A “bowled” look at the king of the lazy-man sports

By JULIA CROWLEY
CRUSADER FEATURES EDITOR

Bowling is probably the most underrated sport next to croquet. I am almost sure that there is no bowling on the schedule for the winter Olympics (or the summer Olympics for that matter). It’s also a safe bet that no bowling superstars earn $5 million dollars to stay with a league (are there even bowling superstars?). For all of you with questionable (or nonexistent) athletic ability, I say bowling is the sport for you. Whether you do well or spend most of your time in the gutter, this American pastime is fun for all, especially if you go bowling with someone who is worse than you are.

I happen to be one of the worst bowlers I know, but having this knowledge does not keep me from hitting the lanes. The ever hopeful, unskilled bowler I am is never daunted by my previous score. Someday I will break double digits and actually hit 100. This is on my “Things to Do Before I Die” list right next to meeting the members of U2 and right above ending my life.

Now in order to recommend a place to bowl, one has to choose what type of weapon (yes, bowling balls may seem safe enough but that anything that aerodynamic and heavy can certainly cause at least some swelling and/or discoloration of the skin) one prefers. Big ball bowling, as most simple minded folk call it, is the flashier form of the sport. If you are the flashy, “oh-look-at-me-and-my-big-heavy-ball” type of person then this is the place for you. The Auburn Lanes, an AMF bowling center located just a few miles down the road from HC, is the place to go. The AMF has a great entrance, (are there even bowling superstars) because you can probably catch it in the tube and bowl at the same time. Its members are allowed to enter the building first thing in the morning and go until 11 or later. It is the perfect place for those of you not from New England, maybe little ball (candlepin) bowling is more your style. Now for those of you from New England, this form of the sport may make you feel odd or even dirty. Think of it this way though...You get three chances each turn instead of two, unlike big ball bowling alleys, that machine thing does not reset the remaining pins and get rid of the fallen ones after each throw. This means that you can hit the pins that are already lying down in order to hit those standing up. Some may call this cheating. I call it ingenuity. Oh, the beauty of little ball bowling.

Just across the way from the AMF is Thunderbird, a more family friendly little ball bowing alley, where all the yokels go. I may defend folks from Worcester, but those hicks from the surrounding towns are on their own. The perk for many Crusaders is the fact that at the Thunderbird you can BYOB. Wicked cool. In general this is a good place to go white trash watching, and I can say that because I am pretty white trashy so no hurt feelings here. Also, if you fear missing the WWF or some other package deals that you can buy.

Directions: Take a left onto Southbridge St. (under the Rt.290 bridge) and go straight. You will first pass the Auburn Lanes on your right, but be careful because you might drive right by the entrance. The AMF is a little down the road on the left. You can contact the Auburn Lanes at (508) 791-5780 or go on their website www.amf.com and download some coupons. You can contact Thunderbird at (508)755-4304.

Comments on the Passing Parade

Cold comfort, for change: Holy Cross hunkers down

By MICHAEL J. BALLWAY
CRUSADER FEATURES COLUMNIST

“It’s cold,” he said, shivering under a dark, cloudy sky over the bleached asphalt fronting Kimball Hall. “Cold, chilly, and frigid. I don’t believe it.” He looked down and rubbed his gloved hands, dancing a quiet jig to ward off Old Man Winter.

A plague of frosty air and strange, solid-state water have descended upon our dear Alma Mater, the equal of the locusts and frogs that Egypt faced in times Biblical. What are we to make of these un-welcome intrusions into life on the Hill? “Snowballs,” says popular opinion, but even a thorough after- noon’s fun of throwing snow balls in the past two weeks. “And I have no idea where all this cold is coming from. What’s the deal with this snow stuff? Man, this is weird. Argg, it’s cold!”

Joey apparently enjoyed a hot, steamy holiday season under the warm sun here in the Northeast, ready lying down in order to hit those standing up. Some may call this cheating. I call it ingenuity. Oh, the beauty of little ball bowling.

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