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The Bates Stewdaunt - volume 02 number 01 - January 14, 1931

Bates College

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The Bates Stewdaunt

VOL. II. No. 1

LEWISTON, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1931

PRICE TEN CENTS

ALARM CLOCK MYSTERY SOLVED

ARCH CRIMINAL'S CLEVER SCHEME UNCOVERED BY BRILLIANT EXPOSÉ



Action photo of final game of a successful season showing several members of our Olfactory Eleven in Action. "Ham Hand" Cutts has just completed a smashing dash through tackle after swiping the ball from his quarter-back. "Power House" Pomeroy surveys the scene from the right. "Flash" Fisher cannot be seen.

Bates Boasts Best Faculty Eleven Ever

"Bearcat" Quimby—"Flash" Fisher Star During Strenuous Season

The Associated Press may have its All American football team, and also Grantland Rice may have one, but Bates has every reason to be proud of her Olfactory eleven of the 1930 football season. This team is potentially great.

The backfield packs power and drive while the well-balanced line is extremely aggressive both on offence and defence. It certainly was a hard job to pick out eleven men from the galaxy of stars who represented the faculty eleven.

However it was an easy matter to choose some of the men for they were outstanding and had no real competition. The scintillating star in the line was none other than "Ham Hand" Cutts. He was a tower of strength on the defence and a vicious tackler. His running mate, "Bearcat" Quimby was also a tiger like tackle charging low and hard.

The backfield ace was "Flash" Fisher the triple threat. His punting while the well-balanced line is extremely aggressive both on offence and defence. It certainly was a hard job to pick out eleven men from the galaxy of stars who represented the faculty eleven.

KAMPUS KALENDAR
Jan. 15
East ParKerettes to give Play—"The Fairy Princess".
Jan. 16
J. B. To Speak to Faculty. The subject will be "My Fate is In Your Hands".
Jan. 16
Change of Menu at Men's Commons. Hereafter Fish will be served on Fridays.
Jan. 16
The Usual Filler
Jan. 17
Reverend Wenjamin B. Flite to address Chapel. His subject will be "Profanity as an aid to Man".
Jan. 17
Weakly Struggle at Chase Hall.
Jan. 17
Ping Pong Match With New Hampshire For Sewing Circle Championship.

Stewdaunt Olfactory Eleven
L.E.—Rah Rah Britain
R.T.—Red Cross Buschmann
R.G.—Ham-hand Cutts
C.—Honest Joe Lawrence
R.G.—Air-mail Ramsdell
R.T.—Bear-cat Quimby
R.E.—Paw Paw Gould
Q.B.—Flash Fisher
L.H.B.—Strangler Lewis
R.H.B.—Power-house Pomeroy
F.B.—Amblin Amos Hovey
Manager—Spook Sawyer
Coach—Raw Raw Gray
Line Coach—Crank-case Wilkins
Water boy—Runt Stewart
Mascot—Bobcat Wright
Trainer—Kid Knapp
Cheer leader—Chris Mas Carrol

ing, he would gain four and five yards before being downed.
The outlook for the 1931 season is bright. Every member of the 1930 team will be back, it is feared. Coach "Raw-Raw" Gray is optimistic for next year and if this season can be called a criterion, Bates can expect a great deal from her faculty team of 1931.

Shrewd Sleuth Suggests Shift

With no other thought in mind than to fill space, the self-appointed Stewdaunt observer and critic submits in this issue a few beautiful thoughts to be dwelt on by whom they concern.

Resolved: That a committee be appointed to inform Shylock Ross of the vast amount of electricity that is wasted each night by the excessive burning of the beacon lights outside Cheney House.

That the intricate system of mirrors so skillfully placed in the reception rooms of the woman's dormitories be removed since their greatest evil is that they add to the vanity of such members of the auxiliary as Red Long, et als.

That the next disturbance in chapel will take place when Walter G. "Hot-Shot" Stewart trips daintily onto the platform to lead the students in their morning letter-reading.

That for the benefit of the freshman class and other uninitiated members of the student body, the campus light nearest the Stanton Elm be removed.

WANTED: New and allegedly comical stories. Ideas need not be original. Mail them postpaid to—Wakely and Broggie, Inc.

WANTED: Representatives for special advertising campaign. Only those with unusual imaginative qualities need apply. The Bates Wallflower Club.

The largest fraternal organization on campus with interests extending to all the women's dorms is looking for men to entertain the protectors. Suitable reward in heaven. Apply to the Coeducational Ass'n.

A THAD THTORY

The editor of a small town newspaper explains the loss of the letter "s" from his composing room as follows:

"Latht night thome thneaking theoundrel thole into our compothing room and pilfered the cabineth of all the eththeth! Therefore we would like to take advantage of thith opportunity to apologize to our readeth for the general inthipid appearance of your paper. We would altho like to thtate that if at any time in the yeath to come we thould thee thith dirty thnake in the grathth, about the premitheth, it will be our complete and thorough thathththfaction to thhoot him full of holeth.

GOLDFISH GIVES UP GHOST—GILL GONE

Dorothy E. Christopher and Dorothy V. Stiles are receiving condolences for

"Doc" Maybe May Make Millions Restoring Hair

After several years of careful research and study, a non-fallible hair restorer has been discovered by Prof. F. Maybe, of the chemistry department. Professor F. "Perhaps" Maybe first tried this invigorating tonic on the billiard balls in Chase Hall with such remarkable results that Bill the Barber has found it necessary to come to work an hour earlier each morning to shave the billiard balls before the students come in for their morning game. At a local store it was found that, by rubbing this tonic on the grapefruit, they were able to sell them as coconuts.

Success Maybe!

Prof. Maybe has at last experimented with human beings. After one bottle, Prexy has found a long, curly hair on the top of his head. He is very gloomy concerning his experiment on Bobby Berkelman, however. He offers a possible explanation for the failure of his tonic on the latter subject: that Bobby's remark that "it goes down smooth" may indicate that it was applied to the wrong place.

Our own chemical wizard expects to make enough money to purchase a razor and a new hat from the profits of his tremendous sales to the members of the Freshman class who are endeavoring to grow hair on their chests so that they might pass as men.

their recent bereavement. Little Ella, who with her sister Emma, has made Room 44, Rand Hall, cheery with her golden presence succumbed last Friday to an inflammation of the posterior gill. The psychology department suffers in the loss, since Miss Christopher was conducting an experiment in the conditioning of goldfish reflexes.

STEWDAUNT SCORES SCOOP WITH DETAILS OF ENTIRE PLOT

Early this morning, at three-sixteen A.M. Hathorn Hall Time, a stewed reporter who had been working on his own hook (meaning cue) ever since the perpetration of the atrocious "Alarm Clock" incident, submitted to the editor the correct solution of the mystery. Since that time, the editor's office has been busy with telephone and telegraph calls from Clifton Gray, William Gardiner, Herbert Hoover and others, asking more information on the one hand, and promising huge bribes for silence on the other. Impervious to all, the editor has held out for a bigger bribe refusing to tell anything further concerning the culprit. But since the editor's demands have not been met at the time this goes to press, we now release for the first time the whole and truthful story of the mystery.

Summary of Facts

The facts in the case, which are well-known to the large majority of students, are as follows:

1) On the morning of Dec. 5, 1930, the students walked into chapel to discover that practically all of the hymn-books were missing from the pews. This occasioned no little merriment when Professor Quimby, who happened to be leading chapel that morning, attempted a responsive reading. Excitement was increased when, in the midst of Professor Quimby's reading, an alarm clock, which had been placed somewhere near the organ pipes, suddenly effervesced for what seemed an extremely long time.

2) During the morning, a certain Sophomore, in company with the Secretary of the Student Council, was apprehended by the ever-vigilant "Bob" MacDonald, while they were attempting to retrieve the clock which, it is understood, belonged to said Sophomore.

3) Later in the morning, said Sophomore claimed his property at the Bursar's Office. It was given to him, and although no questions were asked, it is rumored that many were thought of.

4) During the day it was learned that at a faculty gathering, the night before, quite a large amount of ice cream intended for faculty consumption was stolen. Refreshments were in charge of Professor Quimby and Coach Thompson.

5) Several days later, occurred the famous "hat" incident of Roger Williams Hall, at which Professor Quimby once more played the leading role by being the last of all the faculty members to retrieve their hats which, during the faculty meeting, had been arranged on the stairway in an extremely artistic fashion supposedly by the inmates of Roger Williams Hall who enjoyed the proceedings from above.

6) Some weeks later, a certain authority reported that he had seen lights in the Chapel at 5 A.M. on Friday, the fifth.

7) On Wednesday, December 10, the Bates Student appeared with an editorial urging the Student Council to take the necessary measures for the apprehension and punishment of the culprit. The editorial was answered a week later by a member of the Student Council who, among other things, challenged the Editor to discover the culprit himself—if he thought he could.

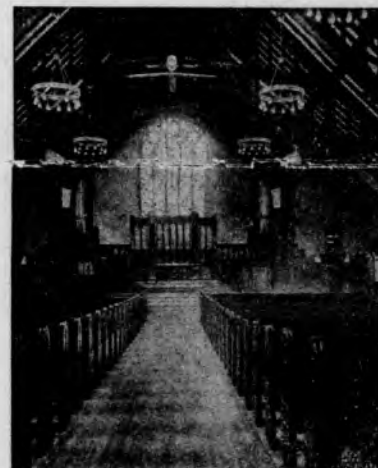
Staff Seeks Solution

This last was too much for the Editor of the Student who immediately brought into play all "the power of the press" in an attempt to catch the guilty one. But although practically the whole staff united in assisting their chief in his effort to make a name for himself, their efforts were of no avail, and he would have had to face his public, beaten, had it not been for the surprising success of one reporter who had not been considered worth calling in on the case. This reporter has, however, very modestly agreed to withhold his name from the public, and instead is allowing the whole credit for the coup to be taken by the Stewdaunt. Here follows the story.

Sophomore Suspected

Of course all of the above-mentioned

Scene of Crime



facts were not at first seen in their relationship to each other, by anyone. But they were given in order to furnish our readers an opportunity to solve the mystery for themselves. First off, the whole field was observed for the possible criminal. The obvious direction in which the finger of suspicion pointed



was to the Sophomore whose clock was the one used. It was discovered that he took Argumentation on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 7:40, and furthermore that on the day before he had had returned to him an Arg. written with an "E" on it. Surely, this was a sufficient cause. But since it is obvious that no Bates student would be foolish enough to use his own clock in such an undertaking, and since it was discovered that Professor Quimby was only substituting in Chapel for Professor Chase, whom the said Sophomore did not have in any course, he was entirely cleared of any suspicion. His roommates, of course, came in for their share of questioning, but as they were B. S. students and studied neither Argumentation nor Greek, sufficient cause for deterring them could not be shown.

Student Council Quizzed

The next to be suspected was the Student Council. Fact No. 2 and Fact No. 7 would seem to substantiate this accusation. The motive was considered to be an attempt of the Council, at the instigation of its constituents, to abolish compulsory chapel by making an example of any faculty member who happened to be leading the exercises and thereby intimidating all the other members. However, the Secretary, being an able talker, was able to explain his presence in the Chapel to the satisfaction of all concerned, and the member of the Council who wrote the letter, when questioned by the Stewdaunt reporter, stated that the only reason for

(Continued on Page 3 Column 2)



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Subscription—it's too much.

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 and the general policy of the paper (whatever that is) but try and catch him. The managing editor, not being sober at any time, is not responsible for anything.

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OUR PLATFORM

In the previous issue of the Stewdaunt, the former stewed editor propounded the following platform for our readers (and others):—

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

Plank 2. The Stewdaunt is firmly in favor of convulsory chapel.

Splinter 1. The more convulsory the better.

Splinter 2. No one should be denied sanctuary—not even dogs, cats, donkeys or other brethren and sistren.

Plank 3. The Stewdaunt 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?).

Many of our readers doubtless wished an explanation of our position, but it was our plan to make this a running issue for two purposes—making it more effective and making more filler. So it was that in the last issue the platform was presented, this time it will be explained, and in the next issue answers will be furnished for any points that need answering.

The adoption of the first Plank was caused by mixed motives. One was initiated by the attitude of altruism, and the second through self-preservation (explained by the parenthesis). It is our contention that all college students are notorious crabs (not of course, either). The faculty and administration come in for their share, the Commons comes in for its share, the rules governing co-education come in for their share, and the Bursar takes all the rest which is "entyle". So we think that if we, in our humble way, can lay ourselves open to criticism it will detract from the already over-burdened load with which the above-mentioned parties are saddled. Jean has very kindly given us a big letter-box over at Chase Hall, and we are now ready to receive all kinds of criticisms whether they are destructive, destructive, or destructive. Now the second reason for our conforming to this rule is not so much the fear of losing our job. Indeed, several Sunday nights during the past year we had almost decided to auction off the editorship with a good nail file thrown in, and were only deterred by the thought that there were still a few people whom we could not truthfully say were our enemies, and that if we could only hold on a little longer, we might think of something to say to get those three to dislike us. But we are rather anxious to graduate from Academia Batesina, and are desirous of seeing our dear parents receive some return on the thousands upon thousands of dollars which they have poured into the College semi-annually. We therefore stand for true misrepresentation.

Now the second plank, although readily explained by the first, has in addition several other good excuses. The only fault we have to find with convulsory chapel is that too many cuts are given. Three a year would be a great plenty. Scientists tell us that we should go to sleep at regular hours, and if we miss a day or two our outlook on life is darkened. Now what if a student should take a cut when an unannounced vaudeville act is presented? Their lives could absolutely not be well-rounded. We think that for the students own good, they should be made to attend chapel every day in order that they may receive the benefit of any broadening influence such as a stuck organ key, or a race between the choir

and the leader in prayer to see which can start first. Now no one with a college education can deny that any animal which may walk into the chapel late along with the others should be denied a refuge. Psychology teaches that at times animals think as if they had minds which is more than can be said for some students. Of course the mere fact that the animal is in the chapel, may be taken as proof that the above statement is not true, but can we afford to take a chance? For those of us who believe in reincarnation it is indeed distressing to see a possible Helen of Troy rudely ushered out by some Freshman in the front row.

Plank 3 is self-explanatory. All contributions will be confidentially received.

Plank 4 needs no comment with the possible exception of three rousing cheers.

LET'S ABOLISH EVERYTHING

With this issue of the Stewdaunt, the Stewed Editor is initiating his campaign for abolition—not of Freshman Initiation—but of football, track, debating, dramatics, music, studies, professors, presidents and deans, publications, even students. In fact the Editor is willing to institute a campaign to abolish anything you wish, with the prices ranging from \$5 to \$15 per abol. depending on how stewed the Editor really is—also depending on who gets hit by the abol.

Inasmuch as this issue is liable to be read with greater interest by the faculty (including the administration) than by the students, we'll emphasize the abolition of the student activities of football, track, debating, hell-raising, and co-education. For the first, we take an idea of Nicholas Murray Butler for our text. There is no disproving that Dr. Butler, in spite of the line he throws, is really opposed to the continuation of football in any way. All he had to do was to advocate that the alumni pay for the sport and then put the proposition through. Football would have died before anyone could paint the lines on the field. We too believe—for all intellectuals have practically the same ideas—that the best way to do away with football is to make the alumni pay for it. We have it on good authority (Joe's—24½ Lisbon St.) that the Alumni would have ceased publication long ago for lack of funds if Harry Rowe had not been extremely fortunate in his personal stock speculations, and out of the kindness of his heart, put the life blood of cash into the little booklet. Now you will want to know why we oppose football. Well, to tell the truth, we are afraid that those who play and those who watch seem to be having too good a time. Such a thing must absolutely cease. It is contrary to the traditions of the College, and to the policies of those who make them. (do not try to understand the last phrase—it is misunderstandable). Furthermore, Back on the farm in my younger days I used to play with all the little pigs in the pen, and every time I see a ball sailing thru the air, my heart aches and I wonder if that could be either Oscar, Squitzo, or Hamand. I can bear it no longer. Football must go!

Now as to track. This sport is not watched by so many people, affords not quite so much enjoyment, and is therefore less objectionable. But the main reason for its abolition is its personal disadvantages. The two co-captains of this sport will be lost to the world as good head-waiters or taxi-drivers if something is not done for their lamentable situation. It is notorious, the

Intercollegiate Blues

The coeds of K. E. K. L. College (Ketch'um Early, Keep'em Late College) have recently obtained standing permission to entertain men in their rooms until two o'clock in the morning. It is believed that under this plan there will be less crowded conditions in the reception rooms and fewer arguments between students and faculty.

Cadaves College of Blood River County has received legal sanction from the Supreme Court of Ghoulis (c.f. Webster's Intercollegiate Dictionary, page 421, second column, halfway down) to make use of all college students flunking midyears. As far as can be learned, the anatomy department of the medical school is the chief beneficiary.

College circles mourn to learn of the death of Daffodil, canary mascot of Maine Farmers' Institute. Prominent surgeons, psychoanalysts, and florists advance the theory that a quantity of unused cinders became stuck in the bird's crop.

Rompers have recently been adopted as the official ping-pong uniform of Dodgers College. It has not been decided as yet whether bibs will be worn for chest protectors.

The Freshman Latin class of Hibrough State College are the proud possessors of a letter from the great poet Vergil, written in appreciation of the birthday celebration recently carried out in his honor. Congratulations, classics!

Students and faculty of Dough College of Domestic Arts recently competed in a pie-eating contest. The professor of household mathematics worked out a formula for putting one over on the judges, however, so the faculty won by a single lemon meringue. Students are on the verge of a strike for "Better pie crust and fewer porps."

In order that its roll of varsity sports may be complete, Rahrah University has added miniature golf, marbles, and parchesi, to the already lengthy list. It is expected that much competition among the university prodigies, who formerly have been very much out of order in football, wrestling, etc., will thus be promoted. "Enlarge thy sinews, youth!"

A recent editorial in "Blattersheet", the bi-weekly publication of Jergens College, deprecates the lack of interest in intercollegiate sewing bees. Heated replies from neighboring institutes have flooded the editorial office, the general sum and substance of all being "Mend your own stockings for a change and see how you like it!"

A world-wide Y. W. conference was held the past week at Efficiency University Reform City. The problem to be solved was how to adjust the fascinating task of collecting candy bills to result in a better organized set-up. Conference leaders were confident that a period of temporary relief in the situation was in immediate view.

The roller skating team of Bay State College which recently defeated the team of Poor-Little College, are the proud owners of eider down pillows, presented to them by the Board of Outer Feelings of their home state.

The National Board of College Directors has decided to solve the problem of freshman initiation by inflicting it upon the Sophomores instead. Any student failing to return for his second will be severely penalized by the Federated Sufferers of Inhuman Actions, a branch of the S. P. C. C.

Anyone wishing further information on the material above contained should write to Whatta Lyer, Carmalum Building, City. Enclose two cent stamp and print full name plainly, please.

We thank you!

fashion in which these two youths are gradually becoming worn out worrying over and looking for all the gold track shoes they have lost or miss-placed. We call on all loyal Bates men to help, and although the Biblical quotation, "forgive them, for they know not what they do", may be here appropriate, words will not remedy the situation.

(this marks the passage of a few hours while the editor is out for a short beer)

P. S. The Editor hadn't returned at the time this went to press three days later. It looks like an unfinished symphony.

—The Managing Editor.

TWIGS OF AMNESIA

Where was I? Let me see. O yes, now I remember. I was lolling on the divan with trepidation in my heart, a notebook on my knee, and an E. Faber (adv.) behind my left ear. Or was it my right? Somehow I can't recall. At any rate, there I was on the divan, breathlessly waiting for Raquel to trip down the escalator from her boudoir and grant me an interview in her gorgeous salon. Did I say gorgeous? That is hardly the word for it. The room was appointed lavishly, yes lavishly, with comfortable stiff-backed chairs with hair seats, a horsehair divan, and other pieces of pre-Chaucerian furniture into which one sank as one sat upon them—sank as one would sink into the softness of the steel serving-table in the Commons kitchen. On the marble-topped gate-legged table I saw the dullest, cutest little stuffed bluejay tenaciously holding onto a papier mache limb, the whole Audubon picture being protected from my meddling fingers, but not from my curious, prying glance, by a genuine Sandwich glass covering dome. Other bric-a-brac about the dive, or rather salon, helped to create the pleasant ensemble; the room was plainly that of an highly aesthetic, romantic lady. And there I waited for Raquel.

And I had not long to wait. Came a step upon the escalier, and then a bumping sound, also on the escalier... the escalier... the stairs. And then the revelation. Raquel suddenly came into view with a rush. There she sat in a graceful heap at the foot of the what I said before. True to my fondest expectations, Raquel had tripped down the escalier. As I said before, there she sat. And, at that moment, there flashed into my mind the admonishment of the City Editor, who had assigned the interview to yours truly. "She's a hard nut to crack, my boy", he had said. "You'll have to keep your wits about you. And catch her off her guard if you can." Here was my chance! I twisted myself free from the knots into which my laughter had convulsed me, and rushed to the foot of the escalier. With machine-gun rapidity I fired a barrage of pertinent questions at her. To wit:

"What do you think of coeducational toboggans?"

"Is the younger generation going to the purps?"

"Will the open saloon ever come back?"

"Would you like to buy a Fuller brush?"

"Do you see your dentist at least twice a decade? (decayed-catch on)"

"Who is this B. O. Perspiration?"

Raquel was nonplussed. The nation's leading champion of reform to the nth degree, famed for her vitriolic tongue, her cowering of cub reporters, and her domineering mien, was certainly in a hole with two strikes on her and her foot in the bucket. But not for long. No sir, not for more than a split second. She quickly regained her composure, the first blushes left her cheeks, and she glared balefully at me. Then she lit into me. "Young man," said she. "Listen to me. Your conduct is anything but admirable for an inmate of Barker Hall. You should be ashamed of yourself. Laughing at an unfortunate fallen woman like me. Why...."

"and so on until her oratory had swept me back and back until I had reached the threshold to the outer world and had opened the door. Then she smiled the least bit. I knew that she was now herself again and was inwardly gloating over the verbal victory she had just won. "Before you go, however, I want you to know that I'm not sending you away empty-handed. You came for an interview; you saw me in a moment of disfigurement; you've conquered by gaining your objective. For see, here's a written version of my biography. Take it and use it. I've had it prepared for you ever since your editor called me up last week to arrange this interview."

When I had returned from 3207 College St. to my Barker Hall study, I read Raquel's confessions with avidity. There's a woman for you! What an intriguing life she had led. How earnestly she had campaigned for Right and Temperance. How wholeheartedly she was then holding the guiding reins of the "sweet dears" (quotation from Raquel in the flesh) in her charge lest they chafe and run amuck, away from the beaten path.

From the lengthy treatise on her life, I garnered the most salient points. Here they be, in Raquel's own words: "I love the smell of hospitals, especially operating rooms."

"Woolen stockings are healthful and platonic."

"Biology is an intriguing study, but certain chapters should be left out of modern textbooks on the subject."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath and pestilential Barkerites."

"Carrie Nation and her hatchet had nothing on me and my bottle of ether."

"The saloon is gone to stay."

"I'm for moving Grand Hall to Augusta and keeping Colby in Water-ville."

"What is this thing called love? Merely a figment of the imagination."

All in all, in their entirety, as a

THE WEAK IN CHAPEL

Monday dawned brite and fair. The value of raw courage was Prof. Steward's text in chapel. To illustrate his point he told the story of Daniel in the lion's den as found in the American Pres. Hoover edition.

"It seems that the king of Palestine had become an ardent vegetarian—due to the gout and hard times—so he issued a decree that all his subjects should eat soup. Now Daniel, a promising young courtier—he'd been sued by three of the king's wives for breach of promise already and he was only 21—was a militant meat eater. His whole nature rebelled at eating soup, for as he explained to the king's minister—a gallon of Jewish soup contained 2,000 calories and a conscientious courtier needed at least 6,000 a day and night to keep up his virility. But the king's minister was a rival of Daniel's for the hand? of the King's latest wife so he laughed at Daniel's plight and ran to tell the King.

"Milord, quoth he, Daniel won't eat your soup."

"What", roared the king, throwing 'Filmland' over in the corner and chewing the ends of his mustachio in vexation, 'does he think he can defy me? Go back and tell that young upstart that if he doesn't eat my soup I'll—I'll throw him in the lion's den."

Highly delighted the minister buckled his belt a notch or two tighter, hitched up his suspenders and swaggered back to deliver to Daniel the king's ultimatum.

"Bah," sneared Daniel and quoted Scott to the effect that one crowded night of glorious living was worth a century without any meat."

"So the king starved his dozen lions for a week and then he declared a holiday so all his subjects could witness his carnivorous beats making toothsome tidbits of young Daniel.

"The day arrived. Thousands flocked around. Fortified by a tender plank steak flanked by onions and garlic sneaked in to him by the sympathetic daughter of the king's cook, Daniel went forth to die—for meat.

"What price glory" he murmured and jumped down into the pit, but behold! the lions recognizing the fraternal pin on the label of Daniel's dinner coat rushed forward to gladhand him in the name of their god father Sinclair Lewis. After a convivial half-hour's talk about the stock market crash they parted with the time honored quotation "Till we meet again."

"The king was nonplussed. After due deliberation and the perusal of Lamb's "Dessertation on Roast Pig" he countermanded his vegetarian decree. "So," concluded Prof. Steward, "we are all in debt today to the courage of Daniel, for by his valiant stand he saved meat for posterity."

Tuesday dawned fair and brite. Prof. Chase slept over on account of the fact that the student who borrowed his alarm clock to give a timely warning to argumentation Prof. had not yet returned it.

Wednesday dawned brite and fair. Miss Jackson—a young lady from the Wellesley Segregated School—spoke to the boys and girls in chapel. Some freshmen harkened to "the call of the wild" and came in late. A bit flustered Miss Jackson asked all those in back who couldn't hear her to raise their hands. Evidently no one could for nobody raised her hand. Relieved, charming Miss Jackson took a deep breath and plunged into the midst of her speech. She outlined to the girls the lines of endeavor that lay open to them in life. She recommended marriage, saying indirectly that the best way for a modern girl with all her advantages over grandma (lipstick, rouge and short skirts etc.) to make a good living was to make a good man. She stressed the ability of girls from Radcliffe to make a living, but she forgot that they were right next to Jawn Harvard.

Miss Jackson as vocational instructor deserves a fine eulogy on her headstone for choosing the harder way.

Thursday and Friday I slept in chapel and forgot to take notes.

Saturday Prof. Britain spoke on "How The Other Half Reads". One of his most sparkling statements was that he felt only pity for the man who read only for the acquisition of facts. He emphasized reading for emotional excitement in order to gain practical wisdom, and ended his speech with Milton's comfort to the college youth Lycidas. "There are many ways of apprehending truths."

Resenting the sibilant whispers of the choir during his prayer Doc ended in disqueter fashion—For Christ's sake, Amen!

Thus ended the weak in chapel—we look forward to the week in Chapel.

whole, Raquel's collection of epigrammatic, biographic, graphic, wheezes is a swell piece of scribbling. Mimeograph copies are now on the fire, and may be obtained by anyone wishing to learn the whole truth about the life and philosophy of our own Raquel. About Raquel the provocative, the energetic, the aesthetic, the enigmatic, the incorrigible.

DREADFUL DRIVELINGS

By way of introduction to our dear public, let us sav that "Dreadful Drivelings" will be a featured part of every "Stewed Aunt" from this day hence. It will be edited by whichever one of the staff is least sober on the night before copy is due at the printer. By strict adherence to this plan we hope to keep up the same quality of "Drivelings" which we present today.

In order to show you the difficulties under which we work and the moral courage required to even write this column, get a glimpse of the letter below.

Dear Editor:

I am just a simple co-ed living in Cheney House who has made a bet with a fellow concerning the true identity of Helen Gane. Now I don't believe that Helen is a co-ed. She does not express herself in a typically feminine manner. Her jokes are rather crude and you know that no Bates girl would ever express herself like that in print. No, they wouldn't. Now, would you like to know who I think it is. I think that Sidney Wakely and Carl Broggi get that stuff up. They are frightfully clever, you know. My boy friend says they are simply killing, but he won't tell me how. I suppose you would like to know whom he thinks Helen is. I'll tell you. He thinks that a few of the senior girls write that stuff up. You know the gang. Dolly Morse, Dot Stiles and the rest. But that isn't right, is it?

Now Mister Editor, I don't expect that you will come right out in print and tell me about this matter, but won't you see me privately some time and relieve my overpowering curiosity. I won't tell you my ring at Cheney, but if you multiply the last two numbers, you obtain the first. The first minus the second equals one less than the last, while the first minus the last equals twice the second. I will be expecting you on Thursday, though I know you are usually busy over in your old Rand Hall.

Sincerely yours,

Ima Turnip.

We are very sorry, Ima, but we cannot violate our rule even for such a sweet little girl as we are very sure that you are. Besides your boy friend might be jealous, even though he recognized our harmless character, and columnists are notable for their lack of pugilistic ability.

If you notice any seniors going about in a perplexed manner, it may be that they are wondering what to give for a class gift. The problem is one which presents several difficulties. The administration is always willing to offer suggestions such as a new dormitory or other structure which will materially benefit them and enable them to raise their own salaries. The natural impulse of the class is to give something which will incur very little strain on the respective pocketbooks of its members. From our impartial standpoint we wish to suggest several useful gifts which the class may present at a minimum of expense.

1. Miniature golf course in front of Parker to give the boys healthful outdoor exercise.

2. Duck pond in front of Roger Bill. The monks might use it as a wading pool too, if permission was obtained from home.

3. Nine copies of Casanova's Memoirs to be distributed one to each dormitory. (It has been observed that Bates students do too little reading).

M. A. A. MEWS

Well at last the championship battle of the Black and Blue Teams is at hand. The girls have been training faithfully on three pickles, a hot dog, and cider each day for two weeks, and are now in fine fettle for the hockey game tomorrow. Professor Walmesley says she can see no difference between the two teams, and the President of M. A. A. thinks they are pretty bad too. Both teams are especially fortunate in having goal-tenders who have had much experience leaning against the goal-posts. Everyone is invited (except those ruffians from Parker Hall).

Have you noticed how rapidly the toboggan chute is progressing? We girls can hardly wait until it will be ready for us to slide down. I am afraid the most of us will be a little bit scared the first two or three times, but Professor Walmesley says that perhaps it can be arranged so that one boy can slide down with three girls so that we may have someone to steer. Won't that be great?

The M. A. A. is sending a number of delegates to the Physical Educational Conference to be held in Auburn next week. Other colleges which will send representatives are Bliss College, Maine School of Commerce, Edward Little, Lewiston High, and Frye Grammar. Those making the long trip are to be in charge of your own editor, Nosey Nichols. Professor Walmesley will attend by telephone.

COMMENCEMENT OF CLASS OF 1930½ DISTINCTIVE AFFAIR

The Commencement program of the Class of 1930½ wound up the careers of the most distinctive group of seniors and a half, that ever burst forth from the snow-covered and ice-bound portals of its Alma Mater.

Due to the unequalled leadership of their Faculty Adviser, Mr. Carl Broggi, the seniors and a half have made a fine offering to their college. This gift is unique and will give to Bates men and women an opportunity for added religious inspiration and guidance. Two chapel seats are left vacant by this class for the use of future generations. President Gray has spoken of this gift as one which entailed a great deal of pain and sorrow.

Broggi Gets H. S.

Mr. Broggi is a graduate of Bates College and is now working for his H. S. which he will receive at midnight June 16th in back of Parker Hall. This is the first time in history of the local institution that this degree will be given. It involves the "laying on of hands" and proceeds from hand to mouth. He at this time invites all his friends and co-eds to attend the ceremony. Stools will be provided for all participants.

Last Saturday afternoon Class Day Exercises were held on the College campus. The procession was led in by the Faculty Adviser followed by the class in alphabetical order. Because of the icy condition of the walks everyone used skates. The prayer, oration, class poem, class history, address to fathers and mothers, address to halls and campus, last will and testament and pipe oration were given by Mr. Raymond Hollis, prompted by his ever-ready Faculty Adviser, Mr. Broggi. The toastmaster and class marshal were one and the same person who by preference remains anonymous.

[By coincidence the toastmaster and class marshal was also voted the tallest and handsomest man in his class]. During the pipe oration the rest of the class preferred to smoke his own pipe because he feared that the orator's pipe had been purchased second-hand.

Prexie Receives 1930½

At five p.m. the President held a reception for the class and its guests. The garden around the President's home was resplendent with discarded Christmas trees, covered with snow. The guests were entertained with a snow ball fight between the class president and vice-president which took a serious turn when they started to regale each other about their recent class election. There had been some charges of crookedness during the election so the Student Council had held another election which resulted, as the previous one in a tie for the presidency. Each man had voted for himself. Then a coin was flipped which decided the outcome. The coin landed on its edge but soon fell on its tail on account of a gust of wind. This went as final but the defeated candidate could not agree as to its fairness.

Snow Storm Stalls Thespians

That evening the Annual Greek Play was given but an unexpected snow storm forced the players to robe themselves in furs instead of cheese cloth. Archimedes' great play, "The Bull in the China Shop" was presented. Mr. Hollis on account of his great personal experience was given the part of throwing the bull, which he did with his customary H. S.

The Baccalaureate Exercises occurred the next day, Sunday. Prof. Oliver Cutts led in the hymn with "Onward Christian Soldiers", while President Gray gave the usual sermon, exhorting the seniors and a half that they should always be more than was expected of them, that as now they were seniors and a half, so in after life, if they were nothing at all, they might be at least half of that.

Misunderstandings in Music

Of course, Sunday night was the annual Musical program. Mr. Hollis, because of repairs being done on the organ, himself consented to be the pipe organ, but when he started to render his own version, a parody, of the Stein Song, the president of the class was forced to turn him off, because he had reserved a similar parody for himself, which he finally did give as a solo. The whole affair was under the direction of Mr. Carl Broggi, the Faculty Adviser of the seniors and a half.

Monday at 10 A.M. came the second semi-annual commencement of the class. It is hoped that this will be the last commencement of this class but a place is being reserved in the June Commencement program for those of the class of 1930½ who may prefer for personal or scholastic reasons to graduate in a more balmy and sun-shiny atmosphere than that accorded in January.

With Greatest Praise

The student speakers consisted of the Class officers, prompted by the Faculty Adviser. Both members of the Class of 1930½ were graduated with "Summa Cum Laude" because as prexie said they deserved the "greatest praise" for being willing to graduate in January when the icy winds and snows of the cruel outside world into which they were being thrust by the hand of fate, were at their height. He said that his parting wish to the class was that they might not freeze their ears in the sub-zero atmosphere.

ALARM CLOCK (Continued from Page 1)

his writing was that he was sick and tired of having that damned editor poking his nose into everyone's business but his own, and thought it about time that someone put him wise. This might have been considered as a blind, but the statement was made with such emphatic sincerity, that there was no doubting the integrity of the speaker. Furthermore, a poll of the Student Council showed that they were unanimously in favor of compulsory chapel. (The vote was taken under the direction of a board of election composed of Harry Rowe, Prexie Gray, and Dean Clark).

Other Suspects Cleared

Others placed in the shadow were the Y. W. C. A., the United Baptist Church, the Debating Council, and even the Editor of The Student himself. It was thought that the first two organizations might have been in need of more hymn books, and after taking them, set the alarm clock, hoping to thereby make people forget that the books were missing. With the return of the books to their proper places on the following day, however, these accusations were dismissed. The Debating Council was suspected of making an attempt to see just how rapidly their coach could think on his feet (he does all of his debating sitting down), for he has always stressed the necessity of this power. Especially scanned were the activities of the four men who were debating that night and the next afternoon, as it was believed that they were preparing a come-back when he pointed out their errors afterward. The evidence, however, was found to be insufficient, and here again the fact that Professor Quimby was only "pinch-hitting" for Professor Chase, weighed heavily in the favor of the suspects.

The Editor of The Student was in a particularly difficult position. It was well-known that his connections with Professor Quimby were extremely intimate, and that he, if anyone, would have known that Professor Quimby was going to speak in Chapel. The editorial mentioned in Fact No. 7 seems to indicate that the Editor was trying to cover up his tracks with ink. However, in this case also, the case was dismissed—and justly so—because of insufficient evidence.

Guilt One Pound

Finally, however, all other suspicions having been found to be groundless, the stewed reported started in work on his last suspect, and with prodigious success. He put all the facts together, and having formed his theory, took measures to substantiate it. It is,

BREAKFAST BOARD EDICT BANNED BY BATES BURSAR

According to an announcement late this afternoon from the office of Norman Ernest Ross, Protector of the coffers of Bates College, the ancient ban on eating of breakfasts in rooms has been removed. As Mr. Ross left his office around four o'clock he was received by a howling mob of students who lifted him upon their shoulders and carried him to his home on Frye Street singing that glorious song, "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow".

Mr. Ross was quite overcome by the ovation given him. Included in the mob were two or three seniors who have been expelled from their rooms for violation of this rule and have been living in snow houses. "We are especially thankful for this ruling", said a prominent senior who refused to give his name, "because it is very nearly time for the January thaw. It would have been most embarrassing to awake some morning and find oneself the prey of morbid curiosity seekers."

After the crowd had dispersed and cleared a way, the Stewardant reporter, ever eager for news, let himself in at a cellar window and obtained an interview with Mr. Ross himself. "We have always desired to help the students in every way possible", said Mr. Ross. "The reason that we have prohibited breakfasting in the rooms has been because we felt that they were not good enough cooks to prepare a suitable re-

past. This is to be changed. We are instituting a new course in Home Economics for men. It will be taught by a member of the faculty whose experience in cooking during his married life has been extensive. Professor Berkelman will add this course to his department and it will be required of all men who are candidates for the benedict's degree. We believe that the experience of getting breakfast will be of great advantage to those who plan to do graduate work in coeducation. In fact, we hope to soon arrange for a combination major in the department."

Thus the Stewardant, by its courageous maintenance of the rights of even college students has gained for the students of Bates College another glimpse of freedom. One by one the chains are being broken, but the Stewardant will never say die, but as long as any oppressor dare rear his head, this paper will stand out against him.

therefore, that we are now able to announce to our waiting public that the man who, beyond a doubt, was the one who took the hymn-books and set the alarm clock was none other than Professor Quimby himself.



We realize, of course, that this is a startling piece of information for most people. But there is no denying that he was the guilty one. And in order not to keep our public in the dark any longer, we shall now unfold the plot.

Unraveling the Mystery

Suspensions were first directed toward Professor Quimby, when an interview with Professor Chase brought out the quite incidental fact that on the Wednesday preceding the occasion, Professor Quimby asked him if he would shift chapel assignments with him, taking Monday instead of Friday. Professor Quimby's excuse was that he was scheduled to speak at the Hebron football banquet on that day. This he actually did.

Following up this clue, the stewed reporter began to browse about the

Quimby homestead. A lengthy investigation was finally rewarded by the discovery of three empty ice cream boxes behind the garage. A photograph for finger prints revealed nothing. The culprit had evidently worn gloves. Of course, it was possible that the boxes might have been "planted", but here was some encouragement, at least.

Thompson's Testimony

The next person to come in for questioning was Ray Thompson, the other member of the refreshments committee on the night the ice cream was stolen. The Coach admitted, on being interrogated, that it would have been ex-

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

R. R. ETC. RENDERS RULES FOR TERRIBLE TOBOGGAN SHOOT

Women May Use Upper Half of Slide—Junior and Senior Men the Lower—No Co-education—Return Toboggans After Chapel—Urge Sport Become Popular

The Right Royally Self-appointed Committee for the Promotion of Co-education by Segregation in Bates College made public to-day for the first time, when approached by a Stewardant reporter, the rules governing the use of the Mount David Toboggan Slide by Bates students. It will be noticed that the rules issued by the R. R. S. A. C. P. C. S. B. C. bear a striking resemblance to those already promulgated by the Coram Library Committee, which lends weight to the rumor that Library Committee was not acting on its own initiative, but was rather instigated by the R. R. S. A., etc.

It was originally thought that the R. R. S. A., etc. would announce the rules through the Board of Directors of the Outing Club, in accordance with its usual policy, but the clever Stewardant reporter persuaded the leaders of the R. R. S. A., etc. to issue the announcement directly by pointing out that since it was universally known that they were "the power behind the throne" on most of these similar projects, they ought to forsake the modest position which they had assumed and publicly receive all the credit and applause which was their due.

The Rules follow:

1. No student may use more than one toboggan at a time.
2. The Slide will be closed on Sunday and Saturday night.
3. Women may take one-third of the toboggans back to their dormitories at

five o'clock provided that they sign up for them during the day.

4. All toboggans must be returned immediately after chapel.

5. Only professors and the members of the R. R. S. A. C. P. C. S. B. C. are allowed to make any unnecessary noise. (Eliot Butterfield please note).

6. The women may use only the upper half of the slide, and the men of the two upper classes may use only the lower half. Freshman and Sophomore men must dig a hole and use that to slide in.

7. The toboggan slide may be used only between nine and twelve, one and five-thirty, seven and ten.

8. There must be absolutely no co-education.

9. Students are warned not to mistreat the bronze statues of Santa Claus and Admiral Byrd.

10. No blanket permission will be granted.

11. The toboggan slide is yours, Bates students. Use it—if you can.

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has impaired your health or if it hasn't ... if you've
never seen a whale or if a whale has never seen you
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SPORTS

At Home With The Wood Pussies

THIS

The hoop season is in full swing now, and the boys are out in force. Hoop practice is held at 7:40 every morning except Sunday when all candidates are expected to rest after their strenuous efforts of the week.

Several new rules have been added this year.

1. All hoops must have rubber tires (natural color) to protect the gym floor. All candidates having black tires on their hoops will be automatically eliminated.

2. No time out for flat tires.

3. All sticks must be curved 22½ degrees. (see P. D. Wilkins for particulars).

Excitement reigns high as to the outcome of the class tournament which begins soon. The Juniors were considered to have the edge over the other classes until Dizzy Wheeler, the third year marvel, who has covered the course in 10 seconds flat (tire), got tangled up in his hoop and was arrested on his way home, charged with inebriation. Ollie Cutts could find no provision in the athletic budget for bail so the Juniors are deprived of their star roller, until his classmates can collect the cash to pay the fine. Let's go, fellows! Save your pennies for the honor of the Junior class.

IS

There is a great deal of speculation on campus as to the prospects for the annual East and West Parker hockey match, which comes in February. Opinion is evenly divided as to which team has the edge. The East and West Parker orgy has always been a severely contested game, the last two having been ties, and this year's combat is expected to divide the issue, whatever that may be.

Equipment is already being gathered from all possible sources. The brooms are being furnished up, and Jack Frost has lost his snowshovel.

Led Rong, captain of the East Parker's sextette told our reporter that "East Parker's team will beat West or die in the attempt", while T. Homas, leader of the West Parker aggregation was heard to tell a certain coed that:—Resolved: that East Parker will not beat West, for

- A. It has not as good players, for
1. I am not on it.
2. The Captain of West is much superior to the East's, for
- a. I am it.

- B. Its technique is not so good, for
1. It is Led Rong
- Its technique is bum, for
- a. It isn't like ours.

We are betting on Parker Hall to win! Of course, we cannot guarantee our forecasts and are not responsible for any bets made on the strength of them.

ABSOLUTELY

In response to the coaches call for candidates for weight and throwing events, the following were selected.

Weight: Puff and Hitts, Alternate Bornstein.

Line-Throwing: T. Homas, Alternate C. Hapman.

THE

In the excitement stirred up by our hockey and hoop teams, we don't seem to make much fuss over another team whose members are just as hard-working and deserving of praise as any of our track or hoopers. The team is not large, in fact, consists of only four members, but all four are conscientious, enthusiastic workers and deserve all the credit that we can give them. I refer to the French Con. Coursers. Every Tuesday and Thursday the intrepid four set out on the long weary trek to the convent, cold or hot, rain or snow,—the weather makes no difference, they are always there. The team is composed of I. Ober, G. Brant, D. Ustin, and F. Portin. Much credit should also be given to the manager, G. Bilbert, for her earnest effort to make the team successful. Under the coaching of Sister Francois the boys are developing a very good technique and are capable of splitting French infinitives with the best teams of the state. No intercollegiate contests have been arranged for this year as the team is a new departure, but manager Bilbert is expecting to arrange for a match with Bliss College next fall. This is a growing sport and is worthy of more support from the student body.

BUNK

The Loiston News would have Jim Nasium from Southern Maine Dedicute coming to Bates. He is one of the most popular athletes on the Maine Amateur Circuit, being proficient in tiddleywinks, pingpong, and bull throwing. Besides this, he is competent in all his extra-curricular activities, coeducation and pie-eating especially, and is very conscientious in these last mentioned.

O. LIVER CUTTS DISQUALIFIED FROM PLAYING IN NEXT TILT

Last Evening O. Liver Cutts Was Convicted of Becoming Professional in Sporting World; Status Not 99 44/100% Pure; Campus Demonstrates Deep Despondency

Stygian gloom settled over the Bates College campus this morning as "The Stewardant" was going to press, brought forth by the startling announcement that O. "Liver" Cutts, star tackle extraordinary as well as student coach of ping-pong and Red Dog for the past six years, has been declared ineligible on the eve of the annual classic grid struggle with South Siwash.

Lose Landed "Liver"

The lightning edict, coming as it did out of a blue sky of hope that loyal college supporters had built around their formidable eleven, electrified not only the Garnet coaches, but the whole nation as well. "Liver", as he is affectionately known by his classmates, has won country-wide fame the past year by his hair-raising tactics on the football field, where he was a superb exponent of gridiron play that resembled that of the old days when, as no less an authority than "Alphabet" Gould asserts, "football was a man's game". He is also eminently commended by the fanettes of the country, who admire him chiefly for the deep, organ-like voice with which he broadcasts his monthly health talks and toothbrush drills from Station ISC (Ivory Soap Company).

As near as can be determined, the charge that placed the gridiron hero on the black list was made by "Varnish" Moss, bursar of the college, who accused "Liver" of being professionally-minded, substantiating his declaration with records to prove that he had once demanded money to pay for his football equipment and transportation to the games.

Smiles in Chagrin

When interviewed by the Stewardant reporter the dejected athlete took care to assume a correct posture before speaking,—feet together, chin in,—and displayed a row of even, white teeth (99 44/100 pure enamel) in a flashing smile meant to hide his disappointment.

He insisted that he had little to say and preferred not to be quoted, adding as an afterthought "the press will make fuss enough about it, anyway. My fate is in their hands". Refusing to affirm or refute the truth of the charges he admitted that he had "been on his honor, but didn't realize that he was being watched". Then he went on to say, "Mr. Boss—"

"Moss", the reporter corrected, realizing that the athlete's momentary confusion was due to the terrible strain under which he was suffering.

"That's right, that's right, I was just testing you", continued "Liver". "Mr. Boss, Ross, Goss—er, the Bursar was probably well within his rights. I believe in calling a spade a spade. If I thought—that is, I should speak plain whatever I thought." This last accompanied by an impressive gesture in which both of "Liver's" hands came quickly from out of his pockets to gesticulate meaningfully in the air.

As a parting shot the Bates idol was asked point-blank if the athletic policy of the school was always a just one. His reply was characteristic: "It's good, it's genius; but it's not quite right!"

ALARM CLOCK (Continued from Page 3)

Extremely difficult for any outside individual to commit the theft, for he and Professor Quimby were the only ones who knew where the cream had been hidden, and they took turns guarding it. He stated that the first he knew of the burglary was when Professor Quimby came upstairs and told him that while he, Professor Quimby, had left his post for a few minutes, the ice cream had vanished. The Coach seemed somewhat confused when he made these statements, and the stewed reporter, thinking that perhaps he might be on the wrong track, then spent a few days in Auburn, even going so far as to play Santa Claus to Coach Thompson's children in an endeavor to find more evidence, but to no avail. The conclusion was drawn that Ray's embarrassment was merely a manifestation of a feeling which is similar to the famous "honor among thieves". This difficulty had to be faced continually in the dealings with the faculty.

Debating Secretary Involved

Returning to Loiston, the reporter conceived of the idea of enlisting the aid of the secretary of the Debating

In fact, he is the ideal athlete and Bates is lucky to have him on the sub-freshman list.

Amen



CUT OF CUTTS

Council, although the latter didn't know it. First he showed an extreme interest in the debating schedule, and learned just how matters stood in reference to all future debates. Next he tapped the wire of 4611 at a time when Professor Quimby was making an appointment with the Secretary. The next step was to call up the Secretary during the next hour, and imitating Professor Quimby, cancel the appointment with the excuse that he had to take his wife down-town at the appointed time. Then, of course, it was an easy matter to put on a pair of glasses, sneak the Secretary's papers out of his room, and go down to Professor Quimby's house to do business. Needless to say, this guise was extremely successful. An hour or so was spent in transacting the business of the Debating Council and the reporter was just about to leave with no results, when from the rear of the house came a cry, "Waaaaa! Waaaaa!", and Professor Quimby's little son came running in with a hymn book in his hands. The reporter snatched the book from the infant's hands, and Professor Quimby, too flustered to do anything further, was glad to see his "Secretary" make his departure, but not without the precious book under his arm.

Mr. Ross Helps Out

This, indeed, was a scoop, but unwilling to draw hasty conclusions, the reporter waited till morning, and then interviewed the Bursar. Mr. Ross told the reporter that when the hymn books were returned to the Chapel, one was missing. He said furthermore that when news of this had spread, five members of the faculty visited his office inside of four minutes, each with a book which he had taken from chapel sometime in the past six years. However, none of these was the missing book.

Thus was obtained fairly conclusive evidence concerning the ice cream and the hymn books, but there were other matters to be solved. What was the connection of the alarm clock and the hats? The stewed reporter, after trying out various inconsequential clues, at last climbed to the top floor of East Parker Hall, the dormitory in which the

afore-mentioned Sophomore lived, and talked a while with Norman MacDonald. MacDonald said substantially, that on Thursday before the incident took place, Professor Quimby visited him in his room to look over the forty-fifth draft of his speech; that as soon as he left he, MacDonald, thought of an answer to his last argument and rushed down stairs to tell him about it, that when he reached the door, Professor Quimby was nowhere in sight; and that there is only one stairway in East Parker Hall. The obvious conclusion to be drawn was that Professor Quimby was in one of the rooms at the time of MacDonald's descent and his subsequent ascent. This seemed to settle the alarm clock matter. The one remaining item to be proved was the connection of Professor Quimby with the hat escapade.

Professor Rob Grilled

This, of course, was not an easy matter. Clues were scarce, and other faculty members were extremely reticent about making statements on such a touchy proposition. It was learned from various members, however, that Professor Robinson had left the room for a few minutes during the meeting. When cornered by the stewed reporter, Professor Robinson broke down and confessed that he had accepted a bribe from Professor Quimby to perform the dastardly act, but that he never would have done it if Professor Quimby hadn't further threatened to refuse to hear the rehearsals of any of the Freshman prize speakers. Professor Robinson, of course, obtained his freedom by turning State's evidence.

How Crime Was Committed

With all the facts and clues before him, it was then a relatively easy task for the reporter to discover the motive, and make the required deductions. The whole thing started when Professor Quimby, because of the near approach of Christmas, decided to steal the ice cream and sell it down-street. It was, of course, a simple matter for him to set the ice cream cans just outside the door of Chase Hall, give his alibi to Coach Thompson, and after everyone had gone home, to come around and pick them up in his Ford. The bad mistake he made on that score was to keep a little of it for his personal use, for the three boxes were the first pieces of circumstantial evidence found on the premises.

The two incidents in the chapel, removing the books and setting the alarm clock, and the hat affair were merely efforts to remove all suspicion by making it look as though the student body was "picking on" him all the time. The error on the hymn-book racket, was in allowing his son to help him carry the books out. The ingenious little fellow undoubtedly smuggled one of the books home under his sweater and produced it at a very inopportune moment. The fact that a light was seen in the chapel as early as five o'clock in the morning, also pointed to Professor Quimby, for it is well known that he has been forced to keep quite late hours for the past year and a half, or so.

Then, when looking for an alarm clock, it would have been better had he found some way to borrow Prexie's, because had the owner then been found, the incident would have been dismissed without a word.

All must admit, however, that the plot was very carefully worked out, and had it not been for the perseverance of the Stewardant reporter, the criminal would probably remain unknown forever. But the fact remains that the guilty one has been found, and now we say to the Student Council, "Morning, Judge. Here's your man."

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