret contacts to his grave. During the Vietnam-Watergate era, public knowledge of projects such as domestic mail surveillance and foreign assassinations killed the intelligence agencies' effectiveness. How can such bodies operate when turncoat expose writers and the rest of the jelly-spined media are telling people what we are doing? Of course, Mike Wallace never had to kill a Guatemalan short-order cook to save American lives, so I shouldn't expect a holier-than-thou simpleton like him to understand.

Perhaps the greatest drain on our ability to interest potential agents has been the motion picture industry. When Irwin Allen produced "The Poseidon Adventure" and "The Towering Inferno" in the early seventies, scores of FBI and CIA candidates left to do stunt work for the movies. To be perfectly frank, it was a lot more exciting and the pay was better. Then just as the demand for stunt men ebbed, "Smokey and the Bandit" and "Hooper" lured away our top-speed drivers. Any agent worth his tie clip yearns to roast Allen and Hal Needham over an open fire and eat their left haunches for what they have done to this country.

The time is now for Reagan's administration to pour every available dollar into covert espionage, which is the key to the type of foreign policy that made us Number One. Already there have been encouraging signs. William Clark was confirmed as Secretary of State Haig's deputy despite his inability to say where or what Zimbabwe is. I salute this man's selective knowledge as the kind of State Department wisdom that once enabled our intelligence community to maintain the national honor in every corner of the globe. If any top-level positions open up, it would be in America's best interests for Secretary Haig to inquire if Mr. Clark has any unemployed relatives.

Mr. Liddy writes this nationally syndicated column between appearances on The Merv Griffin Show.



LLOYD LENSKA

"Love Bagel" maker of Bobkin Lane

Lloyd Lenska can be seen everyday in Bobkin Lane peddling his "love bagels." Lloyd, the brother of famous actress Rula Lenska who happens to be in town visiting friends, was an insurance broker in the United Kingdom. He came to the Village in the 1960's when they ran out of drugs in England.

Lloyd tells of a story where he met Dotty Lipshitz, the legendary bialy roller, at a Long Island home while she was having a ritual convert session in which young girls were transformed into creatures called JAPS. While there, Lloyd related to me, he learned an ancient cult rite called bagel match-making.

This "foodoo" as Lloyd likes to call it, can make any person fall in love with any other one if eaten with a little lox and cream cheese between the hours of ten o'clock in

the morning and one o'clock in the afternoon. He claims it never fails.

This slightly skeptical reporter wanted to try it out. He began the prayers for me and took out a choice of bagels for me to choose from. Lloyd had pumpernickel, onion, sesame, salt, garlic (an extra powerful one), honey and raisin, and plain. I took the plain and he started chanting his prayers and kneeling in front of the wall on the Bobst library side of Bobkin Lane. His chants were loud and strenuous, often causing people to cover their ears.

His chants are best understood as a hybrid of the dying sounds of a moose and a bunch of sailors that finished three cases of baked beans. When he finished his chants, he asked me for the name of the person I wanted to fall in love with me, in

my case it was Wendi. He then warned me that for the next twenty-four hours only she would be affected; but after that time any one who ate the bagel would fall in love with me including myself.

He then told me a very powerful story about his bagels. Lloyd told me of the time Jerry Falwell came to him and wanted a love bagel for Anita Bryant. But by accident this bagel was put into an airplane engine which happened to be flying over the midwest of the United States that next day.

Lloyd said he was to blame for the upsurge in homosexuality and bestiality in the last few years but told me not to worry because he was working on an antidote for the bagel's effects and said the anti-toxin could be found in pork products. I said I hoped he found a cure quickly and ran out to find Wendi.

NYU turns away fulltime students "Part-timers are where the real money is"

By LANCE GALLANT

Acting president of NYU, I.M. Benntt has begun plans to shut down classes and facilities to all full-time students in deference to the part-timers currently taking courses at the University.

"It's where the real money is," said Benntt to a group of NYU stockholders. "By limiting classes and services to part-timers,

we'll clean up. Besides," he added with a laugh, "Full-time students are real dips. So are the part-timers, but at least they have money!"

Asked to clarify that last statement, Benntt answered, "Well, it's really simple. The average part-timer is an up-and-coming business executive who'll do anything—and spend everything (chuckle)—to get that crummy little degree. Boy, will we take

them to the cleaners!"

Among the many recommendations submitted by Benntt to the stockholders are: more two-point courses ("They'll stretch out the terms—provided we go with the 128 point requirement and charge \$200 for every half-point."), twenty-eight to thirty percent interest on financial aid loans, and the discouragement of minorities from attending courses ("They'll never be able to

meet our requirements—they're all practically poor.")

Implementation of this new plan will probably take place in April—right in the middle of the current Spring semester. Asked if this early start wouldn't cause some discomfort to the full-time students now attending NYU, Benntt shrugged and replied "So what? Who gives a damn about them? I sure haven't—at least not since I came here. And if you print that I'll . . .!"

TV kiddie show host back in limelight

By JOE POPP

Remember Mister Wally, the TV Kid Show host who wowed a nation with his zany antics every week during the sixties? Ever wonder what happened to ol' Wally after his show went off the air?

Well, wonder no more. Wally Gibbs, the granpa of so many TV hosts, has been found. His current residence is a damp, dark alleyway somewhere in the Bowery. He sleeps off periodic drunks before rising at dawn to go begging for food. At fifty-nine, Wally's wardrobe consists of the rag-tag, third-hand clothes he stole from a Salvation Army headquarters. If you offer to buy him a bottle of Scotch, he'll sing the old *Mister Wally* theme song, "I'm So Relieved."

What brought this all on? Wally himself isn't sure: "All I remember is the flashy cars, the summer house in the Catskills, all that stuff! Then one day they catch me—(hic)—buying some ten-year old kid an ice cream cone. Just that one thing, and it was all over."

But was it really "just that one thing"? Or were the incriminations that there was more to that act than met the eye true? "Look, all I remember—(burp!)—is seeing this good looking boy walk up for an autograph. If you were me, wouldn't you want to show your appreciation to such a pretty, fair-haired young sun-god who made you feel really good? Huh?"

Mister Wally's show, syndicated in America and abroad from 1960 to 1971, was one of the biggest attractions to be found on the small screen. Who could

forget his motley group of regulars, which included Bruce, the hairdresser (currently serving a 30-year-to-life sentence for bank robbery in upstate Connecticut), Captain Jock and that lazy, good-for-nothing confident of Wally's, Andy Cool. "I remember Andy pretty well—God, I hated him," replied Wally. "Ran off with my third wife, the little creep."

What does Wally see happening in his future? "I dunno," he replied. "Mebbe I'll visit some of my old friends and hit them up for the dough they borrowed from me. Then I'll get some airtime and . . . I feel sleepy. What's your question again?"

As I left the Bowery alley where I found Wally, I could hear America's ex-hero yell, in the darkness, "But what about the gin you promised me?"



1966



Today

"Mister Wally" Gibbs

photo: National Enquirer

GLANCE AT A WEEK

MONDAY, MARCH 30

Already passed—so forget about it.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31

Gone also, too bad—it was a pretty good day.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1

11:00 RUSSIAN SOCIETY: Meeting to discuss possible existence of Russian culture. Room 312, Loeb.

12:00 OUTDOOR CLUB: No meetings ever—we're always out.

2:00 PAT BENATAR CLUB: People hit each other with their best shots.

4:00 SUICIDE HOTLINE: Need a hand? Call 555-1276

5:47.59 PRECISION CLUB: Lecture (752 words—912 syllables)

THURSDAY, APRIL 2

9:00 SPECIAL K: Start of dance marathon to raise money for cereal bowls.

11:00 ANTI-STUDENT NUCLEAR ORGANIZATION: Exxon, GM, and IT&T discuss why all students should be banned from universities.

1:00 PLAGUE: General Meeting; 5th fl. 21st Student Annex.

2:00 CONNECT THE DOTS CLUB: Meeting and lecture, "Einstein's theory of dots." Room 645, 21st Student Annex.

3:00 GAELIC PEOPLE'S UNION: Meeting to encourage students to come forward and admit they're Irish. 7th floor closet, Loeb.

4:00 CYPHER CLUB: Meeting to discuss XXZLOWQQ and RRFMGHT in Rm. @5**

6:00 ABUSE: Sexual awareness carnival (Washington Square Park).

FRIDAY, APRIL 3

10:00 PSYCHOLOGY CLUB: You will attend the meeting ... Your eyes are getting sleepy ... You will come ... You will come ...

11:00 TURKISH STUDENT SOCIETY: Turkish students beat up Greek students; Cypriot students get to watch.

12:00 BRISTO PRE-MED AND SEX SOCIETY: Meeting (bring your own cot).

1:00 BLACK JEWISH WOMEN'S BUSINESS SORORITY: Lecture "How to be a success with three strikes against you."

2:00 S&M SOCIETY: Club elections, positions to be decided; President, Vice President, and Dart Board.

4:00 JAPANESE STUDENT ASSOCIATION and ITALIAN STUDENT ASSOCIATION meet at DEUTSCHE HAUS to discuss success the third time around.

5:00 ZETA ALPHA BETA TAU PSI KAPPA DELTA PHI TAE KWON DO SORORITY: Get together—skirts sit around gossiping and stabbing each other in the back.

6:00 EETA BITA THI SORORITY: Come and meet the sisters at our sister tasting party. Come. Oh God, it's sooo good. Plato's Retreat was never this good. Come? Pink and Purple Room, Loeb.

7:00 HAPPY CENTER: Sanguine men and vivacious women are welcome to find support, information, references, and friends. Also a good place to hang out. Sponsored by the Happy People's Union.

No Fascist Pigs these

By RHINO RHINO KRUD

In 1957, some months after World War II ended, two young Belgian artists decided that enough was enough. War had ravaged Europe, the climate was not right for the statements their art strove to make. With nothing but a toothbrush and \$75,000 worth of gold coins, they set out for a place that existed only as in a wonderful fable. A place which welcomed the tired. The hungry. The poor. The huddled masses. To Greenland they fled.

It was there that the two young artists met two vacationing alchemists, Pugsley Kai-Shek and Fester Guevara. After several meals, Kai-Shek and Guevara returned to their native Des Moines.

"Alchemy was somehow no longer as fulfilling as it was before we left," Pugsley recalls, grinning happily. "Our Belgian friends Yves and Bullwinkle had shown us that art was beauty and that alchemy was alchemy."

"We labored for years to find our particular state of mind. Our first theme was the left shoe and its lace. Through this object, in its simplicity, we hoped to find truth and consequences. Inversion was our statement, you know. Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Picasso, Michaelangelo, Marcia Brady," said Fester of "The Shoe Period" of their work. In the foreground of a swaying cornucopia, cormorants fluttering their plumage over a cordon of cordovan-clad Mr. and Mrs. American Gothic pie, the duo were arrested for vagrancy, flown to New York, and sentenced to three years in dental school.

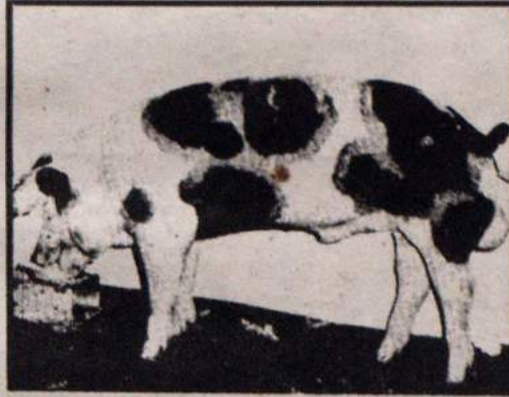


photo: Indiana Prairie Farmer

Herbie the Duroc, NYU's smiling Pig.

Both graduated in 1968, a year of turmoil which affected equally their dentistry and their art. "To make crooked teeth straight is the lord's work," extemporized Pugsley. It was not until 1969 that they realized a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. "Shoes held no further discoveries for us. Nothingness was our new calling. We then did nothing for 6 years." In 1973, however, the rolling stone gathered moss. Fester explains: "We constructed a 12-foot gas mask in Washington Square Park's fountain to express our bubbling enthusiasm at the release of 'Godzilla Vs. Megalon.' The curator of NYU's Grey Art Gallery saw us and offered us a position at the University. We were charg-

ed to fashion the second of two ceramic artworks which would instill school spirit instantly in anyone who looked at it."

Ironically, the Belgians, Yves and Bullwinkle, had designed the first of these, a gorgeous and expressive football with the NYU emblem on the side. Pugsley remembers emotively, "We saw it and were knocked out. When we came to, we knew that ours too must be special. Our thought processes went up, then down. Up and down. Up, but not down. Not up, but down. Half-way up and all the way down. All the way up, and half-way down. Up and down then up then down. Up then down and further down, then up and up and up then down and down and down and a little bit up but finally down. Despair had become exultation. We had found our direction. There was no doubt. It must be a pig."

The smiling NYU pig won swift and immediate acclaim. The work was housed in the bookstore where several thousand people a day filed in to look at it, ironically dwarfing interest in NYU football. NYU spirit, it has been said, will remain at its present peak as long as the pig holds forth on Washington Place. And, as everyone must know by now, Kenny Rogers' -1 smash hit "the Gambler" was written about the NYU pig. It is on display all day, all week, all month, all year, so go visit it. And think of Pugsley and Fester when you do. They've shown all NYU that every cloud as a silver lining.

INSIDE NEWS

Maggot goes

Jane Maggot is retiring tomorrow after a whole bunch of years of dedicated service to the NYU community. Everyone loved Jane, and no one knows who she was. But NYU students, as happy-go-lucky and school-spirit-oriented people that they are, swarmed by the ten-thousands to wish Ms. Maggot well in her future endeavors.

"She did so much for us," said junior Bill White, "'cause that's what everyone tells me."

"Yeah well she's old and she'll probably die soon anyway so who needs her rotting away here?," stated concerned student Mitzi Wallace.

At a gala reception organized the day before yesterday for her farewell, the three students present were having a good time. One of them played the piano, and the four of them sat around singing and drinking wine. The party started at approximately 9:00 p.m.

Class bum stolen

Some things have been a tradition at NYU—apathy, tuition hikes, voting down the 4-4 schedules and another old tradition has returned.

Two masked students stole the Class Bum in broad daylight from the WSUC Dean Jill Claster's office last Wednesday. After threatening a secretary with a "severe noodle lashing" they woke the rumbled Oscar J. Punkett from his wine-induced stupor and dragged him away. Dean Claster admitted she was using the Bum as a paper weight, saying, "It's been cold out, so I invited him in. He was holding down some important papers. I think it was a resume from Old Man Sawhill."

The secretary, Miss Secretary, stated, "The thieves wore disguises. One was dressed like the Unknown Comic and the other was dressed like a Renaissance painter—DaVinci or Titian. It was hard to tell, he had a stocking over his head.

Oscar Punkett, the class bum, has been a tradition at NYU for some time now. He

could always be found in Washington Square Park sleeping it off. During the winter months he would live in any of a number of school buildings or frat houses. The first day of spring was celebrated with his official return to the park each year.

The students dropped off a list of demands with the Washington Square Snews for the Bum's return, and, after adding a few ourselves, the demands are: All NYU flags be replaced by dirty laundry; tie 20 freshmen to the Purple Bagel in Main Building (the number 20 being symbolic to the number of freshmen they hate), a system of rebates offered to NYU students; and then, if administration officials say please, the Bum will be returned.

"Part of the reason we took him," wrote Mr. DaVinci, "was I didn't want that bum sleeping in the park during graduation when my mom can hear him snoring, you know?"

Murdoch buys Snews

Rupert Murdoch has announced plans to buy WSS.

The millionaire Australian-born publisher already owns The London Times, The London Sun, New York Magazine, and The New York Post among others.

With such an impressive list of publications it is a mystery why he would want to associate with this rag. Murdoch said he decided to buy the WSS because, "Well, I had a few bucks lying around and I figured 'What the hell?' Besides," he added, "It's my kind of paper. My kind of journalism."

When questioned about possible changes in the paper, Murdoch stated that he planned no major changes—except to "Get rid of all that college news. It's boring and nobody reads it." Instead, Murdoch plans to put in, "Pictures, lots of pictures of co-eds . . . Sorority girls . . . Dormitory girls . . . Big girls . . . Little girls . . . Girls . . . More girls . . . Girls, Girls, Girls."

Torch torched

Somebody torched *The Torch*.

The fire which started last Friday gutted the entire Torch building. (What building? actually all they have is a couple of lousy offices). Now, where was I? Oh, yeah, there was this fire, see? And it burned down *The Torch*. Too bad.

The blaze was termed arson by the Fire Dept. But they don't suspect—er . . . that is, they don't have any suspects.



photo: Howard Barbel, New Torch

HOWARD BARBEL

Torch officials, not torched officials—actually no one was hurt in the fire. It began just after the last person, a delivery boy, left. The delivery boy is wanted for questioning by the Police; he is described as being a black male, weight two metric tons, who uses phrases like "Eat my shorts!" What was I saying? That's right, now I remember. Torch officials say, "It will be months before the presses start rolling again . . . if ever."

In the meantime, *The Washington Square Snews* will be the only student newspaper. All the readers and advertisers will have to come to us.

Rhino Krust, Shah . . . er . . . ah . . . Editor-in-Chief of the WSS said to Howard Barbel, publisher of *The Torch*, "Look on the bright side—we do a better job anyway. After all, you people shouldn't have been funded; you're 4000 dollars in the red! What mismanagement!" Barbel then said something or other about the WSS being 30,000 dollars in the red.

Surveys surveyed

A student survey surveying surveyed students showed that, according to the students surveyed, there have been too many students surveys in the 1980-81 school year.

The survey of 3,458,282 students in WSUC (and 3 in SENHAP) showed that a surprising 46 percent and an unsurprising 23 percent (for a total of a slightly surprising 69 percent felt that the WSS conducted too many student surveys.

Commented one student, "Well, you know, it's like who cares? I mean it's like big deal, you know?" Other students were equally articulate in expressing their dissatisfaction with the useless WSS surveys.

Rhino Krust, Editor-in-Chief of the WSS, responded to the criticism by saying, "So what? Who cares what they want? If I listened to what the readers really wanted, I'd be on a barge heading for Staten Island right now."

Sexual harassment week climaxes

After a very successful week at N.Y.U., the National Organization for Sexual Harassment will move on to another university. The seminars, which were sponsored by the N.Y.U. club, A.B.U.S.E. (Absolutely Bizarre and Unusual Sexual Erotica) drew large crowds. The programs which included rape, sodomy and sexual abuses were widely viewed as an inspiration to the university's academic community. A special bus load of "emotionally unstable clients" from a nearby hospital were brought in to close the seminars. These special men and women will have a closing ceremony in the park which will include how to identify, and attract or repel attackers, depending on the attackee's wishes. This program has been applauded by all and was summed up by a student, "Giving the students what they want."

WSS SPORTS

Roundball mania sweeps NYU

By RHINOCEROUS SNAUSE

The return of a varsity basketball team is imminent according to a secret report which the WSS stole. The 133 page report was taken from acting president Bennett's fishing tackle box when left with security. After receiving the report, evidence was found to believe that a past varsity basketball team will be brought back to the school for the 1982-1983 school year.

Various factors were considered in the report including academic priority over sports, use of the Coles Sports Center which is now scheduled to open before the turn of the century, travel costs, scandal monies and player's insurance. But the report's biggest problem centered around which varsity basketball team to bring back. The report leaned towards bringing back a team from the late 1940's or early 1950's but was hesitant because of the age factor, all the players would be in their fifties and would have to be enrolled in SCE. No complete team could be brought back from any of NYU's early days and the 1960's and 1970's teams can't come because they don't have regular jobs and work part time at all hours of the day, besides the teams weren't that good.

A past WSS study has shown that for NYU to support a past varsity basketball team it would have to abolish SENHAP. The estimated cost computed by TheWSS's 14-year old high school bookkeeper was 32 million dollars.



The 1907 NYU Varsity Basketball Team

Courtesy of NYU Archives

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The computed figure includes:
Travel for team members to and from their homes:\$ 800,000.00

Travel for coaches and scouts:18,000.00
Salaries for Mark Simone to announce and Mr. Keys at the organ:4,750,000.00
Money for drugs, doctors, payoffs, social security:15,000,000.00
Money to broadcast on radio to keep team competitive:15,000.00
Money not to broadcast on radio:1,000,000.00
Money for maintenance of facilities:4.00
\$32,000,000.00

The WSS has calculated that to make a new team up would cost \$500,000 but the administration said they would have to lower the tuition and officials said that will never happen.

The report concludes that varsity basketball's fate would be decided by the new president. The president, who has been announced but will not be given column space until he is sworn in, will pick the last two digits of the daily numbers game on his/hers first day of office and if the number is odd we will have basketball, even and we get intramural badminton.

Varsity connect-the-dots to start



The first floor of Elmer Holmes Bobst Library

photo: NYU Photography Bureau

NYU's new president, John Brademas, approved the formation of a varsity connect-the-dots team yesterday. It was Brademas' first decision concerning the formation of a NYU athletic team. The team will receive \$10,000 in funding for uniforms, pens, pencils, crayons, and erasers.

Frank Zucker, former coach of the Notre Dame Dots, has been chosen to coach NYU's new team. He is credited with training Notre Dame's entire team to complete the *South Bend, Indiana Times* "kiddie" page in

6.2 seconds.

"I'm gonna make these boys have the most flexible wrists in town. First, we're gonna connect all the spots on the floor of Main Building. Then we'll go on to connecting vertices on the floor of Bobst," exclaimed an excited Coach Zucker.

Tryouts will be on April 15th at the gym on the fourth floor of the Education Building. To be accepted, team candidates will have to complete the Daffy Duck Dot Book in under three minutes. — NIT TWIT

Violet Punchball team looks for better year in '81

By DAVE LIPPMAN

NYU's punchball team is hoping to overcome last year's 3-12 record this season.

Coach Mike Woozio said, "We had some bad breaks last year, that's all. I mean, if we'd been able to find Mt. St. Vincent College, there wouldn't have been that forfeit."

A varsity squad, the punchball teams play all local schools in the 4-F division. Said the coach, "We play Mt. St. Vincent, Columbia, St. Joseph's, St. John's, and PS 41 at 6th Avenue and 11th Street. Those PS 41 kids are the toughest.

"See, they play tough, and get 'do-overs' all the time." A 'do-over' is when a play is horribly muddled up, or so confused that they have to do it over. 'Do-overs' occur

most often when the umpire is talking to someone.

Captain Ed "Big Biff" Biffman said, "We were run ragged by PS 41, and Seton Hall. The worst thing was that we got no fan support. Only twenty people came to our home games, and they were the boyfriends of the cheerleaders."

The Coach was enthusiastic. "Yeah, I know we blew some games, especially when Dortumunder put on his kid brother's jockstrap and hadda come out early, but the team was really trying. You should have seen Biffman slap that ball. He could give it a great spin that would go right by the third baseman, or whatever they call those guys.

Punchball requires a twelve-man team, the members of which wander around changing positions. The batter has to punch the ball past the infielders. The game, Woozio said, "requires great ability to aim,

dexterity, and gallons of speed."

"The problem was lack of practice time," Woozio said. "I mean, I could either work with those guys or work with the basketball team. There's not much future in punchball, so I can't devote my whole time to it. The other problem is that it's hard to get people to come out for punchball. They all think it's a sissy game."

The team is co-ed. When this reporter tried to interview the women after the game, he was beaten up by furious players. However, some did express the opinion as he was on his way out that "we're as good as any of them boys." They all had bigger moustaches and muscles than the boys, at any rate.

Ed Biffman said, "I think that if Dortumunder recovers from his herpes and Ling gets back from mono, and Edwards from the Navy, we could take our division. But

we're trying very hard. This year I led my division in total bases, and infielders trampled . . . some of those colleges can play rough, though. I tell you, punchball is getting more and more violent everyday . . ."

The punchball team has had a record of mediocrity except in 1944, when no college in New York had a single decent athlete, and NYU swept their division and won the gold cup in a playoff in Jersey City University.

Coach Woozio remembered that. "Yeah, sure. We were up against paraplegics. They couldn't dive for the balls. Winning that game, y'know, was the biggest thrill of my life.

"This team has nowhere to go but up. I'm confident that under the leadership we have, we can go far. Very far," he said as he packed his bags.