

~~NO~~ The Commentator

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Purim 5753

YESHIVA? UNIVERSITY?, NEW YORK, NY

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YCDS Actor Paid \$1000 for Vanity Photographs

Controversy Erupts Over Body Proportions

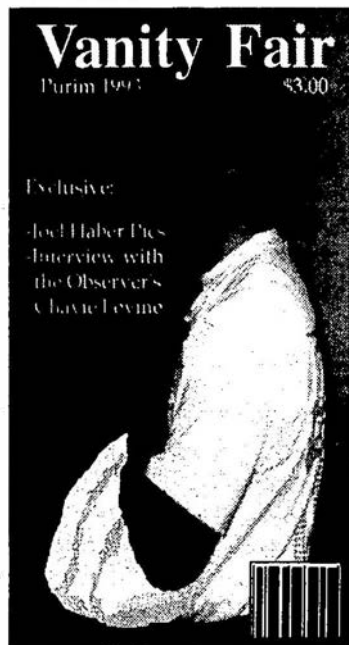
by D. Bbuk

Joel Haber, who will play the role of Lt. Commander Jon Galloway in YCDS's upcoming production of *A Few Good Men*, the role Demi Moore made famous in the movie version, appeared in a controversial pose on the cover of this month's *Vanity Fair*. Haber, who has recently cut off his long hair for his role as a Navy JAG Corps Special Investigator, was photographed in profile, showing off an apparently pregnant form. The issue contains a photo-spread as well, including a shot of a tefillin-clad Haber with sleeves painted on.

The photo shoot was encouraged by YCDS Director Dr. Anthony Beukas, who explained that YCDS "has to compete with the SCW Dramatics Society, an organization that stops at nothing to advertise its productions." Haber was paid

\$1000 by the magazine, for modeling and expenses.

The issue was immediately removed from the YU area newsstands by what Dr. Beukas called "a bunch of cute guys from Muss."



The Purim issue of Vanity Fair (or is it Spy Magazine?)

Rea Elisha, SCDS Director, insisted that there was no pregnancy in the photograph. "It's an abstract photo, so it's very hard to tell if there is in fact any pregnancy. In fact, the size of the model's stomach is disproportionate to the rest of his body, and is actually a beer gut." The photographs were taken by Robert Mappelthorpe, a hired graphic photographer. Mappelthorpe was unavailable for comment.

YC Sophomore Yitzi "White" Shirtz complained that selling the issue on campus was "totally inappropriate... because it is one thing if you have beer guts on television commercials, but to admit to the presence of beer at a yeshiva is wrong. A yeshiva environment is to be one-hundred percent pure."

Shmulie O'Douls, also a YC Sophomore, disagreed: "The issue should not have been pulled because we should give Haber the benefit of the doubt and assume he got his gut from non-alcoholic beer." Haber's roommate, Garron Macklin, laughed at this suggestion, calling it "utterly bogus."

Haber, explaining at a press conference his decision to model, stated "the human form is beautiful, no matter what its shape or condition. Oh yeah, I also needed the money."

SOY Admits to Twin Towers Bombing

In a shocking announcement, the Student Organization of Yeshiva (SOY) was forced to take responsibility for the bombing which rocked the World Trade Center one and a half weeks ago. The explosion, which caused structural damage to the Twin Towers and the entire World Trade Center complex, forced the evacuation of the now indefinitely closed skyscraper.

"We needed a hall for the Chagiga," claimed Hillel Scheinfeld, president of SOY. "Now that no one is using the Vista [hotel], we have the perfect location," he said, referring to the hotel and convention center which is located directly over the blast crater. Unfortunately, our operative was apprehended by the FBI and we were forced to go public." He added that "New York may be incensed over the incident, but at least we [SOY] cancelled our plan to kidnap the Knicks to open Madison Square Garden for the Seforim Sale."

Director of Supporting Services Jeffrey (I never promised you a) Rosengarten disagreed, citing the difficulty of getting maintenance workers to clear the rubble. "We thought we were taking 1199 for a ride when all they demanded, in



SOY's rendition of Purim-night skyline as seen from behind Lady Liberty

exchange for whimping out on contract negotiations, was exemption from bomb-site maintenance. We couldn't understand why that was such an issue, but now we know they've been in cahoots with SOY since the beginning. Students, Faculty, and now maintenance workers: they're all against us."

In response to claims of dangerous footing in the Vista ballroom Scheinfeld responded, "We don't expect any difficulties with the hotel's structural status. There is only one crack in the floor and it is perfectly situated under the mechitza." He added that "I'd like to see people try to cross this mechitza to socialize," reiterating that "SOY does not cater to those people."

Vice President for Diabolical Affairs Sheldon Socol praised SOY for the brilliant plan of hiring a muslim fanatic to conduct the mission, thereby solidifying student support for the operation by including the Sephardic Club.

Lamm Holed Up as Satmar Besieges YU

Dozens Wounded from Burns' Belfer Wind

Claiming to be the "Lamm" predicted in the Bible and proclaiming himself the Messiah, Rabbi Dr. Norman Lamm, president of Yeshiva University and leader of the Torah U'Madda cult, has called for an apocalyptic assault on all nonbelievers in his quest to bring the end of days. In response, Satmar agents have descended upon the cult's compound, located in New York's Washington Heights.

Shootouts between the Chasidic forces and the cult's elite fund-raising units have left dozens wounded.

The agents of the Brooklyn Board to Monitor the Modern Orthodox and Other Satanic Evildoers moved in on the three block compound in the early hours of Monday, March 1. However, they were stopped in their tracks by automatic weapon fire from the lower windows of Belfer Hall and land mines planted on the pedestrian mall.

They blamed the unexpectedly tough resistance on the highly trained corps of Burns Security guards who met their attack with huge wind machines

aimed from the lobby of Belfer Hall, and mobile attack stations mounted on the backs of Daihatsu scooters.

The Burns guards' leader, Chief of Security Don Sommers, praised his troops in an interview on the phone from inside the besieged compound last night. "They're good boys," he pointed out. "Just doing their job. The Satmar didn't have ID's, so there was no way they were getting in to one of my buildings."

Another obstacle which met the Satmar troops were the land mines planted at the seemingly open entrances to the campus by Assistant Director of Facilities Management Jeffrey Socol. "That Socol," complained Rav I. M. Kanai, head of the Satmar forces, "he blocked our every move. He made it impossible to do anything here."

The Satmar began planning their attack after word of the last installment of the Torah U'Madda series came out. Calling it "scandalous, sinful and shameful," they determined to move in and end the menace of Lamm once and for all. "With a warrant for being a "wicked

and destructive force in Judaism," and calling him guilty of "atrocious abominations and activities," they decided to arrest him on charges of being a "prominent Zionist Rabbi and Mizrahi leader."

Lamm, conducting a press conference from his office in the penthouse of Furst Hall, reiterated his claim that YU was the last bastion of Modern Orthodoxy and Judaism last hope against the heathen. He claimed to be holding 19 Revel women hostage in his office and offered to let them walk free only if everyone in the Metropolitan area would go and buy his book. Answering questions about the claims of the Lubavitch Sect in Brooklyn that their Rebbe is the Messiah, Lamm sneered in reply and said, "How much firepower does Lubavitch have?"

The Lubavitch declined to comment.

In a related incident, Commentator co-editors Michaels Kellman and Eisenberg were identified as double agents by Executive Editor Joshua D. Goldberg, who became Editor-in-Chief upon their execution.

NOT INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- Men and Tefillin
- MBAT Guide
- The Mezuzah as Gateway
- Marriage Tips
- Morg Iguana Race Results
- Mike and Mike Eat M&Ms

Writing Women's Wrongs

Last year's Purim issue contained an editorial lamenting the lack of a student newspaper at Stern. It was only after publication that we understood our egregious error. Instead of complaining, we realized, how much better it would be to go out and do something about the problem? Kudos to us for resurrecting The Observer.

How, you may be wondering, were we ever able to do the seemingly impossible? Quite simple really-- puppet editorial board. We overthrew the old regime and installed our choice of Editor-in-Chief. We removed some of the most irrelevant features articles and fed The Observer with news. (Of course, we are always extra careful to print all the really important news first, in order to keep our edge). Then we stressed the importance of aesthetics, teaching our downtown counterparts (we now say it with pride) how to turn on and use computers for layout. More importantly, we explained the use of nouns, verbs and adjectives; we instructed the Copy Editor we appointed in the fine differences between commas and periods. To sum it all up, we taught them everything they know. (Unfortunately, they hired their own cartoonist, but the ensuing debacle was quashed by firing those responsible).

It now behooves the SCW administration to raise their students' literacy to a level at which they will understand The Observer, a paper made in the mold of the very best--The Commentator. In due time, we hope and expect that The Observer staff will learn to befriend and work with Zelda Braun and Dean Bacon just as we at The Commentator have done with Sheldon and Jeff Socol, Egon Brenner, and Dean of the Commie Efreem Nulman.

The Dance of Death

Everyone enjoys the occasional Morg engagement party. Many participate nightly, trading a few dances for free soda and Swiss Fudge Cookies. But the current fashion of including "Yidden" at every party, which began unnoticed over a year ago, shortchanges those who think it actually brings joy.

"Yidden", simply put, is dangerous. Due to the immense peer pressure in our university, even the most amateurish can hardly resist the coercion applied to join in with his seasoned and trained brothers when The Y's Guys or Shaz strike up MBD's familiar chords. Thus, they fumble about on the sweat-drenched floor of the Morg Lounge, tripping over people at a rate approaching 100 fpm (feet per minute), making themselves hazardous to everyone in the room.

For those who have learned the basic steps of "Yidden," there is also the urge to show the crowd they "know how to do it." To prove this, the experienced "Yidden"-izer will attempt to contort his body in ways only intended for Yoga artists, or stretch their legs so far apart as to risk a pulled muscle in an extremely uncomfortable and indiscrete manner. Compounding the problem, a large percentage of partyers are either beer-slowed, or Beit Midrash-atrophied Seniors whose bodies cannot keep up.

Our solution is simple, yet necessary, for the good of the YU community as a whole. Bands: stop playing "Yidden." Engagees: don't allow "Yidden" to be played at your parties. And partygoers: please, please, PLEASE don't capitulate to the pressure. Dance within your means or not at all. Thank you and enjoy the festivities.

FACTORIALS

- | | |
|--------|-------------|
| 1!=1 | 6!=720 |
| 2!=2 | 7!=5040 |
| 3!=6 | 8!=40320 |
| 4!=24 | 9!=362880 |
| 5!=120 | 10!=3628800 |

Dudy, our regular cartoonist, has given his cartoon to I.M. Boring, an aspiring actuary, this week, to allow him to try his hand at drawing. We wish our new artist (SSSB '95) luck in his endeavor to try new, untried fields.

~~NO~~
The Commentator

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YAFFA KNECHT SOMEONE (GIRL) FOR KELLMAN
Muckrakers-in-Chief

DAHPNA M. SHAPIRO Executive Fabricator	BIG BANANA Senior Fruit	DEMI MOORE Acting Editor
ARFAS DIVAD Exchequer	MIRIAM BAÜMEL Faginator	FANG THE FENCER News Maker
NINA LEIBOWITZ BROKEN GLASS Good Sports	RETURN TO SENDER Court Jester	STARCK NAKED SCDS Liason

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Tyger Tyger Burning Bright, I'm Fine, Ravaging Hordes Copy
The Creizman Game, Smarty Pants, Rosie, News
The Roommate, Features
NORM!!!!!!!, Business
Beetle Bailey, Layout
Photography Staff:
Fischer King, Our Man in Belgium

RESPONSA

I Love
New York

To the Editor,
While it is not my usual practice to personally pen letters to the Editor, I find myself outraged by the lack of intellectual honesty displayed by the heathens hailing from Chicago (pronounced Shih káh go) who regaled your readers with columns of incomplete analysis and biased sources. I would like to set the record straight.

First, the Chicagoans assert that New York is an ostracized city because it is surrounded by water. If you had been listening in first grade you might know that the Lord commanded mankind "uredoo bidegat hayam," go down and assert dominance over the fish of the sea. If you are not by the water, says the Lord, how can you fulfill this essential edict? And if you will claim that the Great Lakes constitute a sufficient body of water, I direct you to the Hebrew-English Dictionary and the meaning of the word Yam. Note the definition: sea or ocean, as in Atlantic. 'Nuf said.

Secondly, Jews are commanded to be Kadosh. Another glance at any reliable commentary will yield the explanation *muvdal*, or translated: separate. Hence, what you view as the detriments of island living are really, in fact, lofty aspirations for a more sanctified lifestyle.

Thirdly, as you move through the Bible into Exodus, you will note that Moses, in order to receive the Divine, uprooted his tent and moved it out of the camp. So, too, we New Yorkers, unable to maintain our spirituality while amongst the rest of you heathens, have

moved away from the mainland to communicate with the Divine.

Fourthly, while you cited certain examples of people who charged their spiritual batteries in Chicago before coming to New York, you will note that most of today's Torah Giants reside in our wonderful city and others have used it as a stepping stone to the Major Leagues, the Atra Kadisha (see Rav Aharon Lichtenstein, who came from France all the way to New York before going to Israel.) How can anyone, even Mid-Westerners, be so blinded by generations of farminbreeding that they miss the ultra-important fact that the Messiah himself has chosen to reside on Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway.

Finally, for the linguists amongst you, you will note that in sheva brachot you say, *kisamechacha yetzircha bi'gan eden mikedem*." Please note that the Garden of Eden is located in the East, *mikedem*, much like New York which is located on the east coast of the United States.

I would appreciate if the dishonest and the uninitiated would stop blaspheming New York, or I will be forced to revoke your visas on the grounds of false missionizing.

Sincerely,
David Dinkins
Mayor, New York City

Its Almost All
Greek To Me

To the Editor,
I would like to remind everyone of the famous line by Σοχρατες: "A life unexamined for man is not worth living."

astrophe in Morg

otter, YC '61

Readers: We didn't make this one up; IT IS A REAL LETTER.
 our Animal Lover: Tragically, Toonces The Mitzvah Cat was run over and killed
 Security Daihatsu vehicle. Luckily, he still has eight of his nine lives left.... The
 maintenance worker was not decerebrated, just put to sleep. -- eds.



Photo: Masmid 61

ed benefit of YU Alumni
 on membership is purported
 cription to The Commentator.
 ears, I have worked to develop
 ntain tolerance toward the
 of student whining (a minor
 of which may be legitimate),
 on on non-issues, life-wasting
 s and recriminations among
 and between students and
 staff, railing of student
 ophets, and ravings of self-
 quasimessianic zealots. With
 (ironically, an apt descriptive
 February, 1993 (Volume LVII,
 ge 4), you and your YU peers
 done yourselves and taken
 to its illogical extreme,
 even my tolerance.

ing to your Senior Editor (Mr.
 slowe), a cat was found in a
 synagogue area within the
 taking out a Torah), during a
 service. Apparently, this
 shock and astonishment to the
 place, as if some calamity had
 osed. The local epitomes of
 and respect for life must have
 dverse to touching the poor
 (probably due to paralysis
 y to that shock and
 ent) that they promptly called
 ants from Maintenance to
 ne dirty deed. Your reporter
 glibly relates that some
 y decerebrate [sic] troglodyte
 reposterous temerity to eject
 ough a window! I wouldn't
 her the window was at or
 ely adjacent to ground level!
 ghtless deed and an outrage
 rly treat any such mammal
 unmitigated gall.

ow, the poor kitten sounds
 e merciful and forgiving than
 e-over-substance worshipers
 t as a nuisance and sought to
 it, and its tormentor from
 nce. After all, it came back
 cipated vocally in a service)

even after that horrendous incident, and
 apparently had been there before. I
 would guess that if its trans-service
 meowing was some sort of prayer, it
 probably was better received than those
 of the torah-reading hypocrites who
 allowed, and even encouraged the
 disgraceful act that your reporter
 described. Where was consideration
 that this abused, divinely created object
 of amusement, shock and astonishment
 probably only sought shelter and
 warmth? Who among these paragons of
 halachic learning and malpractice
 thought of feeding the cat? What (if any)
 efforts were made to find the kitten the
 shelter that it probably sought? How
 desperate was this animal, otherwise
 considered to be an independent type
 (in contrast to dogs), to enter into a
 human dwelling and place itself at the
 mercy of exactly the types that it
 encountered?

Is there some fault in the teaching
 process such that you are not taught
 respect for life forms other than those
 that are like yourselves? Is there nothing
 more important to worry about than an
 Op Ed type piece on uniforms as
 expression of religion and pages wasted
 on logistics of a Purim gala? Do you
 practice anything more than empty
 neurotic ceremonialism and methods of
 passing admissions examinations to
 graduate school? If YU has sunk to the
 sub-sewer level expressed by Mr.
 Koslowe's article and the incidents
 described therein, I would have great
 difficulty supporting the institution,
 whether that support be massive or
 minuscule.

Of course, there also is the possibility
 that to sensationalize the incident, your
 reporter emphasized the bad parts, and
 neglected the good ones, if there are any.
 Is there any follow-up? Do the service
 attendees have any greater respect for
 living creatures? What action has been
 taken with the involved maintenance
 worker? How has the cat fared?

απρφεσσρ ιν Ψεσηιδα
 ψφρ ομερ α ηνδρεδ ψεαρσ.
 με, Ι ηαπε σεεν τηε σχηοολ
 τε φρομ α φιστ-χλασσ
 οφ σχηολαρση ιπτοα διπλομα
 μελδινγ σχηοπηαντιχ, ανδ
 υνεδυχα πεδ, βυφοονσ.
 σ τηε στυδεντσ αρε το βλαμε.
 τηεψ ηαπε βεγυν το τακε
 ε οφ σενιλε προφεσσρσ ωπο
 γερ χοντρολ τηειρ χλασσεσ,
 περσ ωπο χουλδνετ γετ α φοβ
 σχηοολ. Ον τηε στηερ ηανδ,
 ισ τηε φαυλτ οφ α Υνιπερσιτυ
 ρχιιστ διχτατορσ ωπο αρε ουτ
 ιωιτη ρεαλιτυ.

σ το σαψ, σομετηινγ μυστ βε
 εσηιδα ωιλλ γο τηε ωαψ οφ

is Feldman
 or of Classics

Simpsons' Fan Club Responds to Attacks

To the Editor:

In his February 10 op-ed "My Modest
 Proposal," Dani Goldstein went out of
 his way to avoid *sheker* and *loshon harah*.
 Except in one case: The Simpsons' Chabura.

First of all, while we in no way deny
 the value of a halacha chabura, we reject

Op Ed:

Jonathan Swiftstein My Immodest Proposal: No Dress for YU

I've had enough of the bickering over
 clothing begun with Mr. Goldstein's
 Modest Proposal. Instead of fighting
 about what we wear, lets just wear
 nothing. Nada, nil, zip. We're talking
 naked, nude, bare and exposed.

But before you go putting me in
 cherem, take a moment to read and
 listen.

I believe, despite the criticisms which
 are directed at YU from the collegeworld,
 we have a lot to be proud of. In YU we
 are given the ability to rationalize, which
 is the cornerstone of our Modern
 Orthodoxy. We escape the role of
 mindless robots who do all they are
 divinely told and can't pick and choose.
 This is the jewel in our crown at YU.

You see, YU is blessed with the thriving
 philosophy of Torah U'Madda, given to
 us by our President and savior, Rabbi Dr.
 Lamm, that allows us to travel worldly
 avenues while remaining convinced of
 our religiosity. Regardless of its logic
 and vigor, however, there are many in
 YU who reject it. And these people are
 strangling us, cutting us off from society's
 truths.

Can't these Torah U'Torah Beit
 Medrash Rats see that they are burying
 themselves in the past, in the Dark
 Ages? They 'immerse themselves in
 God's laws etc.', ignoring reality and
 creating a bad name for YU guys. They
 should all go take a chill and a cold
 shower (actually, any type of shower
 would be good- with soap). We are all
 punished when many Barnard students
 refuse to date what they see as closed-
 minded and boring (translated:
 yeshivish) YU boys. We are all punished
 when our education is restructured to
 fit some Rosh Yeshiva's outlook on life.
 All this is propelled by an Israel-induced
 fanaticism of religiosity.

Why is it that after years of
 intense strying in yeshiva high
 schools, so many lose so much in
 Israeli yeshivas? But who can help
 but slide? The intensity of relief
 which comes from regesh and
 cowardly submissiveness to
 Hashem is simply overwhelming,
 even to those raised on co-ed
 Biology classes, Seminar and
 Moshava. We rely on ourselves for
 too much and, unfortunately, many
 individuals do not seem to be strong
 enough. Their fun, but weak,
 personalities are crushed by the weight
 of thousands of years of *mussar*.

the assertion that our chabura is a step
 down.

In our view, sitting back with your
 fellow chaverim and enjoying a half-
 hour of the mussar-filled lives of the
 Simpson *mishpacha* is the most preferable
 way to prepare oneself for the
 forthcoming shabbos.

Second, we object to his claim about
 "the Simpsons' Chabura....or its
 equivalent." This is wholesale
 blasphemy: There is NO equivalent.

Thirdly, we strongly concur with his
 call for submissiveness, but to a point:

Israel and YU retaining the proper
 outlook. But how are they viewed? I
 once heard an interesting criticism of
 YU guys. Some girl outside of YU said
 that the good (translated: worldly) guys
 in YU are all English weirdos. This is a
 good point. It seems our choice is: lose
 your personality or be labeled a freak,
 to be dumped in an off-campus
 apartment. This is a pact we all
 recognize and joke about. Many of us
 have missed a Simpsons episode or a
 Macs game for night seder. We all try
 to show our commitment to the ideal of
 true-Judaism, dead everywhere else in
 America, just because everyone is doing
 it. But we don't have to sacrifice
 ourselves, instead of finding ourselves
 and living an unrepressedly free, and
 hence psychologically healthy, lifestyle.

I have thought long and hard,
 through many a worthless, shiur about
 how to rid ourselves of the
 accoutrements of antiquity and I have
 a proposal to make: Let us go without
 our white shirts and black pants. Let us
 go without our Shabbos shoes, jackets
 and hats (black, blue, gray, or
 whatever). Let us throw all our clothes
 to the wind. For they are merely the
 symbols of a clearly outdated line of
 thought: absolute morality. Let us create
 the intensity and the fervor exhibited by
 those to whom *we* should have been a
 light, but who now show *us* the wonders
 of unbridled pleasure. Only then can we
 get closer to society, and fight off an
 otherwise inevitably atrophied existence.

By this point, I am sure many of you
 disagree with my immodest proposal,
 but allow me to conclude with the
 following. A professional once explained
 to me why nudists are generally happier
 than other people. The theory is that
 dress keeps people 'in line'. When a dress
 code is enforced, people are more likely
 to conform, to accept what is given them,
 for such a code announces that choice is
 not a priority. The dress code in and of
 itself is nothing, but it shows a willingness
 to sacrifice personal pleasure for some
 hidden ideal. We have been blessed in
 YU with the sense of compromise, but
 sometimes we become too zealous, too
 taken with rules and regulations and
 rabbis.

Only in a free environment can we
 truly use our "jewels," our rationalizing
 minds, and become the Jews we think
 we should be. I make this suggestion in
 complete earnest. Wool pants, white
 shirts, jackets and hats: all must go. We
 will be individuals, we will have distinct
 personalities. Each of us will create our
 own religion of the self, instead of
 repressing the fundamental drive in
 human nature: the search for pleasure.
 Our lack of dress will enable us to add
 to what we have and be true B'nei
 Torah U'Madda, who know that *safek*
 looking at *terva* is unavoidable, but trying
 to perfect *middos* is always annoying.

safek missing The Simpsons is *l'chumra*.
 No debate.

Finally, to Dani: Because we are
 forgiving by nature (a lesson often
 stressed on the show), we will overlook
 this minor Homer. However, such
 outbursts will not be tolerated in the
 future, so be careful. Your Club
 membership depends on it.

Sincerely,
 The Simpsons' Club

P.S. See you Thursday, Don!

CAMPUS NEWS

CALENDAR EVENTS

The last Macs Home Game has been played, so nothing of interest is scheduled.

Floor Becomes Fans of Frum Family on Feud

Last Tuesday through Friday, the Morg second floor witnessed an event never before seen in the annals of YU. Approximately 200 people gathered in room 202 to watch the Glouberman family of L.A. take on various Goyim in the most grueling test of will and intelligence ever devised: Family Feud.

The Gloubermen, the family of the husband of the sister of the new wife of the brother, of the fiancée of the Executive Editor Joshua D. Goldberg (Morg 207), defeated their opponents while donning their yarmulkes proudly on their heads. The two KBY graduates, with their wives and brother trounced the Hickeys, the Italians, and the Perries before ultimately succumbing.

One of their finest moments came in the first game when they were faced by an almost unsurpassable obstacle: a question about the New Testament. Despite this setback however, they triumphed. Asked why he rooted for them with such vigor, Goldberg replied, "the larger their prize, the better my wedding present."

Baruch Herzfeld for NYC Mayor

In order to facilitate letter to the editor writing, we have decided to create for you a sample letter which you can fill in and send to us. Please submit it to let us hear what you think. All comments, compliments, criticisms are appreciated.

To the Commentator,

I am writing in response to the article/ editorial on _____ by _____ who clearly has a gross misconception of the facts, and lacks any notion of journalistic integrity. There is nothing he can do to repair the damage done by his incompetence, so I, along with _____ of my unnamed friends, demand that the editor/ both editors/ executive editor/ other (please specify) _____ resign immediately. Any other action would be a gross *chilul hashem*.

Sincerely,

Plane Crashes on YU Campus

The Joel Jablonski Campus became the scene of yet another accident last Wednesday, March 3, when a mid-sized DC-10 crashed into the deserted Schottenstein Center. Apparently, the plane's instrumentation was adversely affected by a bizarre, buzzing hiss from WYUR, and the pilot, Mr. Juan Rodriguez Domingo Sanchez, mistook it for a homing beacon. "I was just looking for some freshly peeled oranges and someone to wipe my windshield," said the perplexed pilot. He claims that he lost control as the plane smashed through the facade of the student center just beneath the "Love Thy Neighbor" inscription. The cockpit of the jet black aircraft soon was stained blood red as the Ten Commandments fell from the top of the facade, through the pilot's windshield, and onto his head. Fortunately, Hatzolah was later able to use the two tablets to help relieve the pilot's headache.

The pilot claimed he had been flying northward over Audobon Avenue when he dove down in an attempt to land and buy the oranges from a neighborhood vendor. As he entered the intersection, a car driving along 185th Street unexpectedly and atypically ran the stoplight at the corner. In an attempt to avoid the auto, the pilot made a sharp left, in typical New York fashion, and cut the car off. It was then, he claims, that he was startled by the sudden ceasefire on the street below his left wing, causing him to lose concentration. The plane continued along its arcing path and collided with the face of the Student Activities Center. Luckily, no students were particularly active at the time of the crash.

Police, and a gun-brandishing Jeff Socol, arrived and questioned the injured

aviator who had by then regained consciousness. He claimed that the airplane was borrowed from a friend, and that he "just wanted something juicy to eat, man."

Student leaders felt that the crash could have been avoided had a traffic cop been stationed at the corner of Audobon and 185th. "We're just lucky there was no one in Schottenstein at the time," said YCSC President Avi Steinlauf. "Actually, I think it would have been pretty cool to watch," countered YCDS President Effy Zinkin. One stunned YU Freshman stammered, "I thought that the ten o'clock shuttle was supposed to come all the way to the van shelter!"

Local pedestrian onlookers asked for comment ignored our reporter, quickly dropping their weapons to strip the aircraft, leaving only the bare frame remaining.

"Sick and Tired" Socol Electrifies Fence

Explaining that he was "sick and tired of all those kids taking short cuts across the grass and tracking mud into the bathroom," Jeffrey Socol, Director of Facilities Mismanagement, had the fence around the grass area outside Rubin Hall electrified. Socol performed this operation himself so that no one would be aware of the fact until it was too late. Asked if he felt that he had gone a little too far this time, Socol snorted, "The only people who have overstepped their bounds are those damn kids - and they're toast!"

At last count, twelve students had already met their fiery deaths at the hands of Mr. Socol's latest assertion of authority. Dean of Nobody Efram Nulman explained "as long as no student leaders were killed, I'm sure my retreats will continue as successfully as they have in the past."

Worse, however, Assistant to the Dean David Rosenhair's encounter with the fence removed the mop from his head and created billows of smoke, making him indistinguishable from Dean Norman Rosenscalp. Dean Rosenscalp remarked reassuringly: "Just as long as they don't can me. I'm sure there will be no problem distinguishing me from my inferior next year." He added that he is sure Mr. Rosenhair will be successful in his recently announced position as Chia-hair spokesman, but that "pursuing his dream of starring in a Star Wars film would be much more healthy."

Aside from the moral outrage expressed by the student body, many were also upset that the sudden surges of electricity interfered with their computers and erased important



Jeffrey Socol, in Purim costume as the Penguin, was not even considered for the post of V.P.

Search for New VP Ends in Caf

In a recent statement, the search committee designated to find a replacement for Executive Vice President Begone Brenner announced that Jimmy, the popular and ever-gloved member of the Food Disservices staff, will fill the position. "The choice was obvious," claimed one member of the committee. "We were looking for a yes man who also makes a great pot of coffee, and we found him in Jimmy."

"Who would have thought that spending all of that money for an expensive head-hunting firm to find someone from outside of the University would prove fruitless?" queried Minister of Propaganda Sam Hartstein.

The committee also announced that Jimmy's position would be filled, at least temporarily, by Dean Michael Hecht. "I'm sure he has time for an extra job, but I'm nervous the lines by Hecht's cafeteria position will get long," said one administrator who requested anonymity. Dean Hecht will function as Assistant Mashed Potato Monger and Scallop Shoveler every other Wednesday between the hours of 11:38 and 11:44 A.M., excluding days when alternate side parking rules are suspended, or when MTA has shiur.

documents from memory. "Who the heck does this guy think he is?" cried Seth (thank G-d I'm not related) Sokol. "I lost the only copy of my Scuba-Diving term paper thanks to him."

The administration originally remained silent about the entire matter since there was some confusion as to the procedure for dealing with dead bodies. "Socol wanted to stuff them and hang them on his wall as a kind of trophy," explained Dean Rosenscalp, "but I thought that might look bad and hurt recruiting, so I broke with my tradition of permissiveness and denied his request." The Academic Standards Committee is presently reviewing the case of each student to determine if the bodies may be released before they have completed their six semester residency requirement.

Ashkenazic Students Allege Bias

Calling Jewish, Ashkenazic, white, English speaking males "the most persecuted racial group at YU," several hundred YC students have formed an "Ashkenazic Club." Bankrolled by a mysterious YU benefactor who is "sick of seeing the neighbourhood deteriorate," the all-white, all-male, all-Ashkenazic club has already attracted several hundred student members.

According to Club President Lord John Wendell Holmes III, the exclusive club is designed to "give YU Ashkenazic students a support group... when Ashkenazic students first come to YU, they often feel lost and somewhat overwhelmed by the multitudes of foreign students: Syrians, Persians, Ethiopians, Argentinians, Albanians, Egyptians, Iraqis, Sudanese, Algerians, Libyans, Pakistanis, Indians, and Zambians. The Ashkenazic Club provides a dignified atmosphere for white YU Jewish males to get together, sip some port and commiserate."

The club has already secured prized space in the crowded Schottenstein student center. Renovations will commence shortly. Club facilities will include a gentlemen's smoking room, dining room, card room, library (stocked with British classics), and billiard room. Members will enjoy the services of an authentic English butler, and can get thoroughly sloshed before a dinner of roast beef and

Yorkshire pudding. Said YCSC President and Brit-wanna-be Avi Steinlauf while sucking on his pipe, "I believe that it is an absolutely smashing development that YC students are combating apathy by socializing and having a few drinks together... I am very proud of this club, especially since it seems to be an offshoot of our Morg second floor Thursday night fraternity parties." Said SSSBSA President Ofer Naor, "Cool, dude! But do they have Coors Extra Gold?"

New members must undergo an exhaustive genealogical screening process and must be sponsored by at least two existing members. And while all of the club's members to date have been white, Ashkenazic, Jewish males, the club's membership chairman denies discriminatory membership practices. Said Willis J. Stetson, Jr., "Anyone can join, as long as they look white, speak English with a clipped accent, shop at Brooks Brothers, lack the letter 'r' in their surnames, and have less than 15 syllables in their last names."

Lord Holmes explained the need for the formation of the Ashkenazic Club as stemming from, what he termed, incidents that have been interpreted by some Ashkenazic

Caucasoids as examples of overt prejudice against their kind. On one recent morning, claims Holmes, several Sephardic students attended the 11:30 a.m. Ohavei Sheina MYP minyan, attendance at which is mandatory to all charter members of TAC (The Ashkenazic Club). English speaking students within hearing range of some "tanned" visitors, claim that the unidentified interlopers made derogatory comments regarding the length of the service (Ashkenazic custom demands that only the tefillot taught to nursery students

be recited to facilitate a prayer service of ten minutes or less). "Although they were speaking Farsi, it sounded insulting," alleged Gabbai Neville Smythe.

The language barrier is another cause for forming the club. A group of British Freshman received low marks on English Comp papers when they spelled such words as "centre" and "colour" in the "proper English" manner, making their essays incomprehensible to their "illiterate" American peers and professors. They also encountered difficulty when

"going out for a fag" (cigarette) and "using a rubber" (eraser). On one occasion, "Brit Pack" Secretary Nigel Buckingham and his roommate Winston Salem were discussing their most recent snooker match when two Americans entered the lift on the ground floor. After listening to the pair for about 10 seconds, one student turned to the second and said, "Damn Englishmen. Why can't they speak English like everyone else?"

As a general rule, when discussing these incidents and

continued on page 8

On a serious note. . .

We hope you are enjoying the Purim issue of The Commentator. But there is more to Purim than fun...

B"SD

"The flat has one room, no bathroom, no shower, no kitchen, not even a sink. Two beds are backed into the corners, with cribs at the foot of each. Mattresses for the children, aged six months to eight years, are stacked under and on the beds. To shower, Menahem and his wife, Nomi, go to friends or a mikveh. They bathe the children in a makeshift tub. They share a small kitchen with a family upstairs. A tiny, dark and damp room contains a toilet used by the two families.

...But their story is not unusual. Poverty is sweeping the nation.

...In Jerusalem...23.7% of the Jewish population live in poverty...

...In 1990, 77,600 Jewish Jerusalemites lived in poverty...

...43.3% of Jerusalem's Jewish families with four children or more have incomes below the poverty level...

...We see people now with their refrigerators empty, and who barely have enough to eat...

...The economic situation is only going to get worse..."

- Source: Jerusalem Post International Edition
Week ending February 1, 1992 page 7

OHAVEI SHALOM TSEDAKA FUND

Dedicated to the memory of
Rabbi Solomon P. Wohlgelemer zt'l
Distributes your contributions
to needy families in Israel.

Beginning our fourteenth year at YU

Judah Wohlgelemer
Pollack Library, YU
Campus Representative

Rabbi Eliahu P. Rominek,
Chairman
611 Beach 8th Street
Far Rockaway, NY 11691

Are you sick and tired of Southern European Pizza?
Do you feel discriminated against at yekke delis?
Are your food needs under represented on the JJC?
Come to:



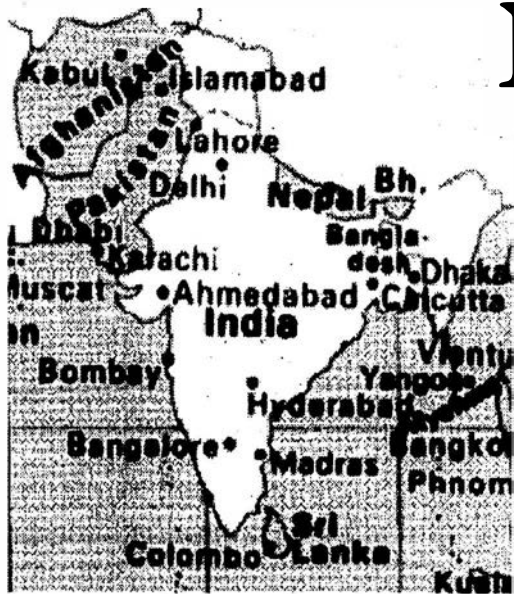
New Delhi Kasbah

YU's first Persian restaurant.

Pre-Med Special:
10% off the night before
an Orgo. test

Free Curry with every order.

"Where you don't have to speak English to order"



Luscious Lola Found At Stern

Cookie Queen Dethroned

Luscious Lola, of Huge Cookie fame, is alive and well and living at Brookdale Hall under the alias Luscious Leah. Known simply as Leah to her friends, she recently became a Ba'alat Teshuva and can be found spending the majority of her time in the Stern Beit Midrash, studying Mikraot Gedolot (see photo). But what is it that made Leah toss her Huge Cookies aside for "Huge Readings?" In an exclusive interview with The NoCommentator, Leah confided, "I remember my grandmother was my greatest influence. She used to instill yiddishkeit in me as she slaved over hot ovens baking kichels and macaroons in her small business: Bubbie's Cookie Jar. Unfortunately, she was niftar when I was still a little girl." Leah continued to discuss her downfall. "It was when I met the Pillsbury Doughboy that my life took a turn for

the worse. At first the attraction was overpowering. He had the sweetest little button eyes and the cutest giggle. I couldn't resist him! 'Pillsy' promised me the world on a silver cookie sheet, and made me into Luscious Lola. I can't believe I actually believed him! That's when the beatings started....I couldn't believe that this monster was the doughboy I once loved. I left him in the end." Unfortunately, that wasn't the end for young Lola, for who can forget the scandalous Huge Cookie Affair. "I was young and kneaded the dough. It was the lowest point of my career. When I started posing for those shameful labels, they had told me it would just be small packaging for airline distribution. I didn't mind as long as the cookies were done in good taste. But I started losing control, and when the Huge Cookies hit the counter, I knew that I had to get out."



Lola: Before the transformation...



...And Leah, afterwards.

Leah tells of her amazing recovery: "It was actually Rav Entenmann who found me. He had me cut my hair and sent me to Israel for a year to Bnot Argaliot, where I rediscovered Yiddishkeit. I was no longer the sordid Luscious Lola of the past. I was now Leah with a new life ahead of me."

Today, Leah is a senior at Stern who has a shaped major in Home Ec, and is furiously looking for her zivug. "I thank Hakodesh Boruch Hu everyday for bringing me back to the derech. I look forward to having a Huge family and living in Kew Gardens. The only cookies I want to see now are hamentashen!"

This Purim, Don't Get Carried Away.

Purim is one of most festive holidays. It is a time to remember the wonderful miracle Hashem bestowed upon the Jewish people by averting a great potential disaster. . .the loss of Jewish life.

And while it might be a widely accepted "minhag" to drink on Purim to the point of Ad D'lo Yada, it is a definite "halacha" not to put one's life in danger.

Yet every year there are literally dozens of Purim-related emergencies reported - many with life-threatening conditions. And every year people say "something has to be done."

Well, this year you can do something. First, be responsible. Limit the amount you drink. Drink only at the Seudah. And second, DON'T DRIVE. . .even if you think you can. Ask a friend to drive you there and back.



Or better yet, call a car service. But please, don't underestimate the effects of alcohol on your driving abilities.

And needless to say, if you're a parent, closely supervise your children's activities during Purim. Know where they're going, how they're getting there and how they intend to come home -- and at what time. It's the only way to insure their safety and well-being.

Remember, Purim was meant to be enjoyed -- by you and those around you. But all within reason. "Think" before you "drink." And don't get carried away. . .or it could, chas v'shalom, be you that'll be carried away.

Best wishes for a happy and healthy Purim 5753 from all of us at Hatzolah.

This is a public service message from
Hatzolah, YCSC, SOY, IBC and JSS
& The Commentator Layout Staff (who needed to fill up half a page...)

The Shidduch Date, a Love Story

by Ephy Gopin

I ran to my room as fast as I could
The phone was ringing and answer I would
I picked it up and answered hello
It was Danny, a good-hearted fellow
"How are you?" (I said just fine)
I have a proposal (a tingle down my spine)
"There happens to be this girl that I know
It might work out, a relationship could grow"
I had never before been out on a date
and asked for some info on this mystery babe
Danny told me her name was Kim Pehlfree
She goes to Stern, comes from Kentucky
Shes an OT major in her sophomore year
And wants to be married in the future near
She went to Lexington Torah Academy
Then Israel to Michlala for a year of study
At first she's shy, but when you get to know her
She opens up just like a springtime flower
Got a great sense of humor and she's quite cute
Just the girl for you, truly a beaut
But I dont wear a black hat just a kipa seruga!
Dont worry- what you wear isn't who you are.
Would she make aliya, I had to know
She would consider it somewhere down the road
I really wasn't sure if I was ready for this
Danny assured me it would be heavenly bliss
Danny then told me to give her a call
This coming Sunday night at eight on the ball
For three days and nights I was nervous as heck
Would things work out? I was a total wreck
Sunday night came, time to give her a call
I was sweating so much couldn't see the wall
Slowly and surely I dialed the number
My hands were shaking, heavy as lumber
The phone rang once, twice, three times
Maybe after all I won't have to spend a dime
I wanted to hang up and kiss this good-bye
Then a meek little voice answered and said "hi"
I said, "Hello, is Kim Pehlfree there?"
Turns out it's her on the phone right here
I started to stutter not knowing what to say
Then I blurted out, "How was your day?"
All she said was her day was just fine
All I could say was that so was mine
Silence reigned as my mind worked fast
Find a question, make the conversation last
I asked, "How's school?" she said, "okay"
Does she know full sentences? I started to pray.
I began to think - this isn't for me
This girl's not talking, just sits silently
All of a sudden, out of the blue
She asked how things were going at YU
Oh my goodness, she knows how to speak
Here's my big chance, I wouldn't be weak
I started to ramble on about school
This one stinks and that one's a fool
We went on speaking for almost two hours
Talked about everything - even the flowers
I finally asked her where should we go
She said, "Surprise me, I don't want to know
See you next Sunday at seven on the ball
Under the awning at Brookdale Hall!"
I got off the phone with a sense of relief
We talked for so long, I couldnt believe.
For one full week, I searched through the Guide
Where could we go? I couldn't decide
I finally came up (in typical fashion)
With this nice restaurant in upper Manhattan
This place seemed to be nice and fancy
Especially with the name, *Fancy Shmancy*
Sunday finally came, and I started to worry
What would she look like, what would she be wearing

I started to shave, I went to shower
I looked at my watch, only five more hours
I look in the mirror, blow-dry my hair
Put every one in place, I'm looking quite fair
I brush my teeth again and again
White and shiny, they look like a gem
I look in my drawers, what should I wear
Shabbos shirt, polo shirt, jeans — I wouldn't dare
Now I'm all dressed, it's time to go
I look in my wallet: Mastercard and dough
I lock up my room, take the 'vator right down
Get on the van - 6:30 downtown
I call up to her room, ask her to come down
Is that her in a mini-skirt or in a gown
Suddenly, I hear a voice behind me
"Hi! How are you? Its me, Kim Pehlfree"
I turned around and there she stood
5'3", short hair - she was lookin' good
Well now or never, its time to talk
Arm in arm (JUST JOKING!), we started to walk
Get to the corner, thought I would die
Every yellow cab was passing us by
Finally a taxi stopped by the side
Here was my last chance to go and hide
"To 77th," I said, as we got in
"First date?" asked the driver with a grin
We get out and suddenly I realized
My left shoelace was completely untied
How embarrassing, but I must go on
Can't let her know I'm such a big moron
Hang up her coat, pull out her seat
Where are the waiters? I wanna eat!
Finally! Here he comes the maitre d'
Wow! The food on the menu costs a ton of money
(I hope my dad's card has a lot of credit
Cause after this meal he'll probably be debt)
Should I wait 'till she orders her meal
Or go on ahead and order the veal
She decides to get a huge green salad
I guess I'll have . . . a huge green salad
To wash or not to wash, that is the question
Or do I just sit and make conversation
The meal went smooth, except for one little dance
I did that after spilling water all over my pants
I glanced at my watch, quarter to eleven
I can't believe we left Stern at seven
Paid the bill, fifteen bucks ain't so bad
(The night would be quite joyous for my dad)
Went back to Stern, sat down to talk
I'll take the last van at twelve o'clock
Its five to twelve, time to get up and go
I had a good time, I let her know
We say good-bye, and I leave
Then I realize — sauce stain on my sleeve
What a slob! She'll never wanna see me
This was the last time I'd see Kim Pehlfree
Get back to school, go to call Danny
"How was the date? Isn't she extraordinary?"
I said the date was nothing special
Can't be that from this will come something magical
"I'm sure nothing happened that you cant mend"
But somehow I knew that this was the end...

Now its five years and one child later
Me and Kim are living happily ever after
I didn't think our date had gone fine
But she wanted to go out another time
So find your bashert, shidduch date like me
You never know- you may just find YOUR Kim Pehlfree!
P.S: Contrary to popular belief, this poem is NOT based on any personal experience (unfortunately).

Old Green Cards To Be Phased Out

The Registrar recently announced that form I-151 Alien Registration Card (the older version of the "Green Card") will be phased out. Before August 2, 1993, holders of the card will need to apply for form I-551, the new version of the Green Card.

If you are an alien, or just look like one, or act like one, or are Pre-Med and need to replace your card, fill out INS form I-90, a student request form, and a P10.A Request to Take Outside Courses Form (signed by the Dean), and hope that action is taken before the deadline.

These forms must be notarized and jointly filed with an application to a medical school or, in rare cases, a dental school. The forms must be accompanied by a \$55 fee made out to Collegiate Bookstores. Sending two passport-size pictures is also required, but may decrease the chances of Greencard renewal.

CLASSIFIED ADS

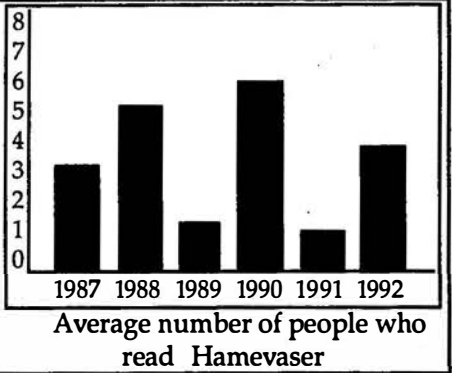
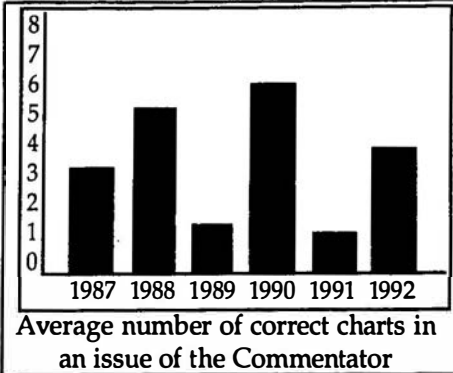
SCW Dramatic Society searching for new covergirl. Must be ready and willing... TAC girls need not apply.

Looking to sell valuable collection of rare Commentators. Contact Jeff Socol.

Director looking for a few good men. Contact Tony.

Assistant Professor of Judaic Studies at SCW seeking loud, NCSY-type girls given to histrionics, to form entourage. One year at Midreshet required. Call the 'Wise' man.

Brand new pair of sneakers, never been used. Call Isaac Neumann.



Ashkenazim Deny Charges of Racial Cleansing

continued from page 5

issues, Ashkenazic students tend to view them as stemming from pure racial discrimination rather than ignorance of Caucasoid tradition and culture. Many Sephardic students, however, believe that right wing, neo-fascist racial cleansing taints many of The Ashkenazic Club members' complaints. Holmes denies these charges, stating that "above all, it is my goal to promote achdus, ahavah, shalom, and shalom between the two ethnic groups."

Anyone interested in writing for The Observer, please take English Comp.

GREAT MASSAGE MINYAN

We don't just have good vibes... We have great back rubs, too.

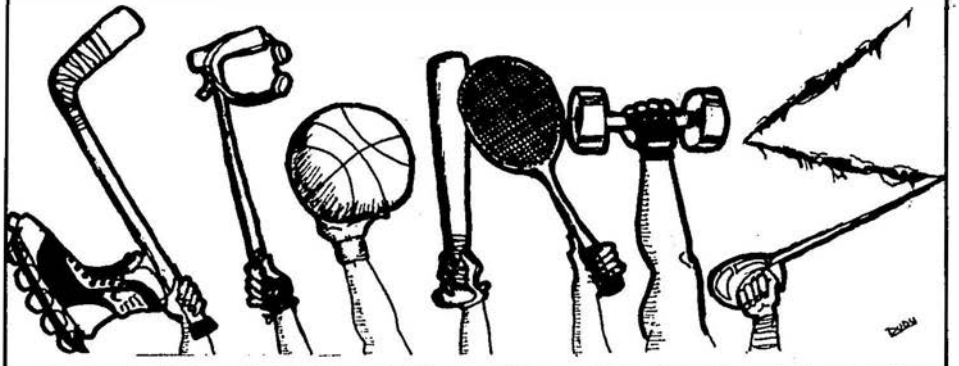
Mondays, Thursdays, and other JSS Holidays
Morgenstern Roof

9:30 AM

Bring a Towel!

The Commentator
500 West 185th Street
New York, NY 10033

YESHIVA



OFF THE WALL

by Nil Thought

Word from the good people at the Furman Dining Hall is that plans are in the works for a special theme night to be held next month in commemoration of the Y.U. Macs thrilling playoff victory over arch-rival Mt. St. Vincent. "Squish the Fish Night" will give the first 100 lucky diners the opportunity to initiate a ritual whereby pieces of batter dipped fish, fish pizzola, fish cakes, and lemon fish will be strategically dispersed throughout the cafeteria, with participants having 2 minutes to squish as much fish as they can within the time limit. Officiating at the ceremony will be Burns security agents, and Stanley Watson will both act as Master of Ceremonies and sing the national anthem. No word on who will be the first Y.U. student to participate in the festivities, though sentimental favorite Ronen Zour is a good bet to get things started.

complete, and on March 1, the final match was held. Since the meet was open to all students, it was no surprise that a Mac should reach the event's final, and star forward Or Rose easily breezed through to represent his bracket. His surprise opponent was the Stern Lady Mac's captain Tamar (T.K.) Kirschenbaum, who reached the finals with a dazzling display of slamming and jamming. Rose was determined not to let his sex down, and the match was closely fought. After a three hour deadlock, and the score tied H-O-R-S to H-O-R-S, Kirshenbaum finally emerged victorious to the delight of the Stern girls in attendance. The winning shot was reported to be (the ever popular) over the George Washington Bridge, across the West Side Highway, through Belfer Hall, around the Caf, over the second rafter, off the scoreboard, off the floor, and of course, nothing but net.

Following in the footsteps of former unappreciated Mac reserve Marc Gaylick, a group of sparingly used players from this year's squad has just signed on to join the men in blue of Burns Security for the 1993-94 season. Jose Jayinsky, Issac Neumann, and Israel Wallach have all agreed in principle, to a one year deal with Burns, thus losing one year of NCAA eligibility. When asked about the reasons for the move, Wallach, a junior guard who averaged 1.42 minutes per game explained that, "while some disappointed professionals may go off to Italy to strut their stuff, my experience sitting on the pine gives me an edge over other guards just starting out. Besides, protecting others is a better way of feeling good than hearing a bleacher's section chant your name." Neumann raved, "I see those guys working hard, and the constant communication amongst them; they are the ultimate team!" Jayinsky added: "in some strange way, these security guys speak my language." No word yet on what level the former Macs will start, but do not expect them to be allowed to check for I.D.'s immediately because, as Burns veteran Douglas Wright told us, "to us they'll just be rookies again."

Due to a lack of fan appreciation and attendance at both Y.U. fencing and wrestling matches, the coaching staffs of both the Taubermen and the Maccabees decided last week to merge both squads into one team -- the Yeshiva University Sabre-Graspers. The decision was met with approval from most team members. However, fencer Adam (Nossonal Kleinfeldt) Anhang expressed his reluctance to use his epee on an opponent while clad only in "those little, tight spandex outfits," pointing out how manly fencing masks, gloves and breastplates are. Others seemed delighted with the idea for many reasons. Wrestling (now co-co-co-) co-captain Barry Bessler said, "I grew up watching Mr. X in the WWF, and idolizing all those masked Mexican guys, and wearing the fencer's protective headgear now allows me to fulfill my childhood dreams of being just like them."

Things were really progressing well, and the first match was scheduled for March 15. Suddenly, an extremely unfortunate incident occurred in one scrimmage match that put the new team's future on hold. While scrimmaging with St. John's, Effy Zinkin used a patented "lift and slam" move and, in the process, accidentally pierced his opponent, inflicting serious damage. In a separate incident, fencing captain Adam Balkany, hearing a call from the wrestlers on the team to apply a "guillotine," unknowingly took this advice literally and, well, you can guess the rest. St. John's lodged an official protest with the league, and pending a review, (and hopefully Balkany's immediate release from prison) the Sabre-Graspers' future as a team will be determined.

Following the huge success of the Schick SuperHoops tournament held annually here at Y.U., the Athletic Department recently held a second exciting basketball contest open to all students of Yeshiva University. A H-O-R-S-E competition gave some 200 participants the chance to display their shooting, dunking, and creative shot ability. The single elimination tournament took over two weeks to