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The
BATES STUDENT
MAGAZINE



March Number
1920



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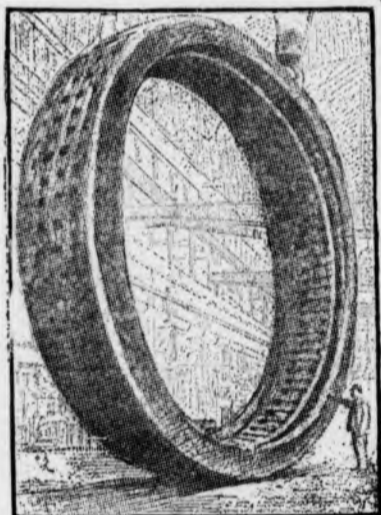
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WE WERE JUST THINKING.

Out in the largeness of the open fields, over the damp, spongy stretches of the forests, the springtime spirit is calling. Under the wet earth, musty with stubby, brown grasses, sturdy, new blades of white and green are venturing upward to start life in our world. The trees no longer look black and desolated the buds are swelling and the sap has for weeks been running freely. The air is new; it seems quick, alive, vibrant with feeling. The lakes, laying aside their cold, steely masks, are reflecting more

warmly the spring sun, and the rivers are tumbling about childishly in their courses. People laugh now on the streets. Children are skipping rope and playing hop-scotch, while "glassers" and "shiners" are muddy in the fingers of eager little youngsters. Mornings, before sun-up, we hear countless birds in the orchards, and even the crawling things are out. It is spring, and the out-of-doors is waking.

Will the spirit of the Outing Club respond?

SOME MOUNTAIN MEMORIES.

By Laurence R. Grose.

That afternoon we had pushed up the five-mile trail to the top of Chocorua, over in the southernmost White Mountains, with full kit of grub and blankets in order that we might sleep atop and see the sunrise. When we had climbed the last sheer, rocky mile of the big hill, we cooked our cereal supper in a sheltered hollow among the boulders, and ate it while taking long, long looks at the evening prospect,—the wide, lake-filled interval toward Maine and Winnepesaukee, and the welter of mountains to the north and west, each mountain a dark, sharp wave in a choppy sea-way.

In a sheltered hollow we made our beds, giving all too little heed to the meaning of the black clouds that made the sunset spectacular. Those clouds had it in for us. At eleven we were awakened by the pattering of big drops on our rubber blankets; and from then on for more than an hour we felt the force of a mountain storm. Old Chocorua held us up three thousand feet in the air to give lightning, wind, and rain a good chance at us. We were laid flat by a furious wind, lashed with rain, and treated to such a show of near and mighty lightning-bolts as we had never before encountered.

Around midnight, when the storm had passed, the scene was all set and the actors were present, but what was to be the action? There wasn't a smitch of fire wood, and the wind was cold. It seemed we must try to make the shelter-house a mile below.

But so slippery were the rocks and so treacherous the fresh-fed water-runs revealed by the winking flashlamp that we did not dare risk more than a few yards of the down trail. The best we could do was to run, dance, and wrestle to keep warm; and that was our program for three long hours within the narrow bounds of the flat summit rocks, till the first gray of morning opened the way down to coffee and hot biscuits with the keeper of the shelter.

When at length we reached level ground, we were wet, muddy, and heavy with sleepiness; but disgruntled?—never a touch! Mountaineering is a game that weather takes a hand in; and no one knows the full flavor of living who does not take an occasional strong draught of the elements. Have you faced a gale that brought you to hands and knees or flatter? Have you been so rain-drenched that rain seemed the element you were born to live in? Have you seen lightning jab the earth nearer and nearer in a line making straight for you, and had it split a tree near you and might split your ear-drums too? Have you slept cold, so cold that you would have to exercise a quarter of each hour to get up warmth enough to sleep the other three-quarters? Se begins the catechism for those who would know things as they are, and not stay in the house-dog class.

There is more good weather than bad, however. By contrast with the wild night on Chocorua, I call to mind a night on Mt. Washington,—a night steeped in serenity.

I had climed Washington four times in previous seasons, and had just reached temporary camp at the base at the end of my fifth trip when a friend suggested that as he had never seen a clear day on top, we might try over again the next day and stay up there until we should see what really is to be seen from a point a thousand feet more than a mile up in the air. I fell in with the plan very readily, as my weather luck had been similar to his on the summit—always haze or clouds, with the summit in the moist middle of the clouds. So we took the better part of the following day for the climb with all the blankets we could carry and plenty of rations.

The day was sunny, and we had a memorable site for lunch, above the tree-line, and at the foot of the immense amphitheater

of the towering ravine, beside the brook that runs from the snow arch so cold, in August, that the hand cannot be held in it. We slept that night within a hundred yards of the Tip-top House, on a little grass patch, as near to our fire as we dared. Our sleep was fitful owing to the steady draw of chill air from the north; but that was our good fortune, for the night scene, when we awoke to it, was of a solemn grandeur never to be forgotten. There was a moon, full and high; and the black peaks for miles around were islands riding a vast sea of white mist. What were we, in the face of this serene, deep resting of earth's forces? Of what importance save to catch all we could hold of the greatness and beauty of things?

In the morning there was a sunrise that seemed brighter and more spacious and skyey than shone for lower levels; and the morning proved clear as a bell, opening up to us all we had hoped for in the way of a wide prospect, including the faint glint of the sea at Portland Harbor. We had at last our clear day on Washington to brag of, and a night scene to hold in memory as long as we should live.

The rarest, most poetic mountain moonlight I have seen poured down into Crawford Notch, one August night. I had had a big day helping to pilot and shepherd a company of boy campers home from the Franconia mountains, my work having included a ten-mile detour to round up two lads who had gone on ahead and got themselves mislaid; so that my tally of miles on the hoof stood around twenty-five for the day when we reached our rest-camp near the Crawford House. After a good supper and an hour's loaf, however, I found my appetite for mileage still good, and decided that as I had been up Mt. Willard once by day, I had better try it now by night and moonlight. There was nothing difficult about the climb, as the hill was right at hand, and the hotel company maintained an excellent gravel road to the 2500-foot summit, so that presently I found myself on the bare ledge of the top. Away in front of me lay the miles of the deep Notch, round-bottomed and flanked with dark shapes of ridge and peak. The air was mild and delicately misty; and the great bowl of the Notch was filled brimming with the silent moonlight. I sat for a long spell, tasting the sweetness of the

night. The clear, sweet air was fragrant; and in the windless hush, stirred only by faint, wandering breezes, there could be heard the falling of many little streams, near and far. And always there was the "vitreous pour of the moon," bathing the earth with its beauty. I stayed till I had had my fill. Just as I was about to turn for the descent, I heard from across the valley—seemingly from the untrodden side of Mt. Webster, three miles away—a single gruff "woof." "Bear", said I to myself; and the darkness of the woods meant more to me as I walked observantly down. Before daylight next morning, on chancing to waken, I heard a cracking of twigs in the neighboring woods, coming methodically nearer. "Bear!" said Sub-consciousness, and set my heart a-beating. "Porcupine," said Reason, and bade me pound my ear some more. The which I did.

It was during the next summer that I was lost once in the Washington region, for the only time in my mountaineering experience, which has mainly followed trails marked by the Appalachian Mountain Club and rarely involved cross-country travel. Even in this case it was no blindness in the trail that misled us but absentmindedness in the trail-finder.

There was a party of six of us that climbed Washington by the Tuckerman trail, the old favorite, and beyond question the most sightly climb in New England. In the afternoon we left the summit, rather late, for the Northern Peaks, intending to rest that night at Madison Hut on the slope of Mt. Madison, the northernmost of the Presidentials. About supper-time, at a point, it turned out later, where we were within a mile of the Hut, the leader of the party, despite his A. M. C. map, took a right instead of a left turn; and when darkness came, as it did unusually early that day, we were still wandering, along a well-marked trail, to be sure, but with no haven in view.

Presently the descent became so difficult in the cloudy dusk, that one of the party nearly broke a leg by a misstep over the rough, strewn boulders; and we had to put up where we were. It was drizzling slightly, but we blew some dead limbs of the scrubby timber-line spruce into a fire, and had such cocoa and hot baked beans and bread and canned peaches as would cheer

the heart of man in any circumstances. For resting places we had to force our way into obstinate spruce-clumps in the total dark, some one side of the trail, some the other. As we were getting settled, one man's belt-ax broke loose and went clinking down from rock to rock and till we wondered what kind of terrain we were perching on, and decided that the less we moved, the better.

Next morning, after we had breakfasted in the dense fog, the sun got in its work, the whole body of mist gave a surging rise such as you get used to in the mountains, and we gazed down and down a half-mile into the depths of the Great Gulf. We had been camping all unbeknownst on the very eyebrow of Mt. Madison.

Recollections such as these bring countless others with them, of my tramps among the pleasant hills and valleys of New England, together with all the friendly give and take of the comradeship of tramping. I would give up almost anything sooner than the fun of tramping and camping,—the fun at the time, the fun of remembering, the fun of planning more. And so I wish all success to the Outing Club and its projects. I hope the outdoor infection will take hold of more and more of our big Bates family. I hope we shall soon own a cabin near at hand for short trips, and later a chain of cabins to the westward, on the way to the White Mountains. And then there is the lake country to the north; and there is Katahdin. The Outing Club is a big idea, a big possibility, a big adventure. Let's think about it, and talk about it, and dream about it, and do solid work for it. We are lucky pioneers.

DARTMOUTH AND BATES.

A comparison of the two Outing Clubs.

NEWTON W. LARKUM.

Outing Club—Dartmouth! The two words are almost synonymous. Whenever one hears about an outing club, one's thoughts turn immediately to so-called home of winter sports, and one recalls the many pictures and newspaper articles about the Hanover College, and its annual winter carnival.

Just ten years ago, Fred Harris, Dartmouth '11, conceived the big idea and proceeded to carry it out. He formed the first outing club in this country, with skiing as one of the most appealing factors in its program. From a small club of about sixty members possessing a ski jump, and almost no other tangible assets, this organization has grown to a club of about six hundred men owning cabins and trails, and a considerable amount of various kinds of equipment for winter sports.

With a ten year's handicap, Bates started her outing club, and on the very day of its inception secured nearly three hundred members. True, the success of the club at Dartmouth had no small effect on a large number of students in causing them to join, but whatever the reasons, Bates had a start that was encouraging to the most pessimistic. An income of over six hundred dollars for the first year made possible the bit that the club has accomplished in the three short months it has been running. Whatever criticism there may be of our new organization, the least observing must admit that the progress this first year has been satisfactory and compared with similar organizations in other colleges almost phenomenal.

The purpose of this article is mainly to compare our progress and opportunities for development with those of Dartmouth, which institution is admitted to have the best thing yet in the way of an outing club, but in our comparison, we shall not take Dartmouth as an ideal or a goal. It should be and will be our ambition to not equal Dartmouth but to pass far beyond. It is

for the purpose of pointing out our possibilities for development that I have undertaken this article.

Dartmouth has 1700 students. Of this number approximately 600 are members of the Outing Club, in other words, about thirty per cent. At Bates, putting our registration at 500, which figure we have not reached, we have 382 members, somewhat over seventy-two percent, this in spite of the fact that our dues are \$1.50, while \$1.00 admits one to membership at Hanover. "But", someone remarks, "a large number of our members are girls." This with a rising inflection as if to imply that girls do not count. Such a mistake is unpardonable. The question of women members of the Outing Club has been somewhat of a problem this year, but the opinion of all who have the interests of the organization at heart has been that one of the most valuable assets of the club has been its women members. At Dartmouth the winter carnival absolutely could not be without the presence of women, who must be brought from long distances. In fact, the carnival has come to be largely a social affair, where dances and entertainment play a major part. Viewing the question from this angle alone one can readily see that women members constitute a decided asset for the Bates Outing Club.

The big question, however, is just what part the women shall take in the activities of the club. No provision is made for them on the board of directors, but a women's committee has been elected this year, and will continue to be elected, whose members shall look out for the interests of the women in the club, and while this committee acts only in an advisory capacity, its cooperation is expected and depended upon. The club spent, this year, a major portion of its funds for skating. Poor weather has counteracted to a degree the work of the skating committee, but for all that the women have had as good an opportunity to skate as have the men. But there is the toboggan slide. Only those who have done the work realize what has been required of the committee on tobogganing to keep the slide in condition and cleared of snow, and certainly, the women have had as good an opportunity to use the slide as have had the men.

The four toboggans owned by the club have been at the disposal of women as well as men.

Hikes have not figured largely this year, principally because the efforts of the committee have been centered on other phases of the club's work. Weather too has had something to do with this, but in this field the women have a splendid opportunity. Hikes alone and with the men have been planned, and those who have followed the history of sports at Bates know that without the Outing Club, little is to be expected in the way of organized hikes. With the coming of better weather, and the passing of skating and tobogganing, more attention will be given to the third branch of the club's activities. The board of directors has already voted to buy a cabin, the first of several that are planned. This first will be within five miles from the college and will be accessible to most of the students. A committee is already at work trying to secure a suitable place, and it is hoped that very soon a definite announcement can be given about this new project. Thus it readily appears that women are essential to the success of an outing club in a college where there are co-eds, and that the interests of the Bates women are provided for in our organization.

As to location and opportunities for enjoying winter sports, Bates is in every way as well situated as is Dartmouth, and it remains for us to develop our resources. Mt. David first, offers a splendid field for a ski jump and toboggan slide. While at Dartmouth it is necessary to walk more than a mile to the toboggan slide or ski jump, at Bates we can have both right on the campus. Our toboggan slide is good for a start, but inasmuch as it was made in the dead of winter, it was impossible to make it what was planned. The same is true of a ski jump. In order to build a successful place for this, warm weather is needed, and available lumber. Considerable grading must be done. Another winter will see a great change in both of these fields.

At Dartmouth a big feature of the Outing Club is the hikes to neighboring places of interest, and the chain of cabins with a trail to the White Mountains. Bates is nearer to the White Mountains than is Dartmouth, and the route is far easier. Fewer cabins, and less difficulty with trains are two assets which would be

ours. Finances alone stand in the way of our developing a series of hikes as attractive as any at Dartmouth. With a large part of the heavy initial cost of an Outing Club met, we can expect in another year a much greater development in the direction of cabins and hikes. Now, as to scenery and interesting places nearby, we are admirably located. We have numerous lakes to which pleasurable excursions can be made. Our hills are not far distant and are high enough to tax the most skillful ski runner. All in all then, there is no reason why Bates cannot equal and surpass Dartmouth in her own field.

In order to do this we have one objection to meet, and one obstacle to overcome. The objection is that we are mere imitators, that we are slavishly following the lead of another college, especially in our carnival. This is not the case except in the big original idea, which if good is worthy of imitation. We acknowledge our debt to Dartmouth for the conception and practice of this great principle of getting out of doors. But as far as our organization and methods go, we have in but few details copied the older organization. For one thing we have developed skating here, while at Dartmouth, there is almost no use of the ice. Our organization is entirely different, and we agree largely only in aim.

The obstacle to overcome is our timidity when it comes to putting on a pair of skis and getting out. We are still prone to sit by the fireside, or at best to venture forth on snowshoes. It has been the experience of all who have been interested in outing clubs that this condition existed at the start, and it has always followed that no sooner had skis been introduced than snowshoes went out of fashion. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the delights of skiing, but it is intended to point out the fact that sooner or later the ski will come to stay or the outing club will die out.

With this in mind the club this year bought a few pair of skis for the use of any member. These have been in constant use, and while few have become proficient, a number have found considerable enjoyment. Another year will find the club more fully equipped. More skis will be bought, proper fastenings will be secured, and poles and wax will be on hand. But it is

not the purpose of the club to furnish equipment to all who are members. True delight and satisfaction comes only from owning and using one's own skiis. It is too great an undertaking for the club to furnish equipment for all, and so the policy will be to have a small amount of equipment for those who otherwise could not get a chance to ski or snowshoe, all who really desire to get the fullest enjoyment from winter and the snow should get their own skiis, and learn to use them.

Then, here's to the Outing Club, may it rise above petty things, and assume the place that belongs to it, equal to the Athletic Association; a club for all; an organization subordinate to the needs of the students, the mechanism of which may be concealed, but which may derive its value from the spontaneity of enjoyment that nature and the great realm of the outdoors alone can promote.

A BRIEF HISTORY.

GERALD H. BUKER, '20

The Bates Outing Club has established itself in the history of Bates College. The club commenced its actions in the fall of 1919 but was not firmly founded until January 1920. Since that time it has been the most active of any club on the campus. Some of us do not readily realize the extent of the club's actions and do not appreciate the benefits the club has furnished the student body. For the benefit of these people and for those interested in the club from all angles we will now relate the short but important history of the club.

A few men who have followed up Prof. Grose's Forestry courses realized the benefits of out door life and felt how much the student body in general neglected this phase of life. These few students with one or two others who have always been interested in constructive club movements started an investigating campaign to find out the advisability of the establishment of an Outing Club similar to that of other colleges such as Dartmouth. The investigation proved satisfactory and those most interested

assembled and appointed a committee to draw up a constitution with the approval of the faculty committee on athletics. In due time the constitution was drawn up and approved, officers were elected and permanent committees were appointed and the club commenced its active work.

The purpose of the club with an outline of the projects for the year was well advertised and then the matter of membership was taken up. The few instrumental students who had started the club wished all students who wished to belong to the club, both men and women, to have the opportunity. One morning in chapel about a week before the Christmas recess the membership proposition was presented to the student body very enthusiastically by the officers of the club and Prof. Pomeroy and Prof. Grose. Nearly three hundred members were enrolled at that time, and later over a hundred more names were placed on the secretary's book.

At once the special committees commenced their work. Just at this time the work of the skating committee was the most important and the most urgent. The Directors of the club had voted to act in conjunction with the Athletic Association in support of hockey. The club also proposed to keep a sufficient surface of the ice cleared for public skating outside of the hockey rink. This was done until there was so much snow that it was almost impossible to keep the surface open. Skating permits were issued to towns people at a special rate which allowed them to use the ice whenever they wished.

In its co-operation with the Athletic Association the club willingly incurred one of its largest expenses. This was a lighted rink for night skating and for games that might be scheduled in the evening. During Christmas recess members of the committee built the rink and put up the lighting system so that when the hockey team returned from the holidays they found a lighted rink on which to practice evenings. The student body in general were delighted with the prospect of daylight condition at night on the lake. With the co-operation of the club the A. A. has made hockey a success.

The toboggan committee has been as active probably as any other committee in the club since the heavy fall of snow in

January. A slide was built on Mt. David as soon as there was snow enough on which to slide. In a short time the slide became a very popular subject for recreation and when there was a good moon the slide was in use from morning till midnight. Owing to the many heavy snow falls the committee has gone to much expense of time and labor to keep the slide in condition. Those that have seen the Dartmouth slide say that it does not compare to our own. In another year the club expects to improve the slide a hundred percent.

The work of the hiking committee has been more difficult to conduct systematically than in other committees for several reasons. However, a few very interesting hikes have been directed by this committee and others as interesting were scheduled but did not materialize because of weather conditions. The committee has established its connections with other clubs of this nature such as the Algonquin Club and plans are being made to make trips to some of these club houses. In the spring this committee will hold chief interest among the members of the club.

On February 19, 20 and 21 a winter carnival was scheduled but on account of weather conditions it was postponed until a week later. In spite of extremely cold weather, the program was carried as far as possible and a very successful carnival resulted from exceedingly adverse conditions. The club learned a great deal from this carnival and in the future will surely be able to present the student body, and others who wish to attend, with a treat.

The Outing Club practically forced itself into Bates life and has worked under the most antagonizing of conditions and yet it has made its way to the foremost of the campus institutions. It has had, however, the hearty support and timely advice of the faculty athletic committee. In a few years the members of the club hope to make it second to none of its kind in New England. The club has a firm start and if supported as enthusiastically in the future as in the past it will hold a major place in the college activities.



OPINIONS.

To the interested observer it is plain that an Outing Club may yield several important benefits to a college community: (1) it should render possible an increased variety in outdoor pursuits; (2) the undertakings should appeal not only to experts but to everybody, so that persons who have usually been spectators will be transformed into active and enthusiastic participants; (3) such a club should be effective in promoting the spirit of camaraderie and wholesome goodfellowship throughout the community. Beginning next fall, is it not practicable to affiliate all branches of sport at Bates in such a way that the one standard fee will admit a student to any or all departments?

R. A. F. McDonald.

Health and happiness are instrumental to success. The Outing Club has enfolded both health and happiness. It has been largely responsible for the success of the past winter months. It has brought sunshine into the penetrating gloom of winter; it has garnished the campus with the charming picture of active, gayly-clad human bodies; it has brought spicy reverberations of jollification and rippling laughter; it has prevented disease-infested dormitories; it has stimulated maturing muscles; it has thrilled scores of students with the fascination of healthful outdoor sports; it has been a deterrent for inaction and anti-social

diversions; all in all it has been an invaluable asset which the college should use for further investment.

Stanton Woodman.

As an organization, the Outing Club has proved itself worthy of the support of the undergraduates of Bates College. While many of the plans of this Club have not been carried to full completion, far more has actually been accomplished than would have been thought possible. Next year's program should contain much of interest.

Harvey B. Goddard.

In conversation with a Southern student I learned of the peculiar ways by which he knew of the Northern colleges. Altho somewhat abashed because he had never heard of Bates, or in fact, any of the smaller colleges of New England, nevertheless, I was more surprised to learn that the only connection in which he had heard of Dartmouth College was thru her winter carnivals. By means of newspapers, and especially motion pictures, this Eastern college has flashed her name before the public wherever these agencies are found. With facilities for such a carnival available at Bates and with a successful year for a solid foundation, one can safely predict the time will soon come, when by bigness of plans, by audacity of originality, and by the inevitable growth of the love of outdoor sports, our own winter carnivals will equal, if not surpass, those of any college. Wonderful possibilities present themselves to the Bates Outing Club, not only in promoting genuine social activities and enjoyable outdoor sports during the winter months, but, also, in advertising our alma mater.

Carl Belmore.

STATEMENT OF THE OUTING CLUB TREASURER.

The Bates Outing Club is in receipt this year of the following income

From membership dues (380),	\$570.00
Fees for skating permits,	37.50
Contributed by E. S. Stetson toward the lighting of the ice,	35.00
Admission to Carnival hockey games,	5.50
Sale of Carnival programs,	5.60
Total,	\$653.60

The expenditures have been as follows:

Boards for hockey rink,	\$31.50
Lighting of hockey rink:	
Lumber for lighting-poles,	30.99
Wire, lamps, labor, etc.,	295.91
	\$326.90
	\$ 326.90
Skating tickets,	\$ 1.05
Toboggans (4),	71.14
Skiis (3 pairs and 4 poles),	26.29
Snowshoes (3 pairs),	21.50
Snowshovels,	10.35
Maps,	2.75
Admissions to hockey games for women members,	30.60
Carnival:	
Guarantees on 2 hockey games,	24.00
Programs,	17.00
Reception expense,	1.68
Advertising,	.95

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Carfare of member sent to get points from Dartmouth Carnival,	15.00
Total,	<hr/> \$579.71

This leaves an unexpended total of \$73.89, from which must be taken the payment for current used in lighting the hockey rink, the bill for which has not come to hand, but which will approximate \$30.

It will be noted that the largest items of expenditure are the costs of lighting the ice and helping to construct the hockey rink—in other words, the cost of giving a big boost to hockey and skating. It should be remembered in this connection that the bulk of this expenditure is for permanent property which will make the lighting of the ice far less expensive in succeeding years. Likewise the money spent for toboggans, snowshoes, and skis leaves the Club with valuable property for the general use of members next snow-time, and afterward. The admissions to hockey games for women members were secured by the Club in order to put the women members on an equal footing with the men, who as members of the Athletic Association are given admissions to these games.

Respectfully submitted,

Laurence R. Grose, *Treasurer.*

HARRY L. PLUMMER

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