

The Carribean Papers (part II)-'77 Spring Tour

The North had just beaten the South (O.B. 28 Miami 22) and the previous game description omitted the customary anecdotes which are sure to delight future Old Blues for generations to come. During the match Lepak's mouth never seemed to stop as he was determined to make an impression on such legends as Joseph, Wittenberg and Rossetti. While Lew was merely bitten in the first half, Harvey Silver distinguished himself by whipping Miami into such a lather with his own biting and surreptitious grabbing of the opposition's genitals ~~xxxx~~ that ~~he~~ committed two flagrant penalties in attempted retaliations that resulted in six points for Blue. Lepak ~~xx~~ and Rosetti endeared themselves to the Miami spectators by throttling their FB and President Dave Williams while he was calling a mark and hurling the Miami winger into the stands, respectively. In any event it's time to give the seconds some ink because they took the field next:

Hamm Mangold MacKay  
Zaremba Hollander  
O'Rourke Donohue Dunlevy  
Condon  
Lurie Brown Dennis Mahaffey Jonas  
Norrish

Play centered around midfield till Big Lloyd MacKay, in shape at last, takes their lineout at the three and falls in-goal for 4-0. It's his first score ever for OB as indicated by Lloyd's postscore comment: "Alright, after 5 years!" Norrish shows a portent of things to come by missing his dropkick conversion attempt. Tom Mangold-perhaps the most underrated Old Blue ever-is getting all the tights and all the looses. Rich Brown is kicking nicely. Miami is using several ringers (as did their firsts with all-stars from Orlando and Tallahassee) from the firsts playing twice. It's 5:45 and getting dark so guests Hamm and O'Rourke start working hard in the forwards which leads to a weakside break off a tight to jet Clay Mahaffey for 8-0. The 2nd half sees Roy Hollander, an old Columbia ghost from 1972, running with the ball while Lloyd is ripping it out of the loose. Bob Donohue, who happened to be in Miami along with Roger Dennis, steals their pass and starts a good movement. Z also in better shape while Roger the dodger is showing moves of old. Brownie scores a try on pure hustle chasing a ball down as the II's look great today. Norrish converts for 14-0. Their ~~xxxx~~ try is matched by Clay's second. Capt Frank Dunlevy gets thrown off inexplicably (to him that is) as they score for an 18-10 final.

Saturday night its fun and games at Don Russo's palatial estate complete with indoor pool and sunken bath. Lepak dropped \$110 on a blind date and then dropped her off at the first bus stop. Roger Dennis brought his personal harem. Miami President Williams pulls what must be an Old Blue trick by announcing their plaque for us was "with the engraver." We give them theirs anyway along with a patch to their "injured" Capt Howard Abbey (he left the field under dubious medical circumstances). We also give Jeff an award for putting the tour together, while Lew gets MVP of the game and promptly goes bananas. Later "Jaws" comes up to the Fish and states "I do most of the biting for Miami!" Joseph is really plastered at this point as Condon unsuccessfully tries to pick up another chick. Roy is sound asleep on the couch while Bruce DeNike is unusually mellow. CJ of course is dressed to kill while Silver is still avoiding Eddie's murderous stare, who himself is the subject of Nick and Witt's joint comment: "We got to go thru this shit every game?" Sloan's wrist is troubling him in so far as he is having a tough time holding onto his beer. Lepak, it must be noted, had screamed at Miamian Perry Potash after a tackle: "Let go of the ball, you fucking Spic!", which prompted the reply: "I'm not a Spic, I'm Jewish!" Hennemuth with ice pack, Lisovitz with six pack. Stone and his wife calm and collected like a normal Philly player. Bernie O'Rourke last played WF 10 yrs. ago.

Mangold is looking bored at the party, while Frank Dunlevy still can't calm down ("why did they have to cut off the goddamn sleeves?"), despite lovely Tude's presence. Richie Brown is clearly in love with his girlfriend. Jonas and Lurie-The Jews come to Miami Beach...

Sunday its off to Nassau on our chartered aircraft and Barr promptly goes parasailing ~~XXX~~ at \$35 a shot. Blue hits Paradise Island as high rollers Lepak (this time he is with a foxy lady), Sloan, Hennemuth hit the tables in the casino with all the beautiful people. former gypsy cabbie Dickie Hyland is observed at the 50¢ table.. Joseph is playing blackjack, while Bruce Lurie appears in his "dress" sweatsuit. Monday we sightsee in town, go to the beach, slumming it at the high class hotel and hitch rides everywhere. That afternoon the II's meet the Buccaneer II's:

Sherlock Mangold Hamm  
MacKay Zaremba  
Hollander Lepak Dunlevy  
Condon Joseph/  
Lurie O'Rourke Brown Johnson Jonas  
Norrish

Mark Jonas promptly lets the ball go thru his legs, which prompts Charley Johnson (CJ) to remark, "Let's get a little more aggressive, Mark!" The usual (for this tour, anyway) wave of black shirts on the ball leads to Z's score in the corner on 2nd phase.. Big Eddie shows his stiff arm while Carl Hamm jaunts up the sideline. Mike Sherlock scores....at the five, so it doesn't count-nice dive, Shelby!! The Jewish Jet, Jonas, reverses his field and scores-but not under the posts for some inexplicable reason.. Later veteran Old Boy Mangold tells Mark, "If you run across the field again, I'll tackle you and ruck the fucking ball from you myself!" The inexplicable reason just alluded to was probably stupidity. Lepak kicks only dust for the aborted conversion. John Norrish makes a nice move from FB. ~~XXXXXX~~ CJ's dropped score is reminiscent of Lew's versus Miami. Charley then does a full split trying to put a fake on his man. Sherlock and Tom the goose Mangold are like clockwork at the front of the lineout. Then SH Ray Condon nicely breaks weak, dummies, then passes inside to the mailbox, E. Lepak, who drags a Buccaneer on his back ingoal for 14-0 with the Norrish kick. Bruce Lurie with the old collar tackle..and it works! CJ inside to Shelby who breaks outside to Carl Hamm for 18-0. On the sidelines at the Blue Hill golf club (the pitch is a driving range), everyone is lounging about in chaises with rum and cokes as Big Lloyd is observed breaking from a loose for 10 and passing off to that slippery Heb-Jonas-who jukes (as would be expected) and slides for 35 and 24-0 with Eddie's (that's right ) conversion. The Pak booms one on the ensuing kickoff and their little winger "chicken George" nearly gets buried as the "catchee." O'Rourke is running wild at fly. Lepke picks up from #8, ~~XXXX~~ uses his patented stiff arm (Hyland remarks, "He's brutal and vicious!") and breaks up the middle from the 25 for his 2nd try and 30-0.. Hamm is looking for the heavy hitter award, which went to Nolin last season, by the way.. At the half Witt comes in for them at #8 while Jeff comes in for CJ.. Nick was their touch judge and mentions he was an All-East (ECAC) end at U'Conn and all-county in HS at Yorktown, NY. Big shit, Nick. Mangold is complaining about Witt's hands in the scrum (something the goose is used to doing).. Lurie running well. Lepak moves to #1 in the lineout to get his picture taken. At this point it must be apparent to the reader that they were horrible and we were terrific. Hollander gets the ball and makes a nice pass to Lurie who scores, but fails to pass off to Dunlevy who really wanted the try. 34-0 as Norrish kick NG and Sloan comments, "You need a full night's sleep John!" John retorts, " then I'll have to move out of your room..." Lurie is on fire today-must be a 15 yr old chick on the sideline watching him. Richie Brown sells a dummy to an unsuspecting Buccaneer to a break to the 10. Later Jonas again turns the corner for 40-0 with the kick, as the Bahamian sun has yet to set on Old Blue, resplendent in their special jerseys. Joseph, now at #8 takes the lineout, breaks, and passes to Hamm for 46-0 with the Norrish kick;later Carl picks ~~mf~~ up the ball off a wheel and gets #3 for 50-0 as the rout comes to an end.

them in goal for our 25 yd dropout. This leads to a set which the Goose takes against the head at the 25. Eddie runs it from the base to Ray Condon out to Jeff to Bruce Lurie who makes a nice pass inside back to Jeff to Woody who scores in the corner after a 30 yd sprint with little time remaining. 14-10 Old Blue as Lurie makes the play of the day. Mangold strikes twice with his long legs to take their sets and keep us out of trouble as the game ends.

OB II 14 Cayman II 10

Sherlock Mangold Hamm  
Zaremba MacKay  
Dolce Lepak Hollander  
Condon  
Lurie O'Rourke Brown Joseph Jonas  
Stone

That night several people are their captain's guests for dinner-beautiful, except for the fact that a drunken Princeton Old Boy was there and you know what that's like. Later that evening certain members go to Apollo 11 and are nearly busted by an undercover cop as a certain individual indiscreetly mutters the word "Ganja." Footnote-immediately following arrival in Cayman (or maybe it was in Nassau, who remembers) Sherlock proceeded to drop Sloan on his face and draw blood as Shelby got a little too enthusiastic during their wrestling match. At some point during the tour Woody's wife remarks that she though Old Blue wasn't as bad as Philly previously, but having been on this tour, she now knew better.

Saturday, late afternoon, Mangold notes the scores of the first team game, but fails to write down any details as he is too busy bullshitting with Nick (who happens to be playing in the game):

tries:Liscovitz, Hyland, Stone (2). 3 conversions and one penalty kick by Hyland.

They got one kick and the game was actually close for a while as Lew was having his difficulties in the tights (after the game, when introduced to Lew, their hooker responds with "What position did you play?"). Charlie Johnson is outstanding in the lineouts while Nick looks great at his "new-found position"-2nd row. Captain Eddie also has a great game, while Dunlevy seizes the opportunity to be on the firsts by constantly harrassing their SH. Sloan also looked good while it's too bad nobody got a picture of the surprised look on Joseph's face as he consistently breaks thru their line. Woody Stone, what superlatives haven't been said...Hennemuth is the heavy hitter while Lisc, Mahaffey and Hyland show Caymanians speed they've never seen before. Of course, the game wasn't without its lighthearted moments as Hyland threw the ball maliciously at Lepak and Eddie rode their #6 unmercifully the entire game for stating prior to kickoff that Old Blue had a mediocre #8.

Old Blue I 25 Cayman I 3

Sherlock Fischbein Hamm  
Zaremba Rossetti  
Johnson Lepak Dunlevy  
Sloan  
Mahaffey Joseph Hennemuth Stone Liscovitz  
Hyland

Since the temperature was a mere 85 but the humidity was way up everybody's jerseys are completely soaked. However the party after and the party/buffet that night provide ample liquid refreshment to restore equilibrium to our vital life cycles. At the party that night Nick exhibits disdain for Stu Rickerson, aforementioned Princeton Old Boy who is hanging out in Cayman following his own team's departure, as Stu asks Nick "How can you guys go to bed at 10:30 the night before the game and not go drinking." Nick replies with "That's the difference between playing for Old Blue and playing for Princeton." At this point Nick gathers a select few of his Old Blue buddies around him and proceeds to relate his famous Princeton story about the time he was "guesting" for the thirds one Sunday afternoon against the Tigers back in the old days. Rossetti was playing wing forward and one of their guys kept barging in the lineouts. Finally Nick got thoroughly disgusted and nailed the preppie with a good punch. The preppie was shocked and began to lecture Nick on the fact that rugby was a gentleman's game. After the match (won by us of course) the guy comes up to Nick and the following dialogue took place:

Princeton Player: "My name is Spotswood."  
 Rossetti: "What's your first name?"  
 Princeton Player: "That is my first name; it's an old Virginia name."  
 Rossetti: "My name is Nick; it's an old Bronx name."

At this point (the party was held at somebody's palatial estate near the beach) Carl Hamm is pretty drunk but remains in awe of Lepak ("Eddie, you're my idol"). Again it's free eats and Lepak and Joseph oblige by having four plates each. The theme of the evening is shepards and nymphs and the Cayman hosts dress accordingly. Needless to say there are not enough nymphs present. Lepak presents Woody Stone with a cup as MVP of the tour and Woody makes an impassioned speech only topped by Eddie's in presenting the award. Hamm falls into a rock garden face first in a marvelous display of coordination. Condon and Mahaffey show up as Arabs compete with towels rapped as turbans-for ethnic balance. It figures they play for the NYAC. Meanwhile back in New York Holmes is suing Donelli for malpractice. CJ is again romancing some young native while Lurie tries to "beat" Eddie out of \$5 and pays the price. Richie Brown and girlfriend are dancing up a storm, while O'Rourke, Sloan, Liscovitz, and Hennemuth engage in a drinking contest.

Sunday afternoon features a barbacue buffet at Surfside of the Gallion Hotel...as the roving Old Blue photographer catches Joseph stuffing his face once again. No wonder Jeff has gout. Lepak has more pictures of himself flexing, but loses his long-awaited pingpong match to Lew, who dazzles the crowd on his water skies. Dunlevy and Sherlock are getting blasted with Mike's host at the Tortuga Club. The flight back is relatively quiet as everybody sleeps on the Corned Beef Special from Miami back to New York following our air shuttle from Cayman. Lepak makes a phone call from Miami back to the Big Apple in order to set up a cure for his horniness. Joseph is politicking already but can't quite score many points with Capt. Eddie as he owes him \$65 in poker. Lloyd is demonstrating a rare wit while Lepak is cracking Jewish jokes like there's no tomorrow. The 3 hour plane ride home affords certain Old Blues the opportunity to devise their own list of awards which follows: (you could get more than one award)

- Liscovitz: Blue Boy Award
- Hamm: Gay Lib Award for Unprecedented Kindness to Bahamian Gays
- Hyland: Zionist Award for Going on Tour with No Money
- Mangold: Fatherly Award for Consoling Lew the Whole Tour
- Rossetti: No Rah Rah Bullshit Award
- Mahaffey: Road Runner Award for Carrying Road Signs Around Nassau
- Dolce: Nonentity Award
- Donohue, Dennis, Denike: Bermuda Triangle Awards for Disappearing after Miami
- Brown: Best Looking Girl Friend Award-by Default
- Lepak: Mr. Wrong Award (given by the aforementioned stewardess)
- Hollander: Most Gregarious Award
- Sherlock: Mr. Discretion Award
- Fischbein: Whipping Boy Award
- Nolin: Phantom Award
- Wittenberg: Brett Maverick/High Roller Award
- Silver: Martin Luther King Award for Racial Equality
- Zaremba: Nondescript Award
- Johnson: Jack LaLame Award
- Lepak: Larry Flint Taste and Subtlety Award
- Barr: Judge Crater Award
- Sloan: Amelia Earhart Award
- Stone: Frank Merriwell Award
- Hennemuth: Campbell Gerrish / Jerry Coleman / Bob Murily Award
- Joseph: Rene Richards Award for Showing the Most Fashions
- Dunlevy: Corduroy Pants Award
- O'Rourke: Brendan Behan Award
- Condon: Best Second Scrumhalf in the East Award (in memory of Bill Dreher)
- Lurie + Jonas: The Kind of Guys who Give AntiSemitism a Good Name Award
- Dunlevy + Joseph: Most Happily Married Award
- Linda Stone: Millinery Award
- Maciej: Most Witty Awards Award

Of course there were other awards but libel law prevents their publication. Well, we won all the games and had a great time. Just another Old Blue "high," in the immortal words of Robert Yuhas. So ends the "Carribbean Papers,"

Lew Fischbein