

Dear

I am sending you some information in regards to an article which I am hoping you might like to write about. I think an interesting article could be written and it seems like now may be an appropriate time (post-world series). The article could be entitled "The Retirement of a gate-crasher." I am a senior at Suffolk University and I have been gate-crashing athletic events since I was 14. I live and die sports all year and play baseball, basketball + run cross-country for Suffolk. I am also the assistant Sports Information Director at the school for Mr. Lou Connelly, former Herald Sportswriter. You see, I've never had the money to buy the good seats and TV doesn't compare with being there. But the thing that irks me the most is at all the championship games the seats are always filled with political friends + people with a lot of pull. These people are never there during the regular season. However, I just say to myself "I've got to be there." Here are some of the games I have managed to see.

Boston Garden - 88 straight Bruin games while in high school. All the Stanley Cup games since Bobby Orr has come into the scene, including that dramatic sudden elimination when Jean Beliveau turned the garden into a funeral parlor by netting one just minutes in OT. Orr finishing off Sanderson's pass to beat the Blues. Pat Quinn nailing Bobby. Always taking my seat in Section 41, right behind a rail. The glory days of the Celtics, always associating with them and Flashy guards such as Maravich, Frazier, Scott, + even Mike Newlin, always wearing my Converse All Stars whether to sneak in, thru snow storms, or Senior Proms. To me, basketball playoffs are so intense with every matchup vital, witnessing perhaps one of the greatest games ever - that double overtime loss to the Bucks when Jabbar tossed in a 15 ft. sky hook. Great game - had to be there for that one.

Ali vs Foreman, Ali-Frazier #1, #2, #3. Great fights. The good old Tech Tourney. English-CM (my H.S.)

Schafer Stadium - first game ever Pats vs Giants (exhibition) All along the way to seeing the team finally become a legitimate, respected contender. The BC-ND game.

Shea Stadium, N.Y. - Sox vs. Yanks series in July (sneaked on greyhound bus back + forth!) including double-header behind Lee + Moret.

Fenway Park - over 100 games, All the big ones this year; Sox vs. A's + Orioles. The 67 series games, Santiago in game #1, Lonborg + Y#2, Petrocelli catching the final out vs Minnesota. This year's 4 series games!

Statler-Hilton - last 6 years baseball writers dinners, enjoying roast beef + Brooks Robinson's great catches especially.

People ask me "how do you always get in the Garden?" I always have to answer that there is no definite way everytime. It always seems to be a different way every game. You've got to be lucky + you've got to be good. One has to know where each + every door leads to + the times that the ushers or cops will be in a certain spot. Night after night on those black fire escape stairs, never giving up. Then there's the "bolt" where you try to freeze the usher for a moment with an old ticket stub and then bolt by him.

Oftentimes I'd be inside hours before the game would start + have to sit in the darkness + smutt of a vent in order to avoid ushers + police, + especially the "dogs." Every gate-crasher knows of "Shadow" the German Shepherd of whom we talked about while silently awaiting the proper time to leave the vents. Danger was always involved, but one never thought of it. Barb wire, mace, + the most dangerous of all - a slip while scaling a wall. The Garden - I was there more than at home, oftentimes sleeping overnite with little food, awaiting a game in a closet or a vent never getting to sleep for more than an hour, with my mother constantly worrying + ready to kill me when I got home. Yet, she understood my desire to be there for the big one.

This summer at Shea, the big double-header was a sellout - but I had to get in. I remember standing on top of a huge NBC truck with hundreds of people

mulling around shouting, "Go, Go, Go". I had to do it. A 10 ft. leap from the top of the truck to a platform leading into Shea. Rubbery legs and all I made what seemed a 30 ft. leap + shouted back at all the Yankee fans - "The Sox will sweep 2" + they backed me up that day.

Finally, it was the '75 Series.

Game #1 - A risky bolt by a rightfield usher who grasped in vain at my nylon jacket.

Game #2 - the "bluff". Walking confidently up to the Service Gate entrance + stating "Stevens (the concession comp.) number 283. Without an I.D. badge he believed and to that grey-haired gentleman I thank him kindly. The bluff had worked.

* By the time the Sox hit Cinci, people were calling me asking me to sneak them in. I told them there was never a definite way to get in + they didn't want to risk missing the game on TV. Besides, 90% of the time I gate-crashed without my friends, for they were inexperienced + it seemed as though I would make it in, but they wouldn't + I'd feel bad and have to come out to get them. Amongst gate-crashers there's a bond of always checking to see if everyone got in. We'd always meet after a period of quarter to see who's not in and then possibly pop a door open for them.

Game #6 - While a Fallon Ambulance backed into Fenway, I hopped onto the front fender, ducked, + then bolted away drifting into the crowd, leaving rubber from the soles of my Converse All Stars. This was without a doubt - "the greatest game ever." - A gate-crasher's dream.

Game #7 - The finale. The coup d'etat. I stumbled upon an alley behind the nightclub; King's Row + came upon a pipe leading up the side adjacent to the fabled "Green Monster" in left. I shimmied up the 37 feet and onto the roof top next to the wall. Calling

upon my instinct when to fly by the roof box usher. I made it - for the last time.

After seeing this series I have decided I have seen all there is to see. The series was superb sports. The time to retire from bolting, crashing, scaling, + climbing had come. From now on I'll try to make connections for tickets to big games or sit at home watching it on TV with the rest of America. Somehow, it will never be the same.....

If perhaps you would like to do a column on this, I would be glad to talk to you + give you some more information if you want. Thanks for taking the time to read this + special thanks if you decide to do an article.

Sincerely,

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P.S. This article I hope doesn't seem egotistical, but rather it is something I am proud of - undefeated in gate-crashing.