Babson Leaders Steal from Children’s Hospital: Derryberry and O’Day Implicated!!

By Bill Glavin
School President

Last week while many of us were spending Spring Break lying on the beach in South America, a select group of Babson students and administrators were caught red-handed stealing building supplies from a Children’s Hospital construction site in Greenville, South Carolina. The theft involved Student Activities Director Patrick O’Day, former TKE president Scott Loring, Judicial Board Member Katie Murphy, SGA president Craig Derryberry, and other so-called “Student Leaders” who were all caught on film by our hidden Free Press cameras. The owners of the hospital, which was being built for the terminally ill home- less orphaned children of Vietnam Veterans, now fear that completion of the project will be impossible.

As Derryberry got out of hand, we turned our questioning to Director of Student Activities, Patrick O’Day. After being caught taking the food out of children’s mouths, we asked him whether or not he was ashamed of himself and his group of hooligans. O’Day’s response was a simple one. He said, “The only person I look out for is number one. F**k the kids.”

We found this all to be very disturbing, and we pushed deeper into the story to find the root of this evil. It turned out that the puppet master of this entire theft was none other than Babson’s…

---Continued on page 6---

Adam Mack Really Black!!
Officer Walker Gets Carried Away

By Conn Viet
Staff Prisoner

Within one hour, as I was hanging in Parch 12 with about 25 other people as the party was winding down, Officer Walker and his three sidekicks came crashing through the door to break up any kind of trouble that might be in the making. His next action, however, was completely random and expected. Walker jumped on the table, performed a strip tease for the audience, and then proceeded to punch three of his sidekicks performing a rendition of Right Said Fred’s “I’m Too Sexy.” Upon completion of his gig, and with the audience in utter disbelief, Walker and his playmates passed out business cards to all the ladies in the room, and said “Don’t be afraid to call” (refer to classificatio... “Attention females”). As the four man barbershop quartet made their

---Continued on page 5---

Disclaimer: This is the parody issue. It has been published purely for the enjoyment of the Free Press Staff. This paper contains material which is highly offensive to the easily offended, so if you’re one of them, do us both a favor and don’t read it.

The Bentley Free Press
The Hamburger Heist: "I Was Hungry"

By Bill Glavin
School President

At two a.m. this morning, Thursday March 30th, three Babson College seniors were arrested in Framingham for a bank theft which had happened in Wellesley approximately one hour prior. At one in the morning, the BayBank at the corner of Washington Street and Old Abbot Road in Wellesley, Massachusetts was broken into. An undisclosed amount of cash and debit cards were taken. Josh Sinnamon, Mario "The Hamburger Squillicottari, and Dale "Wood" Wood were on their way to a clean getaway when their own worst enemy, Mario's stomack, was too hungry to stay in the car.

"Armed with jelly, bread, a ratchet set (metric), a protractor, and an empty money clip, they blew up the safe." --

It seems that Mario, who was driving the time, chose to go down Thunder Road towards the Mass Pike rather than into Babson College. "We didn't know what the hell was going on," commented Dale. "We thought that he swapped us from the beginning. Then all of the sudden he started heading for the Pikes!"

When we spoke to Mario, he explained, "I just had to have a hamburger. The only place that I could think of was Burger King in Framingham off of the Pike, and I was too hungry!"

Until we realized that he was on the form, we were unaware of his motives. The only plan that was made was to steal money from the BayBank.

JUDICIAL BOARD 1995-96 SELECTION CAMPAIGN

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THE BABSON COLLEGE J-BOARD

"IT'S ALL A BIG ACT!"

WOMEN ENCOURAGED TO JOIN!
Competition Heats Up for Number One

By Dr. Hilbert
Staff Gynecologist

Competition can very often drive wedges between people. It can turn great friends into mortal enemies overnight. Unfortunately, it appears as though seniors Jim Tanguy and Hakam Adolfsion have discovered this to be true.

The two roommates began the year in a neck and neck running for the top spot among Balboa's graduating class. Just two hundredths of a point separated Tanguy's incredible 3:37.9 GQA from Adolfsion's nearly impressive mark of 3:35.

Friends first started noticing the off a couple of weeks into the first semester. Freshman swimmer extraordinaria Ray Merriam and neighbor to the drooling roommates was the first to notice the subtle conflict. “One night, I asked Hakam for some help with Calculus. After working about fifteen minutes on a difficult problem, Hakam requested my aid. At such times, Jim picked up his chair and proceeded to bash it over Hakam’s head.” Ray further explained, "Jim appeared slightly annoyed with Hakam, yelling ‘Can you see I’m trying to do some work, you big tub of lard,’ Hakam, if that is your real name, I don’t think I’m going to help. Because…”

"With blood spewing everywhere, Jim announced that he would now be getting back to his studies."

I remember my Freshman year at Camp Babo. Every day I would wake up with one thought focused on only one thing: Breakfast. And to my three roommates and the crew that I worked for from Coleman North to Trim in search of one of the three best meals of the day. And each morning, Rosa Lopez from Trim would be waiting to take our order. “Yeah, I’ll have an omelet with ham and cheese,” I would say proudly to her while I struggled to control my salvation. And every time, she would hand me a plate of piping hot potatoes. The first time I thought of it, I turned the plate and enunciated very slowly, “Ah-melet with ham and cheese.” Pondering my request, Rosa simply handed back the plate and said, “Bodada.”

Well, friends, I sat down with that first plate of “bodadas” and let me tell you, I was in heaven. These potatoes were unlike any bodadas I had ever tasted. Unfortunately, the quality of Trim’s breakfast bodadas just hasn’t been up to par over the past month. That’s because Rosa, the woman who prepared those scrumptious bodadas each and every day, was subpoenaed to testify on behalf of O.J. Simpson in the trial of the century.

Rosa, who refused to be interviewed for this story, vacationed in southern California during the summer. Last year, she decided to search in one of the three best meals of the day. And each morning, Rosa Lopez from Trim would be waiting to take our order. “Yeah, I’ll have an omelet with ham and cheese,” I would say proudly to her while I struggled to control my salvation. And every time, she would hand me a plate of piping hot potatoes. The first time I thought of it, I turned the plate and enunciated very slowly, “Ah-melet with ham and cheese.” Pondering my request, Rosa simply handed back the plate and said, “Bodada.”

After Bailey gave up, Robert Shapiro decided he could do a much better job of investigating Rosa. Unfortunately, she only had one word to say Bodada.

Later, Johnnie Cochran tried to get Rosa to say something else besides “Bodada.” Cochran couldn’t believe how some people could repeat the same word over and over again.

After the long day of testimony, the Dream Team, O.J., and Rosa all went out to eat at Mezcaluna’s, amusing the staff. Unfortunately, Ronald Goldman worked at. Due to a shortage of chefs, Rosa was asked to help out preparing the meal. Although Simpson, Shapiro, Bailey, and Cochran all ordered filet mignon, Rosa ran out of some of her famous Trim bodadas. “I’m sorry,” she said. “Bodada.”

"Bodada??!

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The Balboa Free Press
Babson Offers Beer for Delivery

By Eva Sectomy
Staff Bowler

Just last week, the Babson health center further increased the level of Babson’s alcohol promotion by introducing a new on-campus alcohol delivery service. The idea was previously explored by M&D liquorists with strong resistance from school administrators. In a complete reversal of opinion, however, Ian Wong promised to not only undergo the service himself but also offer additional benefits. Such promotions, as the “Before Exam Jolt!” and “After Lecture Relaxer,” are planned to attract new and consistent business.

Ian commented, “We are on the cutting edge of student services. No one understands the customer’s needs more than we do. And if we ever have an unhappy customer, they sure don’t remember being unhappy in the morning. As a bonus, we get money when students call to have their stomachs pumped. You’d be amazed at how much we collect from those damn insurance companies. Anyway, I don’t feel guilty about it.” When asked about serving alcohol to minors, Wong became enraged, yelling, “Look, here, you bastard! Do I look like Pete Coors to you? I’m not about to wait for some goofy good to turn 21. If students aren’t prepared to drink when they get here, they will soon find that Babson has no place for them.”

Robert Dziekiewicz: Tale of a Loser

By Moe Staff Bartender

Each year, the Residential Assistant position at Babson College is one of the most highly coveted positions on campus. Many apply, but only a select few are successful. Some will die, some will cheat, and some will even kiss up to the Residential Life Coordinator, Guil Jutico, for the honor of being chosen as an RA at Camp Babo. And, oh yes, some desire the RA position so badly, they’ll do the unthinkable: apply four times. Just who would be stupid enough to do such a thing?

Well, friends, meet senior Bob Dziekiewicz. Dziekiewicz’s last for the glory that the RA position brings is unmatched at Babson. During his freshman year, the young man from Ludlow, MA, brought his puppy dog eyes to his first interview but due to an untimely nosebleed and the subsequent cocaine rumors, was denied the chance to advance to the second round. After this first rejection, Dziekiewicz’s leg is one of the most highly coveted for his position as “loser.” Dziekiewicz also found that people just weren’t as willing to have a beer with him at Trim. In fact, his meal card was later revoked. When he dared to ask why, Trim Czar Carl "The Moose" Citron answered, “Go eat at the Exchange, you’re a loser.”

Unembittered by this utter failure, Dziekiewicz vehemently applied again during his sophomore year. This time, he made it to the final round of interviews. Unfortunately, a kitchen splat on his tie and the fact that he had worn no pants offended some key judges, and thus Dziekiewicz, once again, did not receive the nomination. This time, Dziekiewicz’s friends were not affectionate when they called him “loser.” In fact, they called him

Bob Jekavits... Born Loser

much worse. In addition, Dziekiewicz’s girlfriend wanted nothing to do with him. And to add further insult to injury, Dziekiewicz was barred from the Exchange. ostracized from the Babson community, Dziekiewicz refused to give up.

During his junior year, a one-time position in Coleman South became available during the second semester. Competing with only a handful of applicants, Dziekiewicz knew this was his chance. Unfortunately, when asked about his future career plans, Dziekiewicz commented, “You know how there always seems to be that guy in the neighborhood who kinda walks around and just stops at everyone’s house and drinks beer and eats their hot dogs. Well, I’ve always wanted to be that guy.”

When asked to comment about Bob’s failure in the RA selection process, former N’7 star O.J. Simpson said, “Hey, man, I might have ruined my life by killing my gay lover and his girlfriend, who also just happened to be my ex-wife, but I never repeat. I never applied for RA four times. C’mon, what a loser? Uh, you’re not going to paint that first part, are you?” Of course not O.J.

Easy slaying by the first interview and then the talent and swimsuit competitions, Dziekiewicz entered the final round of interviews with a hock of determination. There were nine slots available and just ten applicants remaining. Unfortunately, Dziekiewicz’s competition was comprised of nothing short of talent, including three Bentley students, Ross from Trim, an inanimate carbon rod, and Executive Vice-President Eric Masel.

With one slot left, Dziekiewicz and the inanimate carbon rod were fighting it out to see who would become RA of Van Winkle B Tower (Subzero Free). Today, many B Tower residents, although they speak very highly of Dziekiewicz, are grateful for all the wonderful things that the carbon rod has done for them.

To Dziekiewicz’s dismay, news of his rejection was received in the mail the following day. Just to add even more insult to injury, the letter was kind enough to invite young Dziekiewicz to apply again the following year. Unfortunately, the joke is on Residential Life as Dziekiewicz will be graduating this coming May and will never be able to experience the joy of being an RA. As an aside, Dziekiewicz harbors no ill feelings toward the carbon rod for not selecting him and wishes it continued success and wishes it continued success and wishes it continued success.

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The Babson Free Press
Officer Walker

- Continued from page 1

Next was the worst part of the whole ordeal. I was left with nothing. I was left with the realization that I would have to go back to the public safety building. I was left with the realization that I had a lot to do that night. I gave up my plans and decided to "see you at 11." I looked at the address and noticed it was the back room of a bar. The only thing I could see was the back room of the public safety building. Eleven o'clock rolled around the following night and I knocked on the back door. After a moment of waiting, Officer Walker opened the door and invited me in. The room was dark, lit by candlelight, and I couldn't see Walker too well. I flipped the light switch on and found Walker leaning against the wall, wearing a skinny red neglige. I decided to play it off as if it were normal and that I had expected it as I looked casually around the room. The walls were covered with nude photos of little boys. There was a large black strudel light hanging from the ceiling in the center of the room, and a black and white tile floor in the corner. There was also a cheap liquor bar and a large waterbed with violet satin sheets and violet fluff velvet pillows. Mirrors covered the ceiling above the bed and one red rose lay lonely on one of the pillows. There was no place to sit in the room other than the bed and I was really getting nervous when Walker told me to make myself comfortable. Keeping my cool, I stumbled over to the bed and sat down, realizing that I would have to play along if I were going to land this interview. On a nightstand next to the bed, there was an old photo of a young girl about sixteen years of age. I asked him if she is a relative and he replied, "well, sort of." Walker then went on to say that the photo was taken before the operation. I immediately put two and two together (four). Needless to say, I was totally scared. Walker told me that he was ready to start the interview and that he had wanted to get this off his chest for some time now. He taught me myself, "Wow, that's odd, he's already gotten two of them off his chest." "It all began when I was fifteen and I was a young girl living in Boise and the doctor told me that I had a rare disease that would gradually turn me into a man by the age of twenty. He advised me that I would save myself a great deal of pain and ridicule if I got a sex change operation and moved far away. After discussing the problem with my parents, I decided to take the doctor's advice. One year later I was transformed into a man. However, the operation left me very sexually frustrated and confused. To this day I am still attracted to little boys, and am not willing to masturbate in front of them. I guess it's my way of showing them what they could do if they were interested in the operation. The hardest part of the whole ordeal was leaving my friends and family behind in head- ing to new territory. I wanted to prove my newfound manhood by taking a job as some sort of officer, which is why I am here. I have successfully covered up my little secret for about twenty years now. Not even the guys here at the station know anything about it. At this point I thanked Walker for the interview and he assured me that his secret was safe with me.

Geeks Drink Beer

By Barney Gumble
Staff Drunk

They live on the second and third floors of VanWinkle B. They are an old photo of a young girl about sixteen years of age. I asked them if she is related and they replied, "well, sort of." Walker then went on to say that the photo was taken before the operation. I immediately put two and two together (four). Needless to say, I was totally scared. Walker told me that he was ready to start the interview and that he had wanted to get this off his chest for some time now. He taught me myself, "Wow, that's odd, he's already gotten two of them off his chest." "It all began when I was fifteen and I was a young girl living in Boise and the doctor told me that I had a rare disease that would gradually turn me into a man by the age of twenty. He advised me that I would save myself a great deal of pain and ridicule if I got a sex change operation and moved far away. After discussing the problem with my parents, I decided to take the doctor's advice. One year later I was transformed into a man. However, the operation left me very sexually frustrated and confused. To this day I am still attracted to little boys, and am not willing to masturbate in front of them. I guess it's my way of showing them what they could do if they were interested in the operation. The hardest part of the whole ordeal was leaving my friends and family behind in heading to new territory. I wanted to prove my newfound manhood by taking a job as some sort of officer, which is why I am here. I have successfully covered up my little secret for about twenty years now. Not even the guys here at the station know anything about it. At this point I thanked Walker for the interview and he assured me that his secret was safe with me.

Rabo students were suddenly swo- ken by the bright red message light on their phones, they were slowly trained into a crazed pack of lemmings whose only goal was to jump into a pool of cheap booze. 50-100, 200. The attendance was doubling every fifteen minutes. At chair and threw it at Sisto’s head. “He’s always bugged me. I just wish he would relax and have a few beers with the rest of us. Hey, has anyone seen my clothes?”

“Jamin”—Mike Gerard, fellow junior and Substance Free RA, backed up Sisto. “For the past three years, we have had to take so much crap on this campus. People think that we can’t drink, that we can’t use drugs, with the best of ‘em. Well, I’ll tell you, Mr. Free Press reporter, that I can inhale as much alcohol as the next guy. In fact, watch me take this binge hit. (pause) Now, do I look substance free to you? Do I? (pause) I’m not feeling so good. Good night.”

All told, there were over 1256 students who attended the three and a half day event, surpassing Van Winkle’s previous mark of 22. Now there’s a record that won’t be broken for a while. When asked to comment on the Babson brawl, former NFI great O.J. Simpson replied, “Hey, I might have killed O.J., but my girlfriend, but hey, Substance Free means Substance Free. Them students committed a吊顶 night sin. Um, you’re not gonna print that first part, are you?” Of course not O.J.

Babson Adopts New Emblem

By Phil McKracken
Staff Ledger

In a bold move yesterday, President Glavin decided to change Babson’s emblem for the nineteenth time in three years. This time, the popular globe will be replaced by “Babson,” the car which has been appealingly synonymized with Babson. The Free Press had an opportu- nity to discuss this change with President Glavin, who offered these words of wis- dom: “The car, or ‘shitbox’, as it has been affectionately termed, has really come to symbolize the spirit of Babson, a spirit that says, ‘Hey, I’m a Babson student’.”

From now on the words ‘Babson’ and ‘shitbox’ will be synonymous.
O.J. Trial A Hoax!!

By Judge Burr Itso
Lance's Brother

Millions of people across the country were stunned this past week upon learning the truth behind the "Trial of the Century." The People Vs. O.J. Simpson has turned out to be nothing but a huge promotion for an upcoming movie.

The truth became known accidentally, when Defense Attorney Robert Shapiro slipped, referred to his client as Northerg. Following the Freudian Slip, Simpson attorney Johnny Cochran decided to blow the cover on the promotion, by calling star witness Leslie Nielsen to the stand. Cochran referred to Nielsen as Lieutenant Frank Drehin, who had secret information to clear "Northerg" from all charges.

While on the stand, Nielsen revealed the truth behind the trial as being a cutting-edge way to hype "Naked Gun 44—Northerg Goes Nemon." The trial was also sponsored in part by Ford. Ford reported a 10% jump in sales of Broncos, and claimed sponsoring the OJ trial was a great marketing move. Said a Ford rep, "When Paramount came to us, we knew instantly this would be the best plan since advertising the Probe during the Bobbi trial. Following the stunning revelations, O.J. was seen leaving the staged courtroom and going to dinner with ex-wife Nicole. Nicole has been hiding out in a small town in Sanjro during the trial, and talked with OJ on a daily basis during the promotion.

"I have to thank our agency for thinking up this plan. It really brought me and Juicy back together," said Nicole. "It's weird how many people bought into this story, though. I really appreciated those letters I received from every one who thought I was dead." Simpson was quoted as saying, "It's unbelievable how people could think I killed my wife. I mean, I would have if she ever did sleep with Goldman, but she didn't. You didn't, did you? Just wait 'til we get home, bitch. I'll show you my football moves—cut left, cut right!!!" O.J. was then escorted away by several armed guards.

Hospital Theft

- Continued from page 1

own officer Walker. Officer Walker, in conjunction with Craig Derryberry's "New SGA" (also known as "The Fourth Reich"), were responsible for both the break-in, the theft, and the profits made from the theifs which were sent directly into efforts to recruit students for the "New SGA." We recently had a chance to interview O.J. Simpson, and took the liberty to ask him how he felt about Walker and Derryberry's actions. O.J. told us: "I may have killed my wife, and I may have killed her damned boyfriend, but stealing from kids? C'mon, now that's a down right sin. You're not gonna print that first part, are you?" Of course not, O.J.

Black Mack

- Continued from page 1

College, predetermined quotas have been integrated with the current demographic requirements of incoming freshmen classes. These quotas consist of:

1. There will be no more than eight students of African American descent admitted to the college in any given calendar year.
2. There will be no black students admitted in the spring semester.
3. There will be no black students admitted through transfers.
4. All applications which were filled on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, or on even numbered days of the month, by African American students, shall be denied.
5. If at any point, there are more than thirty-two black students enrolled at Baldwin College, the position of "Dean of Undergraduate Admissions" will be vacant.
6. This does not apply to employees of the school.

It is our understanding that here at the Board of Field Marshals (Trustees) that these quotas will be adhered to. We have comprehensive, most accurate information, organized to facilitate the job search. The EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY NEWSLETTER is published weekly.

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The Baldwin Free Press
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The Babson Free Press
Dear Bill,

Tuesday was going to be another day in hell. I had been awake for no more than half an hour when already I had bumped my head on the wall, stapled my fingers together, lit the bathroom on fire, was told that I had been left on my parents' doorstep as a baby, and had witnessed my car drive head first out of my fourth story window towards the pavement for no apparent reason. I contemplated going back to bed, but realized that the day had a lot in store, and reluctantly headed for the shower. In the shower was the worst of my problems crept up on me. My feet were sore. And I mean sore. Sore from the kickboxing tournament the night before. I finally got myself together and made my way towards Trim Dining Hall for a little breakfast, just like any other Tuesday morning.

As I made my way up the ramp to the side door, I received a very pleasant and unexpected surprise. Under my sore feet I felt a soft, soothing, spectacular sensation. It was organic. It was like there was a party under my feet and the whole world was invited. I looked down to see what exactly was responsible for putting me in a state of ecstasy. Although my eyesight is quite poor, I could make out what looked like a big plate of macaroni and cheese. However, when I bent down to take a closer look, I realized that it was actually a brand new black rubber mat. But let me tell you, this was no ordinary black rubber mat. This was the most fantastic black rubber mat that had ever come across. Suddenly I didn't care in the world. I proceeded to walk forwards, backwards, right side up, upside down, swoon, walk, dock walk over every inch of this amazing black rubber mat. In fact break fast came and went as I walked all over the mat. In fact, lunch and dinner came and went as well. As the sun started to go down and the vans from Medfield State Hospital started to pull up, I decided that it was time to head home for the night, for tomorrow would be another day on the black rubber mat.

That night I tossed and turned in bed. The mat was calling. I got up and went to the mat. Then laid down on the mat and slept like a baby. Boy was that comfortable. Just wanted to let the person(s) responsible for this welcome addition to campus know that their generosity and thoughtfulness did not go unnoticed. Bill, I suggest that you and every one else use the side door of Trim to share in the enjoyment of this new black rubber mat. It will change the way you look at rubber mats forever.

Sincerely,
Mat Boy

Dear Abby,

After 6 years of marriage, my husband recently left me for another man. I had seen this sort of thing happen before to women on talk shows, but I always felt that it was the kind of thing that happens to someone else. Despite the fact that my husband liked to wear my clothes once in a while, it never even crossed my mind that he was sexually interested in men. I could probably get over this disaster and move on with my life if it wasn't for one little thing the man he left me for is my brother. Abby, please help me, what should I do? Hey, what's the...you're not Abby!

Dear Sent My Letter to the Wrong Person,

Hey, thanks for the letter. I'd really like to help but I've got to go do some volunteer work for BISO. Isn't this place great? I like Babinon a whole lot.

Dear Guillermo,


Dona, Pete

Dear Pele,

Yo, gracias por el letrero. Lo esperando ayudate, pero tengo muy menos trabajo voluntad para el. El garabato admisiones asistente.

Isn't this place muy bueno? Me gusto mucho este lugar.

Dear Bill,

I am in my second semester as a freshman at this school, and I am afraid that I may not be able to further my education at this institution in the coming years. My family is struggling to finance as much of my education as possible, but I was really counting on the work study program to help me out. The only problem is that I can't hold a job on this campus. I tried working for Ran Parks at Trim, but all he would let me do was wash dishes. Does anybody know who the dish washer is? That's Right, it's Johnny Fever. Stan said that I could learn a lot from Mr. Fever, and he was a real jack of follow him around and mimic his every move. I soon found that I spent the majority of every day sitting with the students, talking about music, drugs, and beer. This wasn't a bad thing, but when I started growing my hair long and grungy and wearing glasses, I got scared. I politely told Mr. Parks that this wasn't for me and made my way towards the accounting office. No thanks. To make a long story short, I tried several other places on campus, but came up empty handed.

Then one night when I was talking with Stephen Hawking about the beautiful trees on the Babinon campus and how there are so many of them, it hit me. Who was protecting the trees? This is why I am writing to you, Bill. Who do I talk to about creating a work study job as a forest ranger? I am more than willing to take full responsibility for protecting the students and faculty from the wild bears in the trees outside of Park Manor South. I understood that it would be a very dangerous job, and I may need help because there are so many damn trees. I'll need somebody to work the woods outside of Lyon Hall. Whoops, I guess those have already been taken care of. One thing I do need, and I don't know if the school will be willing to supply it, is a gun. A nice big rifle. Don't ask too many questions but to assure your parents, yes, it is necessary. I am really serious about this. Lords knows what kind of lawsuits the school could have on its hands if an innocent passerby were ever attacked by a grizzly or anflipper. Except I don't think I have a big bear. Where do I go? Who do I talk to about getting this thing off the ground? You've been around for four years now, you've got some pull here. I am anxiously awaiting your reply. In the meantime, I'll start posting "Don't feel the animal signs" around campus. Thanks for your attention to this matter.

Love always,
I. P. Priddy

Dear Loose Urine,

Hey, thanks for the letter. I'd really like to help but I've got to go do some volunteer work for the Social Work Taskforce. Isn't this place great? I like Babinon: whole lot.

Dear Bill,

Last summer I murdered my ex-wife, Nicole, and her writer friend, Ron, in a fit of violent rage. I then quickly tried to make my escape by creating an alias that I was on an airplane at the time of the murders. However, I dropped my glove and forgot that I had ice cream earlier in the day. Needless to say, I-O was suspicious of me but some of my buddies at the station looked the other way as I walked out the front door of the house. My old teammate, Al picked me up in his white Ford Bronco and we led the convoy or police cars and news crews down the empty highway. Unfortunately Al had rented the vehicle from Hertz and signed an agreement not to assist any murderers out of the state. This was a big loophole in the plan, so we ended up going back to my house to have a few beers and watch the Naked Gun movies starring the great OJ Simpson (overviewed at Oscars time) on Nordstrom. I threatened to kill myself a few times, hoping that it would help me get a drama role in my next movie.

Anyway, a few month have since passed and I am in the heat of my trial. My attorney, Rob ert, is doing a phenomal job or dragging this thing on, but said characters as that horse's ass Kate Winslet, Rose Lopez, Marcella Clarke, and Judge Lance Ito, have given me several thoughts about killing myself. If I hadn't agree to fight Mike Tyson in what is sure to be the most watched sporting event between famous wife beaters of all time, I probably would...
Dear Aonymous,

I'd love to help and see you get off. I'm not sure if Officer Walker is going to be free. I saw him checking some little girls into his car recently, and I think he might be busy (I believe he does it with a lollipop, either way his hands were all sticky).

Dear Bill,

I am a little bit disturbed about the fact that you never have a positive word to say about Babson or anything related to Babson. You consistently talk trash about the campus, the students, the administration, the education, the organizations, etc. I have watched you spend all your free time destructively as opposed to constructively.

I have even watched you mercilessly knock little old ladies to the street without ever blinking an eye. Well, I am writing this letter in a desperate attempt to help you look at the positive aspects of your life. You seem to criticize rich people because they are richer than you, poor people because they are poorer than you, funny people because they are funnier than you, serious people because you are more serious than you, tall people because they are taller than you, short people because they are shorter than you, foreign people because they are foreigner than you, domestic people because they are more domestic than you, people in high playground areas are higher than you, people in low places because they are lower than you, old people because others are older than you, young people because they are younger than you, wise people because they are wiser than you, slow people because they are slower than you, honorable people because they are more honorable than you, dishonest people because they are more dishonest than you, chickens because they... well, you get the point. Do you do it? Is this the right right now, but you can think of a happy way to finish it, please do.

From,
Dick Benigni

Dear Dick,

Thanks for your letter. I agree with you about the positive aspects of Babson College. Whether it be how nice the campus looks in the winter or the fact that Babson offers a great business program, I always have come up with a beautiful poem that I would like to share with you. It goes something like this:

Roses are red
A good fern is green
I once saw a movie
That
Well, actually, I can't remember the rest of the movie, but if you can think of a happy way to finish it, please do.

From,
Dick Benigni

I broke this morning in the beautiful suite to the sweet sound of robins chirping outside my window. Of course, back in February, I had built the mother of a nest so that she may have a place to raise her children.

As I took my shower, I received two of my suitmates, Lamont and Tyree. "The three of us had known each other all four years and by now, we were like brothers. We did everything together, including going to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts every Saturday and eating all 19 weak meals at Trim. Of course, we did not have access to a fine kitchen in our suite, but who could pass up the Trim delicacies? Certainly not us."

Later in the day, I attended one of my computer science courses. The only problem with the course was that I had trouble concentrating. You see, with 40 kids in a class, including 25 drop dead gorgeous women, I had trouble focusing my attention on the blackboard. Besides their obvious beauty, one attribute which certainly attracts me to the women on our intelligence. I've said before and I'll say it again, Babson women are smart. And no, don't let anyone else tell you different.

My next stop was to the weekly BASA meeting. I know what you're thinking. Perhaps I won't fit in. But Lamont and Tyree have an eye for me. I told them I am a computer science major, and they immediately invited me to their meeting. I was excited and began to look forward to attending future meetings. "Would you like to come along and assured me that I would be a welcome addition to their group. In just three short months, I became President of BASA and subsequently made it my mission to bring DMC to Babson College. If nothing else, I begged Chair 1995 President Jason Jones to let Jack Masser speak at graduation. Jason said he would let me know by week's end. Let's keep our fingers crossed.

After BASA, I went back to my room to find one of my other suitmates, Jaffar, standing near my door. Jaffar had a stern look on his face and soon I realized that I must have done something wrong. He said he saw me park in a handicapped parking spot earlier in the day. Although I was there for only five minutes, this explanation was not good enough for him. "Look Bill, although I am richer than you, I will never dream of taking the rights of others in society. This means that if I sign "55," I drive "55." This means that I must let my own trays at Trim. This means that if it's a choice between parking in a handicapped spot and parking five miles away, dammit, Bill, I park five miles away." At this moment, he embraced me the way my mother used to when I was about to cry. And cry, I did. Sobbing almost uncontrollably, Jaffar said over and over in his native Indian, "I know. I know. I know." Jaffar wasn't upset with me. He just wanted me to learn from my selfish actions. After this emotional scene, I decided to adjourn for the evening by curling up with the Data Communications textbook. Although I must admit, this book has kept me up at night on more than one occasion.

From 1995 Regent's Council, I thought about all the friends I had at Babson. I thought about how hard my President worked to improve our school on a daily basis. I thought about Mr. Charlie Nolan's efforts to make cultural diversity at Babson a reality. And finally, I thought about those baby robins and their mother outside my window. In a way, Babson was like a mother to me. It has helped me grow in all aspects of my life. When I think back to my four years here at Babson, I am very sorry to be leaving. Our comforting thought, however, is that all the money I will soon donate so that future students can experience the greatest college in the world, Babson College.

Bill Theodosiou
Editor-In-Chief

New From the Chia Company of Chia, Wisconsin, It's Chia-Fro!!!

Sandra King, VP of Propaganda for Babson: "I simply applied the mix to my head before going to bed at night, added water, and in the morning, Voila! It's 1973 all over again! Look at me now!"

Chia
Chia
Chia

Before
After

King: "So if you miss those glory days of Cleopatra Jones and The Village People, do like I did, and try new Chia Hair. Look what it did for me!"

The Babson Free Press
FEATURES

Babo Blotter

March 25th - 8:32 am - Babo boy scouts play practical joke and decide to ticket every car on campus. Afterwards, they are rewarded with milk and cookies.

March 25th - 10:00 am - Security check at Mr. Donut.

March 25th - 10:37 am - Armed robbery attempt at Mr. Donut. Three Babo boys wounded.

March 25th - 10:48 am - Three more boy scouts hired: Tommy,

Bobby, and Joey (ages 9, 11, and 6 and a half (practically 7)).

March 25th - 11:00 am - Security check at Dunkin' Donuts (Hey, Mr. Donut was still cleaning up.)

March 25th - 9:00 pm - Officer Walker and Journey reunite at Knight Auditorium for one last show.

March 25th - 11:32 pm - Officer Walker frisks three young gentlemen after they walk out of Knight Auditorium with suspicious guns.

Walker is later seen passionately kissing each student.

March 25th - 12:44 am - Officer Walker and other members of Babo perform exotic dance on top of the table in Pierz 12.

March 25th - 1:00 am - Security check at Mr. Donut.

March 25th - 1:15 am - Emergency call to Detective Russo. R ape reported somewhere on campus.

Thank you for your patience.

Baboon Dance Ensemble: Family weekend 8 Casino Night.

The BDE will be dancing to Vegas tunes in the flesh. All dancers will be in costume for the night in order to maintain your mom's and dad's confidence.

This Ain't No Playground: Officer Walker announced this past weekend that he would like all students to "play games with his car.

From now on, every student leaving a Knight Auditorium party must, and we emphasize, must place their bracelet on Officer Walker's Babo mobile. If you are found passing by Officer Walker's car without placing a bracelet on the car, you will be "locked up" by Officer Walker and his boys.

BINGO Coming Soon: Due to popular demand, BINGO will be coming to the baboon College campus on Friday nights in the Van Winkle main lounge. Bring your own chips.

Announcements: Animals Are People Too! For Family Weekend, students are encouraged to ask their families to bring the family pet. If the family doesn't own a pet, they should proceed to the local pet store to pick up a new family pet. NO LEASHES ALLOWED.

Writing Center: The writing center has moved too the former room of the all-night study lab. If you want a more helpful writer, come two the center for help. We been there. We no want it to be like too no know how to write. Matter of fact, many of us writers currently write for the Free Press. We can no write better story than ours.

Announcements: Scholarships will never be given out on the basis of merit. Never.

Cricket Fight: Yes, it's that time of year again. The third annual cricket fight at Bryant Hall will take place this Saturday at 7:00 PM, or whenever they least expect us to arrive. Contact master of ceremonies, Mark Cosmoundare, at his Dartmouth College address. He is to be totally confused.

Juggling Club: Would you like to be President of the Baboon Juggling Club? Would you like to meet more people and become more influential? Would you like to learn how to juggle too, even three balls at once? You can! Just call Christopher J. Tiernan (the Voice of Baboon College, the Human Rug, Carl Janovski, Taremo, Coby, G.L., or whatever name you like to call him) at 4684 for more information. You'll be glad you did. Visa and MasterCard accepted.

Residential Life: To anyone who stayed over during Spring Break and was stupid enough to actually pay the $25, we would just like to take this time to laugh at you. In fact, do you hear that? That's us laughing our asses off at you. What a bunch of morons you all are! Did you even bother to ask what, in God's name, the $25 was going towards? No, of course you didn't! Do you know why? Because you're all stupid liars who deserve to lose $25?

Computer Center: Globetrotter is currently down.

BEAVER ALERT

HEY SENIORS

Do you want your very own piece of the yearbook????

Here is your first and last chance to leave your mark in the Babsonian. (and prove that you actually did go here). You can put anything your heart desires in the Babsonian! Do you want to say good-bye to friends, teachers, peers. Ooh, drinking buddies? Put in pictures of yourself, your friends, your BMW. Print your GPA. Team up with your most mates and buy a whole page! Don't be the only one who isn't in the yearbook. All proceeds from these pages will go towards more senior yearbook stuff.

Make checks payable to Nicole Jensen just kidding, the babsonian. 1/8 page $25 1/4 page $45 1/2 page $75 1 full page $125

DEADLINE FOR ALL MATERIALS HAS BEEN EXTENDED TO APRIL 7

FREE YEARBOOKS

What could be better than something FREE?

Get your own copies of the 1994 and 1993 BABSONIAN at the info booth in Hollis Hall. Any one. Anyone can have one. Everyone can have one, or two or three, or five. Please just take them they're yours!!!!

Any Questions ??????

Call the babsonian at X4230.

WE NEED YOU...AND YOUR PICTURES! They can be crazy & nasty. So get in the mood, make your pictures rude, do it in the nude, but above all be clever. We want your pictures bad. We promise that we will return them if you write your name and address on the back. Thank you for your patience. Send your pictures to BOX 1641, grant's. Time is running out, and you could help actually get a Babsonian out ON TIME! The Baboon Free Press
Weekly World News

Next with the alien and Frank "The Bug" in the mayonnaise jar for a while and move on to another complaint that I received from fellow B & G worker, Dennis Nicholson. Before painting his way to Yippie U, Dennis was also a gravedigger and is a little miffed that I never mentioned him when reminiscing about my old homemade days. The problem being that Dennis spent a mere five years compared to my whopping 15. I probably dug up more folks than he put down, but I'll give Dennis his due, even if he was a minor league. Now, with all that said and done, hopefully I can move on to the weeks top story and not ruffle anyone's feathers. Anyway, we're off to Brazil where super automo- tive genius, Antônio Quandros, has invented a car that runs on human urine. That's right, a little tinkle in the tank, and hit the road. As a matter of fact, this amazing engine actually gets 82 miles per pint. Thak's the size of one 16 ounce beer, folks, and you zusi-shopping know that one tall beer will produce just about the same amount of urine; or should I say, gas. The proud inventor recently an- nounced at a press conference in Rio de Janeiro that his urine powered engine is also a great way to dispose of human waste. "The urine is completely consumed in the process of operating the engine and there is absolutely no pollution or odor," Quandros stated.

The process was actually discovered three years ago when Antonio figured out how to burn human waste in a vacuum by adding oxygen and an electronic spark. It was then that he realized that he could develop an engine that would burn urine so cleanly that there would be nothing left when the combustion was complete. A prototype engine was created in his garage, mounted in his late model sports car and the world's first Pee-Powered car was christened. "There's no doubt about it, pee power is definitely the energy source of the future," boasted a proud Quandros. Another plus for the urine engine is that everybody has an unlimited supply of fuel inside them. That eliminates any fear of running out of gas. Anyways, Quandros has been contacted by three major auto manufacturers and if all goes well, his pee-pow- ered car should be on the road within five years.

Just a word of warning: if you're planning a scuba diving trip anywhere near the vicinity of the Mediterranean Sea, look out for giant killer sponges. That's right. The normally peaceful "spongeplumia" genus has some- how developed a deadly strain that stands 20 ft. tall and 30 ft. wide. A young marine biologist, Martin Kinsitter, those killer sponges extend long sticky tendrils out from their bodies that trap their prey. Skindiver Alain Delatour was fortunate enough to escape these horrific creatures but was forced to look on helplessly as they gobbled down four of his buddies. The team was out studying sea turtles when they accidentally stumbled upon the sponges. Naturally being astonished by their size, the divers went in for a closer look and "sponge lunch." There is dis- agreement as to how these sponges actually evolved but Dr. Kinsitter is quite confident that the high levels of pollution found in the Mediterr- anean sea is the cause. The doc- tor also warns that if pollution con- tinues to spread, so will the sponges and they'll easily replace the Great White Shark as the oceans most deadly creature.

“Choose Your Own Adventure”

The following article has been prepared as a "Choose Your Own Adventure" article by former Bubson student Mark "No, Tu Piers" Coumoundrulas. Enjoy.

1. Car-jacking recently hit the Bubson Campus this past week, as three unidentified students "ac- quired" Bubo's latest addition to its Public Safety Fleet. One of the three unidentified students, ru- mored to be from Coleman Hall, was seen lying in the middle of the street as Patrol car No. 423 drove by. The Bubo officers driving the car then proceeded to examine the hooded miscreant, only to be sur- prised by the presence of two other car-jackers. A special portion, pre- pared by the lab services of Profes- sor Hebard, put the two officers quickly to sleep.

The three car-jackers then went down to Miami beach for their 1995 Spring Break before re- turning their car back to Bubo.

2. Two unidentified students were recently amazed to find the missing murder weapon in the O.J. Simpson trial in the front seat of Bubo Patrol Car No. 423. The two students were walk- ing the car after returning from a class when they heard Bubo officers conversing about the alleged murder weapon. In order to lure the officers out of the pat- rol car, the two students pre-arranged a side walk sale of various C.H.L.E.S. paraphernalia in the popular television show. When the offi- cers were sufficiently oc- cupied with the sale, the students discovered the murder weapon in a sealed-plastic envelope.

The two Bubo officers apparently acquired the murder weapon after travel to Los Angeles during the College's recent Spring Break. Af- ter talking extensively with Lance Ito and agreeing to let him speak at next year's Commencement cer- monies, Ito gave the officers the weapon this article in a different direction, since this angle is going nowhere.

3. Two unidentified Babson students recently discovered the al- leged O.J. Simpson murder weapon on the front seat of a Bubo cruiser. The two students were casually walking by the cruiser during the middle of the day when the cruiser unexpectedly stopped near the Trim Parking lot. The officers left the cruiser quickly and have been carrying their own in- vestigation. During the College's recent Spring Break, the unidenti- fied officers drove patrol car No. 432 to the Los Angeles area and physically assaulted LAPD Furnas to acquire the murder weapon. Although most sources claim the murder weapon to be a "fake," the Bubo officers claim the Swiss Army knife to be authentic.

The two officers plan to donate the murder weapon to the Isabella Gardner museum in Bos- ton to help the museum compen- sate for the $250 million theft back in 1990. The two students were sworn to secrecy.

By Skip Center for Janitorial Studies

The Dean

"Choose Your Own Adventure"
Question: What is your deepest secret?

Roger Babson
"I sold my chicken franchises too early."

Chris Newhall '93
"Huh-huh-huh, you said 'Deep.' Cool."

Unicycle Man
"I really love the way this feels without the seat."

President Glavin
"I don't know what I'm doing here. What 'Mouse'?"

Skip
"I used to be a Janitor — oh wait! That's not it, at all!"

The Babson Free Press
New England Brick Masters
"While building this wall, when no one was looking, occasionally, I would buff, and puff, but nothing would happen. Pooh."

Professor Rob Kopp
Free Press Advisor
"I haven't advised the Free Press in well over four years."

John Kenneth Galbraith
"I'm already dead."

Boy in the Cage
"This is supposed to be a bubble. But, for $5 I'll ship and pee on the newspapers."

Judge Lance Ito
"I've been bought. You're not going to print that, are you?"
Van Winkle -

Van Winkle Hall burnt down as a result of a brush fire that got out of hand. Thirty-three dead. Fourteen teen girls. No further information will be available.

Punteny -

We used to be cool, then we turned into geeks, then we abandoned ourselves with little (not having our rooms, and yes, occasionally urinating on ourselves), then came “Substance Free!” Now we’re only the second biggest bunch of geeks around. (Editor’s note: ZBT)

Keith -

Hi Keith! How’s your mom?

Park Manor South -

Hey Jill, I saw you changing the other day, nice rack! (Your roommates, Jan). Beth, I’ve got some betteries you lent me, you were right! It is much smoother with cream! (Don’t worry, I got double prints from Fotomat, so I promise to keep one set clean.) Helen, I want my headed necklace back! You keep telling me you’re using it “right now” so I never see it around your neck! Mmmm... I wonder where you’re using it (Andrew). Hey Andrea, my back hurts (Helen).

ZBT -

Yes, we know people call us “Zeros Belong Together.” But we’re drinking milk..."

Punteny (again) -

Hey Juice, I know you killed your wife and her boyfriend. Haha, hope you die! Big like at ICEBERG, he’s COEBERGH! Watch out Fat Lou, I’m coming after you!!!

Pete’s Wicked Dorm -

I NEED A JOB!!! I NEED a job. I need a beer. I NEED a beer! NEED A beer! I NEED A BEER!!!

Ultimate Beer Review

By Brian O’Rich
Father, Husband, Beer Drinker

Hello, and welcome to Babson’s Ultimate Beer Review. I feel that I have neglected my fans, or fan, as I recently sampled a beer that was so astounding, that I feel ashamed that it has taken me so long to discover it, but I am only human, or at least that is what they tell me. The beer is Meister Brau. Yes, I know you have all tried it and loved it, and have been toasting it storing for a long time. (And I call myself a beer connoisseur.) In any event, I am currently lobbying the pub to get it on draught. Next week, I plan to get a campus wide petition circulating in the hopes of getting the PepsiCo Pavilion changed to the Meister Brau Pavilion. We could replace all the Pepsi machines on campus with Meister Brau machines that brandish that famous red logo.

Well, onto the beer. This beer should be savored like a fine wine. When tasting it, be careful. The bouquet is easily mistaken for the smell of the Coleman bathroom after a long weekend of drinking, but it isn’t. Instead, it is the smell of the finest products to come forth when years, hops, water, and barley are mixed. The color is one of the more amazing facets of this beer. One would think that they had poured themselves a glass straight from the septi tank, but you are mistaken, that orange-yellow color cannot even be found in the best German beers.

Subliminal Messages in Cartoons

By Scooter O’Sarian
Staff Intern...Drunk

Way back when, before afternoon television involved karaoké dancing turtles and purple dinosaurs with shit-eating pernickety, we had cartoons. Real cartoons, not today’s trash, where Power Rangers and Myuran Turtles reign. We’re talking about the days of mice escaping castaways, modern stone-age families, and teenagers driving in a van with a floral print job. Yes, we’re talking about Scooby Doo.

As we go through our second childhood and watch Scooby Doo again, we notice different images in the time around. What seemed so innocent fifteen years ago now questions the morality of Scooby’s writers.

First, remember the Scooby Snacks? Drugs. Think about it. To cope with the fear the teen detectives encountered on their daily travels, Shaggy and Scooby would devour those Scooby snacks, which possessed immediate narcotic effects. After eating the snacks, a hyperactive state of euphoria occurs in Shaggy and Scooby, their fears vanish, and their performance is enhanced to the point they can do anything. After the high from the Snacks fades, the pair becomes extremely hungry, and must eat enormous sandwiches to satisfy their hunger. Often, the pair sees hallucinations while engaged in their “Scooby Snack” state.

The “free sex” overtones of the 1960s also are seen in Scooby Doo. Simply look at the characters. First, Fred. Fred was “the man.” He possessed the classic swinger’s look, and always wore that damn orange ascot, which served as a woman magnet. Daphne was the show’s bimbo. Shaggy obviously had his hormones in overdrive, and was your textbook sex-crazed teen. Dino is a love van, an androgynous nereid and a dog with a speech impediment, and you have Oggy County, Population Five. How did this show ever air?

This is not limited to just Scooby Doo. Think about the Communist references to Karl Marx, portrayed as Papa Smurf on the Smurfs. Imagine what they meant when they said the Barbapapas can “change their shapes and sizes, very easy.” And I don’t even want to think about the phallic references in The Stooges.

Next time you’re bored and flip across the UHF stations on your TV, slow down. Take a second look. You might be surprised.

Tougher Classes

Brought to you by the class of 1995.

"While you’re giving us the finger, we’ll be making money."

-The Babson Free Press-
Wellesley Hills 02157

By Ned Flanders
Staff Goody Goody

Wow! If you missed last week’s episode, you were stupid. It appears as though the secret finally came out. As you may remember, George promised Andra to tell Michael about what Jocelyn had said about him during her vacation in Columbia. But just before Michael was about to make a fool of himself and present Jocelyn with the lovely sapphire, George decided that his friend should know the truth. Michael promised to keep the secret because if he said anything, Jocelyn’s relationship with Andra would be jeopardized. Michael, however, lost his cool and finally confronted Jocelyn. He then confronted Andra, who immediately called George in a fit of utter rage. George and Andra later made up, but George eventually discovered that Andra had been talking with her former boyfriend Nick for the past year with out his knowing. You can imagine how pissed George must have been. What will happen when George meets up with Andra will be interesting to find out next week.

Meanwhile, Michael runs into Jocelyn, but he’s all set with her. In the final scene, he yells, “Go to hell, you Pickin’ bitch.”

FOR SALE: Parachute. Used once, never opened. Beautiful red color. Sized to fit. Call Jeff Patterson. Ask for assistance @ 1-617-259-6773

FOR SALE: Xerox Copyier, Xerox fax machines and other “booz” Xerox products! Sorry no serial numbers and documentation. Call B. Glavin @ 1-617-259-5109 and leave a msg w/ Cis.

MISSING! Whine plastic bag. Last seen on Free Press couch. Bags contain include: LL Cool Jay’s “I’m Bad!” tape, white leisure suit, handcuffs, Delonite video, Bentley sweater, ski-hat, sun glasses and tiger. Please call Bill @ x 4573.

POSITION AVAILABLE: Computer Police Officer. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!!! Free Car w/ police lights. illegally sell dorm rooms and get paid for it! FREE beer and donuts during lunch hour. Marijuana available upon request! Elementary school graduation not required. Work permit needed, however. Must be over 14! “The 18+ need not apply. An equal opportunity employer. Please call Jack Sluay at 1-617-259-555 for starting times!”

FOR SALE: Celicia Banner! Actual banner which last week hung in Boston Garden! Contains retired numbers of Bird, Reggie, etc. $10,000 or quicker offer. MUST SELL FAST! Call Derek @ 239-5555.

WANT TO BE OVER-Charged? Come to the Phone Office! Located in Park Manor North! We will bill you for long distance calls you never made! We will charge you for calls the long distance rate! Only a $69.95 monthly service fee! Don’t call us! We will have our salamander call you COLLECT and not explain the extensive hidden charges!

WANT TO LEARN ABOUT SEXUAL PRACTICES AND THE ANIMAL KINGDOM? Call the Babson Zoological Backdoor Testers. (ZBT) We will teach you how to duck-tape ferrets, fornicate with beavers, rear-enter sheep and much much more. Sign up for our member kit which includes, scotch tape, oversize condoms, and tranquilizer darts! Join in meeting the new animals. This week’s featured animal—“The Squirrel.”

FEELING SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED? Have you lost that sexual energy? Haven’t had any for some time? Sick of buying Kleenex? Come join us at the new sexual therapy clinic at the Westgate Health Clinic. Private rooms available for those parties wishing to test the boundaries of sexual activity! Note: There is a 60/40 male to female ratio, some lucky individuals to enjoy same sex encounters.

Attention Females 19-25 especially college students: If you are a college student, or between the ages of 18-25, I will reward you and one or two of your friends very generously just to watch me maimate. I am a 16 year old male and I have a lot of money to spend. Females only. x 5442.

DWM, 40’s, chubby, seeks male, she-male, crossdresser, hermaphroditie, couple for mutual jo, watching vid-

Kevinz Law Skool Essay
By Kevin

Once in law school, I will follow the ethical cornerstone laid by my uncle, Uncle Sam, king of the wild frontier. All things being equal, fat people use more soap. Anyways, on a more serious note, I want to attend law school to fulfill my childhood dream: to be a fireman and ride on the big red fire engine. Oh boy!! Maybe they’ll even let me blow the horn. I like rice. In fact, I like rice a lot a lot. Even more than potatoes. Did you know that I prefer my potatoes baked as opposed to mashed? If I had a cat, I would name it Blinkie, because I bet it would blink sometimes, especially if I were to throw firecrackers at it. My mom never let me have any pets. I was sad. One time I fell off my bike and cut my knee, but mommy said I was a big boy because I didn’t cry. OK daddy, I’m all done. Can I go outside and play now?

The Babson Free Press
On Campus

Pietz 15
Live, live in concert. One night only. Last night March 29, 7:30p.m.

Knight Auditorium
Babson Players present The Rocky Horror Picture Show March 30-April 1, 8:00 p.m.

Eco Ensemble Alternative Concert April 9, 8:00 p.m.

Rogers Pub
Rogers Alcoholics Anonymous Night April 31, 8:00 p.m.

Trim Dining Hall
The Portable Party MRA in Entrepreneurship April 10, 6:30 p.m. Trim 203, 205

Reading Sex/Subsex, a clinic on overanalyzing and hair-splitting April 12, 4:30-5:30 p.m. Trim 201-202

Women Alumni Panel Topic: How to Get Tipped Well at Denny’s April 24, 8:00 p.m. Trim 201-202

International Film Forum Emanuelle V April 31, 7:00 p.m. Trim 203-205

Writing Center
Women’s Bitching Session Celebrating Women Poets March 31, 4:00 p.m.

Abba, Somalia and a House o 'Hos.

By Slave Viscous
Contributing Writer

With the campus absolutely abuzz with Spring Weekend rumors, the time has come again for yet another Spring Weekend Pay-per-Preview. The SGA has once again been determined to put on a show for the campus. The show will begin at 8:00 p.m. at Trim Dining Hall. The show will feature Abba, Somalia, and a House o' Hos. The show will be a great night for all fans of Abba, Somalia, and a House o' Hos.

Friday, April 28

Babopoolooza '95 begins at Trim Dining Hall at 8 p.m. with opening act Falco resurrecting his old hit "Rock Me Amadeus" and well, that's it isn't it Falco will be

"Saturday night will see PepsiCo Pavilion turrd into a b'house for the third annual Ray Boston Bitch Party,"

followed by Abba, who promise to play an hour set including "Ol' Blue" and "Don't Turn Around"... oh that's the other Danish pop group... Roxette. Even if you miss both of these primo stars, stick around as George Michael reunites with... that other guy to resurrect Wham. Wham will be backed up by Judge Ito and the Dream Team Dancers. After the concert, come to the Lower Athletic Fields for the annual Midnight Marshall's Hot Dog Roasting.

Saturday, April 29

Saturday begins with the SURF Cricket tournament taking place on the Upper Fields. This new experiment, cosponsored by SURF, BISO, the Euro Connection and the Babson Marketing Association, hopes to open Babson's awareness of other world sports, and, if successful, will pave the way for the proposed curling, badminton and Jai Alai events at future Spring Weekends.

"Embrass Us... One Last Time" will adapt their famed volleyball techniques for a cricket bat and a couple of those really nifty sweaters. Saturday night will see PepsiCo Pavilion turned into a b'house for the third annual Ray Boston Bitch Party, sponsored by Sigma Alpha. When asked, the sorority commented, "we're glad that all of our 'times of the month' fall on this weekend, we hope to pull it off without a hitch." Speaking of pulling it off without a hitch...

Sunday, April 30

(assume really grand voice) AND SUNDAY... SUNDAY... AT THE PEPSICO PAVILION CATCH BIGFOOT AS IT TRIES TO HAUL PROFESSORS MACKENZIE AND HATCHKISS THROUGH FIFTY FEET OF MUD... MUD... MUD.

Ode to Grandma
by Anonymous

Milky white, tender like veal
God-given supercharged sex appeal,
And although God has taken
Your final breath
Your death cannot sour this last care.

Quietly in your coffin late at night
Our passion swells beyond
Grandpaw's sight,
Tracing your heavenly curves with my lips
Sweet tasting embalming fluid
near your hips.

I lay exhausted, loving you with all my might,
To find we have been buried during that night.
Smells Like Spring - Eos Ensemble's Finale

By Willie
Staff Janitor

Signs of Spring are definitely in the air. The snow is gone and around Babson's campus the first growths of a new season are emerging. To welcome this season of change, Babson College's chamber music group in residence - the Eos Ensemble - will offer up the greatest hits of today's alternative music for its season finale. Beginning at 9:00 p.m. on Saturday, April 8, 1995 in Knight Auditorium, the concert will feature works by Trent Renzor, Kurt Cobain and Billie Joe. As always, the Eos Ensemble brings together a talented group of Boston area musicians, including a special feature, the vocal talents of CJ Tierman, fresh from his world tour with Big Jugs. Free beer and pizza will be served at the event.

To open, Eos has chosen Kurt Cobain's (1957-1993) magnum opus, "Smells Like Teen Spirit". Influenced by the seminal sounds of Seattle (welcome to K-Billy Super Seminal Sounds of Seattle, K-B-I-L-L-Y-Y), the song went on to bring industrial-strength, art-pre-pigeon-grunge music into the mainstream spotlight. The Eos hopes to do this work justice with a unique treatment of violin and viola. When asked about his thoughts on matching Kurt's imitable voice, CJ merely replied, "I hope that I can raise the lyrics to new levels of ambiguity and vagueness. It's too bad that I don't smoke, because doing four packs a day would help get that desired effect. I'll just have to settle for drinking a gallon of coffee before the concert."

On either side of the intermission will be two works by Nine Inch Nails mastermind Trent Renzor (b. 1964). The first, "Head Like a Hole" seems tailor made for a piano, clarinet and flute with its polyrhythmically unique percussion arrangement reminiscent of the Juergenson/Ministry school of industrial composition. After the intermission, the Ensemble will launch into its rendition of "Closer", another piece by Renzor that takes advantage of the natural sounds of piano and flute. When asked about the possibilities of opening a mesh pit for these two numbers, the Ensemble stated that they would like the audience to be involved, but it would be more proper if they stayed seated throughout the event.

While the Ensemble's previous performances focused on the classic staples of alternative radio, their finale will feature some of the more current hits of the SoCal-post-anti-pro-neither-speedskater-surfer-stoner-punk revolution. They will conclude the program with three songs written by Billie Joe, the poet-genius of new-comer Green Day. "When I Come Around", a lucid piece that includes guitar hooks, riffs and chocolate fudge, will open the set, to be followed by the unique nod to the British vein of seminal neo-post-retro-noise punk, "Basket Case". The entire concert will be wrapped up by Billie Joe's "Welcome To Paradise", a complex piece performed with viola, cello, sitar and castanets.

Granted, previous performances by the Eos have not been as popular with the student community, what with the Simpson trial taking everyone's attention. With this new program, the Ensemble has sold out... rather, has repopulated itself as Babson's flagstaff musical outfit.

Off Campus

Camping Fiction

A collaboration between Quentin Tarantino and Robert Zemeckis. Forrest Gump puts on a variety show and wanders through life with a submachine gun, dispensing his innocent wisdom. "Life's like a TV. Change the channels and you don't know what you've gotten yourself into..."

The Gig Guide

Gezz
March 31

The latest resurrected supergroup, featuring Don Henley, Robert Plant, Mick Jagger and Daryl Hall, otherwise known as the Travelling Wilbury's II, will be coming to the Rat. Who ever said that rockstars live fast and die young?

Harry Connick Jr. & Slayer
April 3

They tried rap and metal with the Judgement Night soundtrack back in '92, now the latest thing seems jazz-metal fusions. Of course, you wonder when everyone's going to stop merging and twisting and actually do something totally new. Catch them at the Paradise with opening act, jazz punk Branford Marsalis & Rancid.

A True Babson Hero

By Tad-Bill
HazelgrinMondorous
Contributing Contributors

In 1988, there was a flood in the basement of New Hall, or what is now Putney. At the time, sump pumps as we know them had not yet been developed. Thus, in a valiant effort to use a mattress as a sponge, VP of Student Affairs Paula Rooney attempted to save the nearly built building's weak foundation. Although the building was saved, Rooney drowned in the raging three inch flood.

This article has been meant as a look back to a Babson hero.

The Babson Free Press
Deep Thoughts

When you die, if you get a choice
between going to regular heaven
or pie heaven, choose pie
heaven. It might be a trick, but
if it's not, ummm, boy.

The Far Side
By Gary Larson

"Oh my God! It's Yvonne!"

Lacking a home, Jed was compelled to just drift along
with the tumbling tumbleweed.

"Lord, we thank thee."

The Far Side
By Gary Larson

Non Sequitur
By Virgil

The Weeding-Out Process

The Bahama Free Press
Bentley College Basic Skills Test

A Continuation of our “Friendly Rivalry” Series

Part I: Multiple Choice

1. If one bottle of Thunderbird costs 50 cents, how much does it cost for two?
   a) 50 cents  b) 12 cents  c) $1.49  d) $1.00  e) None of the above

2. If John starts work at 2:00 and finishes 1 minute later, what time will it be when he finishes?
   a) 3:07  b) 3:06  c) Yes  d) 2:01  e) All of the above

3. How do you spell the word “cat.”

4. How many kids must you have to receive $250 a week in welfare?
   a) 1  b) 2  c) 3  d) 2.3  e) 97

5. “To be or not to be...” came from what author?
   a) Louis L’Amour  b) Dr. Seuss  c) Shakespeare  d) Judy Blume

6. Analogy: Food: Eat as
   a) Chalk: Automobile  b) Shoe: Existentialism  c) Boose: Drink

7. If 2x + 3y = 12, where x = 3 and y = 2, what does y equal?
   a) 2.14  b) 13  c) x  d) xy  e) None of the above

8. Find the next number in the series: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5...
   a) 0  b) 14  c) 1,571.3  d) 102,437  e) Judy Blume

9. Which number is largest?
   a) 1  b) 2  c) 2  d) 3  e) None of the above

Part II: Count Your Nose

10. How many noses do you have? Count your nose(s) with your finger and write your answer below.
    ______ noses(s)

Part III: Written

11. Write down the numbers 1-10 (points deducted for each number out of sequence)

12. Write your name (candidates not advised to copy)

Part IV: Cognitive Perception Skills

13. Get through the maze

   Start

   Finish

14. Connect the dots (1, 2)

   1

   2

15. If Car A and Car B are travelling to Point C in the same direction and at the same speed, which will arrive at Point C first?

   Car A

   Car B

   C

16. Circle the thing that does not belong to the set

   Car

   Car

   Arm

   Leg
Sports

Celtics Banner Appears on Campus

By Virgil Trucks

Observe Famous Baseball Player
(Back in the days when they played)

Sports fans across New England were stunned to learn this past Sunday that a banner hanging from the rafters of the venerable Boston Garden had been stolen. This banner possessed the numbers of four retired Celsohn, Larry Bird, Dennis Johnson, Kevin McHale, and as of last week, Reggie Lewis. The mining banner, however, surfaced on the Babson campus just yesterday, to the delight of Garlton officials, and the dismay of three campers (students) here at Camp Babo.

Derek Finkelman, Scott Sarian, and Brent Larson were among those first in line to inspect the art that once hung in the Boston Garden. "It was big and it was a part of the Garden," Larson said. "When you walked in, you couldn't help but notice it. It was a big part of our childhood."

On Wednesday night, the Babson women's basketball team played host to the Lady Swamp Dragons from visiting Wheaton College. Despite losing 106-17, the Babo girls really put on a good show.

"One legged Beaver hops to the hoop."

It's just too bad that the Whiston girl stole the ball from Michelle and later made a layup.

Five minutes later, with the score 40-1 in favor of Wheaton, the Baboon crowd of 512 decided to begin the wave. This obviously was an emotional boost for the Lady hoops as they emerged from a twenty second timeout with a look of ferocity on their faces. Senior Edie Carrin inbounded the ball to junior Lisa McLean, who later dribbled skillfully to the top of the key. With three defenders guarding her, Lisa decide to throw up a jump shot from three point land. "It had connected, the Whiston lady would have been slashed to just 34 points over with thirty-five minutes to play. The ball took a high bounce, but was snatched up by junior Cara McAlpin as she skied for the rebound. And what a rebound it was! The crowd was astounded at McAlpin's hit a half foot vertical leap. Always alert, Cara then spotted fellow junior Jen Allabough underneath the basket and fed her for an easy layup. And what a layup it was!

With the taste of victory, now closer than ever, Babo coach Judy Bilsworth decided to send in her secret weapon, senior Amanda Zedek. Zedek's quickly stole the inbound pass from Wheaton and raced toward the hoop. Unfortunately, she tripped on her own lace and twisted her right ankle. (And, oh, what a trip it was!) Bilsworth's secret weapon was forced to sit out the rest of the game. At halftime, the score stood at Wheaton 61, Babo 8. To the casual fan's eye, this may have seemed slightly lopsided. To the knowledgeable Babo fans, however, it was clear that a 57 point deficit would not be enough to hold down the Lady Beavers.

Merten led the team back as the sunk three consecutive treys to close Wheaton's gap to 64-17. Unfortunately, Babo's scoring would end there as Wheaton, through nothing less than dishonest chicanery, rammed off 41 consecutive points.

Despite the loss, it's important to note that the Babo women remained classy at all times. In fact, they were so happy for Wheaton's good fortune that many wept openly for the entire second half. Now that's sportsmanship!

All in all, the Babo women played great. From dribbling to passing to rebounding to scoring, they just couldn't be stopped. It was obvious that the team was in -

"I never got upset when someone tried to slander me in the newspapers."

Hey, you're not going to print that first part, are you?

Of course not, O.J.

Women Hoopsters Lose Heartbreaker

By Otto

Staff Bus Driver

We at the Babson Free Press sports department strive to write each and every article with a high degree of journalistic integrity. If that means being critical of one of our own sports teams, so be it. You, the reader, deserve to know the facts. The following is an example of this high level of integrity.

On Wednesday night, the Babson women's basketball team played host to the Lady Swamp Dragons from visiting Wheaton College. Despite losing 106-17, the Babo girls really put on a good show.

Both teams entered the contest with identical 15-4 records, but due to some questionable fourth quarter calls by the supposedly unbiased refs, the Dragons (as they are affectionately known) left the Webster Center (yes, it was named after that little kid on Diff'rent Strokes) with a somewhat tarnished W.

The game started off great for Babo, as freshman Beth Giovannini won the tap and passed the ball to Senior Michelle Merten. And what a pass it was! After the game, Beth commented, "I knew that we needed to get out of the
could of stealing the banner when it was found gracing Finkelman's wall, along with several illegal legs in Finkelman's room in Substance-Free Van Winkle. The three suspects confessed to stealing the banner on Saturday night, as they were returning from their Save The Whales meeting in town. The trio unvinitrate claimed to be on a mission that night to "right the wrongs in society." The banner was borrowed to give credit to some very deserving Celts. The three miscreants promise to return it, however. Added to the four empty spaces on the banner were the names of the students (or in one case, the team) of former Celts. The four honored included Fred Roberts, Ramon Rivas, Oxie "Nixon" Birdsong, and Stojko Vrankovic (11, which he chose as his number because "That is number of words I speak.").

The banner was discovered by Babo as they were making their nightly rounds of Substance-Free living. Apparently, word of a gigantic 47 kg event somewhere on campus sent Babo into a frenzy. They eventually found the culprits, who were recovering from the long, long party. After the theft from the Garden, the trio of hoodlums/free-sports fanatics ventured to the Stone Zoo and released "Barbara," a rare Asian chimpanzee who, after an incident with the quarte-
tless two, claimed "was being locked up inhumanely." Unfortunately, the fried chimp was only 61 and was inhumanely pinned under a truck, causing charges of animal rights to be brought against the pair plus one.

When asked about the stealing of the banner, O.J. Simpson replied to our Free Press reporter, "Hey, man, I might have killed my ex-wife, and I might have killed her boyfriend, too. But c'mon, I ain't never stole no banner. That's just sick. Hey, you're not going to print that first part, are you?"

"Two Geeks and a Banner"

Of course not, O.J.

Sports

Trivia Question of the Week

Congratulations to those three people who had too much time on their hands to figure out last week's trivia question. If you're one of those sports lovers, try your luck at this one...

What former NFL player ran for over 2,000 yards in one season, and also killed his ex-wife and her lover? (Hint: The answer is not O.J. Simpson, but you're close!)

The first three losers to call Babo the Barking Dog at 97231 will get three pounds of chewed dog bones and a dead cat, courtesy of Domino's. And if there's any pizza left over, you might get that, too—see if we're in a good mood or not.

The Babson Free Press
Sports

Hockey Update: If You Don’t Follow Hockey; This Ain’t Funny!

By Lo Postegolle
Staff Cimp

Last night the Philadelphia Flyers defeated the Edmonton Oilers by 12-0 count, winning the 3 game series to 2, as well as their first Stanley Cup in twenty years. The immortal Fred Brathwaite finally proved mortal, as the Edmonton goalie was left up 22 goals in the last two games after allowing only 17 throughout the Oilers’ Cinderella ride to the Stanley Cup finals. The Flyers were led in decisive fifth game by Eric Lindros and Rod Brind’Amour; who each scored four goals and assisted on four others.

But what is truly amazing about the Flyers’ championship is the story behind it. The strange ride to the Cup began just before the first game when no one other than a Babson College student named Jeff Patterson came skating out in a referee’s uniform. Jeff seemed to be watching the Boston Bruins the whole game for some reason, which was later revealed as signing superstitions such as Mikko Makela but still being too curious. Anyway, the Flyers won the game 8-2 behind four power play goals by Mike “I don’t need more ink, I get too much” Dunne.

Game two was even crazier. The Bruins brought up a new player from their affiliate in the Martha’s Vineyard Thanksgiving Weekend league, hoping to provide a jump-start to their dormant squad. Wearing number 87, in “drink 87 beers in one night, man oh yeah!” “Fear” proved it to be a tremendous asset, to the Flyers. He took a double minor for cross-checking in the first period. Philadelphia capitalized, but that was beside the point. Many ice rinks have traditions of throwing things such as octopus or fish after the home team scores the first goal. But what came down from the Spectrum’s upper levels was, wait a minute, two things. A life-size picture of O.J. Simpson and Marcus Clark playing Minnie One-on-One. And, NO I CAN’T BELIEVE IT...THE BANNER WITH REGGIE LEWIS, LARRY BIRD, DENNIS JOHNSTON, and KEVIN McHale’s numbers on them. The banner was the one stolen from Boston Garden. “Fear” soon charged out of the penalty box to start a riot in the stands. Fev went out to smash his shoes over the heads of two security guards, screaming “Some smart—stole that from me man! What do they think they’re from Merrickman!” After everything settled down from the riots, forty arrests were made. Fev was really glad to move in with Kato Keilin, and the Flyers were awarded a free pass to the Cup finals. The Rangers, who were supposed to play the Flyers in the following round, were pretty pissed off about the whole thing. Commissioner Brent Larson replied with the following statement: “Screw you, Rangers. You won it last year. And screw you too Pen Pal, Brind’Amour to trade you Mikko Makela for a song and a dance.”

- the concert will feature works by Trent Reznor, Kurt Cobain and Billie Joe -

Makela for an unprogrammed Terry Bradshaw football and one can of “skunk” Iron City Beer.

The Finals proved to be the true test for Philadelphia. Only in this lockout-shortened year could a goalie as obscure as Fred Brathwaite come out of nowhere and win three series for a young Edmonton team. (Actually, goalie Bill Ranford was kidnapped by a band of bidding young superstars led by Paul Thomas Donato, son of Babson Head Coach Paul Donato.) Later it was learned that Paul Thomas was actually innocent, and it was Jeff Patterson who kidnapped Ranford. He wanted to see his school’s hockey team get better play in net. As if Sean Condon’s 98.6 percent goals against average wasn’t enough. Anyway, Brathwaite shut out the Flyers 3-0 in the first game.

Philadelphia now knew they had to do something, and oh boy did they ever do something. The player transaction was made, and some guy named Steve Teschay joined the Flyers. Steve “Tesbag” Who the hell is he? That was the reaction of an entire city upon hearing the news of the transaction. The Flyer faithful would be pleasantly surprised, as Tesbag brought a newfound aggressiveness to the team. In fact, a leading newspaper tried to get a photograph of the new star, but Steve proceeded to eat the camera right in front of all the TV cameras; he did not even wait for the Tobacco sauce.

His aggression rubbed off on the whole team in game two, as they scored a decisive 3-4 triumph despite being whistled for a record 63 minor penalties. When asked about his team’s performance, coach Mark “Cappy” Capanos replied “Hey, we killed off all our penalties, you know. Tesbag set a record with twenty –two penalties in one game, but scored the game winner from the box. We did what we had to do, you know.” In fact, the game winning goal did come off of Steve. The puck hit him in the face while he was in the box, but bounced back towards the Edmonton net with such force that goaltender Brathwaite never saw it.

Philly won the next two battles 2-1 and 10-4, sending the series back home. However, Steve Tesbag was suspended for this game for burning an Edmonton player’s jersey at the end of game four. His absence did not slow down Philly’s momentum. They came out smoking, dominating the Oilers for sixty minutes. After the game, the locker room celebration provided for the most stunning moment in the history of the National Hockey League. While being interviewed by ESPN’s Paddy Shore, (I thought he worked for MTV) Eric Lindros snapped his fingers twice and went poof! Like some David Copperfield magic trick. When the smoke cleared, none other than Steve Tesbag appeared wearing Lindros’ jersey. The final quote of season was from Tesbag, and it goes like this: “This is what I was training for upon no longer writing ‘Around the Boards.’ The Bruins really wanted me but Mikko Makela was cheaper. Oh well, I won the Cup.”

Editor’s note: Steve then tried to eat the Stanley Cup, but it broke all his teeth.

Where Did The Babson Baseball Team Go?

By A Replacement Fenway Park Fan Sitting In Section 41, Row 47, Seat 8 (or is it 9?)

A crisis has erupted on the baseball field here at Babson. Unfortunately the Major League strike has spilled over and left Coach Frank Millerick without a team. With most teams using replacements players until the end of the strike, all of Babson’s players decided to try their hand at the major leagues. What this meant for Babson was three forfeits early in their season. “We just could not field nine players. Sure I could have put the four guys who were cut from the Florida Marlins two days ago, but that would not have been fair to the team of replacements from Tuscaloosa.”

If anyone is interested in making some new friends, head down to the lower fields and make those friends.

Sports Flashback: Donald Santini Comes out of the Closet

Then Herschel wraps his legs around my...

Herschel Walker with Babson Professor Don Santini

The Babson Free Press
A Look At The Statistics That Surround Us...

Percentage Of Babson Senior Males Who Have Dared To Fornicate With Babson Women

Fornicating Males 1%
Non-Fornicating Males 99%

On March 29, 1995, an informal poll amongst six drunken Babson senior males was taken. The topic: Had any of them ever dared to fornicate with any Babson woman? The answer: 0 for 6.

These results encouraged the hurdy-gurdy bunch to conduct an informal poll of the remaining 274 Babson senior males. The result of the survey did not shine favorably upon the Babson women. Not only did many of the males believe that their female counterparts were unintelligent, but they also became the mere suggestion of fornicking with any of them. Have a nice day!

Salon International
50% Discount on all hair services with this ad.
85 Central Street
Wellesley, MA 02181
(617) 235-2787

Quote of the week:
"The last time I got a piece of ass was when my finger ripped through the toilet paper."

Huyng Luong '95
FREE O.J. NOW!

With the purchase of any breakfast platter

The Wellesley House of Breakfast
"C'mon, Nicole deserved it!"

Open 6:00 am to 2:00 pm, Saturdays & Sundays
We don't want to miss any of the Trial!