

Potent OCD Romps To 588-0-0-0 Win; Overcomes Women's Moratorium On Ball

Coeds Issue Statement Opposing Encroachment

By D. GENERATE

The annual Bladderball Game faces the threat of extinction, just at the height of its climax.

The Yale coeds have formed a society to seek a Moratorium on the Ball, with an aim of eliminating both the game itself and all the traditional foreplay.

According to Mrs. Elga (Test) Wasserman, chairman of the Coeducation Committee, the girls have formed the PREGNANT Society to protest the encroachment of the ball on areas they consider private.

PREGNANT (Prevention, Rejection, Exclusion in General, No Assaults and No Touching) has issued a three-point series of demands.

The text of the demand statement, released today in several periodicals, includes:

- "1. An end to the wild, screaming and hasty activity known as Bladderball.
- "2. The puncturing of all bladderballs, and similar devices, and protective means to guarantee that all future balls will be strictly non-inflatable.
- "3. The future use, in all contact sports, of such protective gear as may be necessary."

The demands were published in all appropriate newspapers and magazines, and were posted on the entrance to Woodbridge Hall.

Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr., special assistant Henry (Sam) Chauncey Jr., and other top Yale officials were unavailable for comment on the demand statement. A report that all were indeed emptying and deflating bladders, in compliance with the students' instructions, was not confirmed.

The only available official, Mrs. Wasserman, said she was "delighted with the girls' conception, and hoped they would 'bear through with their labors throughout the year.'"

The girls themselves declined to amplify on the statement. Their designated spokesmen, Miss Leslie Cocoa, said, "The demands reflect our honest feelings, as women and as females. We think they are clear, in and of themselves, without elaboration, that is to say on their own merits, so to speak."

Other girls said, "Leslie told it like it is."

The Bladderball Game adherents have not as yet designated a spokesman. However, Durr T. Al of Liggett's, one of the sponsors of the new bladderball purchased for this year's game, said, "Bladders and protection are our business, our only business."

The survival of the Bladderball Game was last threatened by the New Haven Police Department, which with the judicious use of a penknife has on several occasions encouraged the bladderball to "take a leak."

However, New Haven Police Chief James (Wink-at-Drink) Ahem described the girls' statement as "plain yellow" and said bladderball adherents should not be deflated by the women.

No plans have been made for any official response to the girls' request, but one witty, charming and brilliant Berkeley junior said, "I think balls will be around for a long time, and I think girls will come to that conclusion too."



The Bladderball takes a well-deserved rest after it rose like a phoenix from the ashes to provide a vehicle for the NEWS' 491st consecutive victory.

Bladder Bowl Triumph

Heffelfinger Stamina Sets OCD Pattern

The legends surrounding the origins of the noble Sport of the Bladder are as legion and as varied as the reported scores of the game in some of our less reliable news media. It remains for the NEWS, the most powerful and respected organ in the Yale community, to trace the true and authentic genesis of this epic battle.

The following report was compiled by a skilled crew of veteran-researchers who combed in vain through medieval manuscripts, ancient hieroglyphic inscriptions, and back issues of the Record before finally discovering the Truth.

By EL KYD, as told to PHIL HERSH

Some say Bladderball originated as a mystical and

erotic rite in the unfathomed reaches of the Orient. Others say it dates back to the pagan sacrifices of ribald Rome. Still others would have you believe it was born from the illicit union of a soccer ball and the Goodyear Blimp.

At last, all these unsubstantiated rumors may be put to rest. Scientific evidence shows that the Oriental and Roman theories can be attributed to incandescent swamp gas, and the Blimp theory is nothing more than the punch line of Spiro Agnew's favorite ethnic joke.

In actuality, the Noble Art is no foreign import, but originated right here at Yale, along with Dink Stover, the Wham-O Frisbie, and the Vinland Map.

NEWS Backwards

The truth was found in the unpublished papers of Walter Camp, which until recently had lain undisturbed in the Yale Archives Room for nearly a half-century. Supplementary authentication was obtained by reading pages of the NEWS from 1891 backwards, while an Edison cylinder recording of the same era offered additional clues.

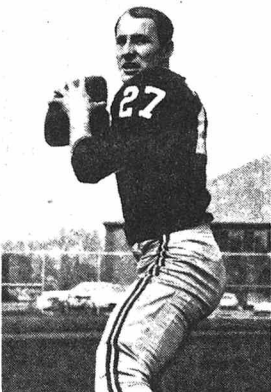
It all dates back to the afternoon and evening of November 3, 1891. That afternoon, one of the all-time great Yale Squads rolled over Crescent Athletic Club, 70-0. It was one of 35 consecutive shutouts recorded by Camp's invincible Elis over a four-season stretch. After a monumental repast not far from the playing fields in Brooklyn, the Bulldogs boarded a train bound for home.

Prodigious Stamina

Among the Elis who boarded the train that night were the immortal W.W. Heffelfinger, still regarded by many as the greatest lineman of the game's early days, Captain Tom McClung, and Frank Hinkley, his runningmate at the opposite spot, John Hartwell, and tackle Wally Winter. They were real men, men with prodigious appetites off the field.

Also included in the coterie were the ubiquitous Phil Hersh, immortal sports editor of the NEWS, and his counterparts from the Banner and the Record.

Bear in mind that this was the New Haven Railroad. In this everchanging world, few things remain constant over a century or more. The New Haven



FRANK CHAMPI Identity Crisis

NEWS' Foes Praise Win; Plan Next Year's Strategy

By JIMMY JOURNALIST

The bewildered opponents of the NEWS in the latest renewal of the Bladderball competition engaged in an ecstatic orgasm of oratory in praise of the NEWS 268th consecutive victory.

Yet beneath the generous epithets was a thinly veiled contempt for the NEWS' historic domination of the sport.

Each captain in his turn offered whimpering excuses for his team's inability to muster a

single point.

Jonathan Lear, 1970, Editor of the New Journal said, "We lost, but our hard-hitting reporters intend to rip this scandal wide open with a cogent, in-depth analysis. We will name names and sling mud. Which reminds me, I have to go and exorcize some of the shreds of my Kennedy idealism."

Chairman of the Record, Timothy Bannon, 1970, commented, "We no longer see the humor in this, if indeed we ever did. But we have a great prospect for the future in a minor-leaguer named Bill Henry, who we hope will play for us next year."

Alan Mandel 1970, chairman of the Yale Lit, complained that the "crushing tactics of the NEWS lacked artistic sensitivity and imagination. They do this to us every year, probably because we keep putting our effete in our mouth."

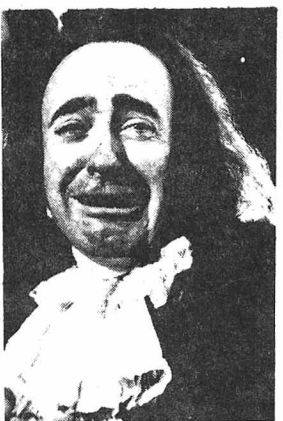
The players from WYBC sang the same sad song as yesterday. "But we have hopes for next year," said chairman David Weinberg, "if we can pick up Bill Henry in the free agent draft."

Jeremy Travis, 1970, chairman of the Banner, said, "The NEWSies came at me from so many directions I never even saw them. But with Bill Henry next year, things will be different."

Campus Police Chief James McNulty said his men have "been



PHIL HERSH He's Not Behind A Plow



PUDGE HEFFELFINGER Crying Need

Railroad is one of these things. Inoperative.

The car the Blue titans rode in was dirty, the seats were threadbare, and the bathroom was inoperative.

Somewhere between Stamford and Darien the train, which had been roaring along at five to seven miles per hour, ground to a halt. As the hours dragged on, the passengers grew impatient, those Elis who had imbibed more than their share of the post-game keg being among the most impatient. The train stood still for eleven hours, and advanced only sporadically through the night and well into the following day.

Even the mighty Yale men, schooled in intestinal fortitude by the glorious Camp, found the

delay hard to stomach. Occasional groans pierced the cabin through the night, and a periodic breath of fresh air indicated to all that another of their teammates had lost his Yale cool and had opened a window. As the hours took their toll, only the steadfast Heffelfinger held his ground—all the way to New Haven, a feat of such Olympian proportions that the nickname he earned that night—"Pudge"—is linked to his identity.

Most Part Human

The representatives of the rival publications, being for the most part human, likewise faced a struggle and proposed a contest to while away the hours. The Mighty Hersh prevailed against all odds, and his diary records no less than twenty-two surreptitious trips to the rear observation platform by his opponents. On their return to Old Eli, Hersh claimed the first Bladder Bowl on behalf of the NEWS. Through various problems with the NEWS' production system, it appeared the next day as Bladder Ball, and after an appeal to Camp, who dictated a set of rules since lost to posterity, the game was established.

Because of the confusion, no winner was declared, but on the basis of the new evidence brought to life by this investigation, the NEWS is declared victor of that first (and all subsequent) games by a score of 22-0-0, and Phil Hersh is given the title of "Father of the Bladder."

Shutout Maintains Win Streak

By BETSY ROSS

The powerful but potent Yale Daily NEWS Bladderball moguls (YDNBM) yesterday cavorted to an awesome 588-0-0-0 minus two triumph over opponents from the Record, WYBC, the Dartmouth 'Gang Green', the BSAY, and the New Haven Police.

Ironically, the victory was the 588th consecutive win for the YDNBM, which represents the OCD (opinated coverage daily).

Hugh Gessit, one of the five members of the committee of YDNBM captains, said, "This year's game was a salute to the Yale women. The committee thought that one score for each of the women would be a fitting tribute to coeducation."

Staring Committee

The game got off to a late start as a result of an argument among members of the Committee of Captains. Two of the captains walked off the field at the beginning of the game, forming an ad hoc Staring Committee as spectators on the sidelines.

The dispute was settled when E. Donna Nobis withdrew his demand that NEWSies pay admission to the game.

Another rift in the committee continued to hold up the contest. The captains presented five separate proposals for calling the toss of the coin, including heads or tails. Captain Gessit won by tossing five dollars worth of coin in the direction of one of the Harvard referees, Frank Champ.

After the game Champ commented, "Me an' th'udder refs wuz happy to pick up those coupla bucks. After all, we had ta dish out a lot of money to the refs ourselves last fall."

Cop In

The opening gun was fired by the representatives of the New Haven Police Department. Unfortunately the shot wiped out half of the secondary from the BSAY.

The conflict degenerated as the police jailed the remaining BSAY players. University officials awarded the police minus two points, and set up a sensitivity training program for next year's game.

Meanwhile the potent NEWS contingent racked up numerous points, rolling relentlessly onward. Late in the first chukker the NEWSies forced the ball through the double glass entry at

Vanderbilt Hall. Several freshman girls struggled valiantly to halt the progress of the ball, but the NEWS moguls overcame the opposition.

At this point, WYBC and the Record revealed their cunning strategy. Calvin Hulk, former Yale bladderball star, now with the Dallas Bladderboys, charged over the impenetrable NEWS defense, followed by the WYBC F.M. squad and several record 'puntists'. Hulk, however, left the ball behind him as he raced through Phelps Gate and hurdled City Hall in a single bound.

Green Horns

When the strategy failed the Dartmouth 'Gang Green' jumped on top of the ball in desperation ineffectually, but the NEWS defense held. I.M. Horney, the Dartmouth captain said after the game, "We had been practicing the move all week back in Hungover. It should have worked. I guess the guys weren't subtle enough."

Dartmouth used many of the regulars from its football team. Big Green football coach Blob Backman said, "I can't understand. We had the best team in the country out there. We lead the league in statistics. If those pinkos from the NEWS can beat us, I don't know what is going to happen this afternoon."

A number of teams which were scheduled to compete were inconspicuous in their absence. None of the fraternities fielded a team. IFC President Preston "Prep" Snigglebottom said fielding a team proved too great a problem, but the lack of representation by frats did not indicate a sellout.

Liquor Bust

Mary Nation, famed advocate of temperance, staggered onto the field late in the game carrying a Vassar beer mug. Burping profusely, Miss Nation yelled to the crowds, "Give me them or I'm going over there." NEWSies suspended competition in order to pickle Miss Nation.

Jonathan Lecher a New Journal representative, contacted the NEWS after the game. He said the NEWS coverage of the game, by ace NEWS reporter Douglas Halfwit, was biased and misleading. Kecher announced his intention to write "an in-depth, objective, piece on the entire issue," in a special yellow-

covered edition of the freely distributed magazine.

Brewster Statement

Kingman Brewster, NEWS bladderball great, presently employed as special assistant to the inflator of the bladderball, commented on the game in an exclusive interview. Reached on the third floor of his liquor cabinet, Brewster said, "The impatience of bladderball is the best form of ignorance. Such arrogance cannot continue indefinitely and permanently so that I demand a reassessment by 1971 and every 77 chukkers thereafter."

Charismatic OCD Win Applauded

By TRICKY SCOOP

"Oh wow!"

"So what?"

These were just two of the varied reactions on the Yale campus to the NEWS' stunning 588-0-0-0 Bladderball victory today.

The NEWS win was one of those once in a lifetime events - the kind where children ask their parents where they were that day, like Pearl Harbor, the moonshot, or Joe Namath's retirement speech.

It was the kind of event where total strangers talked to each other (even if only to say "get the hell out of my way!"), where unabashed emotions were rampant and where gut reactions were in order everywhere.

There was Kingman Brewster, for example, barely able to hold back the tears of joy, proclaiming, "I congratulate the NEWS for its victory achieved with style and grace. But the NEWS must always remember that just as victory is not easy either is defeat, that the politics of moderation must be avoided as avidly as the politics of extremism, and that the rhetoric of banality and triteness must never be sacrificed by making sense."

But it wasn't just the Kingman Brewsters who rejoiced in the

(Continued on page 2)

Bladderball: Where Love And Glory Collide On The Crowded Battlefield

By GRITS GREENBAUM

It's a big leap from the aisles of the Chapel Street Book Store to the bladderball field.

And for a rookie, like me, a chance to handle the big ball always seemed far away.

Today was my day, however, and I was playing for a winner. I was out to score one for the OCD, just like Dad had done.

My blood coursed through my veins, my energy through my bottle. There was no stopping me. There was no way to keep me standing up.

Then the buzzer sounded, and I knew it was time. The butterflies were there, sure, but I kept telling myself I could do it. "Win one for the Guppy" Dad's last words had been.

Thinking of Dad I shed a tear. Thinking of the upcoming battle I downed another quick one.

Then I burst onto the field. The crowds were big, but the ball was bigger.

The pre-game warm-up was over, and the National Anthem still resounding in my ears (overshadowed by a mysterious ringing), I raced in for the attack.

When you're a rookie things are tough, but the other teams don't key on you as much.

That was the case today. I blitzed through the YBC line, and blitzed over the pie-eyed Culinary Institute's leftovers.

Then I saw an opening and broke for the sidelines.

I was clear and I was going to score.

Then...I saw her. A little flick of her wrist arrested me. It also drew her skirt up four more inches along her leg. She winked. I kept my eyes wide open.

Now I was really going to score...

"You're new at this sort of thing, aren't you, big boy?" she almost panted at me.

I could only nod, the sweat on my brow blocking my vision.

I was hooked. There was little doubt. Right here on the bladderball field I had found not only glory but love as well. Then it happened.

Then I saw the words "Yale Record" emblazoned on one of her frilly blue garters, and I shook myself back to reality.

"Dad told me about women like you," I yelled contemptuously, spitting in my best fresh off-the-farm style. "Yup," he always said, "coeducation can only bring our pure, fair-haired uncorrupted, unsoiled (and horny) boys into sin."

Dad's words once again

gave me the inspiration to return to the game, though it would never be the same again, not when I knew that deceit had found its way to the bladderball field.

Some igs must remain sacred, I thought, knowing that I was only dreaming of some faraway utopia.

It's hard for a rookie to break into this game, and even harder for him to remain undiscouraged.

It takes a nerves of steel, a heart of iron, and a liver able to live through any pre-game.



NEWS ROOKIE 'I Burst Onto The Field'

(Continued on page 2)

Pill's Grim Progress

A Day In The Life

By GERALD PILGRIM
(Mr. Pilgrim a senior in Yale College majoring in Definition, Etymology, and Inhibition, is a renowned authority on the early childhood and adolescence of Manfred, the wonder dog. He is presently conducting research on the psychological and philosophical effects of the Bladderball on the life and thought of Yale freshmen, as expressed in their diaries, 1865-1880.)

"The ball, the ball, the ball," screamed the crowd. And they were correct, for it was, in fact, the ball. It was also me.

Yes, for a few, brief, glorious moments this morning, I was the Bladderball. By now, the mere reminiscence of those most precious minutes chokes my mind and heart with a torrent of tears and sighs. I was, it seems, a romantic bladderball.

Actually, the whole story began about a week ago when I, a not too uncommon Yale senior, decided to submerge my identity into that of the bladderball. It was all part of my plan to accumulate a lot of new experiences before graduation and so, along with the many pounds of air, I was injected into the bladderball.

And a mere bladder it was, for it took a full day of watchful waiting and pressurized incubation to create from the limp bladder, the vibrant, breathing (or, at least exhaling) bladderball.

And then, this morning, the entrance, another magnificent

and wonderful moment. Imagine the excitement in the crowd, when they saw the ball, (most of them had never seen the classic bladder before). Imagine their surprise when they realized it was, in fact, as large as they had heard. Imagine my surprise when I realized it was, in fact, me.

Yes, there I was, resplendent in center stage—and no one knew it. But anonymity didn't matter; mine was an inner glory. Besides, how anonymous can one be, if one is the famed and fabulous Bladderball.

On I rolled, suddenly caught up in the swirling vortex of the game. Faces flashed by and soon, I was spinning so fast I couldn't distinguish. Bewildered, I started to cry out:

"Reed Hundt, where are you?" and received no answer but the silent screams of the now-crazed mob.

Kill! Kill!

As the battle became fiercer, my only desire was to end my masquerade; but I couldn't escape without killing the Bladderball. And I was the Bladderball.

Although I had lost freedom of movement and was controlled by outside forces, I strained with all my power towards the fence; if only I could puncture. And then, in a gesture of symbolic suicide, I rolled off the top of the crowd, onto the spikes of the fence and ended the foolishness. I killed the bladderball; ended the horror; ended the fun; and like Jonah, was spewn forth.

regenerating conflict.

"Limousine liberals always blunt the thrust of common people like me."

"I know. I go out with my garbage 1.7 times each week, and I've never been able to make it yet to the dump."

"I pledge to return New York to the good, old-fashioned, law and order-abiding, 42nd Street crowd."

President Richard Nixon said the NEWS victory was part of a pinko conspiracy to block his 1972 election.

"Those Rockefeller people don't give up, do they? But we intend to stand firm and push forward, right John Mitchell?"

Vice-President Spiro Agnew claimed an elite of fuzzy thinking liberals "people smarter than I am," he explained, were responsible for the victory.

"We'll get those fat Japs," he said. "We're not going to let the needs of the future overtake the proven slogans of the past."

New Haven Republican mayoral candidate Paul Capra said the lower middle-aged Dick Lee was responsible for what happened.

"Now the middle-aged Lee was the one who blew it on issues A, B, C, F-3, and Q-9. The upper younger Lee was responsible for issues F-5, 8, and 9. But this is clearly something caused by the middle-aged lower Lee."

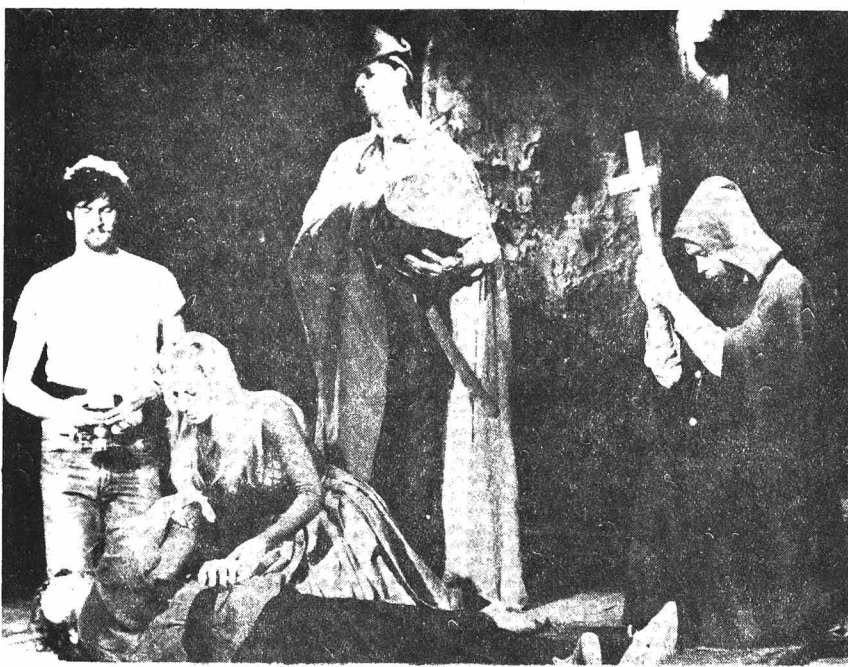
Democratic candidate Bart Guida said it was part of a Kingman Brewster-Henry (Chauncey) conspiracy to deprive the city of the green.

"I know it's true because my writer told me it's true," Guida said in his best Italianate, Irish, Jewish grandmother, ghetto accent.

But Ronald Reagan had the last word on the issue of who was responsible for the triumph.

"It's just another hippiepinko-revolutionary attempt to take over the Universities and deprive of them of the free speech I love and honor so well except when a creep like Eldridge Cleaver's involved," he declared.

"The answer's gas. If that doesn't do it, we'll wash 'em out. If I have to get the whole 20-mile team to bring in the stuff, we're going to wash this conspiracy out of the minds of our young so they will be free to think as I think they should."



Emergency first aid was unable to revive this unidentified SDS bladderman, who died as he lived - for the cause.

Yale Applauds Charismatic Triumph

(Continued from page 1)

final outcome. The NEWS win was a victory for the little people

as well, like the pretty young coed who exclaimed, "Oh wow, man. I mean out of sight. That ball was really a heavy scene. I mean the whole thing was a real groove. What happened?"

Yes, the victory belonged to them. It belonged to such loyal fans as Jonathan ("Johnny the Jock") Biceps, 1970, who said, "I been rooting for the NEWS for four years now. I knew they could do it. They were hitting real good and were coming off the ball real quick. You gotta want it."

Despite such grassroots support, not everyone applauded the NEWS victory. Efforts to canvass the New Haven Community were apparently unsuccessful. A scientific sampling of the city showed the following:

74.6 percent of those interviewed said, "so what?", 5.2 percent spontaneously advocated the use of nuclear weapons on North Vietnam, and 20.2 percent seemed to confuse the issue with the sexual activities of the pollster's mother.

There was also opposition at Yale to the NEWS. Lana ("Liberation Lana") Lassiter, expressed some of this opposition: "Get away from me, you male chauvinist! I know you NEWS reporters. You don't want to interview me because I'm smart; you just want to talk to me because I'm beautiful and have a fabulous body. Well, I'm

not going to be your sexual object. I don't need you or anybody! You know, you're really sick!"

But in the final analysis today wasn't for the politicians or the pollsters: it was for the poets. As English 15 section leader Marvin Metaphors so eloquently put it, "In one sense the bladderball. But in a larger sense, the bladderball transcends the merely physical and represents all that

the human spirit has strived for throughout history. The NEWS' quest for the bladderball is Sisyphus pushing the rock, Socrates seeking Truth, Dante confronting life after death, and Spiro Agnew seeking the Vice-Presidency.

"In a very real sense the triumph of the NEWS is a victory for goodness in the world."

Foes Plan For Next Year

(Continued from page 1)

handcuffed by the permissive tactics of Woodbridge Hall. I'd like to take this opportunity to explain that the reason all campus policemen wear fedoras is in imitation of Jack Webb in 'Dragnet'."

Jay Silverheels, captain of Dartmouth Indian "Gang Green" team, said his braves would have done much better if they had been allowed to tank up on firewater before the game. "White police feller do funny thing," he said.

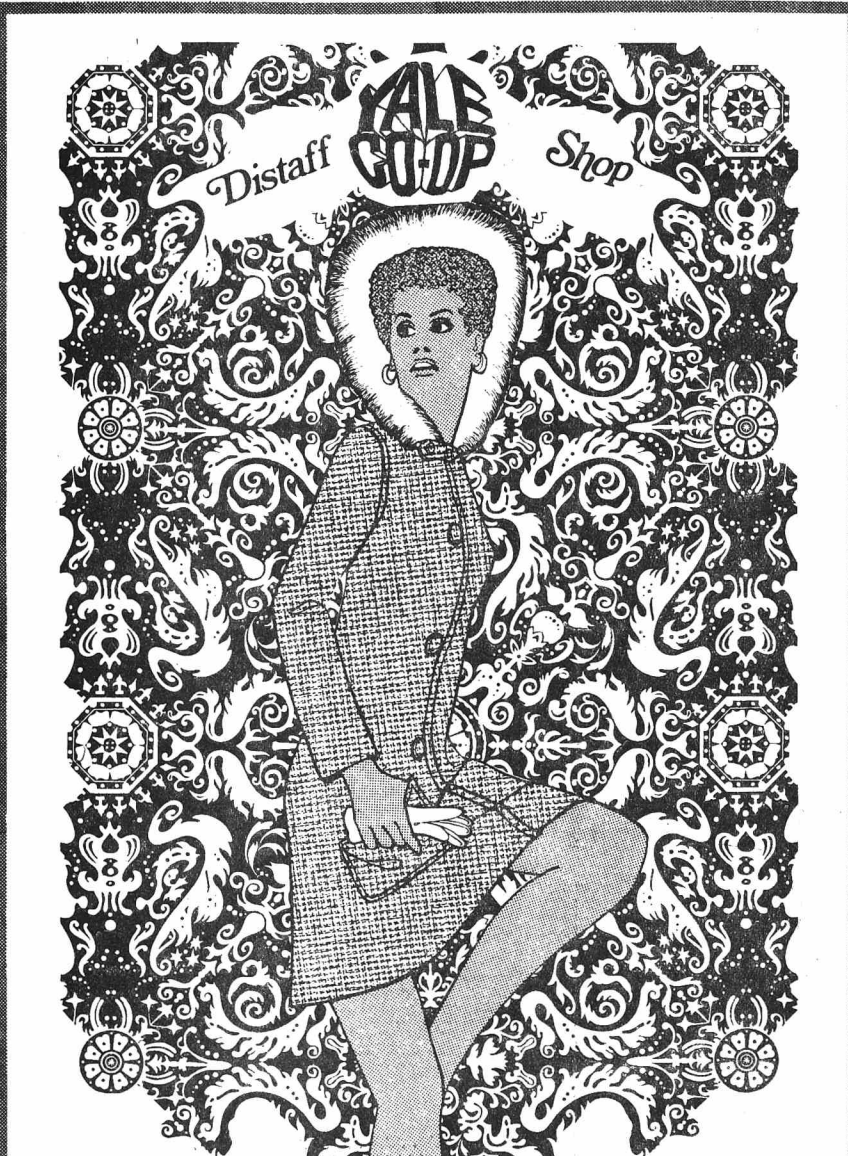
Matt Epstein, spokesman for the Yale University Student Laundry, noted, "We hate to keep washing our dirty linen in public, but we just couldn't put the game on your bursary bill. Next year, we hope to clean up our act."

B. Ried Detchon, president of the Interfraternity Council, shook his head and said, "Our team spirits dried up this year. But we've been going downhill ever since Inky Clark arrived."

Albert R. Dobie, chief chef, added, "The overwhelming numerical superiority of the NEWS carried the day. I don't know where they get all the people. They certainly never come to my new cafe."

Brunhilde Gruppenfuhrer, chairwoman of the Woman's Liberation Front, could only smile feebly and say, "I've been had."

Victory To The NEWS



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CHARGE
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Radical Factionalism Unhinges Attempt For Third World Win

By S. D. SASKATCHEWAN
Shrill, hysterical, loud—these were the varied approaches of campus radical groups as they were overrun, 588-0, by the forces of reactionary elitism represented by the Yale Daily NEWS team at the Bladderball contest this morning.

The radicals suffered not a little from the polarization within their ranks.

The highly-touted SDS team, claiming 15 members armed with the moral force of the enslaved millions of the Third World, appeared certain to overthrow the repressive and racist regime of the OCD (Oppressive Class Domination), according to all pre-game prognosticators.

But the radical coalition began to break up even as the pregame warmup commenced, when the members of the Steering Committee started to issue contradictory rhetoric through their bullhorns. The central issue revolved around the reconciliation of the labor theory of value with the current "Speed-Up" of University employees.

Equally relevant was a question of tactics: whether to hand out leaflets opposing "Speed-Up" inside or outside the doors of the residential college dining halls.

Within seconds the radical forces had been completely polarized. Progressive Labor Forces (PL) climbed Vanderbilt archway and began showering the masses below with leaflets.

The Revolutionary Youth Movement (RYM) moved instantly to occupy the Yale University Student Laundramat

(YUSL) in the basement of Bingham Hall.

The Weathermen Group (RYM II), advocates of hit-and-run street tactics, began beating up spectators at random around the outer edges of the playing field. Party of the Right (POR) officials, resplendent in their brown shirts and tennis shoes, began beating up Weathermen whenever they enjoyed a manpower advantage of 17-to-1.

The Yale Russian Chorus split into Trotskyite and Menshevik factions which assaulted helpless female passer-bys, while White Russian cavalry officers wheeled in mass formation down High Street in a desperate attempt to outflank the Yale polo team.

Bladderball Bombast
As the bloodbath continued, PL spokesman Dave "Decibels"

Lomiguez attempted to climb atop the Bladderball itself to deliver a ringing denunciation of racism, elitism, adventurism, revisionism, imperialist "metoism," fascism, colloquialism, plagiarism, McCarthyism, superpatriotism, Catholicism, urbanism, pacifism, and "Speed-Up" at Yale.

But at the peak of his oratorical magnificence, inflated with the splendor of his bombast and fustian his bull-horn short-circuited and abruptly reduced him to a pungent pile of charred flesh, even as the words "Weathermen" passed his lips.

The rival radical factions were too busy hurling epithets at each other to notice, and the fascist hyenas of the NEWS swept to an uncontested victory.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA SATURDAY.

What The Scribes Said

Howard Cosell, Drivelling Idiot—Calvin Hill is so wonderful! and he is also gone. Harvard, 29-29.

Frank Champi, Retired—The game just doesn't mean anything to me any more. NEWS, 588-0-0-0.

Benedict Kimberley, Corpse—Ah, the glories of Heffelfinger, Bum McClung, and Mr. Camp shall be revived. NEWS, 588-0-0-0. Martin Bormann, Gaucho—Ach! Das NEWS ist das uberbladder, senior! NEWS, 588-0-0-0.

Liu Shao Chi, Gentleman Farmer—Long live the victory of the people's war! NEWS, 588-0-0-0.

Brian Dowling, Retired Demigod—I once lived in 588 Berkeley. NEWS, 588-0-0-0.

Michaelangelo Giovanni Baris, Film Mogul—I once lived in 588 Berkeley. NEWS, 588-0-0-0.

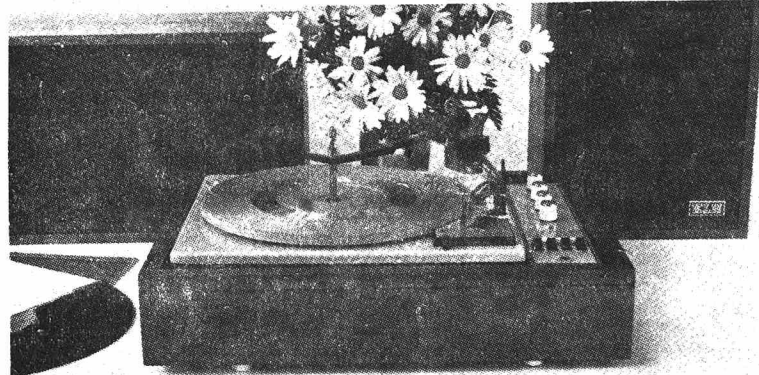
Leo Durocher, Nice Guy—Good publications finish last. NEWS, 588-0-0-0.

Phil Hersh, Ubiquitous Defender of Democracy—The once-fearful Bladder is not little more than a whimpering pussy. NEWS, 588-0-0-0.

Bill Henry, jack-of-all-trades—As candidate for chairman of the NEWS, the Banner, the Record, the WYBC, I am forced to be impartial. NEWS, 588-0-0-0.

CONSENSUS—NEWS, 588-0-0-0.

KLH Offers Something New, Just For The Record.



FOR all those people who think of the phonograph record as the source for music at home, KLH offers something new—a great-sounding, all-out kind of phonograph that's just a phonograph. The new KLH Model Twenty-Six has no built-in radio (AM or FM) or tape recorder or home intercom. What it does have is a level of performance that isn't supposed to come in something as simple as a stereo phonograph. Inside it are the solid-state electronics usually reserved for an ambitious sound system, and the sort of speakers that aren't provided by many more expensive systems and radio-phonos combinations.

The specifics of the Model Twenty-Six include a

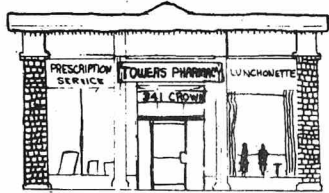
Garrard automatic turntable made for KLH, a Pickering magnetic cartridge with diamond stylus, a 20-watt (40 watts EIA) solid-state stereo amplifier, and a pair of two-way acoustic-suspension speaker systems identical except for appearance to those of the best-selling Model Twenty-Four stereo system.

If you should decide later to add a tape deck or an AM-FM tuner, the Model Twenty-Six has all the controls and jacks you will need for them. But it doesn't force you, now or later, to pay for anything you may not want.

All you have, then, is a simple and unobtrusive three-piece stereo phonograph. Maybe the best you've ever heard. Come in and see.

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