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The Baets Stewdaunt - volume 01 number 01 - December 29, 1929

Bates College

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The Bates Stewardant

Vol. 1. No. 1.

LOISTON, MAINE, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1929

PRICE TEN CENTS

FACULTY THESPIANS THRILL WITH TERRIFIC, TRAGIC TROPE

Brilliant Tragedy by Miss Roberts and Dr. Purington Wins Applause of Critics. Stewed Aunt Reporter Criticizes World's Premiere and Dermiere

(Loiston, Dec. 0022)

Breaking all precedent, the faculty play this year was a deviation from the ordinary staid presentation that has marked the production of such affairs in the past. This year an original play, "Molasses Candy", based upon "Salt Water Taffy" written in collaboration by Miss Dora Roberts and Dr. Herbert Ronelle Purington, A.M., D.D., Fullerton Professor of Biblical Literature and Religion, was presented to the select eyes of a few invited guests on the evening of November 31st.

The wide spread recognition given to the presentation has stirred the students at Bates to learn about the now world famous play. After several conferences of the Boards of Trustees and Overseers, and prolonged argument pro and con on the part of the faculty itself, the administration has seen fit to give out the following information.

The stagecraft was unique though simple, and was ingenious in a few certain particulars. As the title of the play suggests, the scene is laid in tropical surroundings and the most romantic of settings. Palm trees, lapping waves, flowers, et cetera. Of course, the audience was asked to join full heartedly in the spirit of the affair and paint these scenes with their mind's eyes. Norman Ross was responsible for the idea of asking the spectators to cooperate in picturing the stage setting. He maintained that it would be more economical.

The highest degree of genius in the management of the affair was the method used to picture the tropical moon. The stagecraft directors exhausted their ideas in attempting to present a realistic effect. Dr. Britain, Harry Rowe and President Gray qualified.

The final choice fell upon President Gray when the physics department decided that he would give the best effect. So Prexy stood with head bowed for two and a half hours while a soft blue light played upon his crown. His choice proved to be a happy one for later in the play when the dancers came in carrying golden rods Prexy fought hard to keep from sneezing with the effect that the tropical moon shifted continually from a roseate glow to a fiery crimson. The shifting colors defied any attempt to match them by the use of lighting effects.

The next most ingenious stagecraft effect was in producing a tropical breeze. Brooks Quimby played the part admirably.

The chorus was made up of Dean Clark, Lena Walmsley, Mabel Libby, Blanche Roberts, Mabel Eaton, with Connie James playing the part of leading lady. Ollie Cutts performed the part of an invalid weakling, while Willie Whiteborne clothed in leopard skin and brandishing a gnarled club raged rampant when he learned that the tender weakling had alienated the affections of his ladylove.

(Continued on Page 3 Column 4)

Delay Team is Now Working Out Under Snowshoe Thompson

The famous Bates delay team under the auspices of "Snowshoe" Thompson former pride of the local institution, is working out daily in preparation for a strenuous season.

The candidates have been consistently late for practice all week and it is expected that work outs will soon be held after supper.

Ah! ye Chapman, Quincy's only claim to fame, has cut his time down to 2.10 in the half mile including one stop to tie a dangling shoe lace. Wallace Viles, the angular antelope from Anson, can still wave to the girls in the balcony on his second and fourth trips around the track without interfering with the next race. Rangnar Lind (or Ernest) has been practicing falling on the baton in case he follows Chapman in the order of running.

The fourth man has yet to be decided upon. Coach Thompson, however, started Wendell Hayes on a half mile time trial late Monday afternoon. Early morning reports state that the Metropolitan Mercury was running smoothly and tirelessly on the second lap. Members of the college are urged to turn out to greet Hayes when he finishes late this evening. Reports of Hayes' progress and conditions will be posted on the college bulletin throughout the day.

Bimby K. O.'s Bray In First Round

In a sudden dramatic finish, "Kayo" Bimby knocked out Rexy in the first stanza of what was to be a ten-round battle this morning before the largest, most frenzied crowd of students that ever jammed the college chapel. Bimby's superior manner phraseology finally overwhelmed Bray's withering gaze to earn for him the coveted victory.

The Fight by Rounds

ROUND ONE. Bray led with a summons to the office and Bimby countered by being ten minutes late and by failing to knock as he entered. They sparred for an opening. Bray's haughty demeanor caught Kayo napping, and they went into a clinch. Coming out of the clinch Bimby chased Rexy into a corner where he stepped into a water-bucket and Referee Freddie Sleeper was forced to call time out until the pedal extremity could be removed. Rushing in, Bray shot a fast one which landed with telling force upon the favorite, nearly shattering his left argument, at the same time stabbing him again and again with his point of view. Bimby retreated in circles, vainly endeavoring to dodge his opponent's thrusts, and for a time it looked as though the tables had turned. But suddenly Rexy stumbled over a protruding syllable and fell heavily. And the cheering of the crowd rose to a deafening roar as Rexy, in one of his stronger moments stepped into a lusty left and was knocked into the choir box. He rose at the count of nine and coming out groggy—SMACK!

Just then a diminutive gentleman clambered up on the platform and faced the ring. The noise ceased almost instantly and everyone listened in expectation, for the individual who claimed their attention was no other than the famous Robert MacGlasco. "There's a lady at the door who wants to speak to Rexy Bray", he said.

"HE'S OUT!", yelled the referee. "COME BACK IN TEN SECONDS AND BRING THE SMELLING SALTS."

(Continued on page 4, column 5)

Home Team Loses Judges' Decision

Audience is Loyal but to No Avail

Last Saturday night, just prior to the Chase Hall dance, Bassar defeated the Vates co-eds in one of the most closely contested contests of the debating season. Time-keepers were Miss Celizabeth Orey and Miss Seva Onstroen; the judges were Miss Danna Ingley of Loiston, and Prof. Childs from the college down the river; the chairman was Mrs. George M. Gase. The participants in the debate were, by the way, for Vates, Miss Ivera Ringle, '23, and Yady Gloung, '03; for Bassar, Miss Cethel Ohen and Miss Flarriet Heische. Decorations consisted of variously-hued dangling participles and other ornaments previously censored by the English Department represented by Quooks Brimby, our own dear speaking teacher—more ways than one. Infinitives were being split right and left on the platform of Dear Old Hathorn Hall, and frequently time had to be taken out to find several misplaced modifiers, but it is worthy to note that no one was seriously injured, except a few unfortunate members of the audience who had to be taken immediately to the C. M. G. Hospital in a state of argumentative hysteria. In case anyone should be interested it might be well to point out that the question which was supposed to be discussed was, "Resolved that the present political alignment of the United States has outlived its usefulness." But many of the audience thought, that judging from the appearance of the speakers, the debate was really on the subject, "Resolved that attendance at a co-educational institution, and therefore close contact with such superior beings as men, has done more for the collegiate woman than any amount of segregation."

The Debate Opens

The debate was opened by the chairman, of course, and in her few brief remarks, she gave the gist of the debate in order that those who had other engagements to attend to might leave at this point, and yet know which side of the question was the right side.

The first speaker of the evening was Miss Ringle, who after welcoming the Bassar team to Loiston, which, in the mind of the reporter, was merely so much oil, and after welcoming her own team into the League-of-Nations, I think it must have been—flew forth into flights of oratory, the like of which had not been seen since the Chairman sat down. Her main argument was

(Continued on Page 3, Column 5)

HURLS A THUNDERBOLT OF OLYMPIC DEFIANCE

World is Thrown Into Paroxysms as Epoch Making Ukase Issues from Loiston. Thousands Sends Congratulations

| KOLLEGE KALENDAR | |
|------------------|---|
| Dec. 16 | Meeting of the Hall Parkers Ass'n. |
| Dec. 17 | Dr. Wright addresses Women's Club. |
| Dec. 17 | Prof. Pa Gould will move for adjournment of faculty meeting. |
| Dec. 17 | Round Table meets at Prof. and Mrs. Soando's for a square meal. |
| Dec. 18 | Meeting of Hall Parkers Ass'n. |
| Dec. 18 | Mid-week service and caroling in Roger Williams Hall. Rev. G. Tormely will play the melodeon. |
| Dec. 18 | Bates-Bowdoin ping-pong championship matches. |
| Jan. 3 | Meeting of Hall Parkers Ass'n. |
| Jan. 3 | S. Mauer and his trained puppeteers at Tiny Theatre will attempt to present "The Terrible Fate of Our Lovely Nell." |

A proclamation definitely deciding an issue which has been hanging in the balance for some months, and climaxing a series of preparatory events affecting more than three fourths of the population of the civilized world was issued today by President Clifton Daggett Gray, of Bates College.

Perhaps no other event has been stronger in the minds of men and women today than that which has been provided by President Gray in his decree. And although the issue itself was intended primarily for the students and faculty of Bates College, it is fast becoming popular, and it is expected that the majority of the civilized world will react for the most part favorably under the terms of the document.

Despite the fact that the proclamation calls for the expenditures of vast sums of money, it is extremely appropriate in view of the coming holidays. Copies of the original document have been reproduced in all languages (I. T. S.), and these have been dispatched to the principal cities and population centers (including Lee, Maine) by means of a unique fast freight service.

MOVE EXPECTED

Action toward the settlement of this stupendous project came as no great surprise, as some sort of motion in this direction has long been expected. Many attempted to prophesy the result; some were of the opinion that the issue would be decided by someone during the latter part of the week, but there were few who were willing to take a definite stand in bringing the question to a culmination. Politicians, statesmen and diplomats have continually side-stepped direct action, and President Gray is to be greatly commended for his courage and the responsibility which he assumed when he produced his manuscript.

News of the proclamation was received by the waiting world at 10.46 Eastern Standard Time (add three (Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

Popular Prof. Returns from Perilous Joust

Tells Tale of Mighty Microbes, Dismal Boys and Cranberries

(Special Despatch to the Stewardant)

Prof. William H. Sawyer, Jr., who has been on leave of absence during the past year returned to his teaching duties as a member of the faculty of Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, at the beginning of the current year. Prof. Fred E. Pomeroy, head of the biology department is understood to have been influential in effecting Prof. Sawyer's return. Prof. Pomeroy is a member of the Police Commission.

The year spent by Prof. Sawyer away from his teaching duties in Lewiston, when he proved to be the Don Quixote of the cranberry bogs, reads like a Medieval fairy tale or a Norse saga. For many months Prof. Sawyer carried on a winning fight against the microorganism that has been threatening the cranberry bush with distinction. The motive of the embattled warrior, riding astride a microscope, with a dissecting needle for a lance, and a glass slide for a shield, is truly admirable. He went into the bogs and wilderness of Cape Cod for the honor of the Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners. "Cranberry Sauce" was his battle cry as he went thundering over the dusty roads and into the fields to do battle with his mighty foe. Everything went well until an accident happened to the good steed "Mike".

The unfortunate incident occurred in a bog behind the town of Seitonate. For days the weary warrior, coursing the countryside, evading the web-footed inhabitants and the flying-fish, had been pursuing his innumerable foe and driving the retreating forces steadily back into the grim and barren fastnesses of the cranberry bogs, their natural habitat. By night he camped on the hummocks while the tired "Mike" took his meal in the optical fields.

One day Sawyer suddenly came upon the enemy planning an attack on a cranberry stronghold not far away. "Avaunt destroyers of cranberry sauce!" he cried, "Rebels against the essence of Yuletide! I come to do you battle to the death!" The horde swept toward him, but poising his lance and raising his shield, the undaunted knight arose in his saddle and urged "Mike" forward. But the diaphragm of the good steed was gone, and he went down as the bewildered rider saw the onrushing army of microbes advancing upon him.

Retreating across the bogs, Sawyer at last came to an observatory where Galileo was studying the moons of Jupiter. The Immense telescope amazed the cranberry Red Crosse knight. With it to replace the fallen "Mike" he could yet win the battle of the ages. Everything is fair in war, he reasoned, and with (Continued on page 4, column 3)

SENSATIONAL SHORT STORY

Sophia Saunders seachingly scrutinized Sarah, scowling severely.

Stephen Smith, Sarah's suitor, strong, splendidly sinewed, shapely Stephen slept soundly.

Sophia spoke. She said, "Sarah should sell stale smelling soles."

Stephen snored. Sophia spitefully shook Sarah.

"Surrender", said she. Sarah screamed shrilly.

Stephen, seeing sweet Sarah's situation, stealing stealthily, suddenly squeezed Sophia's side, saying, "Stop such silly squabbles, such stupid strife; stop striking Sarah."

She staggered. "So", sneered Sophia, "Savage Stephen sneakingly supports Sarah! Seek safety, Skedaddle!"

Stephen, smiling satirically, said, "Sarah shall sell stale soles, sweet Sophia, shall she?"

"She shall", shrieked Sophia.

So saying Sophia Saunders strolled seaward stalking stiffly, selecting sloopy shingle spots. Slackening speed, she sat. Straightway she sentimentalized.

"See star-spangled sky; see sinking sun; see salt sea; see Sophia Saunders, spinster, Sarah's sister, spurned, slighted, scorned. So Sarah supposes selling stale soles sinful! Sacrel!—She shall see!"

She stood still some seconds solemnly sea-surveying. Suddenly she said, "See Stephen, so sneaking, so sanctimonious, so supremely stupid; see sister Sarah so sweetly seraphic, sweet Sunday school teacher, sublime sinner—see Sophia swim. Stephen—sister Sarah shall sell sweet soles—so shall she starve!"

Sarah shuddered. Stephen sneezed. Suddenly Sophia sprang screaming, splashing salt spray skyward.

"Save Sophia, Stephen! see, she sinks", screamed Sarah. "Scarcely, sweetheart", said Stephen sullenly.

So Sophia Saunders sank. Sophia's suicide saved Sarah selling soles. She survived Sophia several summer seasons.

Sometimes she sang soft songs softly, sorrowing Sophia's sad suicide. Still she stayed single, scornfully spurning Stephen's soft speeches.

NO ONE BELIEVES IT!

The original West Parker Hall was divided by biologists into E. & W. Parker to illustrate reproduction by cell division (See "Anceba")

Prudence Prim - captain of class domino team Semester average - 99.44% Votes "Most popular co-ed" by the men (Carnegie Foundation Report "rated her on 'pure list' and freed her of subsidizing charges)

Platfoot Ferris, Bates waterboy, caught the ball in his bucket and ran 111 yds. for a touchdown against Colby in 1831

Shurlock, Sherlock, amateur sleuth, who discovered a footprint on the beautiful floor of the gym. (An arrest is expected) Weatherbee '32

Little Oscar, the oyster that has flavored Bates College Commons oyster stews since 1913, is healthy and contented in captivity

THE BAETS STEWDAUNT

Member of New England Intercollegiate Newspaper Association Lord knows why

Published with the sympathy, cooperation and exasperation of the Merrill and Webber Co. of Auburn

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Written notice of change of address must be in the hands of the Business manager one week before the issue in which the change is to occur. Then try and get it.

The Editor, when sober, is responsible for the editorial column but try and catch him. The news editor, not being sober at any time, is not responsible for anything.

Entered as last class matter (?) at the post office in Loison Maine.

ANON! ANON! ANON!

You have no doubt heard, dear Reader (and others) of the saying of Pluto and Alitosis that went like this: "All that glitters is worth two in the bush". Also perhaps you have read in Wealthy Dick's Diary, an equally pithy phrase: "Why put off till to-morrow what you can do the day after?" Ah us! if we of posterity could only heed the sincerity of our forbears! What tortuous paths of pain—yea, of sorrow and suffering—we might avoid. But no! We must "try and err" ere we discover for ourselves, the primrose path of perfection.

We who represent the Stewdaunte Bored (very realistically you must admit) confess to a grievous oversight. Ignoring the seeds of advice so pregnant with meaning—that blew our way, we have served you journalistic caviare that has turned out to be frogs' eggs. (Order please! I have the floor and I demand the right to make sweeping statements). The whole crux (meaning difficulty) of the matter lies in our lack of a platform. Everybody has a platform nowadays. Presidents have platforms; bricklayers and plumbers have platforms (the plumbers must have some place to sleep); even executioners have their pet platforms.

The word "plank" very vividly suggests certain forceful methods of a college news-organ in handling personal news. Of course there are no planks in an organ except those it is built upon. Therefore we have decided to forsake our present precarious pedestal for the following unprecedented platform:

Plank 1. The Stewdaunte stands for true misrepresentation of student opinion (a true representation would get us out of a job.)

Plank 2. The Stewdaunte is firmly in favor of convulsory chapel.
Splinter 1. The more convulsory the better.
Splinter 2. Noone should be denied sanctuary—no even dogs, cats, donkeys or other brethren and sistren.

Plank 3. The Stewdaunte is run on a strictly business basis. All bribes, for suppression or release of scandal, gracefully received.

Plank 4. Alas we have run out of lumber (fortunately?). Ye Ed.

YE FAERIE TAYLE

Once upon a time there lived in a beautiful castle in a fair city many princesses, fair and otherwise. One princess was especially fair. Princes came in huge numbers to woo her. Some tried wooing alone, one tried winning her by a sympathetic pursuit of knowledge. Then one Sunday (daring he was for all the princesses were well guarded), he braved the guards and came to the castle to help her. He had not been there long of course, when from the depths of the staircase came a rumbling—he looked up,—the enraged D-ragon approached, breathing flame and looking daggers. She called in a loud voice to the princess, "How did he get here? Let me at him to drive him out!" The prince shivered, the princess shook and stood for a second in shocked horror. Then she drew herself up sharply and with calm-tones pronounced the D-ragon—destroying spell of M-erwin the M-agician, "I have permission for 2 hours". The D-ragon wilted, the flame cooled, the daggers were sheathed. The princess and prince continued their pursuit of knowledge.

Ye Co-ed

THE HOLE BORED SAYS:

If there is anything right in this paper, it's a typographical error.

UPPEN FLOOREM

To the auditor of the Stewdaunt: Sir:

As an avowed champion of the weaker sex, I once more appear in your columns. I state my purpose briefly for a change. I am opposed to ceilings. In fact, I wish to see all ceilings removed from all parts of the civilized world, as well as from my home town, and I wish to see this far-sighted and oft-slighted reform in operation for the first time at Bates College. This is no impractical dream. It is super-possible, ultra-needed, extra-desirable.

In the first place, ceilings are an added expense without being an asset. In speaking of the size of a building, did you or anyone in their sane mind ever rate it according to the number of ceilings? No, by the number of floors. Yet I believe that the almost universal practice now is to have as many ceilings as floors, except in Parker Hall, where I have it upon good authority that there are no floors left. Floors and ceilings—what a contrast in values. People take the floor when they wish to steal time from an audience. But did you ever hear of anyone taking the ceiling—either to walk on, to sleep on, or for instance? No one really wants a ceiling, not ven a thief. Ceilings are an economic waste. We will eliminate them. The nearest we have formerly gotten to elimination has been illumination. But that is an important step, as I shall point out a few hundred paragraphs below.

In the second place, ceilings give us a feeling of confinement, of compulsion. Many worthy freshmen who come here from the untrammelled wilderness are held down. Their soaring, lofty spirits are broken. In fact, some of them have left college for unknown reasons. That is, they were unknown until now; I have shared the secret with you. No, don't thank me; I'd do that even for a co-ed. Even I admit to a spirit in me that rebels at the confinement of a ceiling. Yet I do not blush to admit it, for in that great compendium of Americana, the Popular Song, you will find constant references to this irksome confinement wrought upon us by what we thought our slaves, now our masters, for they are over us. There is one song hit which warns us against "Hitting the Ceiling", another which provides a precaution to obviate the damage caused when we do hit—"Bottoms Up". But I leave the popular song—we will be the first who have ever done that—when we are feeling especially gay and hopeful, is it not a fact that we always attempt to raise the roof? And does not that entail raising the intervening ceilings? Instinctively, I tell you, we are opposed to ceilings and their constricting influences.

In several places, ceilings have a demoralizing effect. They are not in accord with the proper Bates Spirit. I spoke previously about their illumination. It is a regrettable fact, but we have to face facts, though we rarely face a ceiling. Now take a ceiling—no I don't mean that. I have already told you that no one takes a ceiling. Look at a ceiling—no, only dreamers do that, and I have assured you that this is no impractical dream. What I mean is, consider a ceiling—you will agree that many ceilings are considerable. Consider a ceiling, I have studied the ceilings of Bates for two years. In fact, you may say

LOVE COUNSEL—By Aunt Misby Haven (Instructor in Co-education and Head of the Bates Matrimonial Bureau. Address all mail to Aunt Misby Haven, Heating Plant, Bates College.

Dear Aunt Misby:

I am very much interested in a sophomore living in Roger Williams Hall and although he says he loves me I sometimes feel that he is not as attentive as he should be. I am a freshman, rather petite and fairly cute, although I am not as good looking as co-eds generally are. What can I do to determine whether or not he really cares for me? Miserable

You Poor Little Dear:

Your big mistake was made when you first become interested in some one from Roger Hill. You should have been warned when you first entered college. However, my advice to you is to become acquainted with somebody from West Parker at once, and forget your friend from the monastery. When the first is accomplished, the second is easy. Send me your name and photo and describe the type of lover you prefer. I will do everything I can (in a confidential way, of course) to help you.

Dear Auntie:

I am deeply in love with a freshman co-ed but I cannot decide whether or not she is true to me. She is very good-looking, has a darling personality, curly dark hair and wonderful brown eyes. She is of medium height and dances beautifully. Do you think that I am the only one she loves? O. S., '31

Dear O S., A. D., R. H., J. C., L. H., etc.:

What is this, a form letter? Why don't you arrange a meeting, form a number of football elevens and fight it out until one team is the decided victor. If she is a real co-ed she will have suffi-

Intercollegiate Blues

The professor of "be-a-snob" fame has recently been eclipsed by the Education professor of Vailars' College who said to his students as they were discussing the value of poker in the high school. "Don't worry about being fair; be well-dressed."

The students of the University of Haroforonoris lost their fight for voluntary chapel when the faculty and trustees decreed that the students' suggestion for using the chapel as a museum was too much in keeping with present tendencies.

Culture College for women has recently established a new chapter of the national sorority of Daughters of American Evolution.

A fund of \$5,000,000 has recently been given the college of Search and Research to stock its museum with animal crackers, when it was found that the original specimens had lost much of their hair, teeth, and general shapeliness through their use as hobbyhorses for faculty children.

Thirteen delegates from over two hundred institutions are attending a convention of snooze-paper writers being held this week at the University of Sleepy Hollow. The discussion will aim to settle the question as to whether college periodicals are "art for arts sake," or simply a means of livelihood for the printing profession.

A southern university has recently established a graduate school of Cosmetics and the Facial Arts. The faculty is made up of leading lensecrape gardeners from various sections of the country, and the dean is a former member of the faculty of the Chicago Agricultural College, and the president is a Master of Forestry.

The grades of men and women at the Whoosit School of General Blah show a great difference, according to figures released by the janitor of the institution. The higher average of the men—5.890 as compared with 1.345 for the women—is explained by the fact that they had the advantage of attending Maine colleges.

The University of Antediluvian Anthropology recently received a valuable addition to its library of modern novels in the book "Memoirs of a Mulligan-tawny," the autobiography of a dinosaur.

I am a special student of ceilings. I get up in my best clothes and look at the ceiling; I get up in the night and do likewise. But at no time have I been able to find a Bates ceiling that was not plastered. How the college officials can overlook this hazard to our morals is more than I can see, for no one looks over a ceiling. Men of Bates—and women, you will understand—Bates men and Bates men in the making, I say, we cannot have it—something must be done. Down with ceilings—Uppen floorem!

Verily S. Berating. P. S.: I have since learned that nothing need be done about it. The deleterious effects of being always plastered have wiped out the curse of the age.

M. A. A. SPLASHES

The weather lately has been just too nasty for words but that hasn't prevented our faithful boys from going out each afternoon and working like little Trojans to make the hockey team. They can't be anything but victorious with such splendid persistence and manly courage. And we are going to cheer lustily for you 100% fellows. Maybe those boys from Bowdoin and Colby are rougher and bolder, but our team has the will to win and we just know that they are going to.

Coach Bucky Spinks (Isn't he simly gorgeous) is having a most trying time with his athletes. Bucky insists that they simply must take shower baths after athletic contests even at the supreme risk of catching cold. Batching after daily exercise should get to be a tradition and an accepted custom with the proper encouragement especially on Saturday nights just before the Chase Hall dances. The administration is heartily in accord with the splendid frugality of the boys in regard to taking anything, but feels that regardless of the sum on hand for such purposes a shower now and then isn't too much.

Will the young man who fell on the track while running in the Athletic building yesterday afternoon return the cinder which entered his leg to Tom Barnes. The young man's name is known and he will save himself considerable trouble by returning the cinder himself instead of waiting for a summons. Further track practice has been indefinitely postponed until steps are taken to procure another cinder.

The committee on winter sports has made a radical change in the direction of the snowshoe course. The trail formerly included Pole Hill and return. The new route will continue right out Maine Street to the Fair ground and will proceed from that point for one mile. The return route is optional. Remarkably fast performances are expected as a result of this significant change.

Plaster McSticker, regular end on the Rand Hall Co-educational team burned his tongue last night while drinking a cup of too hot coffee at Paul's Lunch. He will be out of the game for the remainder of the week.

Harold Moore Noyes of last season's football fame was on the war-path again the other morning. His room mates locked the door and left the dormitory while he was washing up after the 7.40 bell had rung. Imagine Harold's embarrassment when he found he couldn't get back into his room. Did he cut his 7.40? No folks, he did not. He borrowed pants and sweater from the room below and arrived in Geology only twenty minutes late.

Miss Roberts (at back door of Commons): "Aren't you the same man I gave a piece of mince pie to, about a month ago?" Genus Hobo (sadly): "No, Ma'm, I ain't. And wot's more, the Doc says I ain't never goin' to be neither."

anything for me. What shall I do? G. D.

Dear Child: Don't worry. You are fortunate to be having your trouble with a Bates man. Bates men are always gentlemen and if he said he would do anything for you he will probably keep his word. See if you can get him to sprinkle a little Indian meal on the toes of his shoes.

Dear Auntie Misby: My girl lives a long way from the college. Although I love her with all my heart she can only spare me from 7.45 to 9.15 on Thursday evenings. Do you think it will pay me to continue seeing her? F. E. S.

I would advise you to be punctual and make the best of your present opportunities. I think that you would be justified also in asking for a guarantee which would include transportation both ways and one meal.

Dear Auntie Haven: I am a senior but room off campus so I do not know many co-eds. My first experience in coeducation came last Friday night while I was attending "The Importance of Being Earnest," at the Little Theatre. I think the girl who sat beside me was a freshman. I don't remember what she looked like, and I would have difficulty in recognizing her if I saw her again. But deep in my heart I know that I love her and she is the only girl in the world for me. Isn't there any way that you could bring us two together again? She will remember that she leaned against my shoulder during the second and third acts and that I retrieved her handkerchief just as she was leaving. F. E. B.

Dear Mr. B.: The handkerchief seems to be your only clue. However, it is likely that one of the numerous heads that rested on as many manly shoulders will see fit to disclose her identity. If within one week you receive no reply, attend the next performance of the 4A Players, and be more observing.

Old Rose Sport Light

Support

The general pingpong forecasts seem to be about the same for all the Maine colleges. The teams have suffered a little by graduation but more from injuries. Jones, Bliss College's smashes is out of the game with a sprained thumb while Bowdoin will offer little opposition because two of their stars are disabled with hangnails and will not be in condition in time to play in the Maine series. Bates is handicapped by lack of equipment. The pingpong table was crushed last Saturday night (by overloading) at the dance and the Athletic Council is now frantically besieging Coach Cutts, who balks at the expense, for funds to purchase a bigger and better table. This would be reinforced to prevent further accidents of the same kind.

Four

Everyone out to support the team! The boys are giving their best. They are training arduously and practicing daily. The rest is up to you. Come to the games! Learn the yells! Help Bates win the pingpong championship of Maine!

Pingpong

The ice cleaning team has started practicing for its long and arduous winter season. With the sophomore as coaches, the Frosh are getting thorough training in scoping and shoveling. Some of those fellows swing a mean snow shovel! They are expected to sweep away all competition and scoping the state championship through speed and teamwork. It is too bad that this sport is only open to first year men. They seem willing to share the honor.

Team

Coach Morey has been looking around for material for the cross-country peanut race. After measuring the noses of all candidates, he found a good deal of promising material. He is planning to put the boys through an intensive course of training on the Lisbon Street course. The squad is attracting much attention at the present time because of their new uniforms, the most striking part of which are the bright red knee-guards. We wonder how long they will stay red. Although this is a new sport, Coach Morey is looking forward to a successful season. The freshman team especially seems very promising. Most of their candidates had already been over the course and were quite familiar with the contour of the land.

Hurls a Thunderbolt of Olympic Defiance

(Continued from Page 1)

hours for Mountain Time) this morning, just six minutes after the document was signed. In less than an hour the office of the President was flooded with telegrams of congratulation, and Mrs. Childs, secretary to the President, became nearly distracted as a steady flow of phone calls came into the office.

Local merchants, as well as many industrial magnates from all over the United States, were exceedingly profuse in their expressions of thanks, for a great deal of preparation has been made by every outlet store in the country, and salesmen have taken advantage of the opportunities offered by the proclamation by extensive advertising and display of surplus wares at un-heard-of prices.

The Somerville News in an early noon edition appeared with the story in feature under the caption "ANOTHER LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD," and the News office was flooded with voluntarily submitted articles of the "I knew him when" type. The Proclamation follows:

By the Hand of His Excellency President Clifton Daggett Gray of Bates college (Condita 1864).

A PROCLAMATION

"WHEREAS more than three hundred and forty nine days in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Nine have already slipped away, and not a single universal holiday set apart therein; Whereas, worn out by the tiresome existence of an unusually trite semester, both faculty and students crave a breathing spell before the annual classes, the Mid-years.

Whereas so many people have urged me to do this thing, and whereas both my wife and I have already planned intensively for the coming season:

Therefore do I, Clifton Daggett Gray, President of Bates College, surely and solemnly declare that the twenty-fifth day of December, in the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Nine, shall be set aside and duly recognized and observed as Christmas Day.

I furthermore declare that no student of Bates College be allowed to attend classes upon this date. And that no member of the faculty be permitted to hold the slightest session of a class within the cloisters of our ivied edifices. And that a Merry Christmas be thrust upon each and every person connected with Bates College.

Given under my hand and seal this sixteenth day of December in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Nine.

(Signed)

His Diplomatic Highness
Clifton Daggett Gray, PHDLLD

A-A-A-A Shows "Necessity of Being Serious"

Among the other campus function which the Stewed Aunt reporter visited last week was the sophisticated and high fluting comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest". As he viewed this thrilling melodramatic presentation he did retain enough presence of mind to jot down a few items which might be of particular interest to the rest of the morons.

Back stage work was very good. The thumping sounds made by John, Jack, Ernest etc. Worthing in searching for the handbag which would settle his fate were most realistic. It is so seldom that such things really are done well.

Various stages of technique were shown; practice is said to make perfect. We sometimes wonder.

The reporter is able to clear up one sadly perplexing question which undoubtedly troubled many other members of the audience. Mr. Gould did not borrow Mr. Sauer's special adornment for the play. The article in question was purchased at Woolworths.

The lighting system was admirable. One could see the offstage players through the drapes, as they calmly chewed gum while awaiting their cues. No chance for funny stuff.

We wonder if the attentive young man who has so often aided the ingenue in finding her homeward way was invited to the party. Or did he have to wait in the hallway.

Shoes were by Long and Sahl; Mazda bulbs Bauers hardware; furniture by Parker Hall and others; hair-cuts by Bill the Barber; shines by Brute force, and footlights by quest.

Messrs. Gould and Lind consumed enough food to keep a starving Armenian alive for some time. The two languid young gentlemen must have eaten, at least occasionally, elsewhere than on the campus.

It is not smoking that is the occupation around the men's dorms. The work comes in bumming the cigarettes. The rest is fairly simple provided one can borrow a match.

The butlers were, as usual, impeccable, imperturbable, impenetrable, impersonal, imposing, important, and impossible. We understand now why the Pittsfield boy is so successful a vote getter. No woman could resist him in a dress suit.

Dolly batted for a thousand on her portrayal of the haughty grande dame. And though put out several times by the machinations of her daughter and nephew, our good Lady Bracknell scored a hit. We have doubts, however, that she is really like her stage self—and we should like to see her in a different type.

We enjoyed the pronunciation of mamma which Miss Ruth Brown introduced to us. Up here in the sticks we have abbreviated it to Maw. She also batted for a thousand.

"Barney" Hollis showed us a monk in his native element. We always thought "Barney" would make a fine curate, but we're not so certain now.

Li'l Margaret Hines, with her long ringlets, who was eighteen and confessed to twenty, proved her worth. We understand that she distributed kisses to the backstage people before the play-molasses flavor.

Connie Withington was strong in her

ROUND TABLERS ENJOY A VERY QUIET EVENING

The old Bates round table was again called into action last Sunday evening as a few members of the faculty engaged in a friendly and informal game of cards. For the following brief sketch of some of the more important developments we are indebted to a daring Studaunt reporter who concealed himself in a green bottle on the shelf and was a personal witness of all the following incidents.

Among the members present were Prexie Gray, Norm Ross, Greasy Carroll, Sammy Harms, Goozie Chase, and Deany Clark. At half time Ross was leading by all the chips, two pairs of shoes and Sammy Harms' latest hat. But Prexie was not to be outdaunted, and after a hurried inquiry as to the state of the market he returned with new vigor and chips. Goozie dealt the round and all but Norm and Prex were out. Prex took one while Norm decided to stand pat; swiftly the chips pyramided on the green braise until a small fortune was at stake. Then at the dramatic moment, "I call", said Norm. "Four Kings", gloated Prexie. "Four Aces", exhorted Norm. "But I discarded an ace", piped up Greasy from across the table. There was a moment of stunned surprise. Sammy picked up his hat to leave and an extra deck of cards fluttered to the floor. "Well, Mr. Ross, what have you to say for yourself?", rumbled Prexie. "And to think that Norm had always seemed such a good boy", lamented Goozie. "I knew something was fishy all the time", snapped the dean. "But I didn't know anything about it. I was framed. Sammy just tried to double cross me", remonstrated Norm. But when they looked for the delinquent they found that he had slipped away using his hat for camouflage. "This is very unfortunate", philosophized Greasy, "but offer all under this economic system, everyone must look out for himself I suppose. We may as well settle up anyway, as I for one do not wish to continue." The rest assented eagerly and the count was made. "Let's see, Norm you have twelve white, thirty reds and thirty-one blues; that gives you nine cents. Prex wins four; I lose two; the Dean, eight; and Goozie breaks even. You can go down to Sammie's and get the other three cents. So long, I must be going." And the party quickly melted away leaving our Studaunt reporter rather stiff from his long stay in such cramped quarters, but very happy to think that he would be able to give to the world this little intimate glimpse of the intelligensia at play.

role. She had to be to withstand the mighty football tackle of her flying parson as he snared his Letitia for his gain.

At the party after the performance Prof. Rob was presented with a bill fold made to fit the new dollar bill, whose size is quite in keeping with a professorial salary. The speech of acceptance was in excellent conversational form.

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Faculty Thespians Thrill with Terrific, Tragic Trope

(Continued from Page 1)

Richard F. Mezzotero came skipping in, clothed in a grass skirt, chin held high, a sublime smile upon his visage, and quoting Hamlet's soliloquy. Eddie Wright as the irate father asked him what the significance of the fact was, and Metzzy responded in the negative when Goosey Chase and Freddie Knapp began to sing the marching song from Aida, while the chorus immediately started into a lively foxtrot to the tune.

The first scene was laid on Broadway where the hero first met the heroine picking flatirons from the flatiron building. As a manifestation of her love she immediately hurls them below while the love lorn lover begs for more. Continuing the thread of the closely woven plot in the second act, the playwrights have seen fit to lay the scenes in the north-western tip of Iceland. Here the first thing noted is Pa Gould, Andy Myrman, and J. Murray Carroll with a necklace of tropical flowers stalking polar bears with bronze fishhooks. Frank Lane and Roscoe Sawyer were the polar bears. It is significant to note that at this part of the play the heroine has consented to become the wife to the hero, named after the Eskimo Laka in honor of his ancestors in the torrid zone. The plot begins to thicken at this point of the play.

It so happens that Santa Claus, played by Paul Whitbeck, enters into collusion with Saint Nicholas, played by Harold Sipperell, to slight the Queen of Rumania in her annual visits on Washington's birthday. Montezuma, the kind-hearted lad played by Ollie Cutts gets wind of the situation and starts south from his home in Rome, Argentina. After many hardships, in which his health is ruined he arrives at Iceland. The heroine pities him and nurses him. Laka becomes furiously jealous, and while he raves upon the stage, the chorus sings John Brown's Body to the tune of Abraham Lincoln's Armistice Day speech. The effect was heightened by Moran and Mack actually quoting Ophebia's mad speech in Greek and Latin simultaneously.

In the third and concluding act the scene is laid on Sargasse Sea. Santa Claus suddenly finds that Saint Nick has deceived him, disclaims the previous agreement and gives the Rumanian queen a Fordson toothbrush. Thus appeased Montezuma is anxious to go home. The heroine in love with him is reluctant to see him go, declares her infatuation for him, and refuses to part with him. Laka in fury remonstrates, but the heroine plucks an extra-large flatiron and hurls it with telling effect. The playwrights have worked out the conclusion of the amazing plot in the following manner. When Laka awakes, he finds that the United States senate has helped the heroine, his wife, by legalizing bigamy.

Thus the play ends. Too much credit cannot be given the authors on their splendid accomplishment, and they are deserving of all acclamation that the student body can accord them. It is understood that Flo Ziegfield has attempted to secure their signatures, but that they are content to rest upon their laurels and not subsidize their talent. This Lindberghian attribute is also to be commended.

HOME TEAM LOSES JUDGES' DECISION

(Continued from Page 1)

that, the present political alignment of the United States had outlived its usefulness, BECAUSE.

After mushy applesauce, the Chairman was able to introduce the first speaker for Bassar. With a few well-chosen remarks, this young lady welcomed her team to Loiston, and the Vates team into the World Court. She argued (?) as a side-issue, that Colby should have won the Poughkeepsie Regatta last June, because she had been to Brunswick some years hence, and the University of Maine boys were just too cute for anything. In this she showed a pleasing knowledge of local conditions which is always a good point for a visiting speaker. Her main contention was, however, that the present political alignment of the United States had not outlived its usefulness, JUST BECAUSE.

Miss Gloung then hastened to the assistance of her opponent, and after pointing out that the Vates team was sorry at this time to have to bid farewell to the charming ladies from New York State, and that skull practice should be omitted from the discussion altogether, concluded with the conclusion that the present political alignment of the United States had not outlived its usefulness, BECAUSE.

The last destructive speech was then given for the Negative by Miss Heische. She also evidenced a knowledge of social conditions by prefacing her remarks with, "A famous man once said, 'A man or woman inherits from his parents three things—the color of his eyes, his religion, and his politics.' My father is a Socialist and ever since I have been old enough to study Geology, I have always craved for the opportunity to visit this Republican stronghold of Loiston." She was a very interesting speaker; it was due, half to her charm, and to her half wit. She concluded her case with a telling argument in that true female style which had been in evidence all evening. "The present political alignment of the United States has not outlived its usefulness, JUST BECAUSE."

The Rebuttal is Given

When Miss Ringle arose to give the only, final, and last rebuttal speech she was greeted by round upon round of applause until they both got tired. She had been by far the most popular speaker of the evening due to the fact that her speech had lasted but ten minutes in comparison with the quarter of an hour of the others. Her rebuttal was very well taken up with building up the opposition's argument, pointing out at every turn, however that the present political alignment of the United States had outlived its usefulness BECAUSE.

The debate was well-attended, and it is not surprising that such intellectual beings who are studying Argumentation should have turned out en masse to witness the fray. A good time was had by all—who knew enough to go to the movies instead of the debate.

Don Marquis's "Archie and Mehitabel" seem to inspire Rand co-eds to still greater heights of classical achievement. Anyway—"What th' Hell, Archie?" "Toujours Gai!"

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Stewed Aunt Reporter Sees No Stewed Aunts

(Special dispatch to the Stewed Aunt)
Your reporter, having left his pocket book in his room, and having inured himself against all imploring damosels by looking at the picture of his mother, set out to view Ye Y. W. Holdup and Bazaar to see what little human interest stories he could garner. Here they are, some funny in the extreme, others touching the depths of pathos, the gamut of human emotions at Chase Hall and not on Saturday night.

Professor Quimby filling the back seat of his "International Debating Ford" with fancy work, pies, Japanese prints, apples and like paraphernalia. About the professorial grew a wreath, not of laurel but evergreen, presumably signifying something or other.

Members of the football, debating, and other squads as ardent supporters of the Y. W. Even to the extent of spending much time and effort in the preparation of booths etc. There were even rumors that some men took to the woods and ardously collected evergreen. Who says that the two Y's don't cooperate.

Bob Hislop buyink some unidentified article from the fancy work table. "For my hope chest", he explained when the student reporter questioned him.

Then the elongated debater who when approached by a little girl with candy, hastily passed his purse to the next fellow to ease his conscience when he replied that he was broke. Debaters seem to have been clever; their line was effective even here.

Student approached by apple cheeked girl to sell him other apples. Reporter fishes apple core from under table and repulses attack.

Girls carrying water and doing heavy work while men stand around. Well, women would have equal rights.

Dance in an old fashioned garden where after much wandering around the floor, the happy couple finally met and made triumphal exit. We knew it would come out that way all the time.

Spanish dance, pretty good. The Portland Mite performing acrobats on the ivories. Girl carrying cowbell to announce the varieties.

Freshman with new necktie who bought diminutive apron to serve as bib. Don't believe this one. And the sophomore football giant with the flaxen locks, who won a rattle at his turn at the grab-bag.

The crowd was very well behaved and there were no arrests. The only liquids were the aforesaid Poland water and ginger ale at fi' pence the glass.

Really a quite successful affair according to the unbiased opinion of the reporter. Good luck to the Y. W. with their future efforts.

Freshman who was foolish enough to tag along with a coed. He tried to borrow money from our reporter but since the stock market broke—Anyway, we think he deserved it.

Big Dinner Served At Bates Commons

Four Dead, Eleven Wounded in Hectic Social Event

Dinner was served to a hungry mob of men at the Bates Commons Friday evening. For five or ten minutes before six a large crowd congregated in the anteroom. Promptly on the hour the portals were flung open and the milling crowd surged in, upsetting a table and two waiters. The mass was seated and began the attack without any warning up. Every man was primed and everything seemed set for breaking the existing record of five minutes, three seconds. But at the crucial moment the barrage of rolls was stoppel, ammunition was exhausted. Then the true courage of Bates men was manifest; meet, potatoes, glasses of milk, all sorts of dishes were pressed into service and the crisis was weathered. To their eternal credit be it said that they did break the record. After only four minutes-forty seconds of gruelling effort the tired but happy commoners trooped forth again, champions of all time.

Coach Ma Roberts, interviewed by a Stewed Aunt reporter made this statement, "I always knew the boys would do it. They have always given me the utmost co-operation. I am a proud and happy woman."

Captain John Cogan, bruised and battered, with a pickle in his ear and a slab of butter on his forehead was only able to mutter, "It's all for Bates."

Prize Winning Essay In Freshman English

Upon a time there was a very happy household of five members. These were father and mother, Luckta-Mary, Luckta-Willie, and Herbert the bear. Everything went along smoothly until one day they ran out of sugar and father had to go down to the village and get some more. When he returned he was met at the door by Luckta-Willie who said, "Alackaday, father, there has been a tragedy. Herbert has eaten mother." Father said, "Now I am upset", but he couldn't punish Herbert, because he had such nice brown eyes. So everything went along happily until they ran out of sugar again, and father went down to the village to buy some. But when he returned he was met at the door by Luckta-Willie who said, "Forsooth, and there has been a mishap. Herbert has eaten Luckta-Mary. And father said, "Now I am upset", but he couldn't punish Herbert, because Herbert had such nice brown eyes. Everything went smoothly until the family was again out of sugar. Father went down to the village to replenish the stock, but when he returned there was no one to meet him, and he knew that Herbert had eaten Luckta-Willie. Everything was happy in the now diminished family until the supply of sugar was used up. So father went down to the village to buy some more. While he was waiting in line in the A & P store a man came up to him and said, "I represent Barnum and Bailey. We have heard about your bear and we should like to buy him for our exhibition." Then father raised himself up and stared disdainfully at the agent. "Do you think that I would sell the family vault?", he returned.

It has been discovered, and the discovery put to practical use, that drumming is excellent practice to get that timing just right.

WHO'S WHO AT BATES

In an exclusive interview to a student reporter, Dr. Robert MacDonald, Parker Professor of Profane Languages, made the sweeping statement that co-eds were a menace to the average male student. "Bob", as he is known to his favorite students, did not however wish to be considered a misogynist (John XXX v.9.3). "Women have their place and their place is in the home", piped the old and venerable Scotch philosopher as he hitched his overalls an extra inch. "Please do not misunderstand and quote me as a misogynist", (Genesis XII v.91-95. "I merely wish to make it clear that in my opinion the place for women is in the performance of their domestic duties. Do not misunderstand me and call me a misogynist (The Koran Chap. XLVII 1. 3-4)." The simple fact is that women should remain more at home and try to keep the men there as much as possible." With these words the old Roman swept magnificently out of the room and up the stairs, pausing at the top to pick up a scrap of paper and to say, "Now please do not quote me as a misogynist. (The Sayings of Confucius 1.349).

The big boy from Bridgton may not be a good cook, but he certainly does things up brown.

Far be it from us to kriticize the matines of that recent trip to Dixfield. Rather we waved question.

Popular Prof. Returns from Perilous Joust (Continued from Page 1)

that reasoning he trotted out his new mount. Horse and rider went thundering back to the battleground. Another addition had been made in the way of armor. A spittoon into which Caesar used to spit tobacco juice when, free from the cares of state and conquest, he used to visit Galileo and engage in games of bridge and Mah-jong to say nothing of tiddley-winks, was converted into an excellent helmet. Thus mounted and attired the indomitable warrior retracted his route.

Everything would have been well had not Napoleon thought that the mighty hoof-beats were the approach of Wellington. Swooping down in his trimotored TAT transport the Little corporal halted the impassioned crusader. The sheriff happened along just then with all his retinue, including Bossy Gillis, from Sandwich. Simultaneously, Galileo rushed up and made his loss known. The sheriff, in this case the same one immortalized by Geoffrey Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, was severe. He never ate cranberry sauce, and could not appreciate the spirit that stirred Prof. Sawyer to such enthusiastic endeavor. A happy ending for the unfortunate culprit looked dubious.

But Prof. F. E. Pomeroy is known to be an influential member of the faculty. He is also a member of the Police Commission.

Club Activities

Spill-Hell-in-it. A very interesting meeting of the Spill-Hell-in-its was held Tuesday on Parker Porch. Such old Greek games as leap-frog, tag, and etoain, etoain, etoain, were enjoyed. The Greek dance of the seven veils by H. Cotton and L. Towle culminated a most delightful program.

Men's Polly-Ticks Sodality. Mayor "Bossy" Gillis of Newburyport and Mayor Bauer of Lynn debated on the relative political significance of gasoline and bare legs before the Polly-Ticks boys. "I tell youse, yer gotter be good ter yer paw and maw if yer wantter be great like I", was Bossy's parting injunction to his young hearers. "Don't drink, smoke, pet, dance or enjoy yourself in any such way, if you want to become righteous like me", admonished the pride of Lynn. The debate was awarded to Yale when Princeton players refused to take the field in the second half.

Parker Hall Hall Parkers. The Parker Hall Hall Parkers held their annual election of officers and house-representatives. The staff of executives for the ensuing year is as follows: President, P. Teabody; Sec-Treas., A. Ellison; Rand representative, W. Ratherbee, S. Drout; Cheney representative, W. Sakely, S. Drout; Milliken, H. Oyt, S. Drout; Frye representative, C. Rarroll, S. Drout; Whittier representative, C. Nole, S. Drout; Chase representative, S. Drout, another to be announced; Off-campus representative, S. Drout, alternate H. Roule, S. Drout. Representative at large, Ye Knighte Watchemanne.

Bigger and better hallways, 2 watt bulbs in reception rooms, a cowbell to announce Ma Snooper, and better co-operation and teamwork were announced as the aims for the ensuing year.

Yordan Scientific Club. This organization held a very profitable meeting when Prof. Roscoe Sawyer addressed them on the Use of Rubber in the Neck Industry." Said the professor, "Rubbernecks are now being used by all the best neckers. We have discovered a process to keep the rubber from burning until the danger point is reached. Thus it acts as a sort of safety warning. This will undoubtedly prove a great boon to many."

History Club. The History Club held a costume party last Wednesday in which each member came attired as a famous character. The prize for women was awarded to Lady Godiva, played by an anonymous party; and for the men to Eldredge Brewster as Nero.

Chapel Club. The Chapel Club met with Dr. Gray at his office at various times last week and were well entertained. Head rests so that uninterrupted slumber could be enjoyed by the students are to be added to the equipment of our beautiful chapel which ranks with the best in Nem England.

Over the Back Fence

It would be distinctly unfair to the readers of such an effusion as this paper has turned out to be to omit entirely an appeal to the intellectual. We feel that the editors of this issue, though not noticeably responsible, have rather failed in not appealing to your loftier natures, though they may suppose the pathetic wit and humor of two sufficient food for six hundred.

To offset the otherwise unpleasant and totally superficial efforts of the above editors we offer you the bits of Campus gossip which we fear may even be reduced to the level of the rest of the paper in the hands of these same editors. However, even a pathetic fallacy in two parts may have a basis of truth.

Our I'll professor seems to have learned so much about the co-eds that he seeks new fields for investigation. We trust it may not be an ice field even though it is a bit nearer his size.

It is a question as to whether the boy from Lincoln really believes in the emergence of women or not. But there is no question that he permits emergence into certain departments of purchasing that are considered strictly masculine. Isn't it always like a woman to prefer bright colors?

They used to marvel at the cave man who could lift huge rocks but what about the modern cave woman who has recently carried away a harring ton.

BIMBY K. O.'S BRAY IN FIRST ROUND (Continued from Page 1)

After the cheering had subsided and the victorious BIMBY had regained his breath each contestant was allowed thirty minutes in which to explain why he had won or lost the battle. But at 11.15 when it was announced that the remaining time would be divided into three 15-minute periods, and the crowds finally began to file out of the building, many who had watched the battle closely expressed the opinion that the only one who had really counted was the referee.

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|--------------------------|------------------------|
| BRAY | BIMBY |
| Length—2 yds., 1 1/2 in. | 6 ft., 1 1/2 in. |
| Breadth—Limited | Less |
| Thickness—Astonishing | Considerable |
| Girth—Plenty | Negligible |
| Reach—Across the Table | Perfect 36 |
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| Chest (expanded) Always | 42 inches |
| Feet—Flat | 2 (twenty-four inches) |

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