

But while we are speaking of these proverbial events, it may prove interesting to remember the big arm-wrestling episode of the dorm as well. I am not sure how it was set up but it was an event of grand proportions. Perhaps it was not deliberate, either, but it seems that way today. Some of the dorm fellows persuaded a fellow student that he was a champion arm wrestler although he was perhaps the smallest and thinnest person in the dorm..and I will keep that identity secret. Being small, of course, does not keep one from being a good arm-wrestler, if the contests are fair, but it is not necessarily a help. At any rate, the boys were easily defeated by this phenom and he was pronounced the champion of the dorm and was personally convinced it was so by his number of victories and seeming invincibility.

At this point we pick up Mr. Basile again who had been home for the weekend and was now back in the dorm.. Sunday evening, I think. He was politely accosted by the arm-wrestly champion and challenged to a contest. Basile looked at the little man and smilingly tried to avoid contact but the student persisted. Basile scaled a very muscular 240+ with powerful shoulders, wrists and triceps. He tried to shrug it off and walk away but the clamor of the dorm was for a contest..was he afraid of the new champion who might have weight 115 and whose wrists were closer to spaghetti thickness. The enthusiasm of the dorm made the contest inevitable and the opponents were lined up, the champion with great confidence, in what appeared to be a David and Goliath confrontation. Their hands were joined and immediately Basile knew the opponent had no real arm/hand strength and the challenge was how not to hurt him!

After three quick victories, the former champion was demoralized and crushed and Basile had not drawn a hard breath, could, in fact, have read a book while contending. The dorm champ concluded Basile was something of a superman and conceded, departing glumly..he had been set up but did not know it.

Down the hallway the Editor was talking with Richard