Lacrossemen Beaten At Tufts In Rain, 7-1. To Play Middlebury

With rain marking the second half of the game, the Beaver lacrosse team dropped a 7-1 decision to Tufts, on the victors’ field Tuesday afternoon.

As has been the story in most of the contests played by Ben Martin’s charges this season, the team just wasn’t aggressive enough, consequently the defense was under pressure throughout the encounter. Outstanding for the Tudmans in holding back the driving Jumbo squad, were defensemen, Joe Tornos ’58 and Richie Johnson ’59. In addition, goalie Bruce Blanchard ’57 not only made the count 5-1. He was assisted by Ed Hasselman ’57 in firing one past the Jumbo goalie to make the count 5-1. He was assisted by Ed Hasselman ’57.

In the third quarter, Dave Clunies ’57 fired one past the Jumbo goalie to make the count 5-1. He was assisted by Ed Hasselman ’57.

In the opening period, Tufts was held in check until the last few minutes when they outmaneuvered the MIT defenders to register the game’s first score. In the second session, the home squad tallied twice to increase their margin over the Beavers to 3-0. During the break between halves, the skid, which had been threatening all afternoon, finally released the expected rain. The change in the weather caused a marked change in the performances of the combatants, as sharp passing in the rain and mud was virtually impossible.

With the field in bad shape and the mud hindering the players, another pair of goals. However, the Egeomucons were not to be denied completely, and five minutes were gone in the third quarter, Dave Clunies ’57 fired one past the Jumbo goalie to make the count 5-1. He was assisted by Ed Hasselman ’57 and Bruce Blanchard ’57. The home team countered twice more to finish out the scoring.

John Smith and Pocahontas

(OR) HOW TO KEEP YOUR HEAD WITHOUT HAVING TO BE Adept...

This lesson was just on the chief, and he was all set to shorten Smith by about nine inches when he called Princess Pocahontas, a silty little number who’d been out scalping tickets to Cleveland baseball games.

Pocahontas met the situation, and screamed (in perfect English) “Man, it looks like any whim comes in...that horse! That cow! That bull! Oh, Daddy-Ω—sure that one?”

“Pocahontas,” said Dad, “How many times have I told you not to come moul...around here during Indian days? We’re playing to a full house, and now I have to refund all those bonds.”

But he was pretty sweet on the kid, and laid aside the most clever.

Well, Captain John was so happy about his reprieve he broke out a barrel of Budweiser...and popped for the tribe.

Wouldn’t you?

MORAL: When you wish to break the tribe (or, better yet, do a solo with a square), make it Budweiser...the chief of beers!

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