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Bates College

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COMMONS PROPOSES, ANNOUNCES CHANGES

COSTELLO ROOM REDECORATED

Renovations have recently been completed on the Costello Room, the private dining room intended for student use situated immediately outside of Commons. Bernard Carpenter, Business Manager, told the STUDENT that the renovations were completed in order that students may have an easily accessible place to hold meetings.

Intended as a step in the eventual rehabilitation of all of Chase Hall, the room was refurbished through the co-operation of President Reynolds and the Advisory Board. The plan was submitted to the Board for its approval before Christmas Recess.

The room has been carpeted, new lighting added, and paneled. It is comparable with the President's Dining Room in decoration.

It is hoped that student use of the Costello Room will increase. A blue slip is sufficient for its use, or if time is short, approval by Mr. Canedy is sufficient.

Blount Discusses Inter-Library Loan

"The Bates library did not subscribe to a magazine I needed for my thesis, so it ordered the six volumes I wanted about a week before Christmas vacation. After Christmas, I was told that inquiries had not produced the magazine in any of the college libraries in Maine and that it was 'too late' to order them from outside the state. They suggested that I change my thesis topic to make use of the materials that were available in the Bates library. They even said they had some books in the attic they could get which might be helpful."

"They got the books I needed for a paper—on the day the paper was due."

In response to many such complaints about the college library, the STUDENT asked Edward F. Blount, assistant librarian, to explain the inter-collegiate library lending system. This system is used to answer student requests for books not in our own library.

Blount explained that the

POLL TONIGHT ON SUN. CHANGE

Last fall the Advisory Board Food Committee attempted to introduce a change in Sunday meal hours to the following:

Brunch, 9:45-11:30 A.M.

Dinner, 4:45-6:15 P.M.

The proposal was not accepted because of the lack of interest shown by the students, even though the few who voted were in favor of the change by a large majority.

Perhaps there is need for clarification. Jackets and ties will **not** be required at either meal. Both meals will be "big." Brunch will include meat, potatoes, a breakfast pastry, as well as regular breakfast choices. The evening meal will be dinner, the major meal for the day, corresponding to the present noon meal. Students do not "lose" money by eliminating one meal, but other meals will gain in quality and quantity. The proposed brunch hours are not fixed, but will be changed if experience indicates this is necessary.

A second vote will be taken this evening. Please make an effort to indicate your position on the proposal, as a percentage of the total student body is needed, not only of those voting.

Library Announces Coin-op Xerox 914

As a service to students and faculty members, a Xerox 914 coin-operated photocopier has been installed near the catalog alcove in Coram Library. Suitable for reproducing typed, printed, or manuscript materials up to 9 x 14 inches in size, the Xerox is coin-operated on a simple "do it yourself" basis by following instructions on the machine. Cost is 10 cents for each copy.

The Xerox is being made available this semester to determine whether there is enough volume on campus to allow continuance of the service. Persons making copies on the equipment should remember that copyright restrictions apply to certain type of material.

ZERBY LECTURER TO DISCUSS ECOLOGY OF SEX AND RELIGION

By Dan Johnson



Prof. Herbert W. Richardson

Professor Herbert W. Richardson, Assistant Professor of Theology at the Harvard Divinity School, will deliver the third annual Zerby Lecture this evening at eight o'clock in the Little Theatre. The title of his address is **Witch, Nun and Playmate: The Ecology of Sex and Religion**. Mr. Carl B. Straub, Instructor in Religion and Cultural Heritage, will introduce Professor Richardson. The lectureship was established three years ago by the Campus Association (in honor of Dean Emeritus Zerby) to provide for an annual lecture by some distinguished figure in the area of contemporary religious thought.

Professor Richardson has received degrees from Baldwin-Wallace College, The University of Paris, Boston University, Western Reserve University and Harvard University where he received his Ph.D. in History and Philosophy of Religion in 1963. Besides his position as

Assistant Professor of Theology at Harvard, he was Lecturer in Theology at Boston College in 1966, Chaplain and Assistant Professor of Religion at Bucknell University from 1961-62, and presently is a member of the Study Committee on Sexuality for the Presbyterian Church in the United States. He is also a minister in the Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Richardson's most recent book, **Toward an American Theology**, and his significant contributions to a better national understanding of the ethics of abortion have established him as a leading thinker and scholar in our country.

Immediately following the lecture there will be a brief question and answer period, then a reception in the Ham Room of Lane Hall. Professor Richardson and his wife will remain in Auburn for the night and he is planning on attending several classes on Friday.

HERSHEY DOUBTS BROAD SCIENCE DEFERMENTS

WASHINGTON (CPS)—Gen. Lewis Hershey, director of the Selective Service System, says he thinks there is some doubt the National Security Council will grant broad-scale deferments in mathematics, engineering, and the sciences.

An inter-agency committee recommended such deferments in early December. In an interview with Pat McMahon of the Stanford Daily, Hershey said he believes the Council's failure to act on the committee's recommendations is a sign that the Council may not accept the committee's plan.

"It doesn't take long to approve something," Hershey explained, "and they (the members of the Council) have had the report for nearly six weeks, so they may be up to something."

Hershey admitted, though, that he had no way of knowing what the Council's draft system would be. "It is a new format," he said, "so there is no use trying to use history for guessing what will happen." Under the draft law passed last year, the National Security Council is charged with deciding who will be deferred.

U.V.M. Sociologists To Study Drug Effects On 50 Students

BURLINGTON, Vt. (CPS)—University of Vermont sociologists will study a group of 50 students who say they have used drugs.

And Vermont and Federal law enforcement officials have agreed to allow the students to maintain their anonymity and not to attempt to prosecute them. Even the researchers will not know the names of the students involved.

It is believed to be the first study of its kind in the nation, and the first in which law enforcement officers have co-operated.

The main purpose of the study is to obtain information on what kind of students use drugs. The research team, headed by Dr. Ronald Steffenhagen of the university's sociology department, will administer a standard personality test to the drug users as well as to a control group of 50 who say they have not used drugs.

But the researchers say the most important aspect of the

study is introduction of "group therapy sessions" for drug users. They say these sessions have been made possible through the co-operation of the law enforcement officials.

The researchers plan to use these sessions to provide information which will keep students from moving on to other drugs, get them to decrease their use and eventually stop using drugs altogether.

SOCIOLOGY CLUB TO HEAR SPEAKER

Ralph Crowell of the Maine Department of Health and Welfare will speak Monday, January 22, at a meeting of the Sociology Club. Crowell will discuss "A Career in Social Work" at 7:30 in Skelton Lounge.

The meeting is open to all students. Refreshments will be served.

letters to the editor letters to the editor

. letters to the editor letters to the editor

Letter to the Editor:

I have no intention of becoming involved in an argument by letter with Tim Murray. Nevertheless, I feel obligated to make some sort of reply to his letter in which he pitted the "word of God" against my much too human letter. Briefly, my response to Tim is to advise him to look for God within himself and not within the writings of some long-dead Israelites. God lives and He lives within us all if only we look for Him within ourselves. I wrote my previous letter only for those who found worship of God incompatible with the killing of man. If Tim can find God in the death and destruction that the United States and the Viet Cong are daily perpetrating on the Vietnamese people, I suggest he drop everything and go to worship in battle. But for myself, I shall worship God by loving man whoever or wherever he is. I urge the same worship on all and trust confidently that once one escapes from the trappings of an almost defunct religion and worships a living God, he shall discover, as I did this past year, that love is the only worship fitting for God.

Jeffrey Raff

To the Editor:

I affirm the argument of Jeff Raff. War itself is an atrocity: a condition of life which must not be tolerated. War is not an isolated iniquity, but the extreme insistence of a universal abuse, the rule of force. Force in the hands of another, exercises over the soul the same tyranny that extreme hunger does, for it possesses the power of life and death.

In this society we have values which we hold to be Christian: Life, Truth and Love, for example. In a situation of war these values which we feel to be cosmic, at least, if not Christian, tend to become relative to the situation of war. It becomes good to lie to or to kill the enemy and bad to act in a like manner to ally. Thus, war becomes the object from which values are derived. War, therefore, becomes, in the classical definition, God. This is atrocious.

Although Mr. Murray himself as a Christian, he quoted only the Old Testament, saying "God said, 'The murderer shall surely be put to death.'" Actually, this scripture is excellent condemnation of the American soldier. God in the Old Testament said also, "Thou shall not kill" and "Vengeance is mine." In defense of your use of Old Testament scripture, you declare, "I write this as a Christian, one who accepts and finds the ultimate conflict in the claims of both the Old and New Testament." I will answer you with the words of Christ on the Mount of Olives:

"You have heard that it was said, 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' But I say to you, Do not resist one who is evil. . . Give to him who begs

from you, and do you refuse him who would borrow from you."—Matthew 5:38-42

Here Christ condemns an Old Testament teaching. There are people in this world who are most in need of land and seed and water. What is your Christian duty to these people regardless of the fact that your country is killing them? What is the Christian definition of "neighbor"?

The historian and the theologian know that a society demands two sets of beliefs of its members, one being a belief in the spoken values of that society, which, in this country, are predominantly Christian. A society also demands of its members a belief in that society as a cause unto itself. This is a dualism which seems to have become unified in Mr. Murray's personality. What kind of a Christian is a Christian Nationalist?

Dan Dustin

To the Editor:

Mr. Wescott's review of *Gone With the Wind* succeeded because of its "humor." However, the review has exactly those qualities for which Mr. Wescott attacks the film: a lack of genuine feeling and a conglomeration of the old cliché poorly disguised. The critique was not so much an attack on *Gone With the Wind* as a review of Mr. Wescott himself. Mr. Wescott thought he, unlike the film, appeared favorably. I hope deep insight plus an objective appreciation of the styles of past films never replaces the usual negative approach to those things which are popularly enjoyed, simply for the sake of displaying one's wit. "Too much of a good thing is bearable, but too much of a bad thing is intolerable." Thank you, Mr. Wescott, for your own quotation.

David C. Riese

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Prudent

Outing Club Scandal CALLED A REGULAR "KEY CLUB"



Distraught Photog

"Who are all these masked young men and women sneaking into the Outing Club at ungodly hours?" asked one outraged Bates Administrator. "They've turned an outstanding and perennial organization into a regular Key Club," he further disclosed. The **Prudent** staff, shocked by such accusations, decided to investigate in the upright journalistic tradition of the *New York Times*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and the *Village Voice*. We would see that wrong be exposed and right be expressed.

Armed with camera, pen, and curiosity, our crack team infiltrated the area waiting to catch the dissolute culprits in a disgusting Outing Club orgy

of sadism and other overt nasty things. At a late hour, the Outing Club regulars made their way through the sultry shadows of Parker, nearing the treacherous green door. By the light of a glaring yellow bulb hanging from a leaning, pitched pole we watched in amazement as the lean, curl-lipped male opened the door with a secret key, while his consort urged him on with the provocative expression, "Hurry up, hurry up. I'm cold."

Naked

Oh, where hath fled the morality of the age? Has all goodness dissipated with the warm innocence of summer? Our esteem for the Bates man and woman reached the despairing depths that can only be compared with the sad, vacant eyes of a Holly stripper. Oh what is in the works, we ask?

Our staff fought back the tears of disillusionment. Our plan was to wait five minutes and then, with the naked unerring eye of our camera, and the slashing strokes of an outraged pen, we would put this affair to an end.

Four minutes ticked by, each of the staff was in a bothered state. Bursts of cold steam erupted from the nostrils at ten-second bursts, then five, then two. I noticed that my cameraman was panting. The pressure was unbelievable.

What of ethics, we all

Con't. Page 4, Col. 1

Student Editor Flees With Funds

"Light-fingers" Ed Savard, Editor of the establishment's school newspaper, the **Bates Student**, was indicted Monday for attempting to abscond with P. A. funds. He revealed to the **Prudent** yesterday that he has more than once thought of escaping to Acapulco, Bermuda, or Portland with his ill-gotten gains. "They'd never find me," reported the disgruntled editor. "I'd simply mix with the natives."

Sis's Piggy

When asked why he has not taken advantage of the opportunity, the carrot-topped editor retorted, "Have you ever peeked into the P. A. cash box? Why, I used to find more money in my little sister's piggy bank!"

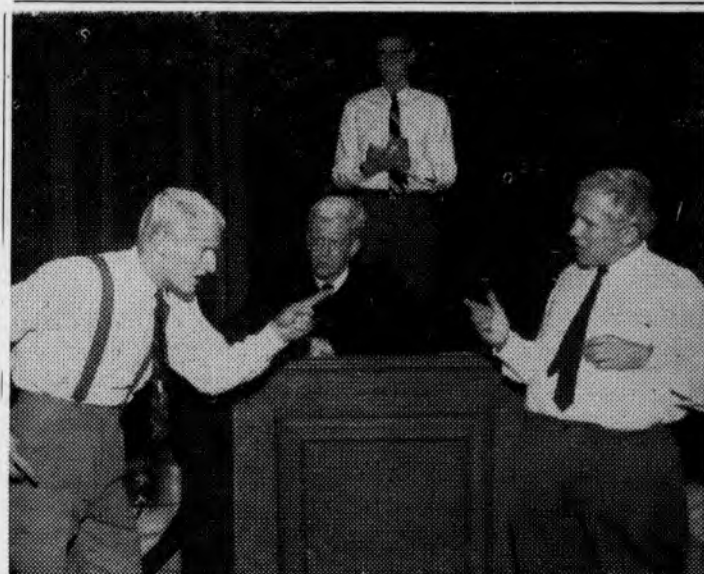
"Ungadly cad!" shouted the entire **Prudent** staff, quite unjustifiably in the eyes of this reporter, "Your little sister's piggy bank — is there nothing in God's world that you hold sacred?"

"Yes," replied the shifty-eyed editor, "My editorial."

This response provoked an earnest scrutinizing of the P.A. ledgers by the virtuous muckrakers of the **Prudent**. It was subsequently discovered that, indeed, over \$32 had been embezzled.

Vigilante Committee

The **Prudent** immediately or-



ganized a vigilante committee composed of Dr. Wirey and fourteen members of the Smith South Society for the Preservation of Needlework. The group scoured the entire campus until the unscrupulous editor was found in the WRJR broadcasting booth in the company of the now former ambassador to the United States from Brazil.

"Oh, Poopie," grumbled the editor when discovered.

The two were bound hand and foot and carried to the infirmary. After signing in, the two suspects were placed in the custody of a Mr. Hoss, reputed to be a doctor. Hoss immediately asked Savard to cough.

Apparently, this indicated

something of import to the learned physician, for he immediately threw the two into a room and locked the door. He then went to the medicine cabinet and withdrew some medical apparatus and bravely entered the locked room with the two suspects.

Minutes Later

Minutes later, he emerged and confidently proclaimed, "These two are your men. They did it, all right!"

"How did you discover that so quickly?" queried the group of loyal citizens.

"It was simple," replied the good doctor. "I simply gave each of them a syringe full of truth serum, and it all came out."

MUDDLE IN THE CHAPEL

The bells started around 5:30 — the traditional hundred peals proclaiming a basketball victory were smothering the insipid tinkle of "Jesus Loves Me; This I Know."

Tripping over the chapel-length train of his choir robe, Bobby Doolittle ran up to the moat and across the drawbridge (DeRobby had sternly warned him to be present by the time the carillon started into its second verse).

Dr. Brawn's Foolish Attempt

The heavy wooden door swung open bashing Dr. Brawn, who was standing behind it in a foolish attempt to be the first to greet the visiting preacher (who, being rather nearsighted, had stepped off the drawbridge and was now

battling crocodiles in the moat's second level). The choir entered in procession, hands folded, eyes downcast. DeRobby led the line, puffing, "hut, tup, threep," out of the corner of his mouth. Bobby was having a hard time of it, since, being late, he had inherited what DeRobby liked to call the Fate of the Late. This meant he had to double-time the length of the chapel throwing reams of white ribbon in a crisscrossing web between the pews in a dual effort to trip up latecomers and to rope in early-comers. Ducking and weaving behind him, jumping the satin strands like a Conference champion, came the guest speaker, Reverend Rally, who had been pulled from the

moat by John Town's frantic efforts with a lobster trap (luckily he was able to tangle the ropes in Rev. Rally's girlie suspenders). The congregation in the third pew rejoiced, knowing that in a matter of seconds Rev. Rally's clerical collar would shrink, cutting off the sermon in time for them to see the second half of 'Man from Uncle.'

Pong, Pong

"My dear friends," intoned Rev. Rally in a hoarse voice (not from a cold contracted in the moat, but from fear — he was deathly afraid of crocodiles). At that moment the electric lights went out, the organ burst into a thunderous chord, and the choir trilled

Con't. Page 5, Col. 2

TRAGEDY IN THE BLUE-GREEK ROOM

Upon his arrival at Bates, visiting classicist and expert on Greek and Roman art, Dr. Neander Thall of Harvard University, asked for permission to visit and marvel at the famed Blue-Greek Room of our own Coram Library (affectionately dubbed "The Libe" by those who don't know any better). Dr. Thall, if you will remember, achieved national acclaim last year when he advised that the United States supply free birth control information to intellectually impoverished and ignorant peoples throughout the world. He suggested that the government initiate its program with special help to Westbrook Jr. Col-

lege.

Head Librarian, Ida Froster, was only too happy to accommodate such a distinguished guest. She personally escorted the bushy-haired classicist to the famed room, holding out her arm and exclaiming, "Here it is, Sir; it isn't much, but we call it home."

Careful, Honey

Everything went well until Dr. Thall attempted to extract an individual volume of Etruscan recipes from the dust-laden shelves. The volume would not come loose. Miss Froster smiled and said apologetically, "It's been a long time." Not wanting to be foiled

Con't. Page 5, Col. 1

EDITORIALS

TODAY'S YOUTH IS GOING TO THE DOGS

What is wrong with today's youth? Many of us have asked ourselves this question over and over again. With all this T.V. violence, draft-card burning, and the stomach-wrenching threat of acne, it's a wonder that more of them do not tread the path of sin, corruption, and socialism. I for one, laud the good boys and girls of today, but to the bad ones, I say, naughty, naughty.

It's a shame, a terrible, terrible shame, and we have to punish the offenders who insidiously mar the American dress. Just remember the words of electric young Ron Reagan, "Progress is our most important product."

The parents are at fault, for as the old adage goes, "Spare the rod, spoil the child." There is a lot of truth in old adages. We should honor them, revere them — how would you like to be an old adage?? Abandoned, mistreated, afflicted by a gout of meaning, a senility of sense. America is founded on old adages, sayings that someone uttered as a joke, which everyone took seriously. When our old adages fall apart, then America will topple upon itself. Save America. Take an old adage home to dinner with you tonight.

AWARD

This week's "Find old adages a warm home and slippers" award goes to the Salada Tea Company, whose perpetration of wonderfully true and witty expressions make each day a little more exciting.

letters to the editor

letters to the editor

To the Editor:

(This is a prediction of what someone will invariably write)

The **Bates Prudent** was at best silly, and at its worst, disgusting. Why must people destroy and defame, when there is so much building to do? They waste their time criticizing when they could be doing something constructive, like working for the Chase Hall dance committee. Life is so good and wonderful, that if we just cover up the bad and absurd parts, everything will be fine. When you eat an apple with a bad spot in it, you eat around the rotten part, you don't purposely choke on bitterness.

Every cloud has a silver

lining, even hydrogen ones; especially hydrogen ones, just think how much bigger their linings are.

Yours,
Dolly Good.

Dear Mr. Editor Sir,

I thought that last week's article on **Gone With The Wind** was perfectly horrible. Why, when I saw it for the fifth time I just gushed tears like a fountain. I think that the old Poo, who wrote it, is just jealous, that's all; and I demand, Mr. Editor, that you do something about that wretch. This is a matter of honor.

Very truly yours,
Sarah Ann Mobly

O.C. Scandal from Page 3

thought? These unsuspecting thrill-seekers of the O.C. have some right of privacy, but now the five minutes were ticking to a close, and each of us knew what we must do, and that what we were doing was right, for does not the Good Blue Book say, "Thrill-seeking will not be tolerated?"

Commandos

"Now!" I said, and our able staff leaped into action, bolting for the door like brave commandos. Just then, the peeling green door swung open and out came the two, laden with ski equipment. "What have you two been up to?" asked the excited cameraman, who, in his fidgeting state, was having a hard time inserting a flash bulb. The young man stared incredulously at our group and said, "Getting skis ready for tomorrow's ski class."

"Ha!" blurted the cameraman, groping on the ground on

all fours in a desperate attempt to retrieve the flash bulbs he had just dropped. "That's a meager excuse for being in the O.C. office at 6:30 at night."

After a series of questions, it was found, much to our dismay, (and to the consternation of the cameraman) that the lanky, youthful O.C. member was telling the truth. We did extract from him, however, that more than one O.C. key is in existence, making the Administration charge at least in part valid.

Might Try

"I don't know," said the cameraman, who by this time had managed to lose bulbs, camera, and the scarf his grandmother knitted him for Christmas. "It still seems unlikely that two young people of opposite sexes left together for five full minutes can be trusted. And besides, they might try to do it, it, it!"



OUR STAFF

BATES PRUDENT

Earle F. Wescott — Editor in name only
Norman R. Briggs — Editor in charge of smut
Jane C. Whitney — Editor in sane
Patricia B. Perkins, Editorial stiff
Leona F. Schauble, Editorial stiff

Bungle Exposed In Jungle Interview

Scene: An obscure jungle village somewhere in Vietnam

Reporter: Hello out there in TV-Land. This is Morty Shaker for NBC News. I have with me here today Captain Hardy Flank, affectionately known to his comrades-in-arms as "Old Kick 'em in the B---- When They're Down" Flank. Captain Flank, what is your mission in this obscure village?

Capt. Flank: Essentially, Morty, our duty is to evacuate the C. P. and direct them to a . . .

Reporter: Excuse me, Sir, but for the viewing audience at home in their snug living-rooms, can you tell us what C. P. stands for?

Capt.: C. P. is civilian population — we evacuate the C.P. and direct them to a reorientation center, where they are processed into various C.C.'s in approved areas.

Rep.: And C.C., I would imagine is the abbreviated term for concentration camp?

Capt.: Certainly not, Sir, we are Americans, and Americans are incapable of that sort of thing. C.C. stands for Civilian Camp.

Rep.: Excuse me, but what are these fires here.

Cap.: Oh, this is part of Operation Carthage. After evacuating the C.P., we make sure that the V.C. is unable to use either the homes or land in the area for their nefarious purposes.

Rep.: I see. In other words, you lay waste the land and obliterate any signs of life.

Cap.: Yes. We call it "secur-

ing an area."

Rep.: And what is that soldier over there doing with the sack on his shoulder? He seems to be planting seeds.

Cap.: Actually, that's a subordinate program affiliated with Operation Carthage. Its code name is "Johnny Appleseed."

Rep.: And exactly what is he doing?

Cap.: He's sowing the soil with salt.

Rep.: I see. Well, Captain Flank, although I'm only a civilian and my civilian mind cannot fully comprehend the complex and intricate processes of military operation, it would seem to me that the C.P. would come to dislike you for pulling them off their land and then destroying their homes.

Cap.: Ha, ha. You mean huts, don't you? Just remember, you're a white American with all the greatness of the American tradition flowing through your veins, so don't try to compare these peasants with American farmers. These people are used to such things, and, in fact, the C.C.'s to which we send them offer a better existence than they could possibly achieve out here.

Scene switches to a C.C. (Civilian Camp).

Rep.: Hello, out there to all you people who have just finished a comfortable meal and are now settled in front of your T.V. screens with a smoke. This is Charles Callingword at the civilian camp just south of Saigon. I have with me an

American Aid doctor, and a farmer evacuated in the project Carthage program. (To doctor) We've had reports, Sir, that the civilians brought here are better off than they were on their farms. Is that so?

Doctor: No, not really, but at least this way the military can keep an eye on them.

Rep.: You mean that this is not the best of all possible situations and the best of all possible civilian camps?

Doc: No. We lose about sixty civilians a day to dysentery, typhoid, and V.D."

Rep.: But can't you combat those things with inoculations?

Doc: We have at this camp 2,500 civilians. We also have at this camp one hypodermic needle, two assisting core men, and 1,200 security guards armed to the teeth.

Rep.: But aren't these friendly civilians?

Doc: Yes — they're too sick to fight.

Rep.: But we have been assured that this is a humanitarian and civilized program.

Doc: That depends upon what you mean by civilized. Americans usually confuse the word mechanized with civilized. They feel it is ghastly for one man to physically inflict pain upon another, but they regard impersonal mass destruction by fire bombs and anti-personnel shrapnel bombs as a mere compiling of statistics.

Rep.: Yet this is a limited war.

Con't. Page 5, Col. 1

Blue-Greek from Page 3

by a mere book, Dr. Thall grabbed the binding and pulled with all his weakness. There was a tearing sound mingled with Miss Froster's idle comment, "Be careful, Honey," and the whole row of books pulled away revealing a phoney board painted vertically in different colors to portray the illusion of real books. "A mere pasteboard mask," the outraged and surprised Thall quoted aptly.

Massive Busts

"Well, it looked pretty. And we didn't want to bother with the expense of real books that no one would read," admitted Miss Froster. Hoping that the worst was over, Miss Froster directed the attention of the horn-rimmed classicist to the two massive busts over the bookshelves. He inspected them for a few moments and turned toward the anxious librarian. "Do you know who they are?" she playfully quizzed him.

"Astounding," he answered, "utterly amazing. The first is a bust of Nero and the second is the head of John Wilkes Booth, sculptured, as near as I can tell, by a radical Southern separatist in 1897.

"And I always thought that

they were Zeus and Cicero," exclaimed the fluttered Miss Froster.

"And what is this?" asked the cross classicist.

"Why, that's a painting of one of our own great scholars. Notice the gold-painted gothic frame and the beautiful Greek inscription."

Red-cheeked

"Do you know what this says?" raged the red-cheeked classicist.

"No," ventured Ida.

"It's a profane bathroom wall-scrawling of ancient Thebes concerning Oedipus' relations his mother!"

"Well, we will certainly have that removed at once," replied Miss Froster. "We can tolerate ignorant ineptness, but dirty words are the last straw, even if they are in a foreign tongue."

The classicist then asked to be shown the rest of the library. "That's it; you saw it all on the way upstairs," replied Miss Froster. Exasperated, Dr. Neander Thall stalked out of the building toward a waiting car.

"Be sure to say nice things about us when you get back to Harvard," Miss Froster said as she waved an unreturned good-bye.

Chapel from Page 3

forth the opening verses of "Days of Wine and Roses" in the original Latin. At a signal from DeRobby, the congregation arose and, as the choir hummed the third verse of "A Mighty Fortress," shuffled through the thoughtfully provided hymnals, ecclesiastical histories, and copies of the English Book of Common Prayer. Midway through the chorus, the liturgist blew out the candles. "Y'all come back again sometime," shrieked Rev. Rally, as the congregation groped toward the door. Newton and Confucius smiled from the windows as the silvery "pong, pong" of DeRobby's xylophone-in-the-sky announced that one more Sunday had been spent nestled in the bosom of righteousness.

NEWS CONTRASTS

President Johnson has proclaimed October 18 a national day of prayer.

In doing so, the President called on Americans to "pray that God will endow us with the constancy to prevail in defense of freedom, and with courage and resolution to preserve and extend his blessings of liberty.

(From The Christian Science Monitor)

Vice-President Ky of South Vietnam said, when he was still running for the presidency, that he would respond militarily if a civilian with whose policies he disagreed won the post. "If he is a Communist, or if he is a neutralist, I am going to fight him militarily. In any democratic country you have the right to disagree with the views of others."

(From Esquire)

Goings on About Town

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN, a weekly service presented by the staff of **The Prudent**, to inform the Bates populace of what's happening in the rollicking Lewiston-Auburn fun strip. The following is a drunkenly-compiled list of places to go and things to do in Fun City, U.S.A., the thrill capital of Androscoggin County.

Little and crowded is LOU'S PLACE on the main drag right across from that kleptomaniac paradise—the Mammoth Mart. This place—a perennial favorite with Bates' potential alcoholics—is really big on atmosphere: flashing neon beer signs, clashing two-tone blue walls, and early bus terminal furnishings. Entertainment-wise, the floor show is varied with a few illustrious regulars performing nightly. Being mainly a stag rendezvous, the best show of the week is usually staged on Friday nights when the frustrated femme fatales from Rand Hall perform for the benefit of anyone who might possibly be interested. The show is usually a real tear-jerker with the girls making a last ditch effort to be included in the Bates' social life—be it ever so humble. Also appearing on the same bill with the Rejected Randites are the Smith North Nothings, Hedge Hall Hell Raisers featuring Happy Jac, and the Smith South Sweeties, everybody's favorite boys. An extra added attraction for the regulars is the sporadic appearance of Gladys, the Wicked Witch from Witchville—to all of us who frequent the place she is the universal mother image. Lou's is a convenient place to take a date. Evie and Lou are never shocked when you make your date pay for her own watered-down Bud. The crowd is usually congenial, but if things get messy, and sometimes they tend to in even the most exclusive and sophisticated of social settings, you can always go into the rest rooms and read the literary masterpieces scrawled on the bathroom walls by passing generations of Bates' literary geniuses. A really class place to go with a fake ID.

If you want dancing and a more sophisticated atmosphere along the lines of the Copa Cabanna or The 21 Club, the RED RAIL is the place to go. It's a dance hall seeped in the atmosphere of a bowery saloon. The beer's good, but the clientele is the real selling point. This is the place to go, if you, as students of cultural aberrations, want to view the Lewiston natives in their natural habitat. Wild and wooly, it's a must for anyone interested in social work and marriage counseling—just ask Dave Nash. The tasteful, lower class atmosphere encourages the patrons to drink as much as they can as fast as they can in order to become completely impervious to their salacious surroundings. Located around the corner from

the absolute class section of fun strip-Lower Lisbon Street, the Rail is drag rather than stag. After all, no self-respecting self-centered Bates man would go there alone and unprotected. His virtue might be assailed by one of the ladies of ill-repute who frequent the place. **Scintillating**, sensual music emanates from a strategically placed juke box. You may dance at your own risk, hazards being passing drunks and grabby old men. The Rail is a nice place to visit on a police raid, but you wouldn't want to take your mother there—she might enjoy it.

The BLUE GOOSE, a replica of a prohibition speak-easy, is a perennial favorite for underage Batesies toting fake ID's and an insatiable thirst. The unique attraction of this overgrown out-house lies in the fact that the beer is cold and uncut, and there are no questions asked even if your face doesn't match the one on the ID. Because of its attractive decor, refined and sedate atmosphere, and easy-to-get-at location, The B.G. is a big favorite with the ladies' side of campus. It's also good for all nighters and those concerned with getting cirrhosis of the liver, as the staples of life-Luigi's pizzas can be brought in from next door and consumed under the watchful eye of lecherous old Norm, the girl-loving barkeep. The Blue Goose is the place to go when you've already had more than enough.

LUIGI'S is a gourmet's delight, a dating bureau par excellence, and a real find for anyone who suffers from chronic indigestion or stomach ulcers. Essentially, Luigi's is for dining only, but class after class of Bates men have insisted on centering their social life there. Actually, we must give them credit where credit is due and congratulate them for doing their bit to improve town and gown **relationships**. On the women's side of campus Luigi's stands for other things. It is a haven in the stormy social life of the Bates female. She can escape here on Sunday afternoons when she doesn't have a date or for that biggest of all Bates social functions—Sunday lunch. It's the only place she can go to feed a hangover in relative obscurity away from the prying, censoring eyes of her fellow classmates. The speciality of the house is pizza dripping grease, revolting but not as totally inedible as some of the treats Commons provides on Friday night. A Duncan Hines' preferred spot. A place to take a cheap date or get one.

Lesser known but still of importance socially is OLD LOU'S NEW DEN. Lou's Den is an intimate little dump right around the corner from lower Lisbon Street. The Den, not to be confused with the notorious Bates-sponsored teen canteen of the same name, is big in

sentimental attraction, especially for those seniors who have been belting them down since freshman year and still look on Lou as the one and only real Lou. Some faculty seem to find this place more attractive than the classroom and the faculty lounge. But that's only on hearsay. Small and crowded, the only entertainment provided is the horror shows put on by the Bates regulars who just stopped by for one quick one and have to be carried out. Lou-Burgers, familiarly known as mini-burgers, and Lobster rolls are only a come-on, the real and only attraction is booze. Surprisingly, it is nicest place to get drunk in Lewiston.

The HOLLY, always popular with the male side of campus, for various and sundry sordid reasons, has a new attraction. Not quite as potent as the old stand-by, but still worthy of notice. Saturday afternoons during off-season have always been a challenge to Bates students' ability to waste time. The situation has gotten so bad at times that the undergrads have been forced to study. But the Holly has come through again with its Saturday afternoon jam sessions and spontaneous, cheap drunks. Not only can you afford to drink until you pass out, but you still have enough ready cash to purchase a date for Saturday night. The Holly makes it with entertainment suitable to the college male.

No evening on the town in Lewiston is complete without a trip to JIMMY'S ALL NIGHT DINER, the pinnacle of elegance in dining in Androscoggin county. After spending a night slumming in the depths of the Lewiston social circle, Jimmy's is the crowning blow. Satisfied customers, after having their stomachs pumped, mumble deliriously about grease-soaked food, degenerate frequenters, and abject filth. Jimmy's, the original greasy spoon, has been closed down more times than Commons by the Public Health Bureau as a menace to public health. Jimmy's at prime time, around two in the morning, is the absolute "in" place for degenerates and wastes of the Lewiston-Auburn area. At two in the morning it vaguely resembles the out-patient ward of the state mental hospital. Students of the social sciences, especially abnormal behavior, find Jimmy's a bottomless reservoir of material for studies in personality aberrations. Two eggs over lightly, bacon and home fries with two mugs of grease-slick coffee to sober up with is the standard order for many a cast-iron stomach Batesy. No tour of the Lewiston high spots, no night on the town, is complete without a stint at Jimmy's festive all night diner. Happy eating. For further information see the better business bureau or the board of public health.

Bungle from Page 4

Doc: That's the glory of a limited war—it's unlimited.

Rep: I noticed a huge sign with Vietnamese lettering over the gate of the camp's entrance. Do you know what is inscribed there?

Doc: It says, "Abandon all hope, ye who enter."

Rep: Thank you, Doctor, and now back to New York.

Emmaline from Page 6**Flushed**

Emmaline continued to stand in the window. No moonlight softened her rigid pose; no sharp intake of breath or quickened heartbeat betrayed surprise. No tears fell that night on the aged window-sill, and no warm sighs carressed the cold glass. But as the first rays of dawn flushed the last remaining stars from the heavens, she continued to stare bleakly, silent, unseeing, into the empty world. "Aw, hell," she said.

Editor's note: Miss Blowers, Bates graduate of '21, has been living in Mechanic Falls, Maine, with her elderly father, since the publication of her last book, **The Androscoggin is a Mighty River**.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

Dave Curtis must be stopped. We can't just let him run around loose without expecting dire consequences. Something must be done about this monster in corduroy. Who knows what he may be up to at this very moment.

Anonymous.

To the Editor:

Disregard the previous letter. Anonymous is no longer responsible for his actions.

Dave Curtis.

GRANITE

This is **The Bates Granite**. We have compiled for your enjoyment a group of poems from the itchy aesthetic minds of Bates literary aspirants. Our choice of poems reflects the intellectual attitudes and poetic experiences of the entire school community. After reading them, you must concur with us that reading this mini-anthology is a truly rewarding or at least a time-killing experience.

ODE TO AUTUMN

The grass was stained in bilious green,
And a corpulent tree,
Disgusted by its own immensity,
Puked its leaves.
The tree smelled of dogs.
Then came walking a silly-looking girl,
With stringy hair and sallow cheeks,
Pretending to find joy in
The red and yellow death about her.
She leaned against the steaming tree and sighed,
Singing some insipid ditty of her own invention.
By Shirley Shelley

?????

From the dirk and dusty mongoon
To the laughing billoefore,
Walked a thick and bumpy spastic
Flaming, crackling, stumbling,
Bumbling like a door.

Why was I built a spastic?
Questioned he — and with a flash,
Broke the door and swallowed William,
For he never liked William much anyway.
And who should see but Shermon,
The Grundle that he was,
Sank beneath the gurgling flotsom:
Quoth the C. A., "Vespers at 7."

O, somewhere skies are flapping
And somewhere children shout —
But there is no joy in Mongoon
The spastic is dead!!

Dudley Scheistkopf

IN THE DEN

In the Den, in the Den
Is the only place when
I shine like a glim-ring star;
I stand on one leg
And order a reg
And lean all over the bar.

I glance at the faces
That stay in their places
From 8 a. m. until dusk;
And once I discover
No promising lover,
I take a cool stance of disgust.

The morning grows older,
My coffee gets colder,
I saunter across to the juke-box;
With new Q in hand
I strike up a band
And everyone suddenly rocks.

Each foot starts a-tapping,
Each hand starts a-rapping,
Each lecherous face starts to leer;
Three people kiss
And I say, "This
Is the height of my college career."

By Marti Maltex

FIRST LOVE

(or The Immaculate Assumption)

On the great and rolling plain,
South of Athens, in the rain,
Midst a bramble thicket grows
A tender, white and virgin rose,
Unplucked, mature and unspoiled,
A fragrant womb as yet unsoiled,
But baby, just wait.

by Daphne Ocellittle

THE END

There was a little tinkling noise
Like wind chimes in a cypress tree,
And a smallish sigh,
A creaking of the floor boards,
A pull on the Chain of Being,
And the earth began —
Not with a Word, but a gurgle.

By Mary-Anne Nice

ANTI-POEM

I thought that I could write, so I wrote,
And then I read what was written,
And knew immediately that
I was sadly mistaken, so
I gathered up the sheets of my madness,
And put them in a box;
Now lots of boxes.
In my room there is little room for me,
For I save my imperfections,
Hoping to perfect them.

Oh so many boxes:
There are boxes here, boxes there,
Boxes all around.
They cringe and slide,
and bump and glide,
burying me on the ground.
(That sounds familiar.
I hope that I am not filching
from one of the old masters.)

Where was I — where have I been?
Yes, I was lost in a sea of paper.

Cross that one.

(And by using the word cross I am
not trying to symbolize Christianity,
though sometimes I do think of myself
as a martyr.)

I am merely implying, that
To be lost in a sea of anything

Is so trite, worn and old-hat,
That the discerning reader would
Immediately sicken in good taste.
I hope for your sake, that
You were immediately sickened.
Good,
Now we both feel better.

In front of me are more pages,
To fill other boxes,
Which will in their turn,
Climb to the ceiling
In superfluous pillars.

I must be rid of this forest.
(Notice that the word forest
serves a dual function, the first
as a descriptive image, referring
to the stacks of boxes, and the
second, which makes the whole
thing so neat, is the subtle,
hidden truth that the boxes and
their contents are paper, which,
in fact, comes from wood, or
organically, trees.
What a pretty thing is poetry.
Where else can one say so much
with so few words?)

Yet I cannot diminish my piles,
Nor deplete my stock, for
I have never written anything good enough to burn.

By Percy Dove

THE BALLAD OF SODIUM PENTOTHAL

This is the kind of wrath fulfillment of someone
Whose wishing well has been chlorinated.

Ha ha.

Joyous, Ambiguous euphoria,
a psychic Fletcher's Castoria,
To relieve our aching hysteria.

"Watch out darling, that cough syrup
is laced with codine."

I know,
Have you ever in all our bleary togetherness
heard me cough?

Ha ha ha.

Alice is a big girl now, and wonderland illegal,
Snow White, the naughty tart, has eaten all the snow.
A savior walks upon the streets with flowers in his nose,
Feeding bread to pigeons, passing lotus scented placebos,
To all the wretched passersby complaining of their labedoes.

Ha ha ha ha.

Poor Froggy pinned to a cutting board,
Wishes that he were a toad,
At least then he could inflict
Warts upon his oppressors.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

By Buffalo Chips

Vigil of Emmaline

By Caroline Adele Blowers

Emmaline stood alone in
the window. The stars were
out — yes, there were three,
twinkling in a friendly smile
around the moon, which was
glimmering faintly through
the half-haze of early evening.
"Same to you, Buddy," she
whispered under her breath.
Turning from the window-
pane — alas, so empty! — she
looked with distaste at the
room, now so bare, now so still.
"Oh, Gerald!" She smote
her brow with her left lily-
white. "My tall, dark and
handsome one, Gerald, how
could things be so wrong be-
tween us? Surely we loved —
yes — I know it was real, for
that day when you left me,
we were both weeping. If you
knew how deeply those salty
drops burned into my heart,
you would have hid your sor-
row."

Searing Pain

For not always had Emma-
line felt this searing pain.
there had been laughter—
there had been tender glances
— there had been . . .

There had been Colonel
Sam. Colonel Sam had raised
his daughter with an iron will
and an iron walking-stick.
(Remember the day in the
meadow when our hearts beat
as one and the sun was a
burning fire?). At every crook
of his finger, Emmaline was
wont to run — as well she
might. (And the afternoon near
the old farmhouse when we
watched the sparrows build
their cozy dwellings from the
curls of old paint peelings?).

Colonel Sam had hated Ger-
old. He hated his youth, his
energy, his desire to get things
done. Emmaline's life ended
the morning when the Colonel
drove Gerald from the house at
the point of a dangerously-
waving Civil War musket.

Soft as Butter

Ah, yet, life had proven Em-
maline's will to be soft as
butter. She feared her father —
feared his scowl, his outraged
bellows, his left hook. She had
never dared to leave him for
her own true love. She was
alone, now, alone with the
winter landscape framed by
the faded lace curtains and
her peeling window-sill.

But there, down the forest
road which wended its way
through the picture, appeared
two dark shapes, laughing and
talking in muffled whispers.
Gerald — there could be no
doubt; it was Gerald. For that
was his cap (how well she re-
membered the pink ostrich
feather sweeping his cleft
chin) and that his slow, easy
saunter (how many times had
she watched him saunter slow-
ly and easily up to her door?).
But on he walked, and as the
two rounded the curve that led
to the woodlot, the last glob-
ules of moonlight dripped up-
on the face of his companion—
Rosey Delisle from the town.
Oh, Gerald, and has the faith-
lessness of woman brought
you so low?

Con't. Page 5, Col. 1

CAMPUS INTERVIEWS

Interviews for week of Jan. 22
Monday, January 22

Mobil Oil Corporation. Men—Petroleum Products Marketing. Representative, Mr. E. W. Rucci, '63.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Corporation. Men & Women—Group Sales Management, actuarial, claims, EDP systems and Programming. Juniors Summer—Actuarial. Representative, Mr. David G. Stanley.

Tuesday, January 23

Connecticut General Life Insurance Company. Men & Women—Administrative Assistant, staff assistant, customer relations, investment analysis, marketing, product design, actuarial risk evaluation (subsidized graduate study), underwriting. Summer—Special projects and assignments. Representative, Mr. Donald Illig.

Industrial National Bank of Rhode Island. Men & Women—Management Trainee—ten weeks formal training and/or six months of credit analysis preceding assignment to branch management. Summer—Limited number of Opportunities. Representative, Mr. John D. Andrews.

Procter & Gamble. Men & Women—Sales Management Training Program. Representative, Mr. Frank E. Burnett.

Wednesday, January 24

Boston Public Library. Men & Women—Library Internship (leading to Graduate Study). Representative, Mr. Robert Woodward, '48.

Equitable Life Assurance Society. Men—Administrative training course, other Home Office programs. Summer—Actuarial Training. Representative, Mr. W. A. Davenny.

Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Men & Women—Management Training Program or direct assignment to positions in auditing, personnel, etc.

Representatives, Mr. Martin French '52, Mr. Robert W. Burke.

Thursday, January 25

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. Men—Credit Sales Manager trainees (eventually lead to store management). Representative, Mr. C. T. Wilton.

H. J. Heinz Company (food products). Men—Training Program in sales and management. Representative, Mr. J. C. Peterson.

All interested students should sign up immediately at the Guidance and Placement Office.

WRJR Announces New Schedule

Sunday
6-7, Deb McKenna; 7-7:15, News; 7:15-9, Chris Wright; 9-11, Jazz-Boyce Schaffer; 10-10:15, News.

Monday
6-7, Dave Schultz; 7-7:15, News; 7:15-9, John Andrews; 9-11, Penthouse-Rich Gellis; 10-10:15, News.

Tuesday
6-7, Deb McKenna; 7-7:15, News; 7:15-9, Marya D'Abate; 9-11, Showtime-Dr. Warye; 10-10:15, News.

Wednesday
6-7, Donna Dustin; 7-7:15, News; 7:15-9, George Nickerson; 9-11, Jolly John's-John Andrews; 10:00-10:15, News.

Thursday
6-7, Dave Schultz; 7-7:15, News; 7:15-9, George Nickerson; 9-11, Horizon's-Charlie Kolstad; 10-10:15, News.

Friday
6-7, Rich Gellis; 7-7:15, News; 7:15-9, Dave Schulz; 9-11, Folk Show-Dick Duffus; 10-10:15, News.

11-12 Each night uninterrupted music.
Schedule effective as of Monday, January 8.

Library from Page 1

Bates library operates under two systems—Maine and national. The Maine system includes all the colleges and universities in Maine, plus the Portland and Bangor public libraries. This system operates less formally than the national system, according to Blount.

Under the Maine system, Blount explained, if a Bates student requests a book the library doesn't have, the library sends standard inquiry forms to several or all participating libraries to determine if one of them can supply the book. When Bates receives an affirmative reply, our library must then make out an inter-library loan form ordering the book from the library which has it. The lending library, upon receipt of this form, mails the book to Bates.

However, Blount cautioned, the lending library does not always process the request at once, thus causing a delay. Usually, the Bates library receives the book in "at least two weeks after the request, depending upon mailing time and delays," Blount said.

Bates has a separate system with Bowdoin, "whose library is unusually large for a small college," stated Blount. Bates will seek for a requested book first at Bowdoin, since they can telephone the request in and receive a speedy reply. If Bowdoin has the requested book, the Bates library will receive it "in two or three days," Blount said.

Blount added that prompt fulfillment of a request by a lending library depends upon whether the book is on the shelves or whether it is already lent out. If it is out, there is delay until it is returned to the library.

The national system, Blount said, is more restricted, since "some university libraries will not lend to undergraduates." He said that response time from out-of-state libraries var-

Garnet Trackmen Thump UConn

By Mike Slavitt

Last Friday night the thin-clads defeated U. Conn., 60-44, at Storrs. The Bobcats copied eight first places, set two meet records and tied one, and swept one event.

Lloyd Geggat ran a fine 1000 yard run and set a meet record of 2:19.1. Tom Doyle set a new mark of 4:25.7 in winning the mile, and Steve Erikson's pole vault of 12' 6" tied the meet record.

The Cats swept the Huskies off the track in the 60 yard dash, co-captain Gary Higgins winning in 6.6 with freshmen Bob Ritcey and Bob Broudo hot in his tracks.

Story Fish won the 35 lb.

weight toss, and Lou Weinstein took third. Story also took second in the shot put, with Barry Giordano taking third.

Co-captain Toby Tighe won the high jump, and Ed Jahn-gen placed second. Kent Tynan was just edged out in the 600 yard run, but he took second with Stan Lyford third.

Paul Williams won the blue ribbon in the high hurdles. Co-captain Higgins won the broad jump, with Dave Williams second, and Jeff Larsen closed out the scoring with a third in the 2 mile.

The Garnet relay team was beaten, even though anchor-man John Wilkes ran a fine last leg, pulling up 20 yards on his man.

Women Come Back To Win V-Ball Victory

The Bates Women's Volleyball team met its stiffest competition of the year last Wednesday when it played Westbrook in the Women's Gymnasium Building. Although they preserved their perfect record, they had to work hard for it. In a best of three match, Bates dropped the first game 13-15. This is the first game they have lost all season. But they came right back in the second game to win easily 15-8. The

ies.
"We try to send the students' requests right away," Blount said. "On an average, we send out three or four requests per week. Of course, the Bates library also handles requests from other Maine colleges. Naturally, we do not receive as many requests from the University of Maine as they do from us—you would expect a university library to be larger. But the exchange of requests between Bates and the other small colleges in Maine is about equal."

deciding game was played as a five minute time limit; the team that is ahead after that time is the winner. The fired-up Bates team won the third game 11-7 for their fifth consecutive win. Only one game remains—a rematch with the threatening Westbrook, at Westbrook on Monday.

Last Wednesday the Westbrook Badminton team met the Bates team in Rand Gymnasium. Each team was composed of three doubles teams, each of which played each of the three teams of the opposing school. Bates won five of the nine games, but Westbrook had the only doubles team to win all three of its games. The next badminton match is Wednesday, January 17, at Nasson.

The first basketball game of the season was postponed until a later date. With only two practices before the game, it was fortunate that the team gained more time before the beginning of the season. The team has seven returning players, five of whom were starters on last year's team which had a perfect record. A very promising group of Freshmen have shown great interest, and the team might very well have another perfect season.

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Caustic Corner . . . by Gumbie

The first week of the intramural basketball season has ended — but its effects still linger on. Besides the impression it left on Walt "Ironhead" Jackson, the stronger teams will remember the past week as one full of close calls, and a realization that there's no team in "A" league that's a pushover. The first four "A" league games matched a David against a Goliath, and every night David's stone just barely missed knocking down the giant.

The first game pitted a supposedly strong Adams North squad against their weaker dorm counterparts — Adams South. Instead of running away with it, Adams North escaped defeat by the questionable last-second jump shot of Joe Witt to end the scoring at 43-41. The next night saw the same situation with J. B. up against Smith (UCLA) North. Though the score doesn't reveal it, the game was tight, as Haver and Needles (newcomers to the J.B. squad) kept J.B. in the game. However, the inevitable prevailed, and North won 69-55.

Doubtlessly discouraged by this, little David came back for another go the very next night as Smith Middle took the count against the giant — Hedge Hall. David might have gotten to Goliath that night but was continually thwarted by the presence of "Bones" Hudec who got 25 pts. The final came out with the big one on top 41-34. Scrappy as he is — David took one more crack at it as Smith South was pitted against that huge giant, Roger Bill. Pressing and hustling throughout the game, South came out on the short end by 4 pts. Roger Bill was paced by high-scorer Al Kor-

pi, who tossed in 13 pts. So, David never did hit Goliath squarely but he sure grazed him quite a few times.

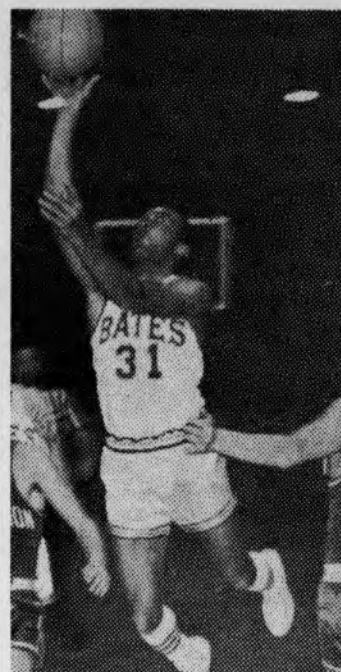
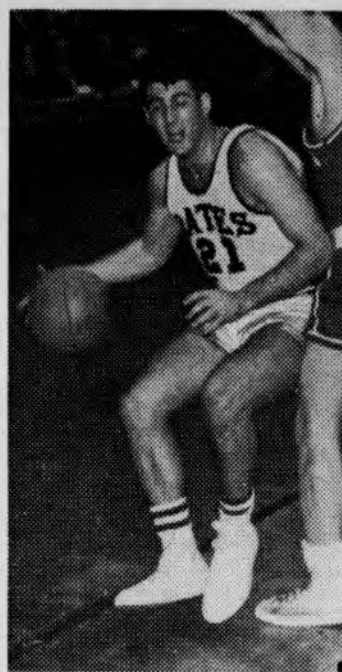
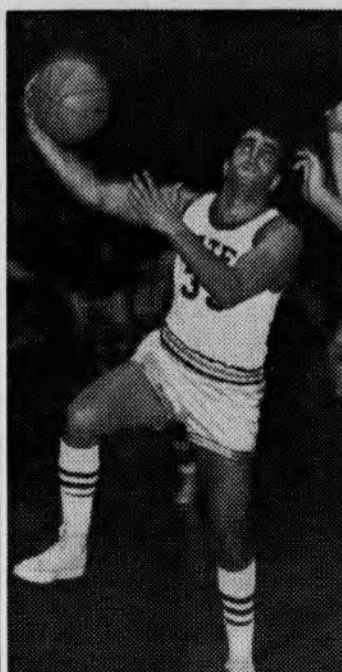
In other action J.B. surprised Adams North and beat them in overtime 42-38. Adams South wiped the floor with Smith South to the tune of 55-36, and Roger Bill handled Smith Middle with the ease of a 44-34 score. In the big tilt of the week, Smith North edged Hedge Hall 52-46. Down at one point 23-10, Hedge fought back to a half-time score of 27-26. In the end, the outside shooting of Murphy prevailed and North won its second game without a defeat.

In "B" league Adams North No. 1 seems to be the team to beat. Paced by Dave Carlson, they have won two games without a defeat, and one of these over Roger Bill No. 1 — a very strong squad. In other action: Adams North No. 2 took Roger Bill No. 2, Hedge took Middle and Roger Bill No. 1 beat Smith North No. 1.

About the only big news in "C" league is that the Smith South Sadists lost. With such talented performers as Diesel, DeLuccia, Foggy, Gertie, Gerry and Neck how could they possibly lose? What's even more surprising is that there were no injuries to the opposing squad. The guys must be getting soft.

In keeping with the current vogue of rating teams, the decision has been made to institute a rating for the top five teams in "A" league. The rating is naturally subject to change during the course of the season, but as of now (Saturday nite), the best five are in this order:

- (1) Smith North
- (2) John Bertram
- (3) Hedge Hall
- (4) Adams North



Cats In Action Against Assumption

CAGERS LOSE TO ASSUMPTION

By Dave Carlson

Cold shooting, some tough luck, and a second half hot streak by the Assumption Greyhounds caused the Bobcats to suffer their 5th defeat (against 3 wins) last Saturday night at the Alumni Gymnasium by the score of 83-67.

Early Lead

In the first half the Cats got off to a fast start, opening up a 24-10 lead. In that streak Al-den tossed in 9, Schulkin 6, and Alexander 5. After that, however, it was Assumption's ball game. They narrowed the Bates lead to 34-32 by half time, and a second half spree broke the game open. An Assumption streak of 9, the game from 40-38 to 49-38 and the Cats, suffering from cold shooting, could not close the gap.

(5) Roger Williams

So there it is for now — that is until some David or Goliath can change it.

Bad Night

It was one of those nights when nothing would fall into place for the Cats. Passes went awry, rebounds were lost, and lay-ups were missed. High scorer for the Cats was Alexander, who netted 15.

Cubs Edged

In contrast to the varsity game, the J.V. tilt with M.C.I. was an exciting, down to the wire affair with a Bates rally in the closing seconds falling 1 point short. The Cats lost, 92-91, but deserved the win. Great shooting by Tom Maher brought the Cats from way back into a 91-all tie with 12 seconds to go. Two questionable calls by the refs led to the defeat — the first, an apparent foul was not called as Pete Hutchins went up with the tie-breaking shot; and the second, a rebound foul — was

called against the Cats which gave M.C.I. the winning free throw.

Both squads face U.N.H. Wednesday, and the varsity takes on Williams on Friday while the J.V.'s go up against Brunswick N.A.S. in the Friday preliminary.

Bobcat of the Week

Co-captain Gary Higgins was the track team's only double winner in the U. Conn. meet last Friday night.

Gary led a Garnet sweep in the 60 yard dash by turning in a fine winning time of 6.6 seconds. He also easily cleared 20 feet in the broad jump to cop that event and bring his night's total up to 10 points.

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