**Back to School!**

A PARTY WITH IN TOUCH magazine and CONTEST to find the Hottest College Jock

**Monday, Sept. 20**

We invite all Boston area gay college students to join us at our first party of the academic year, our way of welcoming you back to Boston, back to school, and back to Buddies.

A cash prize of $400 plus a three-year subscription to IN TOUCH magazine will be awarded to the winner. A runner-up will receive $30 plus a two-year subscription, and another second finisher will receive $20 plus a year's subscription to IN TOUCH.

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**Brew and Hype play some ball**

(Continued from page 12): break into the dim. By changing speeds, he'd keep the batters waving at air. He was a joy to behold. Walking to the park, Paul clung to me up at was happening with him. "I went out for baseball (at Penn)," he said, "and there was only one other left-hander in camp. I put out, though, I couldn't get the curve over."

"Are you going to go in the fall again?"

"I don't know. I haven't been working out at all, except for a little catch with Shuber (a catcher on our old team). I'll see how I feel in the fall."

"How's your arm?"

"Okay, I guess."

"Really?" I questioned him.

"Well, it's the sliders. They're sweet pitches, but they irritate me in the 'l.'"

I called him a little catcher with Shuber over.

"I'm really tight in the arm."

"We threw catch for a while, with about every fifth throw going over somebody's head. We agreed it had to be the wind. One time I ran down the ball about 250 feet from Paul, turned and fired it to him on one bounce. Something in my shoulder popped.

For the rest of the afternoon we took turns pitching to the other. My arm was dead, and my control was shot. I guess I had kind of suspected it might be, though."

Surprisingly, Paul wasn't much better. Nothing was breaking, though his velocity was good. His pitches sailed up and away, instead of down and in, I called it a day after about an hour and a half because I was too out of shape to run down the balls that Paul threw past me.

The next day, when I couldn't move my right arm, I called him to ask how he felt. Paul said that his elbow hurt. He never used to mention stuff like that without a lot of prodding. I asked him if he were going to throw more over the summer. He said he'd probably continue pitching to Shuber.

"I'll see," he said. "I'll see."