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Bates College

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The BATES PRUDENT

The Voice Of The Fishbowl

Vol. III, No. 1

BATES ACADEMY, LOISTON, MAINE

By Conscription

Alumni Aid Purser

O'Fled Reports Giant Success In Recent "Preserve Dean Bean!" Campaigning

By Truth

Alumni Secretary Bank O'Fled supervised a series of tests of the new circus safety net just added to the Alumni Gym yesterday and pronounced the net ready for any emergency.

Because of recent excitement on the part of faculty and administration members in the balcony during hoop games, anxious students filed a petition to have the net (see illustration) stretched across the end of the balcony.

Students Undaunted—Try Again!

The danger was a real one, with the financial burden of obtaining the net remaining the obstacle to immediate purchase, the Purser's office reported. The petition was reworded and sent to the Alumni office.

Since the gym, built not too many years ago following a conflagration, is called the Alumni Gym, Dorm Boss, financial damager of the academy, noted that the Alumni Fund might well take care of such added facilities.

Scapegoat Sends Screamers

Alumni scapegoat O'Fled received the petition with dubious glances, admitting it might prove a good campaigning note. Letters screaming with banners such as "Preserve Dean Bean!" were immediately mimeographed in the locked offices of Roger Still and sent out.

To appeal to some of the less popular members of the Alumni group, a series of letters entitled "Protect our Referee from Attack" were also printed up and sent to a select group, at the canny Purser's suggestion.

Universal Appeal

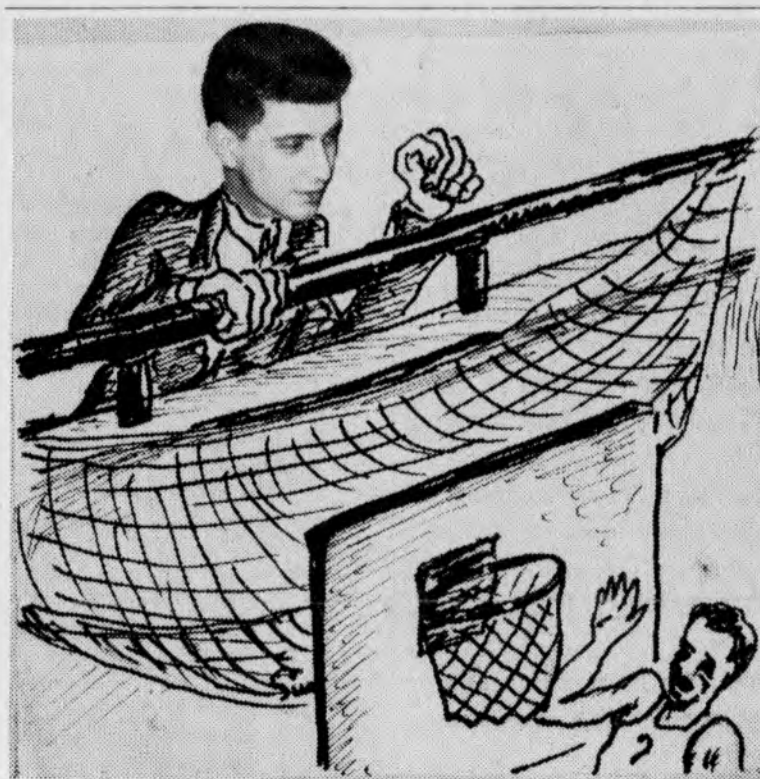
(The latter action illustrates the broad appeal of the Academy and the lack of narrowmindedness in the halls of Roger Still — as well as a wise desire to leave no stone concealing money unturned.)

O'Fled reported this morning that Alumni contributions from the usually delinquent recent graduates had more than doubled over last year's. Accompanying letters stated that donors were glad fans could now watch the games, instead of worrying about whether the Dean of the Den would pitch over the railing on the next whistle.

Avoidance Of Smashed Heads Assured

The afternoon of tests, supervised by a committee headed by O'Fled, included dropping several football dummies on the net to check tautness. The committee wanted to be sure the net would not be pushed to the floor, when heavy objects catapulted into it.

(Continued on page three)



Dean Bean excitedly waves to the referees from his balcony seat — saved from a plunge over the railing by the new net. (Photo by Rembrandt)

Four Jokers Gather For Gamblin' Spree

By Hi-Low Culbertson

Last evening at the Den of Iniquity a hushed silence fell over the students assembled there as four wild deuces entered the sanctorum and began their daily quest for pen money.

Before a full house, four faculty members, Dr. Duz, Dean Slow, Miss Pan Hell, and Prof. I. Cue Debate sat down for a battle of mits in a game said to have originated with Dangerous Dan McGrew.

L'il Eva Helps

Fortified by L'il Eva's milk of human kindness, Prof. I. Cue was off to a roaring start with three aces and two wild cards. Miss Pan Hell upped the ante to six drachma and the struggle was on. Holding the Queen of Tarts, Dean Slow checked out and Mr. Duz did nothing.

As the smoke of pure pleasure curled closer and closer to the ceiling, the I. Que Instert-loot grew. Ace followed ace, and every once in a while a straight flush took the pot. Mr. Duz did nothing.

Queens Confuse

Dean Slow played it cagey until the unveiling of three queens confused him and he forgot that the game was Red Dog and not Blue

Goose. This finished that hand and Mr. Duz had still done nothing.

With the coming of dawn, the eager students intent upon studying closely every aspect of this higher research with an eye upon honors for any coming bridge game thinned out and only the dogged assistants remained cheering on their employers with all the gusto four cups of silex could endow. Dean Slow called for a hand of strait polka and I. Cue was up the brook. Mr. Duz did nothing.

Ante Up

At last count, I. Cue was ahead \$4,500,000; Dean Slow had drawn a check on the Norman National Bank for 25 cents; Miss Pan Hell had gone home dragging her drachmas behind her; and Mr. Duz had still done nothing.

(Continued on page eight)

Announcement

The Auburn Publick Libray announces that any Bates students, faculty, or personnel who wish to investigate the ancestry of local sports officials, collegiate participants, or water boys may consult the Spillane Dictionary of Questionable Geneologies, newly purchased by that institution.

Mayor Condemns Coram Roof

By a Staff Deporter

Sanctioned by Mayor Ernest Malenfant, the Lewiston Commission of Public Safety today ordered the closing of Coram Library for an indefinite period of time. The

Commission order declared the prominent campus edifice "unsound and unsafe, a hazard to the student body."

At that time the contractor noticed the sagging of the Library roof, observing that it was a "miracle" that the roof had not yet capsized under the weight of heavy slate above.

In a semi-official college statement, just released to the PRUDENT, President Charles Franklin answered the Safety Commission. "I am particularly displeased," the New England educator remarked, "that the Commission has acted in such haste. The Library roof is a Bates tradition we would not so readily endanger."

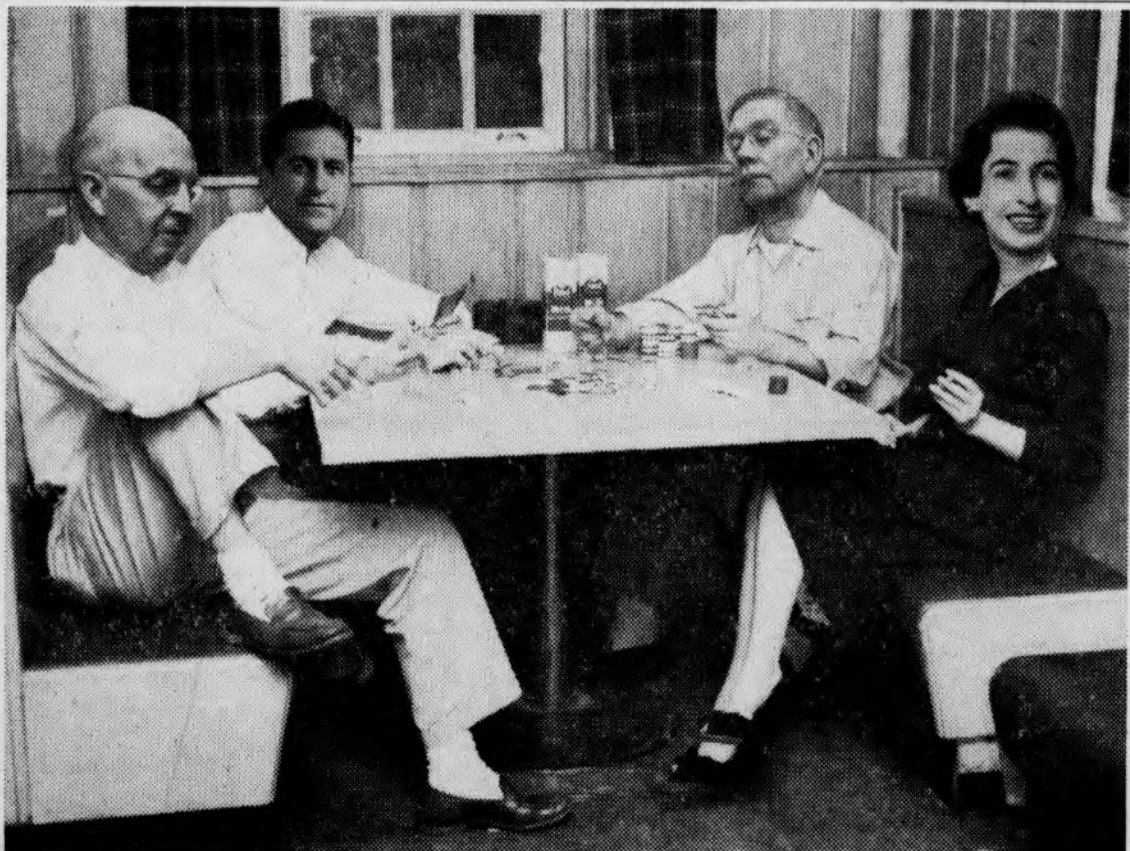
The report, published last evening in the Lewiston Daily Journal, created a furor on the campus. It laid the trouble to an abortive attempt by the College to increase book space by undermining the beams which support the Library roof.

Librarian Wanted Storage Room

The Commission's document told of a meeting in the office of Librarian Tabet To Eaton, during which Miss To Eaton secured the assent of Bates' former head carpenter to her project for adding new storage room in the Library attic.

As the head carpenter decided to saw through certain roofing beams,

(Continued on page three)



The four deuces . . .

(Photo by G. David Schinc)

Editorials

Retreat To Defeat

Unfortunately for the future of a Christian academy, the CA has long held a retreat every spring, and sometimes in the fall. They have now become quite backward compared to another major campus organization which annually holds advances.

The Shouting Club seems to have the right idea about these things, we have long thought — even to such affairs as that day of cleaning up the accumulated trash of the winter — the spring spruce-up.

But now, the Christian Association is catching fire! Prexy Mob Punster has announced that students wishing to work on the CA's Winter Warm-up are invited to appear at the next cabinet meeting.

Fight fire with fire and spruce-ups with warm-ups we always say! Details of such an enterprise will naturally have to be released before we determine whether this be a prudent move for the college to make, of course.

The ministration reports that true flips will have to be filed, per usual, and that such a project may establish an unwarranted precedent for popularity contests. We will await their judgment, but in the meantime, we are glad to see the advance-retreat feud revived. It makes campus life more interesting.

Cheese And Crackers

All students of the Academy will be particularly pleased to hear that cheese soup with crackers will be served every Saturday and Sunday in both dining halls, contrary to popular demand.

It has been proved by the trends in colleges across the nation that popularity of cheese soup (sometimes called Welsh rabbits — editor's note) is increasing and by 1970, everyone will wish to have it every day. Bates will begin now to prepare for the day that is coming.

It was also announced that land has been purchased on which to raise the rabbits, necessary for the cheese soup. With crackers.

**"I think that I shall never see
Another issue planned by me."
— The Editor**

Grub Crew Discloses Rules

Striped pajama tops, bow ties, smoking jackets and dungarees are required dress for the men's dinner Sunday noon, the Common grub staff has announced.

Students are requested to bring their own smoking equipment including pants cuffs for their ashes. Mugs will be provided with the meal.

Partakers of the roasted pot a la mode will receive no expectant looks from the servers. Replacing

the bouffant belles are sheathed sophisticates who will also pour seconds of water and bus trays.

Coed-diners will bring their own settees and atmosphere. Those desiring special attention and services must show proper identification and appropriate forms.

In the nothern corner of the dining hall, Stan Kenton will beat out the rhythms for those who wish to eat and run. Connoisseurs will find Beethoven in the southern section more to their liking.

Androscoggin's Spring Fever Out-smelled By Academy Subversives

Women of Bates, unite! A subversive movement is underfoot; something rotten in Lewiston reeks worse than the Androscoggin in a spring thaw. Your rights are being infringed upon. Your size 8 loafers are being crushed beneath the tyrannical weight of a mighty threat to your freedom. These are the times that try women's soles.

Arise and gird on your hockey pads! Take up your shorthand notebooks; fill your pens with nitric acid, not Chanel — and cloister your Amazon virtues no longer!

Females Arise!

Stand upon your rights as female beings; mount your soap boxes and don your aproned battle garb.

Betrayed By Power

Last week a monstrous indignity was heaped upon our heads by those very powers we trusted most: our Student Government has betrayed us!

In a clandestine cave atop the heights of yon Mt. David a group of instigators met to hatch a revolution. At 5 a. m. April 2, a vicious band of radicals crept under cover of darkness to the trysting place, wearing about their necks the secret badge of their guilt — a golden key inscribed with the fatal letters: BATESTUG.

In the shallows of the cave they met with a group whose very title strikes terror into the hearts of all true Bates Coeds, the instigators of the treachery — the dreaded NOITARTSINIMDA.

Rise! Unite!

May J. S. Mill rise in wrath and march with us against these bureaucrats who have united to betray us! For in ignorant bedlam of that cave, our very right to live was pledged away. Gone life, gone liberty, pursuit of happiness.

We are enslaved, down-burdened with the awful weight of FREEDOM. No longer are we free to bow to authority. We must think, act upon our own ingenuity. Ghastly nonconformity has reared its hideous head and must be severed from our shapely body. We have been given an Honor System! Somebody Stole Our Chains!

The dastardly deed was accomplished in the depths of darkness; may Uncle Johnny Stanton look down upon us from his perch in the Heavenly Elm and flood this campus with the wholesome light of truth! Should our ideals be destroyed in this hallowed home of education, what will become of us, of the world? We must stand upon our right to be protected, to be stifled and smothered and pampered and ruled. We must not allow the horror of free-will to be imposed upon us! We must fight for our right to be enchained!

Read And Remember

Our Student Government has signed a pact in blood. Let every dotted "i" etch its fearful outline

on your brains. Read that ye may know the full extent of their betrayal:

THE RED BOOK

We, the Student Government of Bates Academy, do hereby declare that the following rules will be enforced at Bates Academy, until such time as they become antiquated, whereupon such changes will be made as are reasonable (Complete subversion!). All women will be free to act within the confines of these rules:

1. Dormitory hours:

a. Each coed shall be given free of charge a key to her dormitory which she must use at her own discretion, keeping in mind her main objective in attending this institution. Refusal to use her common sense in its use will be punished with severity: three weeks suspension from gym classes or three weeks of standing on the front porch late if it be winter.

b. All dormitories must close their main reception rooms to male visitors after the hour of 9 a. m.

c. Any girl refusing the stay out until 2 o'clock on the requisite one night a month will be given unlimited cuts for House Meeting.

2. Reception Room Rules:

a. All couples who require two chairs to sit in will be fined five nickels a night for the dorm juke box.

b. All dormitories that do not every night organize games and dancing in the Game and Ball rooms for interested students, attached and unattached, will lose their privilege of coed dining.

c. All students who persist in sitting, feet flat on the floor, in the Conception Room, will be forced to remain there one hour in total darkness.

d. The women in all dormitories which show more than the light from one 25-watt bulb in the Conception Room and one 15-watt bulb in the Ballroom will pay a fine of \$100, to be sent to the Purser at Fort Knox.

e. All coeds not participating in the discussion and music groups, held in the Reception Room twice weekly will be forced to redecorate a butt room.

f. All dormitories which do not draw heavy curtains over the win-

dows of the Main Deception Room by 5:30 p. m. will be forced to break the street lights for one-half mile on either side of the dormitory.

g. All dormitories where the women refuse to provide refreshments at least three times a week to all visitors, irrespective of their location in the dorm, will be refused the use of the dorm kitchen for six weeks.

i. All dormitories must make use of the facilities: Deception Room, Reception Room, Butt Rooms, Ballroom, pianos, and kitchen. Any Proctor refusing participation in the decorating and entertaining will be sentenced to seven weeks at hard labor: emptying ash trays, putting out fires, organizing water fights, and doing pedicures for freshmen.

3. Smoking:

a. Any coed who fears fire will be permitted to refrain from smoking; but all women who have not, due to stupidity, burned down their family residence or any other building since the age of seven years will be encouraged in that habit. Any girl who walks down four flights of stairs for the express purpose of smoking in the butt room will forfeit 1 hour of Denning a la for 2 days.

b. Any coed who smokes must do so in any place where the men smoke. Refusal to do so will mean seven excused absences from Cultural Heritage.

4. Room Regulations:

a. Any woman who wishes to paint or wallpaper her room must request the assistance of the student decorating committee. Dirty yellow, grimy gray, and boresome brown will not be permitted.

b. Any woman who shows a lack of creativity in rearranging the furniture in her room will be forced to move out.

5. General Campus Conduct:

a. No woman may refuse an invitation to an Open House held in a men's reception room, on penalty of social probation for misanthropy.

b. No woman may appear on Lisbon Street in her bathing suit. Her sun bathing must be restricted to those places on campus which suits her fancy, and she must pay the consequences of her brazen conduct. (Continued on page three)

The Bates Prudent

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
Ruthless Sleuth

Senior Asinine Editor
Marry Heavens

Damaging Editor
Fancy Sole

Asinine Editors
Slam Doors
Stew Editor
Crib Went

Irish Barge

See Confetti

Make-out Editor May Belch
Woo Man's Editor Overtly Cleverly
Night Club Editor Sweeney Among The Birds
Creature Editors Barney and Scotch
Assistant Creature Line Travels
Sporty Editor Po LaBare
Unsporty Editor Ward Eight
Staff Photographer Flick Tyrant

Staff Lamponist
Rue Theday

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Damager
Smart Satan

SNITCH THEATRE

"CARNIVAL STORY"

with

FANTASIA

and

"PLACE IN THE SUN"

featuring

THE COREM LIBE

SUN DIAL

EMPIRE By The Smell

"A Broad With
Two Yanks"

MARILYN MUNROE

JOE DIMAGGIO

and

CASEY STENGEL

PETTIGREW THEATRE

Double Feature

"A MAN WITH A
MILLION"

starring

NORM ROSS

and

"CARTOON CARNIVAL"

with

CHARLES FRANKLIN

Sketches By Wretches

Athletes and Athleticism or Scraps from the (phew) Locker Room:

Scene: The lads' locker room at the Academy, an institution with a small population

Smedley: Did you see the new glass backboards, Harry? They're really smooth.

Harry: Yea! And I hear that they are going to let the team use them — during some of the practices, even.

Smedley: Do you think maybe we could sneak upstairs and take one or two shots at them while no one's around?

Harry: No. The gym's locked up tight. Better wait 'til one of them gets cracked. Then they'll hang it in the small gym, and we can all use it.

Smedley: Geez, I can hardly wait. Say, hadn't we better hurry out and wave goodbye to the team? They're leaving for Moscow in five minutes.

Harry: You know, Smedley, sometimes I wonder how all those fellows can fit into one Austin. Some of them are pretty tall.

Smedley: But you know, Harry, Mr. Duz likes to cut down on costs. That's why he scheduled all eleven away games over this weekend so they'd only have to make one trip. Besides, Moscow isn't so far. It's right next to South Paris.

Harry: Well, I sure admire the courage of those fellows — playing all those games and then facing finals right after they get back. If it wasn't for Dean Bean, I bet a lot of them wouldn't go. He excused them from their 7:40's when they get back Monday.

Hey, Smedley, we'd best help that kid out of the ambulance before we go. He's having a little trouble with his crutches; and if he gets another cut in gym, he won't be able to go on the debating trip. You know the rules.

3rd student: Hey, down there! Any of you guys want to come out in the cage and play softball? The sides are uneven 23-24, and we need another man to round out our side.

Smedley: No thanks! The last time we played, I almost got trampled on when all those guys went after a grounder. Then they had to call off the game for 15 minutes while the dust settled. They couldn't find the ball, and it was the only one they had.

For gosh sakes, Harry, will you hurry up and get dressed! This locker perfume is nauseating.

You don't have to worry about that kid on the crutches. He's had a relapse or something, and they're putting him back in the ambulance. His parents will get an awful shock when he flunks out for lack of gym credits.

Harry, what the ham is holdin' you up?

Harry: I can't seem to dry myself off, Smed. I'm on my third towel now. The more I dry, the more I sweat; and I just can't seem to catch up. Do you think you could open a window? It is rather warm in here. In fact my sneakers are melting inside my locker. Do something, will you?

Smedley: You must be joking, Harry. You know as well as I do that the doors and windows are hermetically sealed to keep the smell inside the building. Go out in the hall; it's cooler there. I'm going down to the equipment room and replace this worn out lacing.

Scene: The equipment room

Smedley: Excuse me, Sir. Do you have an extra sneaker lace I could buy, borrow or work for part time. Mine are in pretty bad shape and . . .

Sir: You will have to get an O. K. signed by your instructor. I'm not allowed to pass out equipment for no good reason at all.

Smedley: Well, I only want a . . . Hey coach, could I ask a favor of you: Would you sign this requisition for a new sneaker lace: Mine are pretty well shot. In fact, I'd settle for a slightly used one, if that's all there is.

Coach: I sympathize with you, but I'm afraid it's out of my hands. We do everything through the main office here. Makes for uniformity. Your best bet is to make an appointment with Mr. Duz. He will straighten you out.

Smedley: Wow! They sure have quite a system here. Undaunted, Smedley perseveres and soon confronts Dr. Duz:

Duz: What can I do for you, young man?

Smedley: Well, I'd like to get a new sneaker lace. Mine are worn out, and . . .

Women Unite!

(Continued from page two)
duct by entertaining all male callers who wish to intrude.

c. No woman may make use of the Women's Union without first stipulating that she will conduct herself as a lady, with male company or without. She may not remain there after the hour of midnight on week nights and after 1 a. m. on Saturday nights. A supervisor to chaperone timid coeds who wish to study with members of the opposite sex will be present on call.

d. No woman may appear at meals in such attire as might detract her male companions, and no woman may refuse to add to the congeniality of the family atmosphere — except at breakfast, where anybody has a right to his "morning after" grouch.

e. Any woman refusing to cooperate with her fellow students and with her professors in developing her own potentialities and the potentialities of her college will be sent to Middlebury.

We, the undersigned, do hereby promise and swear that we will enforce these rules only on the condition that we be given David Mountain to do with as we see fit.

BATESTUG

WOMEN OF BATES, UNITE!

We cannot allow this undermining of femininity. We have our natural right to Clinging Vinishness. Should the BATESTUG Radicals dare to impose these rules upon us, we are acting in the interests of ourselves as women, in the interests of Bates Academy, in defeating such wicked plotting. We are free to revolt against a revolution. Arise!! Defend your freedom to be a slave!

Purser Raises Roof

(Continued from page one)

he encountered a serious disagreement among members of his crew. The opposing faction believed the action was unsafe and called upon Purser Dorm Boss to decide the case.

Ross Thought Costs Saved

After his investigation Boss declared there was little danger, and besides, he noted, "the extra space will save the College the cost of a new addition." He then ordered the work to proceed. As the carpenters neared completion of the project, a loud creaking and ripping forced them to stop work.

Alarmed by the prospect of a sudden collapse, Purser Boss telephoned Portland for a set of truss rods which were installed at once. The College has since been obligated, the Lewiston Commission reports, to adjust the turnbuckle which now supports the roof, every few months.

"Clear And Present Danger"

At present (according to the report) only a few inches remain on the buckle, constituting "a clear

Rand Receives New Reception Room



By Sweeney Agonistes

Well, no, not really new, the administration coyly confesses. But extensive plans are now underway to refurbish and refurnish the Rand Rutt Room, as it has been affectionately dubbed by sentimental coeds. Dean ("Daddy Shad") Roe announced today that the Academy has awarded the contract for re-decorating to the Ross Inferior Decorating Company, of Lewiston, Maine.

The new reception room will be designed with accommodations for butts of all kinds, and will again feature the same Shmoo ashtrays which have been so popular with Rand coeds this year.

The color theme of the revamped room will be based on a Stained Glass motif, with ruby red, bottle (beer, of course), green, and blue-slip predominating. (Conscientious Culch and Fine Arts students may stand at a distance and allow their eyes to fuse the blue and red into purple.) The focal point of the room will be a lush rose window, poetically overlooking the silvery disposal cans of Rand's back veranda. Murals, depicting the highlights of a girl's life at Bates — her First Peanut Butter Sandwich, followed by her first "coke—I'm broke" date, early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise-fire-drills, and Clean Sheet Day — will splash the walls with color.

The administration — despite the fact that rugs are an incredibly dangerous fire hazard, just lying in wait, as they do, for any wayward ash — has daringly decided to furnish the newly decorated room with a thick-piled rug, com-

plete with rollers. The rug will be designed in the smart garnet and black chess-board pattern that is such a favorite with the intellectuals at Rand. On the rug will be a piano. The administration, despite student protests, has confiscated the Mayoralty Piano, traditionally used only for that glorious three-day celebration, and is scheming to clutter up the already smoke-filled air of the Rutt Room with it. (Editor's comment: Pianos and cigarettes just don't mix. You can't puff and play at the same time!)

The "new" reception room will be furnished with lounge-and-scrounge chairs, with deep seats and extended arms, for those note-less students, reviewing for an im-

Piano at Rand

(Bryant Goofed)

minent exam, who are looking over the shoulders of more noteworthy students. There will also be built-in pizza-plate dispensers, for those who munch at midnight. For interested students, there will be a machine which for a penny will tell the height, weight, and q. p. r. of any standee.

The exact date for the completion of this redecoration has not been set, but President "Jolly Cholly" Phillips grinningly assures us that it will be "Oh, any semester bill now!"

"THE SNAKE PIT"

Send your relatives to relax
In an air of continual hilarity.

"WHERE THOUSANDS
HAVE BEEN
MADE, WELL"

Located just 14 miles
from Maine's busiest little houses

RT. 100-99 at Pigalle

You Haven't Lived
until you've eaten at
**MA FRISBEE'S
PIZZA PARLOR**

Dine amongst the pleasant atmosphere of stale cigarette butts, raunchy conversation, and eat off the cleanest floor in town! No other slophouse can make that statement!

The
Schaeffer Productions
of Androscoggin County
- present -

John Stanton's
Famed Masterpiece
"Liberal Arts in a
Conservative Society"

Starring
Smiling Chuck
Baldy Harry
Stormy Normy
Herby Zerbit

Directed by Voice Boyce
Produced by the Quimby Institute

Are you tired? Do you need a boost in life? We cordially
invite you to try our lift-you-up's at

The Loose Goose Grill

And remember our special on Friday nights

YOU GET TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

Plans Announced For Pett Party

Attention All Bates Men:

Plans are now underway for the Batesey Socials, to be held on the Friday and Saturday nights of the weekend of May 11 and 12. The Friday night Social will be an affair sponsored by the Pace Fall Chance Committee at a world-famous resort known to Bates students as David Mountain. The Saturday Social will be dedicated to the Honorable Bertrand Pettigrew and called the Pett Party. Tickets will be on sale at the best local spots: the Blue Spruce Cafe, the Cavalier Concert Hall, and Murpho's Tea Room.

The Chase Social will be an all-campus function, with stags provided by the Lewiston Lake Zoo. The proceedings have been organized by Lah Hunter, world famous dear tamer. Lah has organized a Pacing Party, a Racey Party, and a Coed Chase.

Wait For Sunset!

The Pacing Party will begin as soon as the sun goes down, with the Coed Chase last, as it is the week of the full moon. (The better to see you, my deer!) The Pacing Party will be a race of couples tied together by right ankles, the object being to pace to the top of the

mountain, grab a case of Schlitz Seven-Up, polish it off, and roll down onto the tennis courts. Stretchers and pall bearers will be present.

This affair will be followed by the Racey Relay, to be participated in by all steady couples — emotionally unsteady couples will be refused participation. The goals in this relay will be five platinum nose rings hidden under rocks at the summit. The losing couples will receive a reward for participation—a free wedding ceremony in the Academy Chapel with Dean Slow officiating. A very blue slip will be presented to the losers at the end of the relay.

Coed Chase

The final event in the Social will be a Coed Chase. The charming coeds to take part in the chase will be elected by the Senior men. Qualifications for candidates include a cooperative attitude and a marked

fondness for the opposite sex. The coeds will leave the starting line at the edge of the tennis court at 10:30 o'clock as soon as the moon is high.

They will seek to conceal themselves on the mountain. At 10:45 the men, armed with Indian blankets, will scour the brush, seeking to flush the bevy of beauties. The coeds will, of course, endeavor to escape; but any woman caught trying to descend the mountain back onto campus by way of the President's and Dorm Boss's backyards will be stopped by these worthy gentlemen and given the choice between a chance on an Indian blanket or returning to the race.

Catchy Coeds

All coeds caught by their pursuers will be expected to cooperate with their Most Honorable Sirs in every possible way. Blankets must be returned to the Pace Fall Chance Committee by 5 a. m.

The Saturday night Pett Party will be held on the shores of lovely Lake Andrews overlooking scenic Russell, Bardwell, and Smith mountains. In this idyllic valley, playground of the youth of the world, the name of the most revered Bertrand Pettigrew—the name that made Milwaukee famous — is to be honored by an all-Academy fete.

Heaven On Earth

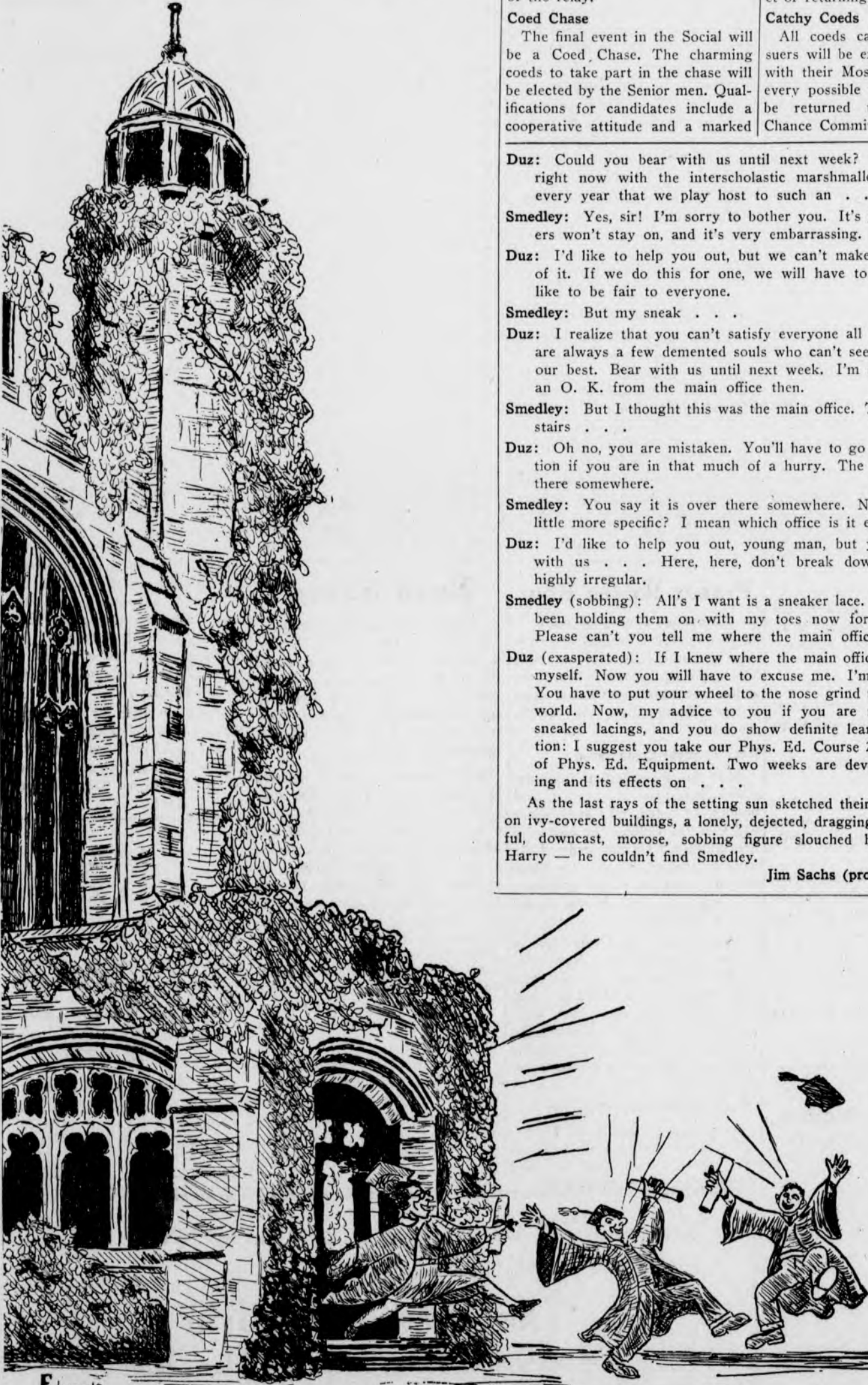
The Steering Committee for the affair has acted with intelligence and ingenuity and has dreamed up an entertainment that will delight all true Batesey socialites. The committee has spent the past five weeks digging fox holes on the shores of the lake. The fox holes will be equipped with a sofa, two overstuffed chairs (those chairs never joined us for meals at Commons or Rand!), a phonograph, a portable bar, and a TV set for the anti-intellectuals.

Nominal Fee

The fee charged for one of these bits of heaven dug in the earth will be \$.55. Why go to the movies? The fox holes will be open for entertaining at 10 p. m. All coeds must be escorted and no man may entertain more than one coed on each \$.55 ticket. The Social will end at 5 a. m. with a Bunny Hop across campus, ending up at Hathorn for the annual pogo stick race. The glorious close to the night's festivities will be the hanging of the Co-operating Committee from the Stanton Elm.

The proceeds from these functions will be used to put a down-payment on Elizabeth and Dorothy's Sandwich Shoppe on Main Street. All coeds interested in making sandwiches (or anything else) to earn a little extra pin money should see Mrs. Busybee, the manager of the Shoppe, by Friday. The pay will be the usual college rate of \$.08 per hour.

"If your lollipop pants, Send it to the CANDY CUPBOARD, Lewiston, Me."



Edwards

"And Away We Go!"

(Posed by Prudent Staff)

Duz: Could you bear with us until next week? We are very busy right now with the interscholastic marshmallow races. It's not every year that we play host to such an . . .

Smedley: Yes, sir! I'm sorry to bother you. It's just that my sneakers won't stay on, and it's very embarrassing.

Duz: I'd like to help you out, but we can't make a special case out of it. If we do this for one, we will have to do it for all. We like to be fair to everyone.

Smedley: But my sneak . . .

Duz: I realize that you can't satisfy everyone all of the time. There are always a few demented souls who can't see that we are trying our best. Bear with us until next week. I'm sure that I can get an O. K. from the main office then.

Smedley: But I thought this was the main office. They told me downstairs . . .

Duz: Oh no, you are mistaken. You'll have to go over to administration if you are in that much of a hurry. The main office is over there somewhere.

Smedley: You say it is over there somewhere. Now could you be a little more specific? I mean which office is it exactly?

Duz: I'd like to help you out, young man, but you'll have to bear with us . . . Here, here, don't break down like that! It's highly irregular.

Smedley (sobbing): All's I want is a sneaker lace. My feet hurt. I've been holding them on with my toes now for two gym periods. Please can't you tell me where the main office is?

Duz (exasperated): If I knew where the main office was, I'd go there myself. Now you will have to excuse me. I'm a very busy man! You have to put your wheel to the nose grind to get ahead in this world. Now, my advice to you if you are really interested in sneaked lacings, and you do show definite leanings in that direction: I suggest you take our Phys. Ed. Course 201—the Philosophy of Phys. Ed. Equipment. Two weeks are devoted to proper lacing and its effects on . . .

As the last rays of the setting sun sketched their ephemeral warmth on ivy-covered buildings, a lonely, dejected, dragging, plodding, sorrowful, downcast, morose, sobbing figure slouched homeward. It was Harry — he couldn't find Smedley.

Jim Sachs (pronounced like Bach)

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