

Alums Remember "The Game"

In honor of its Tercentennial, Yale University has asked some of its most distinguished alums, "What's Your Favorite Memory from 'The Game'?"

Nathaniel Hale, Class of 1769. Thinking back over all my fond, rosy memories of "The Game," my one regret is that football hadn't yet been invented. Christ. Is that really the national sport now? What was I thinking?

► **William Howard Taft, Class of 1878.** As a student, my fondest memory of "The Game" was the constant hue and cry of our young voices, all vying for the fair attentions of the hot dog vending man. When I came back to "The Game" as president, he stood patiently beside me for the first three quarters as I partook of a diverse array of hot-dogs, franks, sausages, wieners, schnitzels, kielbasas, and bangers. By the end, they had to pry me out of the Bowl like it was my bathtub.



John C. Calhoun, Class of 1803. My favorite part of "The Game" was owning slaves. Wait. . . should I not say that?



◄ **Walter Camp, Class of 1881.** My favorite memory? Well I think it would have to be that crisp autumn day back in 1880, when I revolutionized the sport of rugby by adding 4 downs and the forward pass, and in doing so single-handedly created the modern American football. Or maybe it was this one time a couple teammates and I smuggled forties into the Bowl. God were we ever smashed.

Nathan Hale, again. And one more thing. How come every damn "Nathan Hale" joke has to be about my heroic martyrdom? Why not make fun of my comical nickname or my third testicle?

Gerald Ford, Class of 1938. In a lot of ways, being the starting quarterback for the Yale University football team was just like being the 38th president of the United States. Except for the fact that I was a pretty good quarterback.

Clarence Thomas, Class of 1974. Some of the happiest hours of my life were spent on the gridiron, fighting for Old Eli and basking in the camaraderie of my teammates. Those boys knew the real meaning of the all-American ass-slap.



◄ **Handsome Dan IV, Class of 1911.** When I think of "The Game," one game really comes to mind: The Game of 1917.

There we were, right smack in the middle of the Great War. President Wilson, a Princeton man, had come to watch "The Game." It was halftime, with Old Eli leading by a score of 14 to 7. And then I shit right in the middle of the field. And their quarterback slipped in it. And the God Damn President of the United States couldn't do a God Damn thing about it cause I was the mascot.

► **Jodie Foster, Class of 1984.**

There was this one weekend when the Drama School was putting up a production of Chekhov's *Seagull* and the night, literally the night, before the show the girl playing Nina got a sore throat. And the understudy, a student named Meredith, only really knew about 80 of her, like, 8,000 lines. And that night, at about one in the morning, I remember thinking I'd like to see those snotty bastards at the Harvard Drama School deal with a crisis like this.



Your Roommate, Class of 2004. The best thing I remember about "The Game" was fucking your mom! Yeah. How do you like that one? Your MOM! I FUCKED HER! Get It? It's funny cause I FUCKED YOUR MOM!!!

Your Dad, Class of 1968. Watch "The Game"? Watch "The Game," son??? In my day, I played in the Goddamn game. I played football, cause back in those days you had to if you wanted to be a man. I didn't major in Theatre Studies; I played football. And I didn't talk like a fucking English poof either.

Your Mom, Class of 1973. Well how nice of you to ask me about my memories of "The Game." I'm embarrassed to say so, but I think my favorite game was just this last year. After watching a very exciting first half, I retired to the field house for 45 minutes of exhilarating intercourse with my son's roommate.



◄ **William Clinton, Class of 1973.** Man, one year we brought some weed with us to "The Game." I was like "Dude, we're smokin' a bowl, in the Bowl." So now I ask you, my fellow Americans, how phatty was that?

► **President Levin, President of Yale University.** As President of Yale University, I would like to thank all these fine distinguished alumni, not just for taking the time to write, for going to Yale in the first place. Because, quite frankly, their reflected glory is the only thing that makes me such hot, hot shit.

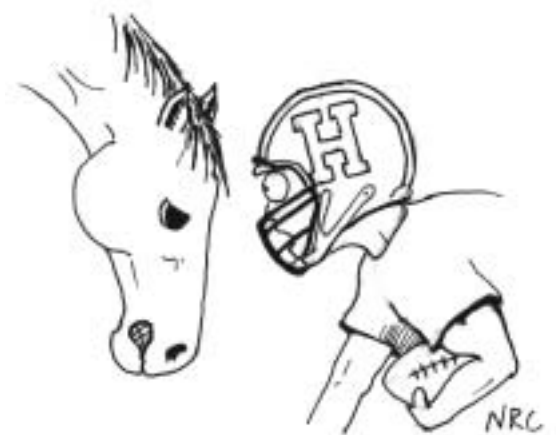


--Nicholas Danforth '04

Return to Glory

Yale University was once a football powerhouse that handily trounced teams like Michigan and Army. Well not anymore. To combat this recent trend, a number of Yale alumni and athletic administrators have created a plan to return Yale to its former glory. Here are their proposals, which will go into effect next year.

1. Prospective football players' applications will consist of the single question, "So what do you bench?"
2. Resurrect Walter Camp, convince him to re-write rules of football to allow Yale players to use tasers.
3. Replace all Yale fight songs with Limp Bizkit's "Break Stuff." Have you ever heard that song? It really pumps you up!
4. Make Yale more like that school in *Varsity Blues*.
5. Replace opposing team's Gatorade with slightly watered down Gatorade.
6. Realize that people who can bench press 400 pounds or run the 40 yard dash in 4.3 seconds are a minority of the population. Extend affirmative action to include *these* unfortunate minorities.
7. Mustaches look pretty tough. Yale players should grow some of those.
8. Replace Handsome Dan with Handsome Foaming at the Mouth Dan and keep him behind opponents' bench.
9. Change uniform colors from blue and white to camouflage. They'll never see us coming!



10. Combine the football team with the polo team. Ever try tackling a horse?! (Note: Also would work with the women's crew team.)
11. Take a page from the movie "Air Bud" and recruit local family's lovable golden retriever. Ah, make that golden receiver.
12. Change name from Bulldogs to Patriotic NYPD FDNY America Loving Freedom Defenders. Technically this won't help us win, but it might get us some exposure on MSNBC.
13. Get Ronald Reagan to inspire Yale players by telling them to "win one for the gipper." While we're at it, convince Reagan that he's still president and must defend the nation against an invasion of vacuum cleaners.
14. Allow Yale players to stuff those giant foam novelty fingers down their pants to appear more intimidating.
15. Rent "Dorf on Football"; do whatever he says.

--Jack Kukoda '02,
art by Noah Robison-Cox '03