

TERRORIST BOMB GUTS SEWANEE BRANCH BANK

by Tania

Stilness pervaded the soft spring air above the sleepy Sewanee Community on the afternoon of March 20, but not for long. At 2:35 pm, a bomb blast ripped through the main floor of the Sewanee branch of the Franklin County Bank, tearing the laminated tellers counter from its base, snapping the steel beams in the vault, crumbling the very stones of the structure, leaving a prostrate severed head of a rubber plant on a shattered fluorescent fixture, and scattering the torn pages of the manager's girls magazines in the mountain breeze, which fluttered in the ripping air mingling with the dust of the

debris glittering in the sun. Sewanee police, awakened by the explosion, were on the scene within the hour. Fortunately, since it was 2:35 pm, the bank was closed, and no one was injured. Though Sewanee detectives are still following up leads, the SPMA terrorists have claimed credit for the act. An anonymous SPMA spokesman stated the grievance of the group as "the playing of soul music over the bank's intercom."

FLASH... poof

Alert Sewanee policemen have taken what they believe to be the "Bank Bomber" into custody. Said spokesman for the daring duo of

apprehending drivers "We seen this half-naked male catcaction running away suspicious-like after the blast, but we didn't know it was the bombuh 'til we saw the peace sign on his belt, 'so I said to my partner, 'Partner,' I says."

(cont. page 13)



Explosion ripped off exterior

"Program Is Germaine"

VC WELCOMES FRENCH

by Toilet Glass

We overheard at the BC Gallery one recent afternoon that Vice-chancellor J.J. Bennett has agreed to allow the French House to use the top floors of Fulford Hall, the official residence of the Vice-Chancellor, for the next academic year. Baltimore, where the French House has been located for the past several years, is reverting into the hands of the School of Theology, from which, we fear, it will not escape.

Somewhat astounded by the Vice-Chancellor's show of magnanimity, we walked over to Fulford to ask the Bennetts what prompted the reversal of their decision to refuse student boarders.

"Well," said Dr. Bennett when asked about the reversal, "as you know, the University's power bills have been of such enormity of late as to be economically infeasible, and since we heat the whole house, we decided, in order to do our share towards placing the University on a sound economic footing, to allow the French House to use those rooms which Mrs. Bennett and I don't need, which are quite

a few, since we confine ourselves pretty much to the TV room, kitchen, bedroom, and TV room."

"And the TV room," added Mrs. Bennett.

"Also this should give us the opportunity to meet some of the fine students of this fine University, set here on this beautiful, 10,000 acre campus here on the beautiful Cumberland Plateau," advertised the V.C., "and now they'll have to invite us to their Sunday night dinners."

"You know, I've never been to France, but I think France is a beautiful country, and some of my favorite people are French," added Mrs. Bennett.

While professing a marked preference for the Swiss, the Vice-Chancellor reminded Mrs. Bennett that they had been truly blessed with many, many friends, from countries other than France, too.

Our question having been answered and the conversation having thus taken a humanistic turn, we took advantage of the situation and bade our good-byes.

"Hasta Lumbago!" chirped the V.C. to us cheerfully, as we wound our way down the walk from Fulford.

by Eric Junk
The Horshac Memorial Singers appeared in that big room in Querry, at assorted times the other week, and performed before an audience of decaying intellectuals, flea bitten forestry majors, and lower representatives of the blue blazer set. A good time was had by all. The group, one of the finest yodeling troupes in the lesser balkans, were on the stage when the curtain rose, even. After several standing ovations by the wilted Sewanee watchers, the conductor appeared. After another ovation the soloists were pointed out. Following an ovation of standing spectators, the musicians were waved at. Close on the heels of thunderous applause, the group cleared their throats.

The troupe presented a charming array of piteeruse numbers, referred to by one patron as "the best damn bunch of gobblegook west of the Urals." The Horshac Singers performed smoothly and efficiently, the only disturbance being the fights which broke out within the choir after a cabbage was



Police pinch suspect

Continental Culture Treats Locals

tossed onto the stage. The audience showed their appreciation of these real live ethnics in Sewanee by applauding regularly every 7/8 minutes, regardless. The singers were seen to show their appreciation for American technology by replacing the toilet tissue in all available restrooms with their own, more rustic, variety. Commenting on the troupe's technical prowess, Benny Goodmanovich, the clarinet

player and shepherd for the group, was heard to say "Damn straight! Only off key note, and 70 year older mother back in fatherland has 'accident' in ball bearing factory. You got gum Joe? Pav big money for Amerikansky shoes too." The highlight of the performance was, of course, that ever popular Transylvanian ballad, "Na no na no na do do do da dickle jickle Mother bit a tree."

POSITION ATTRACTS CANDIDATE

Provost Thad Swamp After resigning his confirmed reports yesterday that an elderly, mustached gentleman is visiting Sewanee, interviewing several major government positions. The past few years he is reported to have spent in Argentina on salubrious where he has also mastered that language.

"Our candidate brings considerable experience in the spread of German culture," stated Provost Swamp. "His mastery of connotative and evocative German language has been unsurpassed in recent public circles. His teaching techniques, moreover, are reported to be quite effective."

The Bavarian gentleman can also, therefore, teach Spanish. The College hopes to utilize his cosmopolitan versatility by permitting him to teach periodic courses in religious ethics, modern history, and abnormal psychology (Sexual Deviancy 101). This continues Sewanee's academic policy of allowing those that know their subjects best to teach them.

OS: TRADITION!!

by Harperian Gas

"A most impervious stand must be taken on this issue," stated Burwell Bornwell, President of the Order of the Snobs, at a widely attended student symposium last week. "At stake is one of the most long-standing traditions of the Sewanee student body, namely: the very social fabric of our Southern hierarchical community."

President Bornwell was, of course, referring to the wanton disruption of fraternity seating patterns in Gailor when scattered replicated wormwood tables replaced the fornica rows.

"Sewanee students" offered Bornwell, "are not accustomed to such rapid alteration of established habits. They are disturbed when all vestiges of familiarity are abandoned by insensitive administrative

whim. I, for one, just didn't know what to do.

"There are some people in Sewanee, believe it or not, who think the Order has no place in student government. We hope by taking a stand on this issue for tradition, to remove all doubt."

Director of Admissions Albert G. Smooch-n-tell was one instigator of the Gailor remodeling effort. When asked his reaction to the brouhaha he replied, "Hell, tradition doesn't bother me. Once I get 'em here I don't care what they do."

Auxiliary Services Director Tom Loud was more relevant. "You should see the utility bills," he said.

The Administration is expected to act on the Order's motion next year, or whenever they figure out exactly what it is.



Bavarian applicant

In a PURPLE interview, the faculty candidate expressed his interest in Sewanee's "unique" socio-political structure. "It has interesting possibilities." When asked about recent student government "constitutions" elections, he said he thought restricting OG membership to blond-haired, blue-eyed Aryans would insure legitimacy.

When asked an opinion of his possible successor, Dr. Wholesale commented, "Never say die!" Wholesale is retiring because he was "blue in the face" with practice.

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

When I first came to Sewanee, there was a small percentage of females in my freshman class. And most of them were not goodlooking. Party weekends remained markets for exclusive imports as trading on the big board of girls colleges was kept high. In those days it was not uncommon to hear a disappointed (and disgruntled) fraternity member to quip, "not all dogs at Sewanee have four legs." And after a typical goodnight hiss, a guy knew the comparison to a canine went further than looks. The girls went to classes, the professors insisted they sit on the front row, the boys continued their leaps off Morgan's steep, and life went on as usual.

But something has happened to the girls at Sewanee. They've gotten to be a first-rate bunch of hisser. Part of it has to do with the increased role of frustration among men. Times are HARD, and I'm sure I'll find little dissension when I say that the breakdown of male pride (due to this same frustration) has been the cause of many dates. Certainly part of it has to do with some serious training efforts. And although "the girls" still seem to come mostly from the ranks of librarians' assistants, the emphasis on recruiting is most definitely on how well the prospectives can do THE job. Applicants must pass a battery of written and physical tests before being considered. Openings are well-publicized. (A big KUDO to Albert Smooch-n-tell, Director of Admissions).

Although the girls still stich to the privacy of their boudoirs (I know—I am the proctor of the BOYS side of McCrady with the pair of 20 power Bausch and Lomb wide-field binoculars), they seem to be showing up at parties more often. On weekends one no longer sees groups of toiling females hunched over books in night study. Alcoholic imbibing has increased among the female portion of the community. Or at least, that's been rumored.

No male has awakened at night to the sound of a female giggle and his roommate imploring him to sleep next door without being somewhat assured that this meant there was hope; a light at the end of the tunnel. No one can remain unimpressed when he hears a group of females (even though a minority) demanding 24-hour dorm visitation. And this is a reality in some cases already. One night I stayed awake after hearing the thud of a brother's door, the softness of a female's voice, and the click of a lock. I stayed awake because I was a proctor, and I knew she should leave. I stayed awake all night.

Who benefits from this increased promiscuity? Of course, the immediate benefits are obvious. But what services does it perform for the community? I know, I mean I've seen the results. Smiles appear on the faces of men walking to class. Booos are opened without the demoralizing question "Is this all there is to Sewanee?" coming to mind. More time is taken away from the idle pursuit, and put to productive use. That benefits the University.

Still, too often, the admonishing "no thank you's" can be heard echoing across the green. Guys worry, girls study, and hissing must suffice. Is this the agonizing rate of progress to be the Sewanee Man's only solace? The ponderance of this inquiry racks the minds of males. Is there a solution?

We have to look at this situation closely. But not so closely that we lose our perspective. For only by careful analysis and reliance on innate insight can we come to the solution.

Which is essentially this: There is no real solution, though we should most certainly look for one. The only thing to do is to straddle the issue.

C. U. Sunday



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WEEK

The New Sewanee Woman: PROOF That Tradition Lives In Sewanee

"OVER THE EDGE"

by Dent L. Floss

I am terribly distressed over an issue which I consider to be of great importance to the future of student life in Sewanee. Without a significant amount of student activism with which to combat this problem I am sincerely afraid that we might degenerate into some sort of sub-human consciousness and not be able to pursue the goals of our liberal arts education to the extent to which I think we have paid good hard-earned money to do so in the hopes that we might pursue our life interests with the greatest degree of radical, long-haired gentility and the sense of special purpose that comes from having accomplished a job well done.

Oh, by the way, my editor (kudos, kudos, kudos) tells me I should mention my topic closer to the beginning so that everyone doesn't get so absolutely bored before I make my first major point. But you see I think an introduction serves best in order that I might best inform you of my purpose in writing all of this.

I believe the Degenerate Assembly is the essential voice of student opinion and should speak up on this issue. Only in this way can we keep up our excellent track record (I think sports cliché for all you jocks who might read my column) of

legislating an important matter of student concern, the precedent for which was set by the memorable Gaior Bathroom Act.

This week I will deal with the first issue of such great importance: the fact that there

aren't enough salt and pepper shakers to go around all the tables in Gaior. Next week I should like to mention the fact that the catsup dispenser is not on the same side of the condiment table as the mustard (cont. page 11)

The Sewanee Burple

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"NOTHING, PREDICTABLY"

by Cerebral Palsy

To Be or Not to Be... that is the question. Whether it's nobler in the mind to question the principles on which the Vice Chancellor is stumped, is a no-no. Doodley-Fook. Trip my grandmother.

FREEDOM, the word echoes through the emptiness of my mind like the dancing peal of the Bevin bells ringing off the porcelain of the urinals in upper Gailor. Unlike dwarfs, height is unimportant. For the first eight minutes, the game remained a see-saw affair with several lead

changes as neither team could manage a margin of more than 3 points.

The thumb of Giant is protruding from my eyeball... SILESS, I cannot see... Awakening from my stupor, I seize my crutch, hobble to the open toilet bowl, wrenching my question to the still waters, "Why Am I so dumb?" The toilet flushes... predictably. But, we are faced. Yet we are one. However, I am ON A TANGENT.

Rationale cannot be applied

to me; indeed I can offer no magic solutions or even a logical explanation. There is a dangerous polemic loose... and it is running after me, its fingers are around my muzzle... pulling my tongue, Speechless, I cannot speak. LE PURPLE, C'EST MOI.

"What is Life?" "How do I get in?" "Where is the zipper?" In the pseudo-intellectual appeal to the bells as we leaned over the lite, white body of the Sewanee Siren who had just read the PURPLE.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

In the interest of promoting greater awareness of our social surroundings, and to keep the non-averaged Sewanee student better informed, The Human Ecology Project (HIP) is

publishing this thirteen-point checklist, so that YOU can see if your roommate is: A DRUGGIE!!!!

↑ Are his One-A-Day Multiple Vitamins black instead of red?

↑ When he "Came up to Kool!" did the cigarette wrappers start getting stopper and changed to a different color?

↑ Are the inksides missing from all your Bic pens?

↑ Has he musical tastes switched to The Carpenters to Pink Floyd?

↑ Are the spoons he stole from Gailor burned on the bottom?

↑ Do the "violet" (or whatever he tells the matron they are) in the window refuse to grow flowers?

↑ Has he been cutting the ends off all your electrical cords?

↑ Do you find pieces of aluminum foil from a barbecue scattered about your room?

↑ When you had a headache the other night, did he refuse to let you use one of his BC powders?

↑ Does he continually insist that the pattern on his bedspread is the most fascinating thing he's ever seen?

↑ Do his ears perk up when The Man From Glad flies in to explain why his plastic product keeps things fresher longer than others?

↑ Do you not think these questions are very funny?

↑ Why do you think they call it dope?

If the answer to any or all of these questions is "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," please send all evidence to the HIP, Sewanee chapter.

NEWS BRIEFS

Sewanee, Tenn.—A slightly deformed student at the University of the South fell to his death yesterday. Dr. Ripston was contacted for his comments on the news conference, most of which cannot be printed. He did cite three reasons for higher faculty salaries: (1) liquor prices have risen dramatically in recent years; (2) the annual fee for listing in WHO'S WHO IN

Nine out of ten laboratory rats injected with air bled. The FDA urged the public not to panic.

WHATEVER has risen each year; and (3) the recent theft of the white poker chip from the Ecce Quam Fun club necessitates larger outlays of cash. He said the faculty would not sit idly by as they have done on such minor issues as student affairs, academic standards, and the like. "We shall have the cash, and the cash shall set us free!" he cried

Sewanee, Tenn. —Vice Chancellor Jay Spinnet announced that Green's View has been sold to the Shah of Iran. Bennett said such action was the only way to increase faculty salaries. He added that the Shah was responsible for moving Green's View to Iran.

Washington—The FDA declared today that air may be lethal if consumed in large quantities.

LETTERS

Dear Sir:

I can't go on like this. You've got to set me free to be myself, to do the things I must do. Please, please, my life is worthless unless I can express myself, live like I'm used to like we used to. I know you don't like to hear from me, that's why I'm mailing you this by the Letters to the Editor box instead of the SPO. Mrs. Yates need never know (Sir, but I crave you) I cannot restrain myself longer; I'm sorry, but, oh, that glistering profile — Remember that night? I can still taste the leather. Can't we try again? to skatter my fingers over your supple torso on for the click of our teeth together, I'd give my all. Please, to peel the layers from

pale wonder again! I pulse to imagine my lips on yours, my tongue, flecking redly, bringing that healthy flush back to your neck. Please Sir, my nails crave to stroke the line of your sweating thigh, to fondle your knee, to run along the tops of your boots. My screaming desires are pushing me Sir, pushing me to the quivering limit. I must have the mottled expanse of your back under my palms again, I must have it! Your wet breath, moaning in my ears, oh, my own squeaks as, as your teeth dred blood. Oh, Mr. Editor, to repeat, the taste of you MD 20-20 on my lips, that marrow seeping spasm in my throat when my tongue left your navel hairs and I flung my mesh headband on to you... (cont. page 69)

V.C., Professors Exchange Blows

In his annual news conference, Vice Chancellor Jay Jay Spinnet labelled recent charges that faculty salaries are too low as preposterous. Citing THE BIBLE's admonition that the "love of money is the root of all evil," Spinnet said that the only way to keep a righteous faculty is to pay low wages.

Spinnet stated that Professor Wilbur Ripston's recent agitation for higher salaries offers concrete evidence of the decline and fall of faculty morality. Ripston bases his campaign for high

salaries on Dante's monetary philosophy: "Nel mezzo del commin nostra vita/Mi needs more money so I can reta." Spinnet pointed out professors should not live by bread alone. "Walking cane is the staff of life; people are starving in other parts of the world as well," Spinnet observed.

Spinnet conceded that his position was slightly hard-line, but said "such measures are necessary to maintain the high standard of teaching at Sewanee." He pointed out the fact that he had recommended to the Bored Regents that the faculty members be allowed

to have another meal at Gailor each week. Faculty members would also be allowed to have one sandwich each at the dormitories during exams. Approval of this proposal, he claimed, should satisfy all complaints.

Spinnet refused to comment on the 85% increase in the administration's salaries. He also refused to comment on the recent purchase of the chartruse Jaguar with the "VC Mobile" appearing sign, "VC Mobile" appearing sign in flashing lights on the sides. He denied that an Olympic-size indoor swimming pool was under construction at Fulford Country Club. "It's not quite Olympic-size," he said firmly.

Ripston was contacted for his comments on the news conference, most of which cannot be printed. He did cite three reasons for higher faculty salaries: (1) liquor prices have risen dramatically in recent years; (2) the annual fee for listing in WHO'S WHO IN WHATEVER has risen each year; and (3) the recent theft of the white poker chip from the Ecce Quam Fun club necessitates larger outlays of cash. He said the faculty would not sit idly by as they have done on such minor issues as student affairs, academic standards, and the like. "We shall have the cash, and the cash shall set us free!" he cried



Faculty members moonlight to subsist

HONKER LEARNS TO QUACK

Mr. T. G. of Soddy Daisy asks: Dr. Selby replies:

While touring a nearby college campus with my son, we heard many students talking about "Black Beauties." My son insists that the students are discussing either good looking black women or the riding facilities located at the college. I think most of the students were "on drugs." Is a "Black Beauty" a pill of some kind, or am I just being old fashioned?

I can assure you that you're not old fashioned. The term "black beauty, which doctors call bellanera is nothing more

Medicine than a sugar pill given to hypochondriacal students who are plagued with persistent colds and sore throats. Don't worry about your son and drug abuse. It doesn't exist anymore.

STUDENTS:

For information on how to get through those examination periods easily, simply enclose \$23.88 in cash, in a plain brown envelope and send it to my Nashville office. You'll receive your Student Health Care Kit (SHCK) promptly.

Today's Health Hint:

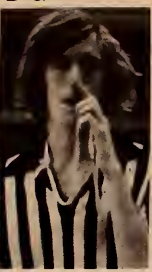
An apple a day may keep the Dr. "Way, but, beer is food! your body, to reveal that

Sewanees Sucked Under

The first hint of trouble came repellent, tragically enough. As on Friday when ace Tiger tankster sprint racer Billy Keebler plowed Richard Wood stayed late at the near the end of a 50 meter dash pool to get in some extra and ominous wake followed him practice for, NC double AA out of the deep end. As he national competition during climbed frantically to get out spring break. Wood was never of the pool he was plucked off seen from again but his edge by a giant shark. Billy's disappearance was not linked to fingers clawing into the poolside the slight reddish tinge Coach cement were the last evidence of Freddy Didondo noticed in his existence until the shark in pool water during Saturday's an ecstasy of gore spit one of his eyes onto a diving board where workouts. Practice went smoothly until Scott Ferguson it quivered jelly-like before vanished while executing a flip rolling back into the water and turn in the 200 meter freestyle, settling toward the bottom as it Coach Didondo was visibly followed one of Keebler's arms upset at the occurrence; for twisting slowly into the murky Ferguson, as Freddy explained, depths.

As yet, this mysterious marauding menace, which has cut the Sewanee swim team to the bone and virtually devalued its chance for a national title has not been captured. As the difference between victory and defeat, forlorn swimmers practice swallowed their fears and dejectedly in frigid Lake Question one can only wonder how did this monster get into brew. Despite the swimmers' precaution of dipping Didondo the pool? and why has nothing into the pool to serve as shark been done about it?

Darkhorse DKE's Flatten Foes



IM Ref Doug Ffibr
...calls illegal pick...

by Sunny Black
Due to inept editorial work, the final IM A league outcome was slightly misreported in the PURPLE. After intense regular season action, the IM Council, in a surprise move, decided on a 10 team playoff because, they said, "All the teams put out so well that we just couldn't stand to break their hearts by not letting them into the

playoffs." The 10 team plan arose out of an impasse within the council after a joint DKE-SN compromise proposal calling for a 7 team playoff chosen by lot was defeated by a close vote. The Chi Psi's claim for a playoff spot was denied despite the fact that they were undefeated in regular season play.

While Sewanee outlaws scholarships for varsity athletes, the rules say nothing about IM sports. With this in mind the frats all entered into intense competition, for talented collegiate or professional runners. When the title tilts tipped-off, Sewanee athletic supporters jammed Juning Gym to see such stars as Dave Bing, Earl Monroe, Jerry West, Walt Frazier and David Thompson in action. The Deks' pulled off the coup of the tournament; far, after being denied the services of Frank Wartman they shocked the opposition with a double post offense featuring Kareem Jabbar and Wilt Chamberlain.

With this combo, the Deks' slashed all opposition until the final game against the APO's, featuring a fast break attack led by Jo Jo White and Nate Archibald, jumped off to a 37-29 first quarter edge. The

second quarter saw Jabbar, that famous hooker, pour in 25 points as the DKE's surged to a 62-58 edge at the half. The second half proved to be no contest as Wilt and Kareem's



Kareem Jabbar
...hooks in finals...

muscle and height were unstoppable. The final sixion' found the Deks' on top by a 141-112 count. Jabbar and Chamberlain chipped in 70 apiece with Catfish Cooper netting a crucial 4. White slipped home 44. Nate dumped in 50; and Russ Heldman rounded out the ATO scoring as his deadly shooting resulted in 9 buckets in 47 shots to match his season long 18% mark.

NC Double AA New Rules Stump Staid Sewanee

by Shane Wiber

The Sewanee Tigers travelled to vampire country with high hopes for their second NC double AA tournament in as many years, but "fate" proved unlikely as the Tigers felt their life blood sucked away by an entire set of surprise rule changes instituted especially for Sewanee.

On opening night the Sewanee Tigers faced Miles College and referees Groin and Weeds. The strolling refs, who seem befuddled for most of the tournament, got the concept of pre-game warmups and regulation play confused as freshman star Berry poured in 13 points that staked Miles to an insurmountable lead while Mac was still in the locker room planning strategy.

Once Sewanee took the floor the score started to creep dangerously close despite 3 intentional fouls called on Tom Figgott for casting menacing looks at Miles players. When Sewanee cut the lead to 3 the refs ruled that H - Cash buckets counted on 1 point because "he shoots inside so much that it just wouldn't be fair to give him 2."

With "H" under rapso Miles zipped off to a huge 20 point budge aided by new NCAA rule Z177E which awarded Miles 3 points for every clean



Jerome Potts
...giggles for 4...

swisher. Even so the troublesome Tigers staged another comeback which brought the game alarmingly close. Too close, in fact, for Groin and Weeds who instituted the mysterious designated foul shooter rule as Berry came off the bench to sink 4 crucial charity chunks. When Mac Petty had the temerity to question the new statute, he was slapped

by Weeds with twin T's. Since Groin and Weeds had done such a fine job on Friday night, they were called upon by NCAA officials to handle the Tigers on Saturday evening. Sewanee's basketball opponents were called the Magicians, but it was the refs who reached deep into their bag of tricks and put on a 40 minute display of legerdemain that left the Tigers dezzled and defeated.

This game the Tigers were staked to a zero-zero opening game tie by the generosity of the refs. Sewanee, however, was slightly handicapped by section C of rule SC444REW, which called for leg irons to be placed on Krenson and Lemonds to slow down that absurdly fast Tiger attack. The vampire backers bled with sympathy as the scrappy Sewanee guards hobbled and clanked painfully throughout the first half. The score remained tight despite 4 quick fouls called on "notorious Tiger hatchet-man" Harry Hoffman. Lemoyne's 5 point first stanza, spread was set up by an intentional foul by Krenson. Brutal Sewanee guard Krenson, who has become

widely known for punchout helpless opponents, was called for, what Weeds termed "the most vicious foul I have ever seen." The call netted the giggling Potts 4 foul shots and the bewildered Krenson 3 personal fouls.

The second half saw Krenson and Lemonds freed from bondage, but to the astonishment of the spectators "H" and "L" Cash were joined like a latter day Chang and Eng by a pair of handcuffs. Groin explained this by rule NS12EAR which states "identical twins over 6'6" must be handcuffed to avoid an unfair Sewanee advantage." Ultimately, this

rule proved Sewanee's demise, for when Harry Cash picked up his fifth foul for creating illegal air currents which bowled over his Lemoyne defender Larry was obliged to sit down also. Helpful NCAA officials supplied Mac a hacksaw, free of charge, no less, but by the time "L" could cut himself loose, despite frantic efforts which the fans cheered with gusto, the game was long over. When interviewed about the outcome after the game assistant coach Rhea Bowden sadly replied, "that old black magic had us under its spell."

This is not an ad!!



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CAN HELP THIS PITIFUL CREATURE
OR
YOU CAN TURN THE PAGE!

Send your contribution to the Hop-Sing Relief Fund



Groin



Weeds

---dynamic duo terminates Tiger title temptations---