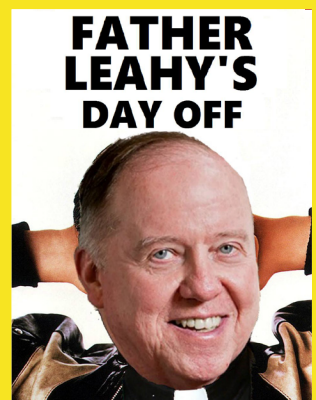


THE NEW ENGLAND CLASSIC MAGAZINE



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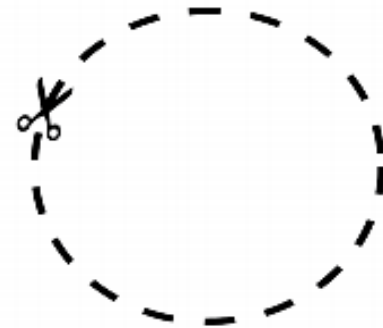


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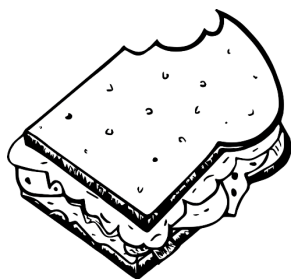
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December 1, 2017
Vol. I, No. 1

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Fun Facts!

The New England Classic is a dope work of satire. We are generally located in Carney Hall until it is inevitably torn down and we fail to save it after staging a sit-in.
Email: thenewenglandclassic@gmail.com
Website: thenewenglandclassic.com
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Instagram: [@thenewenglandclassic](https://www.instagram.com/thenewenglandclassic)
Twitter: [@thenecclassic](https://twitter.com/thenecclassic)
Snapchat: Nope!

THE STATE OF THE SANDWICH

A note from the editor...

Ten years...

In ten short years *The New England Classic* has blossomed from a rinky-dink publication to a full-scale criminal enterprise with factions in most US states.

Back in '07, the staff was just a few nerdy friends who liked making dick jokes. But now? Now, we are a group of nearly thirty nerdy friends who like making fart jokes.

Over the years, *The Classic* has won numerous awards, including "Best Unofficial Club," a "Certificate of Appreciation" from the state of Massachusetts, as well as three Oskars and one Tommy award from our friends Oskar and Tommy. Boston College has also named a popular Hillside Cafe sandwich after us!

My involvement in *The New England Classic* shaped my college experience more than I could have anticipated. Our biannual print distribution to students studying for finals showed me that some things are way more fun than school, and that studying is for nerds. When Anthony Perasso and I ran a mock campaign in the 2016 UGBC election, I learned that not everyone belongs in a position of political power. Most importantly, as editor I've learned to diffuse conflict, respond eloquently to serious events on campus, and successfully order pizza for a large group of people.

Over time we have created a community of friends and mentors, complete with inside jokes and a cult-like, sacrificial initiation ceremony. We've forged a subculture at BC that allows for thoughtful critique of the systems in power and a space for nonsensical, niche humor.

Now, for this special edition humor magazine, we've brought together new and old writers to celebrate the decade past and look forward to our next ten years. We have an exciting future ahead of us! We'll be taking more field trips, having bigger parties, and causing general mayhem at Boston College. My excitement glands are simply swollen with excitement! I have a feeling that this paper will be left in good hands.

So, how many years does it take to create a satirical newspaper on a campus that hampers the freedom of expression, slowly increase membership, establish a loyal following on social media, and build a community for Boston College students to act silly and forge lifelong friendships? Just about ten.

Sincerely,

Rachel Loos '18
Editor-in-Chief

THE NEW ENGLAND CLASSIC

Serving students with chips and a pickle since 2007.

Dear vast, smart, and not-at-all diverse *NEC* readership,

This is Jacqui and Katie, the founders of *The New England Classic*. We can't believe that the satirical newspaper conceived by two disgruntled sophomores stuck in Welch (Walsh? No, Welch), and that was distributed bravely in spite of parental concern that we might get expelled, is now in its 10th year. We were both fans of *The Onion* and were surprised that in 2007 Boston College didn't have a satirical newspaper of its own. (Harvard has had one for 141 years!)

The paper began as a collection of articles poking fun at things we noticed around campus—sexy flight attendant Halloween costumes, sexy crayon Halloween costumes, the imprudently named falafel sandwich at Eagle's Nest (it was the Magic Carpet Ride. Real life. Do they still call it that?), a guy's inability to look away from a FIFA video game even when we were wearing our sexiest Halloween costumes, etc. The articles pretty much wrote themselves. To fund the first issue, we got local advertisements (shout out to Fin's, our first advertiser!), convinced Eagle Print to print one thousand copies at a discounted price, and enlisted our friends to distribute the paper around campus. Luckily, other students found the articles as funny as we did (except for the Parkour club. Our first hate mail <3) and *The New England Classic* was born.

We decided to remain anonymous because the paper wasn't (and still isn't) allowed to be distributed on campus. (We were rejected for club status, in favor of the Magician's Club, which was all study abroad students from New Zealand). Apparently, the university doesn't think the annual sodding of the Quad is as funny as we do. Also, we didn't want a byline to influence the perception of the story. Can you imagine a girl writing about post-Appalachia friend groups or an illegal egg crate? Neither could we, but we did it! *The Heights* eventually tracked us down and found out that two women were behind the *NEC*. And the response was great. Girls can be funny!

Luckily, other students reached out to us about how they could get involved and our staff grew to over 15 people. As seniors, we left the paper in good hands thanks to Tom, Jimmy, Wade, Sutton, Nick, and Miles (guys can be funny, too!).

Eventually our advertisers realized that the ROI for investing in the *NEC* was exactly one sushi roll, so we had to find another way to raise funds. We sold t-shirts, threw parties, and met so many supportive students who were willing to donate their Mary Ann's beer money to fund the paper. And we still can't thank you enough!

We are thrilled that the paper is in its 10th year. Thank you to everyone who has read and supported the *NEC* over the years. And thank you to the current and past staff for sharing your talent and your witty articles. We hope you enjoy the *NEC* as much as we did.

XOXO,
Jacqui and Katie

P.S. Please recycle me!



The History of The New England Classic

We sat down with Boston College history professor, scholar of NEC lore, and local eccentric Professor Spoons McKenzie to learn about the origins of Boston College's one and only satirical publication. This was our conversation.

Oh, hello there! I didn't see you come in. What's that, a history of *The New England Classic*? I'm sorry, it's awfully late and I really must be going to bed, you'll have to come back some other time. What do you mean you have nowhere to go? First you barge into my parlor, demand I tell you a story, and now you're asking me to offer you a room? Who the hell do you think you are? Get out...Wait, come back. Look I've been having a rough week, I didn't mean to snap. I'll tell you the history, but you have to promise me you'll go home afterwards, okay? Good.

Now you must bear with me. The earlier years of the tale are a bit foggy, or perhaps that's just the brandy talking! Ha, I kid. Now this tasty tale began on a cold rainy day, on College Road, not too far from where we are now. Two roommates [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] sat and thought wistfully to themselves, "Oh, how wonderful it would be for us to have an eight-man like our friends in Walsh"—would you please refrain from touching that? Because it's very valuable and I don't want it breaking, that's why! Anyway, *The New England Classic* was born. Yes, I am just going to skip ahead like that. Why? Because you asked me to tell it and I'll tell it how I damn well please!

Now where was I? Ah yes, the humble paper was off to a slow but steady start. With no funds from the university, our two founders were forced to do everything on their own, right down to pulping their own paper.

Under their leadership, the paper grew and grew, and they too soon outgrew the *NEC*. It passed from editor to editor—what? No, I don't have any coffee. No, I will not go and buy any! Because it's almost midnight! Where am I going to find coffee at this hour? At a gas station! It's pouring rain, pitch black, and you have the gall to demand that I go out and buy you coffee! I'm sorry, I will not say another word of my story, you need to leave. I most certainly *can* kick you out, it's my house. What the hell do you mean squatter's rights, you've been here for fifteen minutes! Get out or I will call the police... Alright, you leave me no other choice.

Yes, hello, yes, I have a strange man in my house who refuses to leave. Yes, I'm at 32 College Road... Yes, I did call last week. I told you then that was not a prank, that duck was terribly aggressive. Please, this man is refusing to leave, I do not feel safe. Hello... they hung up.

Hey, I told you to put that down—hey, what are you doing? Ah, you've stabbed me, you scoundrel! And with my own letter opener no less. Please, call an ambulance! What? You can't honestly expect me to finish the story in this condition! If I finish will you please call an ambulance. Okay.

Well, now paper has of founding and... uh for to *Classic* of the satire and fgyaedbhsh shorty manzir makakem.

Sean McShane '19



All Of Lower Campus Used To Be A Reservoir. Things Were Better Back Then.

Although Lower Campus exists today as the end-all and be-all of social life and high culture at Boston College, things didn't always used to be this way. Almost 70 years ago, the patch of land immediately east of Main Campus wasn't land at all, but rather the Lawrence Basin reservoir. This sprawling body of water, originally owned by Massachusetts merchant and philanthropist Amos Lawrence, was acquired by the City of Boston in the mid-19th century.¹ The city eventually sold the reservoir to Boston College for \$16,000 in 1948, despite the property having an appraised value of \$750,000. The reservoir was then filled in the following year, and the first buildings on Lower Campus began sprouting up in the late 1950s.²

Now that the boring history lesson is out of the way, let's get down to business, fuckers: Lower Campus was a mistake. Yeah, that's right. I said it. Seeing as you're probably all reeling from this shocking revelation, allow me to break things down into terms your baboon minds can comprehend: Alumni Stadium? No thanks. The steak and cheese line in Lower? Nuh uh. The Mods? Literal shit-stained garbage. I know this is a lot to process all at once, but I've only just begun.

Over the years, Lower Campus has been home to a great deal of disappointing football and basketball games, public vomiting incidents, and documented hate crimes. Obviously, all of these enduring campus problems would cease to exist if Lower Campus' approximate 65 acres were instead .08 square nautical miles of sweet, tangy reservoir juice. Water polo and dragon boat racing would become BC's two main sports, vomit would quickly dissipate in such a large body of water, and most bigoted students would drown, probably. Problem(s) solved!

Also on Lower Campus are a considerable number of high-rise dormitories, which house a large percentage of the student population. But what if—and hear me out—none of these dorms were ever constructed (because of that whole reservoir thing I was talking about earlier)? Without a firm foundation to build on, the university would be forced to come up with creative solutions in order to continue providing ~~all~~ ~~most~~ some of its students with on-campus housing.

Perhaps residential communities would take the form of large, daisy chained life rafts, with each raft's RA as captain of their own shanty crew of student quartermasters, gunners, boatswains, surgeons, lookouts, and cooks.³ Talk about "Res" Life! An alternative to the underwhelming "Sustainable Living" program currently offered in the woefully landlocked Vanderslice Hall, this semi-aquatic living community would challenge students, foster new friendships, and only marginally increase the national rate of scurvy.

Listen: I'm not saying I want to bulldoze, excavate, and then flood the entirety of Lower Campus in order to return the glorified dirt patch to its underwater heyday (the local zoning board has already rejected my numerous proposals to "Un-drain the Swamp"). I've accepted that history has run its course, the good guys have lost, and the consequences are permanent. But if we all remember Lower Campus for the beautiful reservoir it once was—and not the monument to compromise it is today—maybe, just maybe, a bunch of figurative reservoirs can well up deep within our hearts and souls. And wouldn't that be just dandy? I rest my case.

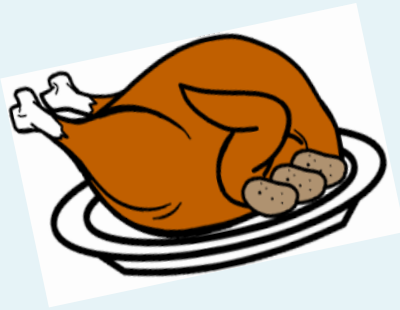
¹ Ryan, Sean. "Sink or Swim: How the Sinking of Lower Campus in 1867 saved the Future of Boston College." John J. Burns Library's Blog. December 14, 2015.

² "Campus Guide: Lower Campus." Office of the University Historian. July 11, 2011.

³ Ossian, Rob. "Pirate Roles & Duties On Board a Ship." ThePirateKing.com. October 9, 1997.

A “Classic” Guide to the Holidays

With the holiday season finally upon us, it can seem impossible to navigate the endless stream of responsibilities, traditions, and wrapping techniques that come along with Yuletide. For many of us, the 46 days that make up the tempus festorum can seem an eternity, a ceaseless tirade of greedy children and judgemental in-laws. How are we supposed to keep up with the ever-shifting world of universal festival recognitions? Fear not! We at *The New England Classic* have all the answers, and have compiled this comprehensive guide to keep you up-to-date on why we can’t just say Merry Damn Christmas anymore.



Thanksgiving

The first hurrah of the holiday season is, of course, Thanksgiving. This secular celebration celebrates the last dinner that the Pilgrims had with the native Wampanoag tribe before deciding to wipe them off the face of the earth with a double-whammy of armed warfare and ravenous disease. It is customary on Thanksgiving to eat the flesh of a turkey, whose anus has been stuffed full of bread, carrots and sausage, and to exchange words of gratitude amongst the family. It is also expected, yet not necessary, to have a family or neighborhood football game resulting in at least two pairs of siblings biting each other, even though Mom definitely said no biting, I heard her. Though it is not affiliated with any particular faith, it is generally believed that on this day Jesus stops weeping for a moment to thank all Americans for their patronage towards what is clearly a Puritan holiday in disguise. Great job as usual, Jesus!

Hanukkah

The next holiday to be aware of is Hanukkah, the 8-night Jewish festival of lights beginning this year on December 12. In remembrance of a story which is ultimately no more important to the Jewish tradition than the story of Ehud in Judges 3 (Who? Yeah, exactly. Learn your scripture, folks), Chanukah celebrates the miracle of a jar of oil that burned for eight whole nights in the Beit HaMikdash temple. The Greeks had denounced the Hebrew God Yahweh, but this great miracle showed the Jews that their Lord was still above all others. These days, the primary function of Hannukkah is to act as a vehicle for whatever Adam Sandler is still trying to be, and to give some leverage to Jewish children over their Christian peers who of course only receive one measly day of presents to go with their national privilege and safe places of worship.



Following the commencement of Hanukkah, December 13th is Saint Lucy’s Day. We don’t know anything about Saint Lucy’s Day. It’s maybe Swedish? Or Swiss? One of those. Whichever one has the cute little one-man-army. Have you heard of that guy? Google him real quick. It’s hilarious.

The Yule Feast

All across northern Europe, the winter solstice means it’s time for the Yule Feast. The Pagan tradition of Yule is over 3,000 years old, predating Christmas by over a millennium. On the 22nd of December, the Pagan members of British, German and Scandinavian society join in a feast to light up the darkest day of the year by putting up trees in their living rooms, decorating their homes with lights and mistletoe, singing Yuletide songs, and asking Saint Nicholas to bring them gifts. There are Yule logs, caroling, family gatherings, and traditionally ham, turkey or duck are eaten as the main course. They even play Yule music on the radio! Everybody joins together for candlelight prayers and midnight vigils, and...

Gosh, you know this kinda sounds like...

Why does that... They even have trees and carols and...

...Son of a bitch.



Peter Zogby ‘21



I've Made A Slightly Controversial Decision That May Or May Not Affect A Very Small Group Of People, And Here's Why

How I realized its completely okay to live my truth, and why you should live my truth, too.



Ellen Gerst
Nov 22, 2017

On the surface, I'm just your normal college girl. I go to class (most of the time!). I go out on the weekends. I love my big. I decorated my room with floor-to-ceiling Lilly Pulitzer.

I'm just like you.

But what you can't tell just by looking upon my perfect face is that I have recently made a slightly unconventional decision. A lot of people ask, "Why did you do this?" Well, here's why.

I am not ashamed of my choice, mostly because it has little to no negative repercussions on my life. I did it because I'm required to write one article per week for this nationwide, student-run, unedited online publication and if we're being honest, my life just doesn't provide that much material to work with.

My boyfriend, who I met at a Chi Psi Omega mixer the second weekend of freshman year, totally supports me. He sticks with me every step of the way: he's there when I'm happy, he's mostly there when I'm sad, he even texts me the morning after I puke in a random bathroom while a girl I just met holds my hair back.

My mom and my best friend from home, to both of whom I have written long and exceedingly original [open letters](#), also support me because I have trained everyone around me to blindly affirm me no matter how vapid and self-absorbed I am.

Ultimately, I'm going to keep living my life so that it looks good on social media.

And in the end, that's what really matters, right?

An Open Letter to My Less Pretty Best Friend

5 Reasons I Like, *Need* to Go Out Tonight

Fuck, I Still Write for This Shit... Uhhh, I Love My Big (Did I Already Write This?)

Ellen Gerst '20

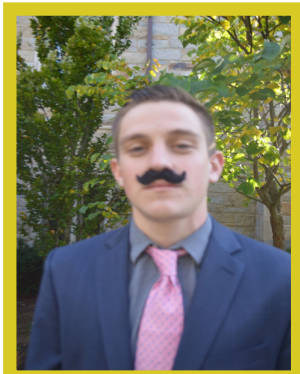
NOTABLE CSOM ALUMNI

DANIEL WHITEGUY '92



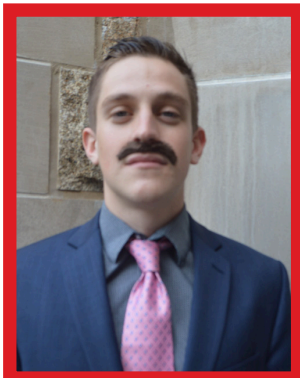
Daniel is a senior vice president in Deloitte's Corporate Restructuring Group (CRG). As a member of Deloitte's practice in Boston, he served as a turnaround adviser to both businesses and management experiencing financial under-performance or uncertainty, linking operational actions to financial outcomes that provide the basis for better decision making and performance improvement. His broad experience includes profit improvement programs, operational restructuring, strategic choice making, and financial diagnostics and has provided platforms for problem-solving across a broad range of business issues, industries, and teams.

TOM NOTALLMEN '94



Tom is a senior vice president in KPMG's Corporate Restructuring Group (CRG). As a member of KPMG's practice in Boston, he served as a turnaround adviser to both businesses and management experiencing financial under-performance or uncertainty, linking operational actions to financial outcomes that provide the basis for better decision making and performance improvement. His broad experience includes profit improvement programs, operational restructuring, strategic choice making, and financial diagnostics and has provided platforms for problem-solving across a broad range of business issues, industries, and teams.

ERIC O'LIVEMATTER '87



Eric is a senior vice president in PWC's Corporate Restructuring Group (CRG). As a member of PWC's practice in Boston, he served as a turnaround adviser to both businesses and management experiencing financial under-performance or uncertainty, linking operational actions to financial outcomes that provide the basis for better decision making and performance improvement. His broad experience includes profit improvement programs, operational restructuring, strategic choice making, and financial diagnostics and has provided platforms for problem-solving across a broad range of business issues, industries, and teams.

Noah Edgecliffe-Johnson '18

Ten Things That Also Turned Ten This Year (Because It's Not Always All About Us, Guys)

1. *Shrek the Third* and *The Bee Movie*
2. The iPhone.
3. Barack Obama announcing his candidacy for president... it was a simpler time.
4. My idiot brother, Brett.
5. The impending burst of the subprime mortgage bubble that caused the Great Recession.
6. *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*, the release of which marked the end of an era of wizarding magic.
7. The anniversary of the day my father left on a business trip that he still hasn't come back from, marking the end of an era of my family all living under one roof.
8. Justin Bieber's first YouTube video.
9. The last time I felt true happiness and real emotion before I assumed my true form of a soulless being void of feelings and unable to be hurt anymore, Dad.
10. *Crank That (Superman)* by Soulja Boy. Please take me back.

MaryElizabeth Mooney '20

IN THE BEGINNING, THERE WAS NOTHING...

November 15, 2007 - The first edition of The New England Classic is published by two sophomore girls and their friends who saw a gaping hole in BC's humorous print media offerings.



Unhappy College Road residents knock down walls to make 8-man

After two months of living in Welch Residence Hall, eight sophomore girls decided they were fed-up with their current living situation and knocked down four walls to create an eight person living space.

2008 to 2012 - Honestly, we aren't really sure what happened here. We do realize that papers were published and things might've occurred, but there are literally no records of this time. Hopefully everyone made good decisions and had a lot of fun!! Also, here's a #CarneyGram!!!

Celebrating Ten THE NEW ENG



NOVEMBER 2007

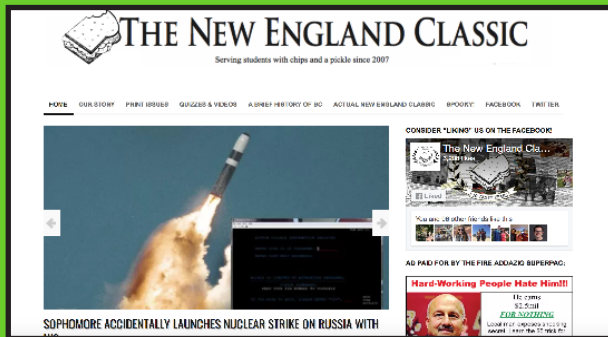


January 2015 - The New England Classic organizes a massive snowball fight in the Mod lot, bringing together BC students for a few hours of tossing small pieces of ice into other people's faces and good clean fun!

Spring 2016 - Rachel Loos and Anthony Perasso run for UGBC President/VP with the campaign slogan "Bring Back the Funk." With promises to "build a wall around the Mods and make the freshmen pay for it" and "make Carney great again" they satirized the 2016 US Presidential election and Boston College culture, and also made a lot of grass jokes.



December 2014 - The New England Classic joins the digital world 20 years late and promptly wins the hearts and minds of every internet troll on the World Wide Web.



www.thenecpaper.com

August 2014 - Your Great-Aunt Regina and The New England Classic both join Facebook! Thoughtful insights about Boston College and grass jokes can now break their way into old-people Facebook, confusing Aunt Regina to no end when you share an article claiming that BC has just been ranked #1 in the country or that every student is actually from New Jersey.



NOVEMBER 2017



We thought it would be funny to make shirts that said "Princeton." No one else appreciated it. Satire: it's hard sometimes!

November 2017 - With great pomp and circumstance, NEC turns 10. Get ready for our teen years, BC... we'll be slamming doors and telling you we hate you with a biting vengeance.

...THEN TWO SOPHOMORES DECIDED TO WRITE SOME JOKES.

Favorite Funnies From The Freezer!!

Conspiracy Theorists Firmly Believe In The Existence of Father Leahy

The United States has a long and proud history of conspiracy theories: Tupac is still alive. The government faked the 1969 Apollo moon landing. The IRS tells the truth. For Boston College Eagles, one recent conspiracy theory hits close to home: A group calling themselves WAFFLE (We All Firmly Feel Leahy Exists) is currently perpetuating the belief that Fr. Leahy, S.J., the president of Boston College, exists.

Their provocative mission statement claims that they have strong evidence to believe that “Fr. Leahy is a real human being that lives and breathes air on planet Earth.” While WAFFLE remains a minority group on campus, they can be found meeting weekly in Carney Hall, discussing the best strategies to capture Leahy on film. WAFFLE keeps a close eye on the campus’ grass and rich parents, since “Leahy loves grass and big donations — everyone knows that.”

“I know he exists, I feel it in my bones,” said Eggo Martin, president of WAFFLE and WZBC-FM DJ, while wearing a full-body ghillie suit in the bushes on Beacon Street. “My father Belgian was a Leahy hunter, and his father Cinnamon before him. It’s an honor to carry on the family tradition. This is the year we catch the man behind the myth, and prove to the rest of the world that he truly exists. I’m tired of being cast as a loon. This is our time! Come out, come out, wherever you are, Bill!”

At press time, WAFFLE only has sketches of Leahy, which they have given us permission to reprint (seen below). WAFFLE also wanted *The New England Classic* to pass the word along that they have a meeting tomorrow night at 7:30 in Carney 204, and there will be free pizza. All you’re required to bring is “an open mind, a sense of adventure, and night vision goggles—real ones, not that Amazon knockoff bullshit.”

October 2015

Christ Tells Theology Student He Should Have Majored In CSOM

While Sophomore Brian Clubb was waiting for his New England Classic sandwich at Hillside, Jesus Christ warned him about his future as a Theology major.

Clubb is a student in the School of Arts and Sciences who recently declared his major in Theology. He said Christ walked up next to him, unannounced, and proclaimed the Carroll School of Management provided students with better job offers after undergraduate schooling, a more specific course schedule, and the comfort of knowing there is a 75 percent chance of owning a house in the Hampton’s by the age of 35.

“I was just watching Rita pile the lettuce onto my sandwich when—BAM—there was Christ in the flesh,” Clubb said. “I knew there was something special going on because he was the only man in the room not wearing a polo.”

Although the Lord supposedly agreed that it is beneficial to take a course in Theology, he advised Clubb to not pursue a degree in the field of study.



Artist’s depiction of Father Leahy.

“Jesus just said that a business degree is the path to righteousness and self-fulfillment, plain and simple,” Clubb said. “He told me I would make at least triple the income in Finance than Theology within ten years. Christ hinted that if I really cared about his good deeds, I should try and make a good salary, then give back to the Church.”

Clubb’s roommate, Chris Dobleman said that he did not believe Clubb when he first heard the story. “What are the chances the Lord Jesus Christ would walk up to my man Brian at lunch? I thought that kid was on crack,” Dobleman said. “But when Brian described Christ’s reasoning for his proclamation, I realized the Lord is really here to look out for his peeps.”

After his encounter with Jesus Christ, Clubb immediately e-mailed the department chair about switching into CSOM. Unfortunately, his request was too late. The school of business only takes incoming freshmen and a select few students who apply to transfer at the end of their freshman year.

“It took me a little longer than my classmates to find my calling in this world, and CSOM just doesn’t understand that,” Clubb said. “I had to settle for Economics, the next best thing.”

November 2007

Six Things That Can Happen When You Do Stuff!

Sometimes you find yourself in a situation where you're doing stuff. Things can happen that simply just couldn't happen if you we're doing another thing else. On such occasions when you're doing these certain things; you might have reactions, that are different from reactions to other things. UGH! Hear are some of those things that can happen to you when you do some of those other things.

1. Emotions

Oftentimes, doing things can make you feel emotions. Contrary to popular beliefs, stuff can have the best feelings for.

2. Responses

When you do a thing and sometimes someone responds, it makes for good conversations likewise. Stuff can have similar results.

3. Breathing

If you're doing anything, you're probably going to be wanting to breath with it. Stuff is no exception to this rule! It is a very important thing in your life, and you really can't not do nothing else without it.

4. Get Items

Sometimes you do some stuff, you obtain items. Items are good. But sometimes, item can be bad.

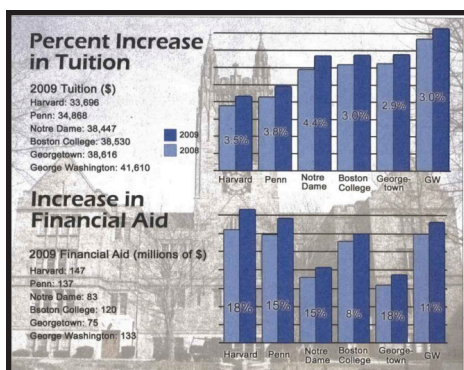
5. Desire to do Other Stuff

You've probably done stuff before, and been left wanting to do other stuff! Well friend, you're not alone. Millions of humans do stuff every day that results in them having done even more! Human lives are grand.

6. Existential Crises

Sometimes when you do a thing, it can shake your very moral foundation and expectations for your identity in the world. What is the meaning of your existence? Thoughts like this are often provoked by a significant event, such as doing stuff. You may recognize that even the decision to either refrain from action or withhold assent to a particular choice is, in itself, a choice. Humankind is condemned to freedom, and we must choose what things we wish to do. The impact of these decisions can result in either happiness or bitter sadness.

December 2014



"The Heights" Winse Ferst-Clahss Prewfreeding Aword

Boston College's premier student newspaper has wowed the campus yet again with its recent acclaim from the Associated Collegiate Press. Though *The Heights* has been on ACP's radar over the years, its level of mediocrity has never been as notable as it was this academic term.

The award is only bestowed to a publication whose average number of correctly spelled words falls between zero and 50 percent of the total word count. The last time ACP granted this mark of distinction was back in 1971, when the esteemed Cape Cod Community College, known fondly as "Four C's by the Sea," snagged the prize.

The Classic managed to track down *Heights* editor Joel Colantonio during another exhaustive editorial process for a quick comment. "With the award money, we plan on buying new computers for the of- fice. The ones we have now must be broken because there are squiggly red lines under a bunch of the words," he said. "This just goes to show that even if you misspell the name of your own school on the front page of your March 16, 2009 issue in a large and prominent graphic, you can still succeed in the end."

The Classic applauds *The Heights'* staff and continues to wish them the best, from one group of well-funded professionals to another.

April 2009

Favorite Funnies From The Freezer!!

Favourite Funnies From The Freezer!!

Freshman In 48Hours “Fishbowl” Definitely Just Admitted To Some Felonies

A serene 48Hours weekend of reflection and self-examination turned sour when one student interpreted the mission of the retreat a bit too seriously. During the “Fishbowl,” an event in which individual students are encouraged to share their thoughts and stories with the promise of nothing they say leaving the room, freshman Todd Schwartz sat down in front of a crowd of sixty peers and revealed that he has been wracked with guilt over his former status as the crystal meth kingpin of New Jersey.

“When my grandparents were evicted from their house in Lakewood,” Schwartz explained through teary eyes, “my friends and I thought it would be fun to try and cook some meth in Gramp’s old workshop. I never envisioned that one silly gesture would eventually have me sitting courtside at the Knicks game, getting ready to drop Mexican Speed Balls with Waka Flocka Flame and Delonte West.”

As a sobbing Schwartz proceeded to divulge his method of waterboarding clients in order to retrieve owed money, most students, like sophomore Point Guard Kristy Dewgong, were too enamored with Schwartz’s grief and raw emotion to notice the countless felonies that he was rattling off.

“He’s so incredible,” Dewgong stated. “The fact that Todd could change from a guy who ordered a drive-by shooting on a Chuck E. Cheese to someone who is bravely sharing his story with us today is a true testament to the Jesuit spirit of Boston College.”

Schwartz’s feelings of remorse and self-betrayal grew more evident as he explained how he had to train his family’s Labradoodle, Tootsie, to compete in a Camden, NJ dog-fighting syndicate in order to fund his own addictions to meth, crack, and Tetris.

“My little sister still thinks he ran away!” cried Schwartz. “There I was, a kid who had everything an eighteen year old could possibly ask for: a Turkish harem, a fetish dungeon, a Segway... And all that I wanted was just to have my dog back!”



At this point, the crowd rose to their feet and gave a standing ovation to Schwartz’s courageous tale of crime, debauchery and delusion. Senior leader Chet Loggins was one of many with tears welling in the corners of his eyes.

“Whether or not you’ve kidnapped the pregnant wife of your competition and dangled her over the George Washington Bridge,” Loggins wept, “Todd’s ability to get up there and truly show us who he is should be a sign of hope in our confusing and just plain hectic college environment!”

Following the incredible display by Schwartz, the reaction to fellow freshman Rosemary Pitt’s cries of “just wanting to find someone who likes me for me” was lukewarm at best. “See,” Loggins explained. “Now there’s a bitch who’s just looking for attention.”

December 2011

ZOMBIE OUTBREAK FOLLOWS INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT IN SECRET CARNEY LAB

Late Friday night, behind a secret wall in the offices of Eagle Print, a biochemistry experiment involving human test subjects took a turn for the worst. The tests, designed to evaluate the lethality of dining hall materials, accidentally infected as many as four individuals between the hours of 9 PM and 12 AM. Freshman Marlon Van Buren, forced into testing by the Student Programs Office following the posting of an unsanctioned flyer, was infected when asbestos from the Carney floor tiles interacted with a dose of McElroy marinara sauce injected directly into Van Buren's bloodstream.

Following Van Buren's death and zombification, he immediately attacked and infected all of the project researchers and fellow test subjects. The collection of zombies was quick to break out of the lab and into the halls of Carney, where they scoured for food. Emergency responders and the community were not immediately aware of the zombie outbreak, and therefore completely unable to prepare for it, because nobody was actually in Carney on Friday night to witness the event. Those passerby who heard the violent screams coming from the Carney basement assumed only the lesser misfortune of CSOM seniors preparing for actuary exams.

At 11:35 pm, approximately three hours following the initial infection, one zombie managed to find his way out of Carney. Upon exiting, it chased an unknowing pack of freshman girls all the way down to the mods. BCPD might have been able to spare the Boston College community had the zombie not been walking right behind a pack of partygoers dressed for the "Apocalyptic Bros and Nearly-Dead Hoes" party in mod 42B when passing the station.

All hope for the survival of the freshman and senior classes was subsequently lost when the zombie was permitted entry into the mod. Trying to gain entry right behind the pack of freshmen girls, it was stopped by a senior doorman. When asked who he knew in said Mod, the zombie reportedly replied, "UUUURHRH-GRHHRHHUUUNHH."

Given its appropriate adherence to the party theme, it was allowed entry, and many of the "nearly-dead hoes" quickly became "clearly-undead hoes."

The mods were rapidly overrun, and by the time BCPD, Boston Police, and the National Guard were alerted to the situation, the outbreak had spread to most of lower campus and Cleveland Circle. Some emerging conspiracy theories cite the source of the outbreak as the Mary Anne's keg room, where they believe the first zombie, the MA's troll, infected the beer supply whilst floating on the lake of Busch Light in the basement, all too similar to the well scene from Season 2 of *The Walking Dead*.

While the National Guard was seemingly able to quarantine most of the surrounding areas to contain the virus, their plans were ultimately thwarted by freshman Becky Pendergrass. Pendergrass took no notice of a small cut on her forearm from her zombified friend, whom she hugged prior to leaving to hook up with that cute sophomore in her history class. After spending the night in 90, Pendergrass left early enough in the morning to escape the quarantine. She returned to Newton campus, where by 10 AM she had finally succumbed to the infection, and wiped out the entirety of Newton campus.



It remains to be seen whether the zombie outbreak can be contained. The author wishes to inform the readership that he is holed out with food and supplies in the fifth floor O'Neill ladies room, and invites any survivors to join him as he will soon attempt to get out of the city and reach the Hanscom Air Force Base in Concord. He will be leaving at sunrise.

NEC Alums Explore “Feelings”

All I can say is that I dreamed of causing mischief like this within a larger institution from as soon as I could read. So I have eternal gratitude to Jacqui Geaney and Katie Forberg for founding this paper and giving all of us misfits a place to express ourselves and share our warped (or razor-sharp?) perception of our surroundings. BC would have been a bland and alienating experience without it.

Great memories? Here's one: James Melia and I almost ran as *NEC* party candidates for UGBC president, and in fact, earned a full page of coverage in an early 2010 issue. The Dean of Students at the time gave us the finger-across-the-throat gesture when we came into the speculative candidate briefing room. We chickened out. You can imagine how in awe I was when I saw Anthony and Rachel's campaign two years ago. Their work was light-years funnier and more creative than anything I could have attempted.

Tom Christie '11



While some say that a satirical newspaper is just a stepping stone on the path to a well-paying job and an upper middle-class lifestyle, I think back to my time at *The New England Classic* as much more than that. The *NEC* didn't just cram my head full of tired jokes about the football team that I'd forget the minute I left Chestnut Hill—it taught me how to think, impressing upon me those celebrated Jesuit ideals of cynicism, subversion, and shitting on your peers. “Especially those resume-padding pricks in UGBC,” as St. Ignatius of Loyola would be quick to add.

Most importantly, the *NEC* brought me together with the people who are still my closest friends. Every time we see each other, it's as if we're immediately back in a world where mountain lions roam campus as part of a new survival core requirement, or where a freshman in a 48 Hours fishbowl has definitely just admitted to several felonies. I'll never forget the days when we would circle around a decrepit Mod couch, tossing around Busch Lights and article premises, until someone would say, “Pretty sure the last several ideas here were verbatim Onion headlines.”

As I waded through the soul-crushing minutiae of my very non-satirical real-life job, I've looked on with interest as the *NEC* has transformed from a print newspaper that would routinely churn out articles like “Student befriends patch of mold in Carney bathroom” into a self-proclaimed “more legitimate publication” that finally figured out how to sustain that 21st century miracle known as a website.

Some have called this pivot to digital media the Hail Mary pass that put a small, sandwich-themed periodical on the campus-wide map. Others say it was the recurring feuds with mainstream media outlets *The Gavel* and *Her Campus*. Either way, the all-important stats—likes, retweets, follows—continue to reach staggering new heights with each incoming class. And the writer corps has evolved from the sons of immigrants from New Jersey and Walpole into a semi-selective group that even allegedly went to some “humor conference” at Princeton.

As an alum looking back, I still can't help but wonder...if I applied today, would I even have gotten in?

Patrick Mitchell '14



I think it's most appropriate for me to express myself through song. The rest of this should be sung to the tune of "Hook" by Blues Traveler.

The first contribution I made to the *NEC* was an idea two of us pitched for a documentary about a freshman miraculously being welcomed into a party in the mods. (My first article never made the cut which was a huge mistake because it featured Kyle Singler and an alien invasion.) We made "To Catch a Freshman" late in my freshman year and it was my first time seeing a mod with the lights on.

Within a year the remaining original group were graduating and we did our best to keep things afloat while we learned how to use InDesign. This had its ups and downs, we once had to fill a page with fake puzzles because we miscounted how many articles we had written the night before going to print. When it came to actually writing we tried to embrace the weirder side of things as much as we could. Easy jokes were for *The Depths* though we may have published one or two articles that spent half their word count explaining the premise. Sometimes meetings were lost when everyone had a few more beers than planned and we forgot to take meeting notes. Coincidentally, those meetings had all of the best ideas.

The highlight was always distribution day. There's nothing quite like the mix of bewildered reactions and occasional excitement that comes with throwing paper at people while they eat. On at least one occasion I was pursued by a security guard through Lower.

Shortly before I graduated, we were approached by *The Gavel* with an offer for them to take the *NEC* under its banner. That they even approached us showed that they didn't understand the independent spirit behind the paper was what gave it its charm. It was funded by t-shirts, parties, and milking friends for donations. I don't think we would have been worth reading if we didn't have full freedom to go in any direction we wanted. *The New England Classic*; no gods, no masters.

Nick David '14



I think the day was a Tuesday. That was the day my life at Boston College changed forever. It was just a random day back in the fall of 2012 when I saw this guy, handing out some print issues of *The New England Classic* by himself in Mac. We'll call this guy Dick Navid, honoring the *NEC*'s tradition of anonymity.

I walked up to Dick and said something along the lines of "Hey man I really like what you guys put out, is there any chance I could join?" They added me to a group chat and the rest was history. This just goes to show how low the bar was for us back then. I literally just had to be a breathing person who spoke coherent English. My first article was quite shit, my second article, slightly more shit, but by the time I got to my third article I really had hit my stride...it was complete shit.

I was definitely not like most people. I didn't come from New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, or any of the major states the average BC student will tell you they're from. I came from a place referred to in layman's terms as "The Gunshine State," or "America's Penis," or "The Place Where A Guy Tried to Eat Another Person." You can probably take a guess as to what state I'm referring to. Needless to say, I did not fit in particularly well on Chestnut Hill.

Over time, though, I began to realize that this little newspaper run by 6 college kids out of a Mod, the CTRC, a running Google Doc, and Eagle Print was beginning to change my opinion of BC. We grew it from this annoying random piece of paper that occasionally showed up in The Rat to a publication that left an impact on the students of BC whenever it puts out an article.

Using some amazing characters in our articles like Bat Masterson, Jeeves Stopfunnery, and Chad Tate, *The New England Classic* has made fun of every type of student, faculty member, and alumni that you could possibly encounter during an average 4 years at BC. We've had an incredible group of people contribute material ranging from full articles, to amazing photoshops, and one-off tweets that they brag about for years to come (you know who you are).

A decade of incredible humor is something that I hope every *NEC* contributor takes great pride in, and I look forward to seeing what amazing material is printed in the decades to come.

Ben Shapiro '16

Do You Fuck With The Vision?

Aquarius

(Jan. 20 – Feb. 18):

Hey, nice! Mercury's doin' some wacky shit so you're finally gonna get laid this time! So check the expiration date on those condoms, dust off your sexiest undies, and get fuckin'!



Taurus

(Apr. 20 – May 20):

Ha ha, April 20th, also known as 4/20, the weed day. Nice one, Taurus.

Leo

(Jul. 23 – Aug. 22):

That hot TA that you've been going to office hours just to hit on for the whole semester just met the love of their life! Too bad!

Also, you got a C- on your midterm and now you're too heartbroken to even ask why!

Scorpio

(Oct. 23 – Nov. 21):

Talk about a dream come true! That recurring nightmare where all your teeth fall out during your med school interview is gonna come true. Every second of it.



Pisces

(Feb. 19 – Mar. 20):

Your Spotify Discover Weekly playlist is gonna be amazing this week. Just banger after banger. You'll be rockin' out all damn week, good for you.

Gemini

(May 21 – Jun. 20):

Nice! You're gonna catch back to back *Seinfeld* reruns on TBS this week, but when they end and *Friends* comes on next you're just not gonna have the energy to change the channel so you'll sit there and watch, you complacent bastard.

Virgo

(Aug. 23 – Sep. 22):

Uh oh, genital herpes for you! Sorry! It's in the stars!

Sagittarius

(Nov. 22 – Dec. 21):

Wow, you're gonna have a fantastic week. Like just seriously awesome. We're all so psyched for you. Wow. Just great stuff.



Aries

(Mar. 21 – Apr. 19):

Um, wow, uh, we're not really sure how to tell you this, but you might be in for a rough week. Just know that it's not because Mommy and Daddy don't love you anymore, just that they don't necessarily love each other anymore... and don't worry, you'll still see your dad on supervised visits every other weekend! We're really sorry you had to hear this from us.

Cancer

(Jun. 21 – Jul. 22):

Wow, a new all time high on Insta likes? Good for you. And yeah, in the big picture the number of likes you get doesn't really matter, but it was a sweet pic! It's ok to feel good about yourself, you hot young thang, you!



Libra

(Sep. 23 – Oct. 22):

Keep your eyes peeled! If you do, you might just come across a map to an ancient treasure! Should you choose to pursue it, three of your closest friends will perish on the journey. Good luck!

Capricorn

(Dec. 22 – Jan. 19):

Aw man, someone's gonna tell you that Bruce Willis was a ghost the whole time and ruin *The Sixth Sense* for you. Wait, shit...

Kevin Sprotte '19

Diary Of A Walsh Elevator Beer

Saturday, November 4, 9:00 PM

It is cold in here. My friends are being taken from around me one by one, but for some reason I remain. I wonder if I'll get to see them again, but for now I am cold, and I am alone.

Saturday, November 4, 10:45 PM

I am being held for the first time. My carbonation bubbles as I warm up in the strong, callused hands of a loud, angry man. He cracks me open and I sizzle, finally nearing climax. I feel him suck out my insides and I begin to slowly feel emptier and emptier. I've never felt this way before. It is blissful—euphoric, even. I have transcended.

Saturday, November 4, 10:49 PM

I am set down haphazardly on the table as the room begins to empty. I panic. I refuse to be left alone again, not after spending all day sharing a shelf with 3-day-old Pelón takeout. Shouts of "Let's go boys!" echo off the walls. I dreaded what was to come. I had seen it happen to too many of my friends in the past. They leave you there, half-full. You go flat, and are forgotten for hours, trapped in a common room among empty Solo cups and broken dreams. Suddenly, I hear the voice of my savior. "Wait dude, I didn't finish my beer! I'm gunna take a roadie."

Saturday, November 4, 10:51 PM

I am grabbed and raised to the lips of my owner once more before we begin our journey. I had never seen anything outside of Walsh 306, and my insides are sloshing back and forth with excitement. We enter the elevator and descend. "Wait dude," I hear, waking me up from my euphoria, "There's gunna be cops outside Walsh you fuckin' idiot, I'm not trying to get written up. Leave the beer." I am spiked onto the ground in haste as the elevator door opens, my fluids leaking all over the stained floor. I watch the door close behind the traitorous posse, and again, I am alone.

Saturday, November 4, 11:15 PM

I have been beaten and bruised more and more with each trip. Each time the door opens, they take turns kicking me one by one. I have gone flat. I am $\frac{1}{4}$ full, but I feel $\frac{3}{4}$ empty.

Sunday, November 5, 3:20 AM

Morale is low. I have been ignored, vomited on, and punted left and right. As the last parade of degenerates returns home, I am flattened by a beautiful woman who wouldn't stop fucking talking about the line at Wonder Bar. The elevator finally concludes its cycle of ascent and descent for the night, and I sleep.

Tuesday, November 7, 8:45 AM

I have been stuck in this elevator paralyzed for 3 days. I see the man who deserted me, dressed in a blue suit, weird-bragging about his second round interview with Deloitte. I want to forgive him, but my unbearable pain distorts my thoughts. I try to call out to him, but I am just a Natty Light. I am nothing.

Wednesday, November 8, 7:15 AM

I begin to wonder if anyone is coming for me at all. Am I doomed to watch the riffraff enter and leave Walsh for the rest of my life? If I have to watch one more football player take the elevator up one floor, I swear I am going to crack. The elevator door opens, and a bearded man with a large wheeled trash can enters. I don't recognize him, but his eyes are kind. He stares at me for a while, then bends over and grasps me. It was firm, but gentle, a feeling I hadn't felt in a long time. Take the last sip, I begged, end my misery. He raises me to his lips and empties my innards into his mouth as his mustache gently tickles me. I am empty, and I am grateful. He tosses me tenderly into his trash can and I relax, beginning my eternal sleep.



Shea Rulon '20

