

of that hallway with each classroom being divided into four "cubicles"..each room holding about eight students and a considerable amount of clutter.

The dorm was a strange place, in some ways. The winter temperatures bolted from downright equatorial to sub-arctic...depending on how the old boiler felt that heated that side of the building. Generally speaking the great heat was not when you needed it and the great cold was always at an inconvenient time. But there was a lot of good fellowship and a lot of vigorous living. And that is how the great weight losing contest was born.

One of the more voluble students was the honorable Joseph Basile, now pastoring a church in Bayonne, N.J., a large, muscular person who appeared more like an enforcer for the mob than a theological student..although his heart was as large as his body. He had worked for the IRS meaning he knew a lot of tricks, and had a certain charisma that most of us don't have. He also had a fiancée in Bayonne whom he later married but that is ahead of the story.

Dr. Newman, as head of the dorm, was concerned about an increasing averdupois (poorly spelled by my correction tape is over). He talked much of diet but being a gourmand it was hard for him to come to real grips with the issue. At this point the issue is fuzzy for it is not clear whether he challenge Basile or Basile challenged him but a challenge was given and accepted and in due time Carl Martin and Mrs. Mangum also joined in. The winner of the contest would be the one to lose the most weight in the appointed time and the others would treat the winner to dinner at a non-diet restaurant.

The idea was to have a weigh-in and some time later a weigh-out. Obviously whoever lost the most weight in that period would be the winner. The secret was to get honest weigh-ins and timely weigh-outs. Mr. Basile always thought the weigh-out should come on Friday, at the end of the week and before he went home to see his fiancée and visit his mother's pasta cooking. Dr. Newman felt the weigh-in should be on Monday just after a good worshipful weekend and after Mr. Basile had refreshed himself with the good pasta and other weighty