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The Lewiston Gaily Fun - volume 59 number 18 - December 9, 1931

Bates College

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All The News
That Fits The Print
— And Then Some

THE LEWISTON GAILY FUN

FOUNDED—
ON HEARSAY

VOL. LIX. No. 18
LEWISTON, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1931
PRICE TEN CENTS

"I'll Take Jelly Beans" Is Dominant Theme For Faculty

Snooporter Unearths Ancient Manuscript, "Faculty Meeting 1931"—Superb Climax in Chapel Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah Men-n-n

By OLIVER TWITTER
A member of the reportorial staff, while going through the files of ancient newspapers, came across a unique bit of writing, penned way back in the year 1931. It is interesting to note the many changes that have taken place in the life of a small college such as Bates was in that year. It would appear that there was a very close co-operation existing between faculty and students, as the author of this play was evidently invited to sit in on a session of the august body of pedagogues.

Life on the Bates Campus

ACT ONE
Scene—The Bates C:hapel
Time—Monday 9 A. M.
(At the close of the hymn, Prexy rises)
PREXY—There are no announcements to make. There will be a faculty meeting at 4:30 this afternoon.
(Sits down as the Seniors play tag in the center aisle.)
—Curtain—

ACT TWO
Scene—Faculty Room
Time—4:30 P. M.
(A babel of voices is heard, and there is no semblance of order, for after all, this is just a faculty meeting.)
DOC FISHER—Pass the jelly beans.
SAMMY HARMS—(He starts to say something, but finding that he is sitting on his hands, he is forced to remain silent.)
OLLIE CUTTS—They don't give service Phi Beta keys, do they?
PREXY—What is your logic on this subject, Mr. Quimby?
BROOKS QUIMBY—If we had some ham, we would have some ham and eggs, if we had some eggs.
DOC FISHER—I'll take jelly beans.

Argument on Commons' Carviar Ends in Challenge to Dual

One Round Facey and Harvard Smith Engage in
Gruesome Campus Conflict Involving
Woman's Honor—Substitutes Sought

From present indications it would seem that the Battle of the Psychozoic Era between One Round Facey and Harvard Smith has been indefinitely postponed. The only results of this bitter hostility, which has inflamed the imaginations of sports-loving Americans for two weeks, have been that feminine virtue has been upheld stoutly, that the Lewiston police force has been crippled in a desperate effort to prevent bloodshed, and that Miss Scott of the Bates College infirmary has been worked overtime writing out statements of physical unfitness for conflict.

Commences at Commons
The Lewiston Fun reporter, arriving on the scene in an armored car, soon obtained the complete story. It all began in the Bates College Commons. Miss Roberts was serving caviar that day and the cosmopolitan Facey remarked that the caviar reminded him of the spinach in Sydney, Australia. Smith, aroused from his reveries, imagined some reflection of feminine virtue had been made and he rebuked Facey with a scathing "Aw, nerst!"
Whereupon, in the parlance of foil and sabre, Facey "called" Smith (What he called him must be left to the reader's imagination), presented him with his glove and card, and retired gracefully, while Smith, according to onlookers, shouted after him, "If I got to fight in English, Lefthook Demerest was drafted to take his place. Demerest had to see a movie that afternoon, so he persuaded Puncher Paul Swan to uphold the name of Harvard on the greensward of honor."
In the meantime Facey felt the need of more temperate and sympathetic climes so he persuaded Biffo Ben White to substitute for him. At the last minute Ben realized that his literary club was meeting that afternoon, so he delegated the honor to Roughhouse Rovelli who, then suffering from a sudden attack of fallen arches, nominated Paul Swan to take his place.
Imagine Swan's embarrassment when he discovered that he had, in a fit of absentmindedness, agreed to fight a duel with himself. Not to be balked, however, and yielding to that desire for life which is strong in all of us, he ate the cream puffs, slapped himself on the wrist, and proceeded to forget all about it.
In the opinion of this writer, this is not the end of the affair. Gentlemanly honor and womanly virtue cannot be insulted without vengeance, and the very atmosphere of suspense that hangs like a thundercloud over the peaceful little Bates College presses a storm of carnage that must soon break loose.
In the meantime, in accordance with its policy of printing "all the news that fits the print", the Fun submits forthwith the physical comparisons of the gladiators.

To Do All and Die
Desperate deeds were required. Someone had to die for dear old

How they stand?

Facey	height	5 feet 2
	eyes	of blue
	weight	320
	head (expanded)	8 3/4
	neck	anytime
	feet	flat
	Record	spotless
Smith	socks	10 1/2
	bust	35
	waist	a great waste
	calif	Jersey
	wheelbase	3,1416
	weight	15 minutes
	age	of chivalry
	Record	No hits, no runs, no errors.

Harvard. Frantically, Smith sought out Scrapper Dolan, the Pride of Jaybee, and finally persuaded Dolan to act as his substitute as provided in Act 3, Sections 4, Clause 5.

Swedish-Russian Quarrel Settled by School Bored

Last night's meeting of the school bored marked the beginning of a possible millenium in Lewiston politics. The entire gathering of those present voted unanimously on two questions!

The meeting was opened with the usual fireworks, punctuated by the prayer, in Swedish, offered by the Reverend Ojala, of the Lincoln Street Church. After the prayer, Mr. Pettersky got up and moved that Chairman Pietersen be bodily ejected from the room, and seconded by Olaf Andersen, proceeded to carry out his motion.
After the injured had been carried out by the police, the three members that were left held an interesting session, the chairman being left temporarily open.

Wilkins wavers

Mr. Schlofsky presented a petition for more pay for the teacher of Russian in the seventh grade, which was opposed by Mr. Gustafson. Percy Wilkins, the other member present, declined to vote, so Mr. Gustafson suggested tossing a coin, and letting the decision go at that. He was followed by Mr. Schlofsky, who spoke thirty minutes, half in Russian, half in English, with a little German and parlor talk injected here and there, on the constitutionality of the tossing of the coin. Wilkins finally decided that he sided with Gustafson on that matter, and that the coin should be tossed. However, when it turned out that he would have to furnish the coin, he changed his mind, and moved the matter lie upon the table for reference to a committee. The vote on the question was unanimous.

Mr. Gustafson then introduced a request for an addition to the staff of teachers of Swedish in the new high school. He was opposed by Mr. Schlofsky, who said no one could do Swedish, nowadays, and that such an all-American institution as the Lewiston School Bored should not be kidded into fostering the study of Swedish now that Marlene Dietrich has out done Garbo. After a fiery debate, the matter was put to a vote. Wilkins said he preferred Marie Dressler, and moved a committee consisting of himself as chairman, Mrs. Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. Schlofsky, and Mr. and Mrs. Gustafson be appointed to go see Fannie Foley Herself at the Strand immediately. The vote was unanimous, and so was the amendment offered by Chief Ashton out of kindness for the bored that a police escort be taken along for good measure.



PLEASE COMPARE OUR
WORK FROM OTHERS.

This sign
is on a
store in
erudite
Lewiston



Seek Decoration for Methusala Captures Thieves

Valiant Officer Thwarts Theft of Coal for Socialist Bombs

The Lewiston Gaily Fun joins wholeheartedly with the Lewiston Police Commission in asking the Carnegie Foundation's decoration for bravery for Corp. Michael Methusala of the Lewiston Police Department.

Displaying consummate bravery under peril of death and in danger of his life, Corp. Methusala, after a three-hour fight, finally conquered and arrested Bobby O'Rourke, aged 5, and Danny Gareau, aged 6, while the two criminals were attempting to pick up a few cinders of coal from the freight-yards behind the depot yesterday morning.

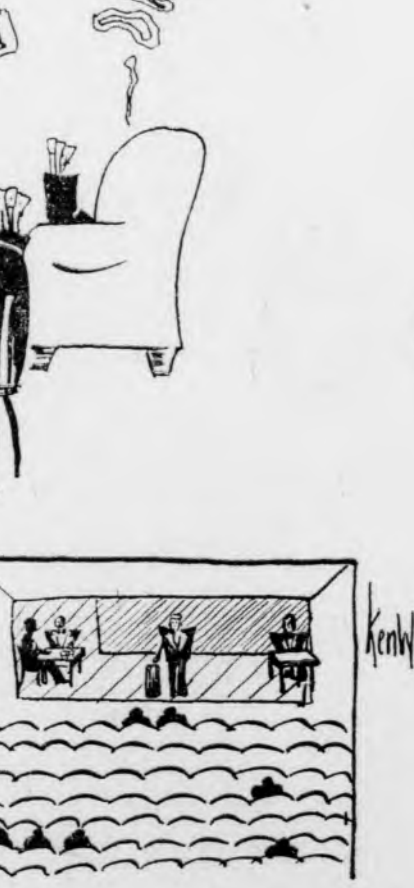
As a result of Corp. Methusala's sterling qualities of manhood, and of his eternal vigilance in defense of the law, the two escaped convicts are now re-incarcerated in Androscoggin County Jail to await trial on a charge of grand larceny. The gratitude of the entire community should go to the brave soul who prevented perpetration of another outrage upon this fair city. Not only are the desperadoes escaped convicts, but they are reputed to be emissaries of the Russian Soviet Government, and although they stated forcefully that they were trying to find a few coals to help keep their homes warm during the cold snap, it is the general and firmly belief that they were seeking coals for the manufacture of bombs with which to blow up Mayor

Trustees Demand Figure Ache Give Beauty, Economy, and P. T.

Present Constructive Program of Serpentine Tracks for Longer Ride—Christmas Surprise for President—Demand Squealless Cars

The Executive Board of the Androscoggin Electric Company met yesterday on the steps of the City Hall to consider the petition presented to it last January by the Board of Trustees of the local school at the juncture of College and Campus Avenue. The petition, stated in full below, was termed "a pretty piece of business" by one of the group who refuses to give his name, and it is thought that the matter will rest with this decision. The petition reads:
To whom it may concern:
We, the trustees of Bates College,

do hereby desire from the Androscoggin Electric Company the following benefits—
1. The immediate removal of the Figure 8 squeal as it rounds the turn on College Street. We have calculated that in lost sleep and nervous disturbance that faucous and pernicious noise has caused in the lowered efficiency of President Gray the total loss to the college of a sum of money large enough to install a noiseless typewriter in the library and make other much need-



Bates prefers debates to dancing on Saturday evenings



DEMOCRATS DENIED USE OF SITTY HALL BY MAYOR AND BOARD OF ALDERMEN

THEATRES TO-DAY

VAMPIRE
Mat: 6 A. M. Eve: Ask Adam.
"HIS WOMEN", starring the artless, naive shyness of Elden Dustin.

STRANDED
Discontinuous, 12 to 10:30.
"Dance, Dean, Dance", with Gee Em Robin's Son.

AW, BURN
On the mat: 2 o'clock.
Order of the Big Boss.
Eve: "N apple?"
"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"
(Good what?) with Elmer Campbell and his Fair. (Fair what?) Just Fair."

KISS ELLA
Mat: No matter.
Eve: Christmas, Dec. 24.
"OF THREE I SING", featuring America.
"THE LAST MOMENT", written by R. A. F. MacDonald.

Skelton's fair City Hall.
It is expected that the Carnegie Foundation will send a delegation of its entire membership by special train to decorate Corp. Methusala. The Fun is glad to contribute an initial fund of \$10,000 toward the erection of a statue to Corp. Methusala in the deepest point of the Androscoggin River.

Petition Presented by Darnall MacEwan Smythe In Behalf of Democratic Party—Chairman Gab-rot and Mayor Skeleton Superb in Cross-Examining Ability—Decision Lauded

Smythe Branded Ultra-Violet

When Told They Have Nothing to Fear Except Their Political Future, Council Members Deny Dealing in Stocks—Chairman Gab-Rot Says Smythe Communistic.

(Editor's Note: This is one of the two or three articles printed this week which is really intended to be serious.)

Permission to use the Lewiston Sitty Hall as an occasional meeting place was denied to the Democratic Party by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen in session last Friday night. Following public announcement of the denial to the Democrats for a free meeting place, the consensus is that the Board was badly warped.

Petition for the radical Democratic party, which is struggling for existence in Lewiston, was presented by Darnall MacEwan Smythe, head of the local Democrats. When told by Smythe that city's hoary fathers (you know a stone that never rolls gathers moss) offer no objection to allowing the Socialist Party free speech in the Sitty Hall, Mayor Skeleton made the following snappy and convincing retort: "What you want is a free sitting place, not a place for free speech." All of which should indicate that at the next election of Lewiston the skeleton should be put back in the closet in favor of another mayor.

When told by Mr. Smythe that all they had to fear by giving the Democrats free use of Sitty Hall for assembly was their political futures, both the Mayor and Aldermen denied dealing in stocks.

Chairman Gab-rot of the Aldermen presided at the meeting, and inspired by an afternoon at the Maine Development Commission's Economic Conference at Augusta, during which he was continually awakened by clapping at the end of each speech, rose to heights of emotional prejudice in confronting Mr. Smythe and his adherents who are trying to undermine the government. After discussion of the matter of giving the Democrats free use of the Sitty Hall, the chairman put the motion in the following manner: "Tis a vote. The secretary will please record that the use of the Hall is denied. Gentlemen, what is your pleasure in this matter? New business?"

Advancing like a siege gun at Fredericksburg, Chairman Gab-rot shook his finger at Smythe, paused to put the second Knuckle back in joint, and then belittled with all the tolerance, the liberty, the progressiveness of the ages at his shoulder: "Young man, you're not even red, you're ultra-violet. You're Communistic. You ought to be arrested. It's ME, CHAIRMAN GAB-ROT, who says you ought to be arrested. Are you still a Democrat?"

In answer to this question Mr. Smythe stated that he still was a Democrat.

To which Chairman Gab-rot replied: "Young man, you can't be a Democrat, George Bernard Shaw says there aren't any more Democrats, so how can you be one when George Bernard Shaw says there aren't any? Furthermore, I don't want you to be a Democrat, and when George Bernard Shaw and me together, I reckon there ain't anybody good, contrary to my our wishes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha-a-a, young man, I guess you aren't any Democrat now, are you?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha-a-a-a-a-a." Mayor Skeleton joined in, at which Chairman Gab-rot stopped laughing long enough to look at the Mayor and see whether the Mayor were laughing at or with. Then Chairman Gab-rot went on gabbling.

When Mr. Smythe and his supporters stated their wish to present a petition for use of the Hall, Mayor Skeleton called for a strange interlude, and the whole board tersely informed into the Mayor's office for informal sitting, or rather otherwise, because there weren't enough chairs to go around.

During this interlude, Chairman Gab-rot said: "If we have Democracy, how are we going to run business. I don't know a kill-oh-what from a bicycle."

Mr. Smythe admitted that this was almost an unanswerable argument, but finally hit upon the answer that "we don't want YOU to run our business anyway. There are plenty of good men who know a kill-oh-what for my bicycle."

Then in an attempt to discredit the reputations of the petitioners, and of course, completely wrong grounds for refusing free speech, the Mayor and Chairman cross-examined Mr. Smythe and his colleagues.

"What is the nature of your anatomy?" Chairman Gab-rot asked. "I don't have an anatomy," Mr. Smythe answered. "I have just a plain tummy, and its nature is good except when I have to swallow a lot of rot."

"Do you have a dog," the Mayor asked. "Yes, I have two," Mr. Smythe answered. "What is their pedigree?" "Beed-les", Mr. Smythe replied, moving his feet.

"Do they sit on their tails and howl all day?"

"No, they're very active."

"Well, then, they're no good. No, we can't give out the right to speak in the Sitty Hall. Your dogs must be good sitting dogs, and good howling ones to be good Socialists. Buy a couple and then we'll give you permission to use the Hall."

"Young man," said the Chairman sparring for an opening. "One hair from your forelock is hanging down over your forehead."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Mr. Smythe replacing the misplaced hair.

"Can we give permission to use this hall to anybody so radical as to let a hair get out of place? Now, I don't want to go splitting hairs on this matter, but only radicals let their hair get out of shape."

"Young man," put in the Mayor, "are you right-handed or left-handed? Do you get out the right or the wrong side of bed? You reached the age of puberty? What was the maiden-name of your great-great-grandfather? Do you say 'IN earth as it is in heaven' or 'ON earth as it is in heaven'? Do you take your gin straight or crook-ed?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no, maybe I don't know," Mr. Smythe calmly answered.

"Yes, young man," the chairman said, assisting the Mayor, "did you ever have a mole on your left shoulder? Do you keep your toenails clipped? Did you ever try to grow a mustache?"

"Yes."

"What, you tried?" Chairman Gab-rot said turning suddenly towards the Mayor. "Mr. Mayor, we cannot give this man permission to use the hall."

"Young man, did you ever work?" the Chairman asked.

"Plenty," Smythe replied.

"That's fine," the chairman retorted. "Keep right on working. That's the only way you'll ever get ahead."

"Mr. Chairman," replied Mr. Smythe, "is there any use getting a head, if you're losing it?"

"Young man," the chairman said, "are you still a Democrat after hearing Mr. Wholesome's reply to Prof. Careall's question at the Economic Conference at Augusta this afternoon?"

"I certainly am."

(Editor's note: The question and reply to which Chairman Gab-rot referred occurred during debate on the floor of the State House at the Economic Conference of the Maine Development Commission. Prof. Care-all's question was to this effect: "What does Mr. Wholesome think concerning government control of private initiative? What is the future of government in this connection?" To which Mr. Wholesome gave an answer in words to this effect: "Government is Government, a grand and glorious institution that has been erected; a gorgeous building with many halls; a citadel of justice to which the weary and heavy laden come for balm; a great tradition, etc.")

According to The Harvard Lampoon, every candidate for the degree of A. B. or S. B., A. M. or P. M. is required to show a knowledge of certain languages besides his own—such as English, Chinese, American or Babylonian.

If you only knew what might have been printed here.

Figure Ache

Continued from page 1
ed improvements including five additional feet of barberry hedge.

2. The inauguration of special week-end and round trip rates for Lewiston and Auburn students. Town girls must also have the privilege of obtaining this service for repeated trips of Bates gentlemen.

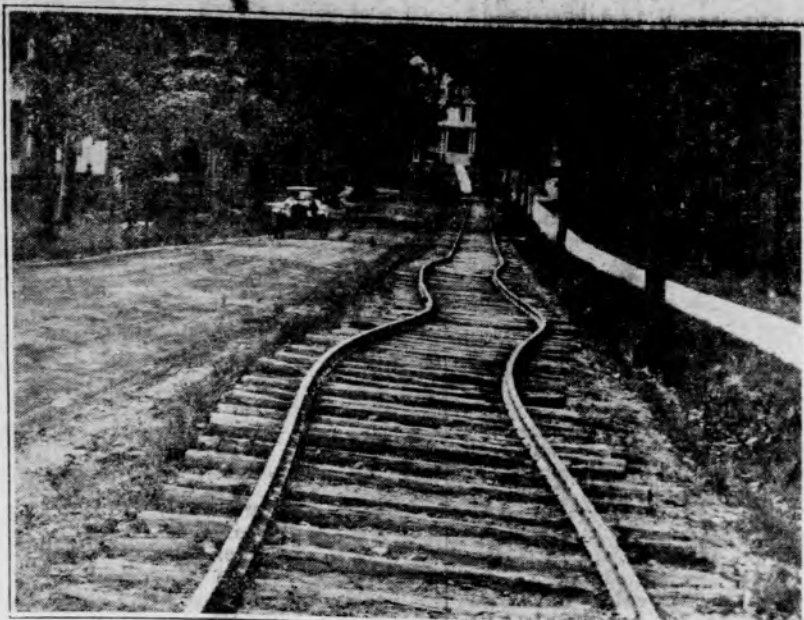
The special rate will also be in effect for the students of French Conversation and professors Bartlett and Crafts.

3. Two reinforced steel special cars for use on the Freshman Ride. These cars shall also have wrought iron advertisement posters. Permanent souvenirs make contented freshmen.

4. A complete change in the art scheme of the cars to conform to the delicate stream lines of Chinese palanquins. Professor Berkelman says that your present means of conveyance "has all the beauty of a mud turtle on wheels, and shocks the supernal loveliness of the spring mornings."

5. A reversal of direction every other trip to counteract the Figure 8's vicious tendency to cause the Bates students to think one-direction thoughts.

6. The Trustees submitted the above architect's drawing as a suggestion for the remodeling of Figure 8 service to become an aid in completing the proposed art scheme and in obviating the one-direction thought tendency. This suggestion was made by Mr. Norman E. Ross '22 as the most economical means of travel down Campus Avenue combining beauty of serpentine movement, and symbolic depth of philosophy, with a longer and more invigorating ride.



The Ross Track Plan for Figure Aches

Professor Cutts offers assurance that P. T. credit will be given for no less than five such Figure Ache rides per week. Prof. Walmsley has also cooperated in the matter so that if such an innovation is made Bates women may take such sport for credit provided that training is followed and no nuts are eaten. "Let's go Figure Aching, girls!" she says.

The Trustees deny absolutely the rumor that Mr. Ross first conceived the serpentine track idea when returning to the Campus after attending a down-town Fireman's Brawl in the early 1920's, and state that he is acting with usual good sense and careful consideration of the

vital needs of the College. The Trustees also make it clear that in as much as they spent much time in consideration of the Figure Ache problem they will consider it a potent rebuke if their ideas are not put into effect, and in such case will consider seriously the removal of the College to a more sympathetic environment. The Trustees hope that the innovations will be made before Christmas 1931, for the Amen is de nortz. I tells de Russkies to be brave and to stand up under de black bread and vodka until the Five Year Plan is over and den I changes me mind an' tells dem dat dey kin sit down wit de vodka, (I had to meself). After

Presky Bray Gives the Bunk About Roosia

Slips de Duke to Stalin—
Has Vodka Time!—
Leads Nortzy Chapel

(Editor's note: Presky Bluffton Duggit Bray will just for fun give to the FUN this first of a series of bunk on his recent tour of Russia. This is also the last.)
"Well, I steps down onto de dock and slips de duke to Joe Stalin fer a shake. Joe says it's de nuts to meet de kid from de Lewiston Trust Company meaning de banks of the Androsogin and I reciprocates wit de retort, "Oh dat's O.K. Cho, I done it fer de wife an' kiddies". Right then we was buds.

"Joe reaches fer me ear and says, "How 'bout a shot Cliff er I mean Bluff". Of course I blushes in thinking of me orders to the Student Council back home but anyhow we pulls a sneak and holts a couple to de Russian chiches. Coming out from de huddle I spys Ma giving me de provoibal cold shoulder but I figures I kin bribe her to keep de news from de Trustees so dat de warden wunt hear.

"De nex' day I leads chapel an' de way de boys come in on the Amen is de nortz. I tells de Russkies to be brave and to stand up under de black bread and vodka until the Five Year Plan is over and den I changes me mind an' tells dem dat dey kin sit down wit de vodka, (I had to meself). After

The Whole Truth for our Mirrors?

Year after year members of the Mirror Board have toiled faithfully to produce a year book of which every member of the Senior Class may justly be proud. In the course of our intellectual and unprejudiced discussions it has been revealed that there are many who belittle the Personals of the Mirror.

Not only are the accusations unjust but such rabid criticism may result on the loss of the entire Personal Section. On the other hand, cooperation with the Personal Editors will achieve a piece of statistical work which will be invaluable for future reference. Indeed that division of the book may attain the relative importance that the annual

two days on black bread I was so hungry me stomach tot me trout was cut but I hauls in me belt a coupla hitches and decides dat me waste line kin stand it anyhow. "Joe suggests a ride to de big farms. He and me stomach acquiesces and de fun's on. We gets on de train and into de sleepin compartments.

"Ivan Awfulitch, our guide, was a great vodka guzzler, and he understood, you know, like Ma and de Trustees wunt. Ivan and Nora Lipsoff, his babe was panicky about each udder. In fact Nora was de fondest thing Ivan was of.

"Traveling troo de steppes of de whole Russian ladder, revelling in de sylvan solitudes and in de bucolic atmosphere of kine (cows to you) grazing, I was nuts gentle reader, just nerts about de whole damn ting."

record of the Credit Men's Association now enjoys.

If these vehement dissenters are still unconvinced we ask them to carefully and fairly peruse the fine representative examples listed below. Often times concrete fact carries more weight than the abstract theory.

Susie Bones
"She spins not, neither does she spit."
Born December 5, 1905. Four Corners Academy; Matriculation 1, 2, 3, 4.

Daisey Blunderman
Weight 205.9 pounds; Waist Measure 44 inches.
Born June 1, 1913; Moron High School; Individuals 1, 2; Natural Dancing 3, 4; Fiske Dining Hall 1, 2, 3, 4; Student representative of Thinsie Corporation; Greek Chorus; Class Baby.

William Ford
"A man's ture merits 'tis not hard

to find."
Born August 8, 1908; Paddle Tennis team 3, 4; Captain of Bad Minton 4; Manager of Hand Ball 3; defeated candidate for the Rhodes Scholarship.
Anjeanette Antoinette Allardyce
Born October 4, 1911; Hiking 1, 2; Fallen Arches 3, 4; President of Woman's Body Development Association; Editor of "Lines and Figures".

W. P. Phillips Jr.
"Penrod"
"From his mother's womb untimely ripped"—Shakespeare.
Assistant in women's Hygiene; Editor of "Benrod Thru the Transon"; President of See Samore Society 1, 2, 3, 4.

Your vast fund of questionable information has always been a source of envy and admiration, yet you've always been willing to share; In fact one may say of you: "Sees all, knows all, speaks all."

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A	YEAR BOOKS
D	PROGRAMS
E	ANNOUNCEMENTS
M	
Y	

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See radio page of local newspaper for time

Don't remove the moisture-proof wrappings from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against sweat, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked



"You needn't tell me
—I know Camel is
the fresh cigarette!"



CAMELS

Made FRESH—Kept FRESH

PLAY BY PLAY BROADCAST OF POOH-BAH—A LA RYAN

At the last moment, Facultee hopes were given a raise (the unemployment committee is protesting this raise) when it was announced that Levinsky, star full-back for the Pastimers, would not be able to play. His father refused to allow him to play because the papers reported that in the last game Levinsky "gobbled up the pigskin" after a fumble.

It's a beautiful day. The sun is shining brightly, and, if it wasn't for the steady rain, it wouldn't be so wet. Here comes Tim Malano sporting a raccoon coat, 2 sophomore girls, 4 Junior girls, 5 Freshwomen, and 1 Senior co-ed. Now the game can begin.

Heavens, here it is the last quarter and I have been so excited that I have forgotten to take any more notes. The game has gone along fairly smoothly so far with neither side being able to score. The start of the game was postponed a few minutes when Tackle-Center-Guard-End-Quarterback Muttis refused to play because he thought that someone had come to the game without paying the usual \$27.67 (including seats). Of course, such a charge was without foundation, and Muttie was persuaded to play for his usual \$400. (If he accepted more, he would be a professional. Muttis would not allow such a thing to happen). The other hitch came at the half when the Pastimers broke the record by keeping the Facultee from scoring during the first half. Water-boy Sorman Cross thought that the Pastimers should pay for the record which they broke. The Pastimers, however, said that the game was for the benefit of the Unemployed and, if they had to pay for the record, they would not be able to make the customary \$21,000.

Two minutes to play. There is no chance of the Pastimers scoring against the Facultee whose war-cry is "They shall not pass." The question is—will the Facultee be able to score?

Bull Durham of the Pastimers is seeming to give the Facultee a great

deal of trouble. I hear Coach Pilkins raving, "Oh, why don't they stop him? If I only had someone to throw the Bull—throw the Bull. Ah, that gives me an idea. I have just the man, Simby, go in there at right half. Whereupon, Babbling Brooke Simby entered this affray and proceeded to throw the Bull in his usual manner.

Wayback Robinson has called time out and is going up to the referee, Robinson's melodic voice comes floating back to us and he is saying, "I saw your father this morning." Before the game is resumed, let me read you a couple of telegrams that have come in. Here they are:

Boys of the Facultee,
You did unusually well during the first half. Now I shall expect you to improve during the next half. I KNOW you can do it.
Blank Gilbert.

Coach Pilkins,
I have been listening to the game over the radio and I heard the announcer say that it was a neck-and-neck struggle. Please keep your men from using such tactics which are reserved for use at Chase Hall on Saturday nights. The honor of Bates must remain unsullied.
Dean Shark

Now aren't those inspiring?

The struggle is on with Clifford Gaskinback Ray falling back to throw a pass to Scotchey SacDonald. The ball is snapped, and Ray shoots a wonder-pass right into SacDonald's paws—but he drops it. Again the same play fails. Referee J. Hurray Tarroll forgets to make a penalty for two incomplete passes.

The Boys are back in the huddle around Quarterback Bobby Bokkeman. Let's turn the mike on them to hear what they are saying.
26-49-28—American Can. 63-Hip. There goes the pass—a nice, long, high one. It's over SacDonald's head, but with his eye glued on that penny, he hurls himself into the cool December air and clutches at the twirling spheroid. He touches it and.....

Alumnus Organizes Nation Fraternity as Result of Hoax

Spoof Butterson, Once Victim of Initiation Into Fictitious Frat Here, Now Turns Tables—Called They Tacappe Aknew

New brilliance was shown upon Alma Mater this week as the result of the discovery that Academia Batesina is the indirect ancestor of quantitative even if not quality. They Tacappe Aknew. Anomaly enough that this shrine of rugged individualism and anti-passivism; this temple of disdain of fraternal pseudomysticism should have harbored, yea fostered the Idea which should anon burst its provincial bonds and spring forth—and bear fruit in some six months 32-fold and eight months 50-fold.

The unfinished frame of upper Chase, long since bedizened with gentler finish and smoother plaster is the grim witness of what occurred a scant dozen years ago in this citadel of a Hellenism. During the recent earthquake the following story was revealed to the inquisitive reporter. The tale is complete by virtue of the self-confessed declarations of potency by the object of all this free publicity.

During the winter of the great coal strike and the high tariff on CodFish there aspired to the membership of esoteric Towel amb. Dad Elia (we're not sure what the amb. stands for but we have figured it out to be ambilevous since that is the closest in meaning to sinistropic one and only Preserver of the Ancient Order of Academic Undergraduate Magoozums at Acad. Bates., one Phi Bate known as Winsome "Spoof" Butterson. After an investigation of his undesirable traits by committeemen of ability, the Magoozums reached that point of self-denial at which one is willing even to let the wolf at the door come in and in came Spoof. The initiation, thoroughly electrified, was planned by Thinker Ohms and Physicist Woulbee and consisted of a varied program of amps, volts and watt-not. Eye-witnesses gathered to date include Doctor Dorjan, Bacteriologist Lossunsky, and least but not last Teacher Deary. Further details of the carnage are not available, but the story is only beginning.

Spoof Turns Organizer
The scene shifts. Spoof was really a chemist but soon after college he abandoned his atomizers for the more exciting and (who knows) lucrative occupation of Organizer. He created and occupied dramatically the post of Grand and Glorious Archon of the now potent Towel group, incorporated. We forgot to tell you that in the meantime the Idea mentioned above had now sprung, full-grown, from the cloisters of Acad. Bates, in the general direction of Mexico and settled unceremoniously (but not so for long) on the campuses of four centres of Learning. Assiduous horn-blowing and hankshaking by Organizer Spoof failed however to gain for dear old Towel any recognition from Those Who Count. So in desperation and disdain for Those Who Count, Spoof spread the gospel of the Towel, now emerged from the cuckoo stage, renamed it They Tacappe Aknew (dear old TTA-post-gestatory age one year), and the woods rang with the accomplishments of Brother Butterson. So much so that Those Who Count were sorry and Spoof was recalled southward to preside over the fortune of erring undergraduates.

One ludicrous part of this story, other than the tears shed by Self-Sacrificing Spoof on the occasion of the first annual anniversary of the founding of dear old TTA, is the (gee, we hate to print this part) magnanimous offer to let the original members of the Towel back into the organization—for ten dollars!

We hope that we've got this story straight. We're never purposely libelous, but you know that a newspaper can't put virtue into a story that isn't there in the first place.

(Editor's note: To be clearly understood the names of fraternities in the above article must be read aloud. This story is absolutely founded on fact.)

Faculty Drama

Continued from page 1
said in a whisper, so it is lost to the other faculty members)
PREXY—Oveh heah is something that has been called to my attention. Ahem. Should we show any mar-r-r-ry to those Bates men who-ar-ahem are said to play at cards for more than the actual fun derived?

DEAN CLARK—I think that is a matter to be decided upon by the Social Functions Committee.

MISS WALMSLEY—I quite agree with Dean Clark.

DEAN CLARK—Do they have approved chaperones?

MISS WALMSLEY—Yes, do they have approved chaperones?

NORM ROSS—Snapper reports that the boys have stuffed their key-holes with paper, so actual names cannot be given at this time.

INDISTINGUISHABLE VOICE—I move we give Snapper a new pair of Grey Streaks for Christmas.

CHORUS—Second the motion.
(Norm Ross makes note of another item to be charged to breakage and damage in the dormitories.)

JOE BARTLETT—Does anyone know what time it is?

PREXY—Doctor Fisher, what do you think of the chapel services this year?

DOC FISHER—I enjoyed both of them. Pass the jelly beans.

PA GOULD—Dr. Wright, how many years are involved in the Five Year Plan?

DOC WRIGHT—I don't know. I am not here to answer questions, but merely to point out information. However, I really must do a little research work on that subject.

(Pa Gould sits back, grinning evilly and wringing his hands. During the remainder of the meeting, he proceeds to ask Dr. Wright 37½ more questions.)

MR. WHITEBECK—(He walks exactly 5½ steps to the door, returns in six flat, starts to say something, finds he has forgotten his notes, and returns to his copy of Ballyhoo.)

MR. SEWARD—(Bursting in with his hair at half mast) Vamoes! Has the bell rung? I did Frye Street in 26 seconds. Pardon me, Mr. Rowe, have you a comb?

HARRY ROWE—Yes, I'll pardon you.

WILLIE WHITEHORNE—I almost didn't get here. It looked like a terrible storm.

ANDY MYRHMAN—Let's sing a few verses of "Russian Rag".

BOBBY BERKELMAN—I should like to point out a rather obvious error in the spelling of your name as written above.

ANDY—That's right. The H should be before the R. A case of the cart before the horse. Speaking of horses—

PROF POMEROY—Yes, we know all about it. Isn't it time we had a banquet?

PA GOULD—If I can't have girls at my banquet, I'll take my dolls and go home.

GREASY CARROLL—Shouldn't we discuss Freshman Initiation?

PREXY—That reminds me—when is a newspaper not a newspaper?

CHORUS—When it is Burati's Bugle!

JOE BARTLETT—Does anyone know what time it is?

(A noise is heard in the corridor. Led by Brooks Quimby, the faculty charge out en masse to save their hats, all except Mr. Seward who didn't have one, and Mr. Whitbeck, who has read himself to sleep.)

—Curtain—

ACT THREE

Scene—The Bates Chapel
Time—Tuesday 9 A. M.

(Prexy has selected another unfamiliar hymn. The members of the choir get lonesome in their efforts to survive the four long stanzas. As the end of the last verse heaves in sight, expressions of rapturous glee are seen to steal over the faces of the students. Belts are hitched up, feet are planted firmly on the floor, and many deep breathing exercises are practiced.)

STUDENT BODY—AH-AH-AH-AH-AH-MEN-N-N-N

(The roof rises, the floor sags, the walls reverberate, Prexy is thrown back into his chair by the blast, and another successful period of morning worship is thus terminated.)



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The Fable of the Fresh Freshman

Once upon a time there was a Freshman who arrived at College from the Big Town with a Monogram on his Satchel and a Cigarette hanging from His Lower Lip. His impression of the College was that its Temperature was not much above Freezing.

He lost no Opportunity of Making his Opinions known. "You Pikers sh'd see the Bawston Public Library," said He. "Now there's a Library. And Buildings—" but here words failed him and he indicated Parker Hall with a sneer which leveled the two top floors, wiped out the Reception room, and sent the Poor, homeless Seniors scuttling for Shelter. His sneer was in fact, a Perfect Match for the Knee Plus Ultra Fours which he wore to Show that he Came from the Big Town and not from the Slacks, where Old Trainers with the legs Tucked into your Rubber Boots.

Now it came to pass that in Due time, after several Set-Backs which he Attributed to the Prejudices of the Professors he became Eligible

for a Sheepskin, and was Graduated Summa Cum Laude, to the Great Relief of the Entire College.

Years went by, and one day an Alumnus came back on Football Night and entertained the Other Guests with an Account of What a Great Man he was, and of how Albie Booth couldn't play ping-pong, to say nothing of football, and that, and of course Bates had a fairly good Team, considering the size of the College, but that His High School Aggregation would probably shut them out, having lost only Four Games in Two Years.

"The Campus," he said, "looks pretty Small now that We've been out in the World, doesn't it?" said He, and so on and On and ON until it became necessary to Fumigate the Building before the College could Open the Next Day.

Morals:

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B. It is Quite Extraordinary that Some People live to Grow Up, if you can call it That.

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LEWISTON AUBURN

The bursar of Elite University recently discovered a considerable surplus on the budget. After a lengthy meeting of the members of

the administration, it was decided to install private telephones in the students' rooms to use up the surplus.

For GUT'S SAKE!!

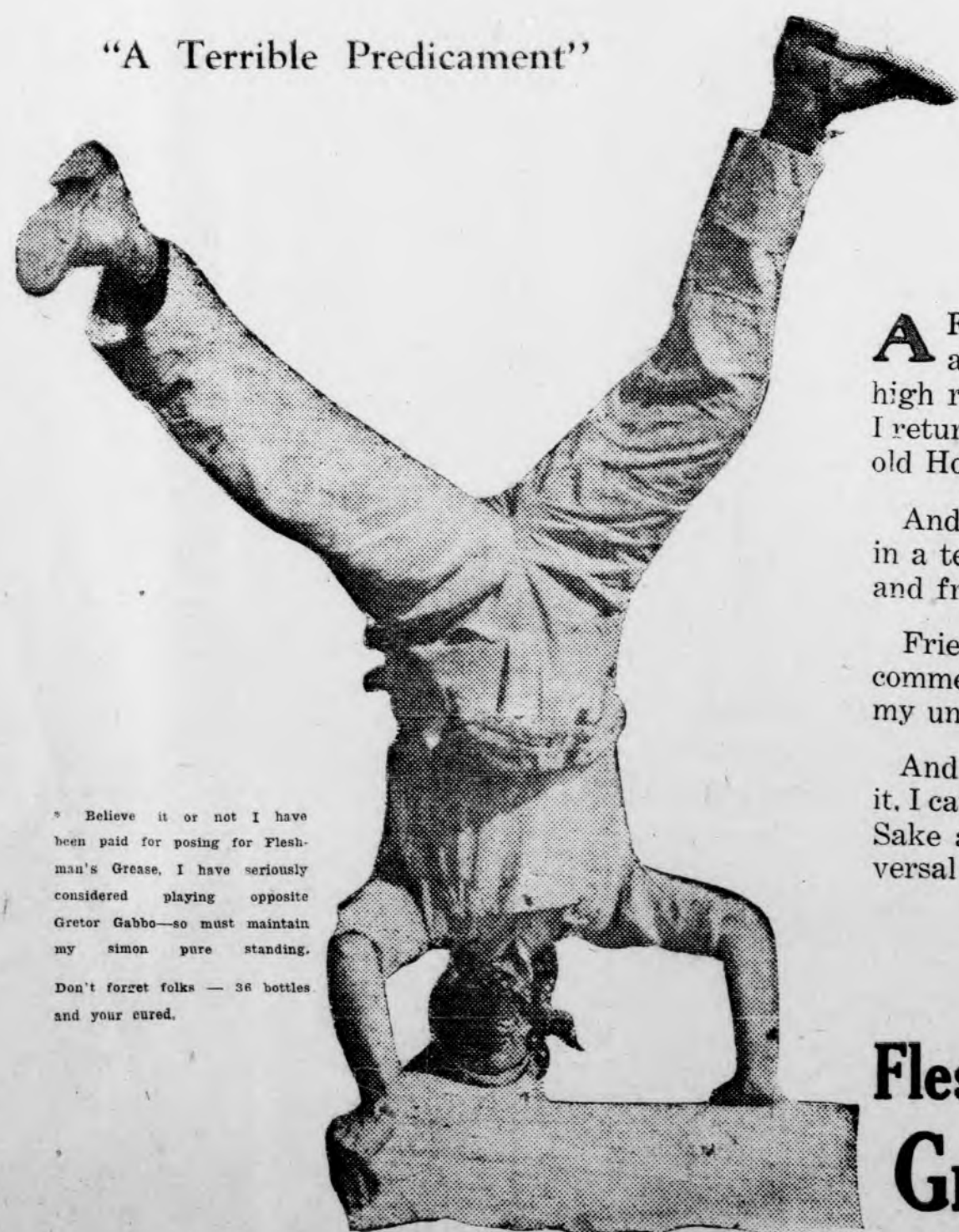
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