

Boxer's Turbulent Inspiring Capacity Acute

Full of welding rod but crudely handsome as every the appearance last Thursday of that precious old dog which represents the spirit of Pacific university caused reactions that differed little from other outings during the last 53 years.

The very word "Boxer" is enough to create pandemonium on the usually peaceful campus. But when the dog actually appears, mayhem is the most certain result.

Word generally leaks out around the campus, and most likely all around town, when Boxer is going to make one of his infrequent visits. For the betting man, senior awards assembly day is the most logical choice for its appearance (flash).

For the past two years, Boxer's holders have kept the bronze Chinese temple dog in

solitary confinement. Crowds gathered in anticipation last year to fight over dog, but the flash turned turned out to be a flub.

Again this year, students left the assembly to dress for battle, only to lull around for some two and a half hours before dispersing.

Finally, the word came that, at 6 p.m., Boxer would definitely be thrown out to the anxious studentbody. There was speculation as to the means of arrival; it's shown up under man hole covers' in a huge cake of ice; been buried on campus and thrown in the chapel.

The method wasn't ingenious; but response was spontaneous. At precisely 6 p.m. a small sports car roared across the campus green, and Boxer,

thrown to the crowd, was again up for grabs.

As Pacific students know, Boxer is a venerable old image of the Ming dynasty and his age is more than three centuries. He is a masterpiece of precious old bronze and belonged to a family of apothecaries of Shachore, Fuein.

It finally became possible for Dr. J.E. Walker, himself a graduate of Pacific, to purchase the bronze from the last member of the family, and the long time missionary to China presented the dog to his Alma Mater.

For many years, the dog sat calmly in Brighton Chapel. However, when he turned up missing in 1911 and was seen in the chapel for only a few minutes, a fight broke out and Boxer was broken into three

pieces.

Since then, he's been welded time and again and coveted by fraternities and individuals alike. Few students to Pacific have held Boxer; many want the opportunity.

So, Thursday night as in the past, the fight was a dandy. Usually battle lines are drawn according to fraternities and last week Phi Beta Tau members had the strongest.

Three times throughout the two hour rumble-tumble free-for-all, Phi Betes fought clear of the pack only to lose hold on the dog or be stopped by a flying tackle.

Then, as so often happens, the battle stopped in a twinkling and Boxer was gone. Its hard to imagine getting away from that mob, but Sai Ching managed to get Boxer into a car and whisked away to parts unknown.

Boxer



BOXER
Hand-me-down statue from Chinese Ming era

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HAWAIIAN student Rango Ota (left) might be longing for the serenity of an Oahu beach as he rubs an aching jaw, while Wally Foreman's cries to "Get me out of here" (right) are heeded by two unidentified bystanders.



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ALL WAS NOT fun and games. Fred Willis, left, checks the extent of Steve Metter's nose injury.



SAI CHING had Boxer twice, this time when he was stopped, then again an hour later when he made a successful break for the Phi Beta Tau fraternity.

Intense fighting lasted just over two hours, shorter by an hour than most flashes.



WHAT'S IT LIKE on the inside of a Boxer flash? Well, someone has a hold of your torn sweat shirt trying to pull you out of the pile; someone else has

both arms wrapped around your waist; and there's that someone else who happened to catch you in the jaw with a flying elbow. Fun, huh?



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UNWRITTEN rules for a Boxer flash are few; first fighting is discouraged and obstacles in the path of the constantly moving mob are removed. Other than that, it's no holds barred, and the rougher the action the better.



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NEAR GETAWAY after an hour and a half of fighting failed to materialize when a crowd surrounded Jim Sumner's car. The frenzied crowd tried to block Sumner's path, (top) and when that failed the resistants bounced onto the hood (middle picture). As the car continued to

inch through the crowd. Alpha Zeta fraternity member Rhody Rodolico brought the situation under control, and Sumner's car to a rather forceful halt, by moving his own car into Sumner's front end.

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