DISCLAIMER

This is the annual parody issue.

It contains indecent, insulting, and vulgar references to many members of the Babson Community and beyond. It is not to be read by children, the easily offended, or the faint of heart. All content is strictly written and designed for parody purposes only and may not, in any fashion, be taken as factual, accurate, unbiased, or professional. If you are offended by any of the above or cannot take a joke, please read no further.
The A-Team

Founded in The New Millenium

SUCKERS STUPID ENOUGH TO WORK HERE
ERIK D. MURRAY, Sober Man On Campus

MICHAEL A. JACOBS, Mr. Happy
Go Lucky

SEAN CARRAHER, Party Animal

REALLY BORED
JONATHAN GLOVER, The Token
(MISSIONARY POSITION), Opinions
Editor
ORLANDO AVILA, Head BISO
DARRYL MAK, Daddy
CHIP KOTY, Director, Campus Life
BRIAN CUTLIP, Dumb
JAVIER TORRES, Dumber
DIERDRE WOOODY, Captain Crunch
VIN FRAMULARO, Luckiest Man on
Earth

ADAM BERGER, Only Here Since BCR
Failed
ANGELO FRAMULARO, Like He
Won't Streak Commencement...Yeah!
Right!

MICHAEL MURPHY, Reindeer Advocate

PRODUCTION PROBLEMS
IRENA VEKSELBERG, Man's Best
Friend
PHILIP SILVESTRI, Director of New
Media Design

MATTHEW TOBIN, Sell-Out
MATTHEW OLSEN, Doctor of Divinity
SHARON LI, YOFA

EGO DEPARTMENT
ANTHONY MICALE, "Ira, I'm not Gay!"
OLIVIA MORA, BSU Pictures Rule!

BUSINESS AND ADVERTISING ONCE EXISTED
ANDREW GOLDBERG, Absent

REGULATORS
Hannibal, Dominant Leader
Mr. T, "I pity da fool!"
Face, Straight up Bidness Man
Murdoch, Cousin of Muffin Man

ABOUT THE NEWSPAPER
This newspaper is published by the phantoms of Babson College. Our production facilities are located in Hell, just below Earth.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
Anonimness letters to the editor will not be accepted because we can't spell anonimiss. All letters must be submitted no later than yesterday at 4:00 P.M. All letters are subject to pitchforking and fire and become the property of the Devil after submission.
All letters should be no more than 300 numbers.

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THE BABSON REPRESSED

VOLUME 69

April Fool’s Day Parody Issue

April 1, 2000

INGREDIENT CHANGES RAVAGE
STUDENT’S GPAS PLUMMET

...EVEN MORE THAN BEFORE

MO MONEY

In an unprecedented investigation propagated by the Babson Repressed, a major breakthrough has been made regarding the alleged disappearance of the $50 application fee required in the Babson Application Package.

The Repressed reporters have identified an overwhelming accumulation of money in an anonymous off-campus account transferred to Australian Bank One over the last 15 years. The researchers dug into the account, and found that a representative of the admission assistance office had vanished 15 years ago. Where did the funds go? Apparently, convinced that they would never be caught, the brazen AAP staff purchased a large plot of land in Sydney, Australia. The land is now the site of the AAP Building, home to a five-star spa, lounge, nightclub, and world class strip joint.

When President Higson was asked to comment about student fees being used to finance the strip club operation, he responded, “hey strip club man, you know me...dolls”, and Bill has vanished.

Patti Gote, a student member of AAP was irate when confronted by the issue. She stated, “What the hell, they go to this fun house, and all we got are these cheesy-ass umbrellas? Who hired these people?”

Unbeknownst to the incoming class of 2000, not only would they be subjected to a new curriculum, but the AAP also has been told on the “stick to the guinea-pigs” bandwagon, and attached an additional $200 to the second installment, under the mysterious moniker of “Senior Fee.”

This container was found outside of trimmings stored in the Babson community. As you can see, the container’s true contents were cleverly disguised as being lead paint chips which, oddly enough, have been a mainstay in the many Babson Health Services throughout the years. In actuality, we discovered large quantities of laxatives inside the container which are believed to be the source for many students urgent bathroom breaks following a “trim meal.” Additionally, the Repressed reporters discovered that the “lassies” were all bought by Surprise store in Wyoming and are left overs from WWI.

BY SY TRONG PUPES

In a shocking incident this past academic year, the Sudeby-Marratt (S&M) Foodservice shamelessly admitted to doctoring the food at both Trim and Reynolds over a period of nearly six and two years, respectively.

As apparently, as part of a covert Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) operation to test new anti-revolutionary, bio-intervention tactics on college students, the S&M Corp. was paid a hefty sum by Uncle Sam to spook college students across the country with body-destroying food additives. Babson was to be the pilot program, before The Babson Repressed discovered the plot amidst an epidemic of colon inflammation at Newton-Wellesley Hospital. The program was allegedly code named, “Project Poo-Poo.”

At first The Repressed thought that the colon epidemic was due to the normal operational disorders found at the hospital over the past two years. Further investigation, however, led to the fundadorly plot hatched by manager Carl Cronin in concert with the CIA. When asked to comment on the situation, Mr. Cronin simply replied, “am the pumpkin king!” HAHAMAHAMA!

And proceeded to lob Trim chilli chowder at both the Repressed reporters and unsuspecting Babson Students.

When The CIA was contacted in regards to the situation, a voice on the other end of the line said, “There is no such government program or agency,” and abruptly hung up.

The line went dead, from that moment on, no government operator or online directory contained any listing for the CIA.

The Repressed has identified two major culprits in the S&M plot that could cause loss of abdominal dominance and control. At Trim, the major toxin proved, according to a third party lab test, to be a hyper-laxative. The Repressed believes this to be the cause of the infamously “colon epidemic.” A much more common material was found in all the salt shakers: salt-peter. The Repressed is now conducting a study to see how many Babson students could eat salt-peter, and if they cannot get it up (versus just being seen as greedy salt-bashers by women).

Public Safety, the Office of Student Affairs in the S&M Health Services has promised to bring the guilty cabal to justice. The Babson Repressed is reporting on this case on a near weekly basis. President Higson, the offices promissory were instrumental in the arrest of a mid April week long break so that the story of the 50 story skyscraper slated to be built in 2002 can be finished in three days, leaving the workers a nice weekend to kick back with a few cobbies.

ITSD SCREWING WITH THE NETWORK

ITSD Attributes Random Useless Upgrades and Crashes to Obscure Amount of Funding and Boredom

BY BILLY GATTON

In an unexpected turn of events, officials at the Information Technology Service Desk announced that their office would begin work on the construction and implementation of an altogether new campus computer network this fall.

As of a moment of rare candor, Information Technology Director Patricia Lozier described Babson as “an institution awash in millions.”

“Much as we obfuscated the essential problems with the former Banyan client by addressing peripheral issues instead of the central lack of system integrity, ITSD needs to perform another network overhaul to make the office appear to have a purpose,” she stated.

Lozier concluded with the thought that, “Babson’s deep pockets allow us to do precisely that.”

Chief Information Officer Richard Mickool shed further insight into ITSD’s plans.

“ITSD is currently implementing this system on September 1st to ensure that a maximum amount of dollars of services will occur. Administrators will see the upward trend and persuade the potential that ITSD’s services are invaluable as they think about what would have happened without our presence,” Mickool said.

After being asked why ITSD was so unconcerned with admitting these facts, Director of ITSD stated that sensitive intelligence technology developed “by the gov’t” and that the “2,800 alien conspiracy” is already integrated into the current Babson system.

“Every student and faculty member has used an on-campus computer in the last six months has already been subjected to extensive brainwashing of ITSD’s values,” students asked to comment about these revelations had different reactions.

Amidst the chaos, students stated,"I just installed Outlook on my computer last week, so don’t ask me about any of this.”

Brian Light ‘01 simply shook his head and muttered, “Guinea pig.”

Despite the seemingly impending at the actual turn of the millennium on January 1, 2004, I don’t know what such things.

Perhaps Allan Hornblower ‘03 put it best saying, “I don’t think that any of this could possibly be true, but I can’t imagine an alternative resource for students. In fact, these are the things we’re most underappreciated on campus. The hard workers present here should, in fact, demand and receive a substantial

relax.”

When asked to comment about these student reactions in "Why So Damn Interested Why Don't You Read the ARTICLE, Hotshot!

The Olin Engineering School’s construction made some amazing headway over spring break and completed the construction of over 1200 Dorm rooms, as well as the proposed Cathedral that was originally to be constructed within the next ten years. It seems that construction workers partake in a secret, drug-fueled, singer-scream due to the lack of hard work. Having drunk beers being left carelessly strewn about the construction site by weekend partygoers. Apparently the workers are unable to control themselves when a half-full (they tend to be optimists) Bud Light is found. The inebriated workers efficiencies are down way on Mondays and Fridays, throwing off the entire weekly workload. Olin is now calling for a mid April week long break so that this story of the 50 story skyscraper slated to be built in 2002 can be finished in three days, leaving the workers a nice weekend to kick back with a few cobbies.

Source: Archives For The Babson Repressed

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Repressed News Briefs

Off-Track Betting in Reynolds Global Lounge

BY JAY TROTTER

"Let it Ride!" screamed Tim Mann, Director of Campus Life, after the 3rd. Yes, it seems that Babson has finally made good use of the multiple TVs hanging from the ceiling in the global lounge by broadcasting the 1986 Kentucky Derby. Race fans are now loyal to their favorite jockeys, and the college’s latest moneymaking scheme.

"Yeah, we had some problems with those finance guys getting all cocky with their 'winning system,' so we just sent a few Babbo officers to their doors one day straight from training. Now, they don’t even walk by Reynolds anymore, let alone enter the building. I think one of them is still in intensive care," reported an officer.

Babbo officers are being compensated with Dunkin’ Donut gift certificates and porn subscriptions for their extracurricular work. One officer commented, "This is the least thing I ever do! I don’t even cash my paychecks anymore. Why bother, the only two things I spent my money on are free noux."

Other administration are praising Campus Life for the bold move to make campus life more exciting and fun. "This is the most innova-
tive idea in years," said Carol Delano in Part. "I always wanted to just love going to watch the races run. Have you seen how excited the students were when they first heard they could turn all red and they look like one of the Coca Cola Logos from "Philly Wanka’s Chocolate Factory." It’s hilarious!

Top Ten Reasons Why Trim is Better than Reynolds

1. More Variety. “Choose your poison.”
2. "Sahli will hook you up dog!"
3. "Free!
4. "Cures constipation... ceaselessly!
5. "PEER!
6. "One word: Jimmie!
7. "Scoping out your next "piece" as it comes down the main staircase.
8. "Admitting to you LAST "piece" as it waddles down main staircase.
9. Lots, and LOTS OF BANANAS

Repressed News Briefs

Senior Auction

In an effort to raise the dollar value of senior gifts, thereby making it cheaper for the senior class to become G-B-L-Literated during senior week, the Class of 2000 steering committee announced today that it would be switching to an online auction. Taking advantage of the business model established by Vicki’s Secret, the auction will consist mainly of panties, both new and used. Then, most exotically, some belonging to steering commit- tee members themselves, are expected to go for as much as $100 a pair.

Babson to Astro-Turf En- tire Campus

In an effort to stem cash out- flows, and to cut the B&G work force back to 240, the Babson Board of Trustees has decided to cover the entire campus with Astro-Turf. This pro- posed cost of laying all that con- crete, along with the out of court settlement of the million-dollar lawsuit, proves to be half the ex- pected landscaping budget for the next 2 years. The women’s football team had the decision, saying, “Yeah! We can play everywhere!” The rest of the real athletes on campus placed there heads be-tween their hands and wept after making plans to visit key campus elements.

Woodland Hill Shut Down

In what is seen by many as inevi- table, the residences other than Woodland Hill located in the "front 20" of campus have been Shangralized and all property seized by the Campus Civility Moderators. Apparently, the location has been visited in a beverage Scan and Idol worshipers under the auspices of "The New England Academy of Law Enforce- ment." The school is not sure what to do with the property, but highly reliable sources indicate that it will almost certainly be "turfed."

Campus Life Cracks Down

Glow sticks have gone the way of halogen lamps, as the Office of Cam- pus Life has mandated that all fe- male students must turn in their glow-sticks at an exchange table outside Reynolds by next Friday. De La Wee promised that all glow-sticks would be replaced with less dangerous mace or pepper spray.

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Reynolds Looses the Mailroom: Babo in Stupor and Paula Termine Is Ripped!

BY KAT BURGERLY

In an outlandish show of bravado, the recent string of thefts from the Reynolds Campus center took a major step up this past week. Beginning with the Crossroads Cafe toaster and microwave, successive items have begun to disappear from the Campus center. These items include couches, TVs, Woody's copier machine, the Info desk, and the most daring and recent pilfering, the entire student mailroom.

Apparently, there seems to be a distinct group of "one-upmanship" going on between thieves at Balton. This excludes any activities in the class room, of course. The past week has left several of the Raymonds windows damaged, turned Storeroom into an armored camp with Mary Sykes manning an M-18 at the top of the steps, and has left Paula Termine randomly sweeping students hands with an ultraviolet light as they enter Reynolds. "I'm gonna get those f@%k's-ists," says Termine, "and hurt them REAL bad. Not so much because of the mailroom, but they took the toilet seat covers, and that is just unchristianized.

Babson public safety has said they have no major leads as of yet, but said an inordinate amount of junk mail was stuffed outside Van Winkle.

When asked to comment on the broken, innorous mailroom theft, Police Chief Ray McKeeney smiled and said, "Hey, with the number of Playboys that are delivered to the poor guys on this campus our mailroom was a gold mine to collectors and the sexually oppressed!" His reasoning was confirmed by other organizations such as the FBI, ATE, DEA, and U.S. Post Office. The CIA could not be reached for comment as they seem to have dropped off the face of the earth. I wonder why?

The mystery continues to cause much turmoil, as armed postal workers have begun to sit in the Crossroads dining area and leer lustily at the BISO girls in short spring dresses. They have reportedly systematically stopped every fifth person and asked, "I say, WHERE'S MY MAIL?"

Auxiliary services manager Neil Folly could not be reached for comment. Apparently, as soon as the mailroom disappeared, he and his staff allegedly took an extended vacation. A note outside the former mailroom site read, "Mailroom out of order, gone fishin' ."

Although the investigation is far from over, ITD has cited this incident as yet another reason why e-mail and the e-campus are much more dependable than "mail mail." The interview with ITD was very informative to speak of, except for the obvious fact that only Playboys is available as reading material in the ITD waiting room.
"Hey yo, where's Murray taking that popcorn?"
- Louis

"I could kick those damn frog's asses!"
- Beaver

"Just washing a toilet, having a Babweiser."
- Skip

"What do you mean that popcorn machine is broken?"
- Murray

"Shhh, I just hooked up. Giggle, giggle."
- Pugatch

"Damn fire alarms, I need a cold one."
- B&G

"Grossman's, we don't need no stinking Grossman's!"
- Arthur M. Blank
"Moderation is the key my son."
- Father Claude

"Remember, We Care... Shotgunning bad, Keg Stand good!"
- Dr. Tofias

"I wonder if Babweiser is the key to a growth spurt?"
- President Higdon

"Babes of Babson! Come to Daddy!"
- CHiP

Professor McKenzie Says...

WHASSSSSUP!

"Anybody know this one '2 DOWN. Slang expression for asking what someone is up to made popular by beer commercials?"
- Peg
### Pair of Dice Postcards

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The

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Group Rates on Tissue & super absorbant paper products
Weekly Porn Swaps
Discount Rates & Free Passes to local Gentleman's Clubs
One Free Towel from Babylon Beaver Wraps
Discount on the Celebration! "Peeping Tom" Care Package
12 Pair of Dice Postcards for $6.00!
Your very own plastic membership card! Yeah!
Monthly Newsletter with tips & techniques
Free Tub of Vaseline
Letter to The Editor

I'm back Bizatch! I'm comin' and Hell's comin' with me!

The one, the only
Muffin Manus Maximus

The day you all have been dreading is back. Talk 'bout a wake-up call... Run! Weak of Mind Hide! Because your mediocrity is about to die! It will go to Hell and Die!

I've been silent long enough about the crap going on around our lovely campus lately, and I figured what better time than the cozy days to lay the smack down on your candy asses and spend the last weeks of my senior year doing what I started out doing for the Repressed-Optimist-nation, prophesizing, and generally building the balls of fascism optimists who forever want to cover their dark shadow over the Babson campus.

Sure the first, serious, news is this really is the final line of editorialism in the Reptile for me. So, if you or your department or organization have been screwing up lately... STOP! 'cause I'm back baby, and I'm RAD! Now the fun shit!

I wanted to write this editorial as a pure parody... to say how much I love the new curriculum, the Babson student body, and the life most students experience here. That will not matter. I just plan to fill my bank account, and till the baleen tugboat tank is full. It works kind of like a gas tank only backwards, and right now I'm running full and smelly rather stinks!

So for the sake of time and the rainforest (trees are cut down to make paper/dipsticks), let's pick one thing to rant about, shall we? And the lucky winner is (throw the dart man)

Babson Women! How fortunate! Amongst all the talk of woman washing, sexual abuse, and "women's history" over the last month, I thought I'd never get a chance to talk about how blue my friggin' balls are. Ladies, they're like DARK blue, like NAVY blue. And believe me you, "Manual Relief" just don't cut it. You're lucky if you even get to call your girlfriend up on a Friday night...

Ladies, if you can take what little space I have left to give you some advice, it would be this: dump your candy-ass boyfriend at other schools, shed that catholic-school girl facade you picked up in high school, and hop on the good foot and do the bad things! A good friend of mine, we'll call him Fred of Hol-lywood, once said, "Babson women are like parking spaces: all taken or handicapped." If married, you're lousy... Are you gonna take that crap? I thought not!

So here's the plan: alter you don't punt your pantry Bentley, Arnold, or MIT "BOY FRIEND," try a Babson MAN on for size. With the empha- sis on SIZES! 'Cause let's be honest (not little wenches pouting) size counts! Anyhow, honey, if you whip out your Lip Linger, you'll find it very, very hard as my Canadian Club! So lovely, I can tell what you're thinking... you're going to give me a call. I guarantee the last thing we'll do is to have a "nice, quiet evening."

And look around. I don't care if you believe in God, Christ, Allah, or Buddha, they are plenty of men for you to worship, right here. They don't need to be heavenly bodies, just horny ones.

The Costanza Attack

Captain Fetish

That's right folks, it's time to for another article, glorifying some sexy establishment. This time, rather than offering praise to the Xanadu where we purchase our coffee, donuts, and gas, I'd like to offer up a commendation to your friend and mine, Dom's Pizza.

Sure the pizza may be bland, overcooked and overpriced, but that's a small price to pay for the pleasure of being part of something greater than yourself. Why, every time I purchase from Dom's, I smile as I can finally hear some higher quality Mom & Pop store declaring bankruptcy. And in the spirit of Sam Walton, isn't that what it's all about?

Now, Dom's might not carry as diverse a selection as the Mobil Mall, but that's not for my lack of trying. Time and time again I've suggested that they expand their inventory.

Of course, two complements are immediate: more varieties of expansion. I believe that I will find little argument in stating that beer and pizza form a divinely inspired combination. And, since drinking and "boozing up" seems to be popular on college campuses across the nation, condoms are the second obvious delivery item.

As of yet, Domo's, the [obscenity] bastion of late night satisfaction, has failed to heed my suggestions. Obviously Dom's executives have been confounded by their Babson education, which paradoxically has led them to incessantly adopt frameworks as a method of "think- ers"

In deference to the homage paid to the Mobil Mall, I have to confess that my consistent obsession has just trained. However, if the execu- tives, I'm not going to say anything, to tell how many people will de- velop a "George Costanza" food, beer, and sex fetish. And that would be a captured market.

I have to say for Domo's to really bust out this box. Screw the blue laws. Ignore the immorality of corporate sponsored promiscuity. Make that balls.

Suppressed Through Repression

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Student Group Angered Over Rejected Special Interest Tower Application

MIKE ROTH

Anger and shame are two feelings the students on the male-dominated Babson College campus feel these days, because a group of students who were recently rejected for a Special Interest Tower.

They are outraged due to the fact that their opinions or ideas were not taken into consideration. The Babson student association's opinion that they would be able to accommodate their living conditions for men here on campus.

However, the Office of Campus Life feels that the group's impact would be palpable, and they were vehemently persuasive about the entire idea. This article is an attempt to judiciously dissect the pros and cons of such a tower, which is something that has already been obstructed.

First, we should examine the grounds for the decision. The tower would be Captain, Thomas, and several other students who are seeking a community as a beacon in the vast wasteland of identity and heterosexuality. During our first interview he commented that "Babson makes students feel like they are sitting back, trying to find their Natty Light, and then bringing out an idea that's really going to make them clean for them." D'Ohabbe added further: "Our tower was going to let every student feel comfortable, which is an obstacle washing machine..."

If girls believe in true love, we'll let them know that the only perfect couple in a bikini and a mop." When I asked D'Ohabbe what the tower would do to improve the academic performance of women on campus, his answer was concise but profound. "We'll give them a place to get laid, which I understand because I would be tired to if I was vacuuming and washing dishes all day, maybe we'll buy them some vibrators out of the petty cash." It is obvious that by not having this tower next year, we will all lose something.

Should a group of students calling themselves "Academically Overachievers" have their own tower? My only answer, opinion, anyone who would publicly announce that they are one of the biggest losers on campus should be dragged out on campus Ave. and put through a public whipping. The mean that they would be killed without reason, because anyone who knows anything about the Social Sciences can tell you that these "Academically Excel- lent" students are more likely to use drugs and their removal would be ad- vantageous to our global society as a whole.

So like sunsets and monkeys frol-licking fields, I bid thee farewell. Remember this: if the year next applying for Special Interest Housing do you, ask not what you are going to do for Babson, but for what your bitches are going to do for you.

NOSTYLE

Trim Bombs—Fact or Fiction

DEP. B. CATION

For the past semester I have truly been fascinated by one aspect of our campus that is all too often shrouded under the rug and tucked away for no one to discuss, the Trim Bombs. The enigma of this simple pleasure is a story in and of itself so in this origin of this euphoric anti-anarchist phenomenon. Women as well as men suffer this uncomfortable intoxicating sniffing sensation that occurs moments after leaving Trim Dining Hall but before you are able to reach the sanctuary of your dorm bathroom.

How is it that these Trim Bombs occur at the most in opportune of times, that we may never know, but why they occur in general is a com- pletely different story. Our first guess is that Mr. Carl Citron is in cohorts with numerous laxatives and toilet tissue companies throughout the entire continental United States and receives kickbacks as a result of this increased level of defecation. Hmmm, maybe that is why he always has that nice shiny golf-cart to drive around campus, and who would be well to think it was just because he was albino to exercise.

Trim Bombs also have every dis- tinctive aura, and definity is a good one. I think that as part of the mass "Rowdy" I have to say the least that Campus Life could account for would be some lousy aura. We are going to stick to the purifiers. But until then we will just have to trust our intuition as well as know... No more breathing. On a more serious note I would have to say the answer is:

"I myself embrace the Trim Bomb as a needed evolution because people are annoyed when that little fields comes a caller. I have to say it is good to know that my bowel is still working. Because if they aren't I wouldn't like to be in some serious shit. So for all you tight-ass-ers I have to say it is normal to deal with and if you can't eat a couple of bananas at your next meal because on any physician will tell you bananas bird you up, as done plenty of cheese. So when in doubt grab some Gouda and have a little snack everything's industry be all the much happier. Remember Squeeze it won't break it off. That is all I am all.

What If...

CHRIS CHRISTOPHERSON

If Health Services distributed recycled condoms in an effort to save money to accommodate a raise for Leo Higdon...

What if we didn't have so many damn trees on this campus, where would the degenerate pot-smokers run when they needed someplace to kids from Babo?

What if Trim Bombs were a result of laxatives being added to our daily Trim nutrition?

What if there were actually some girls at this school that don't have boyfriends or are not whiny-stuck-up tight asses. (Nothing personal ladies, I still love to gawk at you...)

What if the food they served here was actually good...

What if at Founders Day the people they bring back and honor actually went to Babo?

What if we, who know, may be embarrassing some guy that graduated from Bentley.

What if Campus Life decided to have a sense of humor and allocate special interest towers to groups such as The Anglican Church of Midget of The Sunday Morning Porchside-God Worship Group.

What if this column was actually funny.

What if students actually took Bebo seriously...

What if a fundraiser for the Senior Class included auctioning off members of campus life as sex-slaves?

Way to go Beave!"

Johnny Fever: National Dishwashing Champion

SUNLI GHT L.IQD.

Johnny Fever Babson Man of mystery won the prestigious title of National Dishwashing Champion last week at the DishWash.com WashOff. Johnny himself was amazed at the win amid the tough national competition in this area when asked for a comment Johnny had to say this:

"Woowooos, man this is just... I wash three dishes in an hour (the rest of my time I am in the back of Trim). What else can I ask for? But now that I am National Dishwashing champion maybe that cheap bastard Carl Citron will give me a raise."

We feel for you Johnny hopefully this award will get some more of the hot chicks that you are lusting after.

This is just one of the many hard working individuals that toils tirelessly on a daily basis for us overachievers that are the Babson. It things like this that make us all proud when our parents ask how the food is and all we can say is that Johnny Fever is the best dish washer around. And if any one gets wise with him John Salvi will introduce you to the snack down hotel. Sorry Salvi but Duke still audis.

But anyway back to the high-light of our article Mr. Johnny Fe- ver. When asked what it is that he does special to make his diners so clean so fast all Johnny could do was smile slily and say, "Never under-estimate the power of soft shining." Now just that appitizing folks, we are all more aware because of this newfound knowl- edge.

So with this in mind keep your mind out of the gutter and your stomach out of Trim because either way you are only gonna get yourself in trouble. We tip our hats to Mr. Johnny Fever and wish him much success and salivis in his future. We love you Feva!

Cooking Corner

Delicious Onions Deliver Valuable Nutrients

NAPS—Some new discov- ered facts about onions are not likely to mean anyone any good. It seems the onions not only provide flavor but they also pro- vide health-promoting phytochon- ins as well as nutrients.

Onion, a variety of natural occurring chemicals that have been linked to lowering blood pressure and cholesterol levels. Low in sodium, they contain no preservatives, are high in dietary fiber and provide a source of vitamin C, potassium, calcium and iron.

"Onions may be among the vegetables that will be prized not only for their addition to our cuisine, but for their value-packed health characteristics," said Irving Goldman, associate profes- sor of horticulture, University of Wisconsin-Madison.

The following recipe for caramelized onions is a good example of how to use this flavorful vegetable.

Caramelized Onions

6 medium Yellow onions (3 lbs.)
1 teaspoon Thyme, crushed
1 teaspoon Rosemary, crushed
Cooking spray as needed
Salt and pepper to taste

Halve and slice onions. Coat 12-inch skillet with cooking spray, over medium heat, sautee onions in oil for 15 to 20 minutes, stirring occasionally, or until soft and light golden.

Stir in 1 teaspoon each rose-mary and thyme, and salt and pepper to taste. Store covered in refrigerator, onions will keep refrigerated up to 6 days. Makes 12 servings.

Dear Miss Rights Too!

Lincoln Wood for The Boston Raymond

Dear Miss Rights Too,

Now talk about an interesting, snow skis, a coconut bra, and spandex from a guy with dynamite at the top of the mountain who sets off avalanches for kicks. I don't care how attractive the poodle is. Just don't do it. FOR THE LOVE OF GOD MAN, DON'T!
Rugby Team Gets Wet With Large Spherical Object Known as a "Volleyball"

MUFFIN MAN JR.

The Babson United Rugby Club has decided to trade in their rugby cleats this season for swim goggles and "nut huggers," as they look to compete as the Babson Water Polo team this semester. Due to some excellent planning on behalf of the construction crew of the Old West, the former ruggers will have no problem finding a large mass of water to train in for their new season. What used to be a lower athletic field is now one of the Great Lakes and the team has just dove into their new training regime.

Rob White '01 and Carlos Monlaneli '00 are extremely excited for the new season of competition as they hope this new sport will be "coed naked" based on what they have gathered from a T-shirt maker. Angelo Frumularo '00, (The Muffin Man), has been training constantly for the water polo season. He is so confident in his abilities that he has no need for a Speedo. It has been a hard transition for the team, however, as they are still getting used to playing with a circular ball and being able to pass the ball in a forward direction.

"Tackling Tuesday" practices in the water have been a bit more difficult this season. Anuj (Guinness Gut) '03 is grateful for this difficulty, however, as he cites being tackled by Rob White as "not nearly as painful."

The team is ecstatic that they do not have to do any more Indian sprints at practices and all the members have seemed to taking a liking to the "breaststroke" and have mastered it rather nicely.

This new "Drinking team with a Water Polo problem" seems to be very committed to the season. They can still do it for 80 minutes in 19 different positions, but now they can do it wet. When they are not practicing they can still be found at the lake enjoying a beautiful afternoon of rafting.

They must alternate their fun between ruggers, however, as the raft can handle no more than two of them. They also have no need to have the regularly scheduled drink off in the suites, as the lake provides sufficient storage for plenty of kegs unknown to Babo.

The girl's team has complained about a warm shade of yellow in the lake following the men's practices. Babo has yet to determine if that substance is beer or some other natural substance.

The men's team has their first home pole game this coming Saturday in which they will be playing rival Providence College. Babson is hoping a fight will arise once again against Providence College, as the skinny pole players don't stand a chance against the floating masses of ruggers.

The Babson Repressed Sports Spotlight

This Week's Special Tag Team Drinking Duo

Name: Erik Murray and Mike Murphy
Year: 2001
Major: Hardcore Porn and Pottery
Sports Teams: Babson Free Press Fuzzy Ball Captains, Babson Beirut Team, and any team with women in bathing suits.

Position: Anything as long as they are in reach of their beer; preferably sitting or lying down.

Year's playing these sports: Unknown, but their skills are uncanny.

Athletic Accomplishments: Running occasionally, pulling all nighters playing fuzzy ball and working on the newspaper. Both have been strong performers regularly at Saturday Knight parties, can still dance up a storm after cleaning CAB out of all their free alcohol. Have strangely large right forearms.

Other activities and interests: Eat, sleep, sh#t the Babson Free Press! Also, attending BDE performances and starting at the BDE performers.

Role Model: Vin is the man.
Favorite TV Show: Sportscenter and Butthead.
Favorite Movie: Any movie starring Denise Richards.
Favorite Food: Buchweiser and Dr. Captains
Favorite Song: "You Shook Me All Night Long" - AC/DC and "I Drink Alone" by George Thorogood.

Would you like to add anything? "We have been training hard all semester, but it doesn't phase us because we are like a machine."

Support Your Babson Drinkers! Tell The Repressed who you think should be the Spotlight Alchy-lete!