

4-1-1973

The Bates Student - volume 99 number 22 - April 1, 1973

Bates College

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Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 99 number 22 - April 1, 1973" (1973). *The Bates Student*. 1667.
http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student/1667

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BATES STUDENT

APRIL 1, 1973

NO. 22

VOL. 99

Student Deans Granted Sabbatical ; Glannon Takes Over

President Thedley Reynolds announced today that Deans of Students James W. Carignan and Judith M. Issacson have been granted sabbatical leave for the academic year 1973-74 and that Joe Glannon, assistant dean of students, will take their places. Queried as to the reasoning behind such a move the President said, "The deans have been assigned to study student problems at other colleges in order that they may publish what questions the students should be asking them in issue No. 2 of "Ask the Deans" sometime in the very distant future."

The deans issued a joint statement on the cancellation of the Jim and Judy Show. "We feel that the lack of depth in the previous "Ask the Deans" shows a complete contentment of the student body with their present environment at Bates. We hope to find some *real* problems for the students to deal with so we might more effectively find a use for the paper in our offices." The deans added that their sabbatical would entail the travel to colleges completely dissimilar to Bates for a look at the problems, e.g.: the parking study. In an effort to get a true perspective of life at other colleges, the deans hope to gain access to individual confidential files to better approximate the prying here at Bates. To best accomplish this end they anticipate residing in college dormitories under assumed names during their stay.

Regarding Glannon's appointment Reynolds stated, after considering many applicants, among them, Robert "bring-em-back" Turcotte, Rita "I don't know when he's coming in" Corriveau, Art "telephone" Griffiths, Doris "he's a busy man ya know" Dunn, Dave "let's go to Sabbattus cabin" Welborn, Hilda "tea and crumpets" Marshall, and Al "keep the dorm damage down" Johnson, we decided that Joe's daily exposure to the red tape here at Bates, especially since that much of it emanates from his office, best qualified him for the job."



Ex-Dean Carignan.



New Dean of the College Joe Glannon.



Ex-Dean Isaacson

(continued on page 4)

EMMONS RESIGNS; APPOINTED HEAD FED! GRAY OUTRAGED



Chet Emmons on the beat.

Lois Lane, roving news editor, learned just as we went to press this morning that the college is now without a security force. Chet Emmons, head of the one man guardian force at Bates, walked off his job this morning in the wake of mounting insurrection from the increasing gnome force. Immediately upon leaving the Lewiston-Auburn area, however, Emmons was seen boarding a plane for Washington, D.C.

From our Washington bureau, *Student* reporter "Scoop" Williams files this report: Emmons has just been sworn in as the new director of the FBI by needle Dick Nixon. L. Patrick Gray III, acting director since the timely death of J. Edgar Hoover, was taken completely unawares by Chet's usurpation and vowed revenge from powerful friends in the Senate.

From his statements at the swearing-in ceremony, it was evident Emmons feels qualified for his new position. He cited as examples of his sleuthery: 1,345,257 parking tickets issued in three months, payment received on 257; 24-hour guarding of campus buildings, \$75,000 worth of merchandise stolen from same; complete accessibility, as long as you hang around the secretarial pool; completely inconspicuous, always wears a black, London fog, spy-who-came-in-from-the-cold coat.

In the interim, Assistant Head Gnome Mel MacKenzie will assume security duties.

In Memoriam

The bells of ancient Hathorn Hall were silent today, causing an uproar on the Bates College campus (does anybody really know what time it is?) Upon investigation of the dilemma, the structure's maintenance man, Champ, discovered a swinging cadaver attached to the clap-per of the bell. College physician Hoary Haas identified the corpse as the infamous Edward F. "Dubious" Byrne III, ex- of Bates *Student* fame.

Speculation has arisen as to why said Byrne chose such an ignominious demise. His many admirers, groupies, camp-followers and assorted other dregs have pondered the dilemma of the untimely departure of their esteemed leader. Those closest to the deceased have noticed lately that Mr. Byrne was immersed in a deep melancholic depression (symptomized by perpetual barfing) over the loss of his rag to his protege, Ralph. Although unable to determine immediately exact cause of death, Hoary Haas did mention to the writer that aforementioned corpse was decorated by a long A-string, more suitable to a guitar, around said body's neck.

Memorial services will be held at Twin City Printery, Lewiston, at the request of said demised. Small remembrances of Mr. Byrne will be enclosed in the next edition of the *Bates Student*. Contributions for the erection of a statue portraying said ex-editor in a pose suitable to a journalist may be forwarded to the Pierce House Pirates, c/o Good Vibes Seibel, roommate to aforementioned deceased.

p.s. — applications for editorship of the *Bates Student* are now available from Joe Glannon.

YEAR OF THE SUPER-ACHIEVER

Since the year is all but over it may be a good time to evaluate the record of achievement at Bates from the *Student's* point of view at least. First, we are glad that as a result of the Short Term controversy, the students can pick from a grand total of 14 STUs. Isn't it great the way the parking problem was solved? With every \$25 cute red sticker one could choose from among pontoons to keep your favorite vehicle from sinking into oblivion in the "overflow" lot near J.B., a 300 horsepower snow blower to remove the snow from the rest of the campus that the gnome jeeps have piled around your car, or a nine month lease on a one speed bike to travel the ten miles from the dorm to one's parking spot.

Other laudable observations: that the politics of tenure have turned biology into one of the most interesting majors — where else does one require a weekly newsletter to keep abreast of the changing requirements; that the football coach is granted sabbatical during the season and the powers that be see nothing strange; that an 8% tuition increase happens to be 3% over recommended wage increase guidelines; that the R.A. spent more time taking attendance than setting legislation; that the hot air still hangs heavy at Sugarloaf, that PIRG was the only issue to instill more paranoia than parietals; that the English-Speech merger fiasco only served to deepen personality conflicts; and that as if the campus does not have enough problems, outsiders are brought in to create a perspective of Bates in a \$1500 photo essay.

But there is yet two weeks left in the semester. Who knows what can be passed by the super efficient committee system during that time?

EFB

EDITORIALS

RALPH



MEALTIME



RALPH



EDITOR

by Ralph

"Now hear this. I am Ralph, and as you may or may not have noted, from the staff block, I am now in charge of this ex-newspaper. You are now my staff, not that guitar-twanging twink's. Are there any questions? Yes, you over there with the blond hair and moustache."

"Sir, I don't want to write news stories any more; I want to write smart-ass letters to the editor."

"I will not have anyone around here who sucks one thumb and scratches himself with the other. Next question? Yes, you with the black beard and pipe."

"Sir, I would like to know what I, as a faculty member well-versed in journalism and the general concepts of grammar, can contribute to this newspaper?"

"Good question. How about getting the hell out of here!"

"Sir, where is our old boss, EFB?"

"He's out playing romper room with his Byrdlander trying to think up new words to put in the token editorial I'm going to let him write.

Next? Yes, you with the Women's Awareness button and the chiquita banana sticker on your forehead."

"Sir, I have nothing to do in my office all day except to write notes on spelling to the *Student*. I would like to contribute some of my excellence in copy to your paper."

"I would like to contribute my footprint to your posterior on your way out. Next? Yes, the skinny guy over there pouring developing fluid into the news editor's coffee cup."

"Sir, can I wallpaper the office with pictures of track team members dropping throw?"

"As long as you throw in a few of the baseball players in their skin tights."

"Sir, what will be the editorial policy of this paper now that you have successfully staged your coup d'etat?"

"I'm glad you asked me that question. First, let me say this about that. Then, after I say that I will go back to another point relative to the issue at hand. I hope I have made myself clear on that point."

"Sir, do you have any ideas about possible news stories for the next issue?"

"As a matter of fact, I do. We will do an in-depth study of the illicit goings-on on the bottom floor of Lane Hall. We will investigate the rumor that the gnomes are running a house of ill-repute in the bomb shelter. We will get to the bottom of the discovery of a stiff in Carnegie basement. We will find out why Bates doesn't accept Federal aid. (Wait a minute — that's getting a little too serious.) We will inquire into exactly how many gnome lawnmowers actually have blades. We will evaluate the average I.Q. of the O.C. Council. These are the important issues. Who cares about student government, tenure, tuition hikes, short term. Not us. We want dirt, scandal — the kind of thing that Batesies will read. And kindly stay away from Joe Glannon's newsletter."

"But Sir, what if we can't get the facts on these stories?"

"Then we resort to the policy I have used all year — we make them up. Remember to pick up your yellow pencils on the way out, the ones with the inscription, I'll be Ralphing you!!!"

STUDENT STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Ralph
Business Manager	Robert Turcotte
News Editor	Lois Lane
Sports Editor	Big Al
Feature Editor	James Joyce
Photography Editor	Mark Silver
Layout Editor	Raquel Welch
Copy Editor	Natalea Balivet
Cartoonists	Snoopy and Charlie Brown
Photography Staff	Porno Pete and U.C. Orifice

Printed Weekly by Twin City Printery

Subscriptions: \$6.00 annually

Box 309, Bates College, Lewiston, Me. 04240

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...News Briefs...News Briefs...

LEWISTON, MAINE — President Thedley Reynolds announced today that the funds for the new Athletic Complex which are part of the Capital Campaign have now been raised. However, alumnus Clifton Daggett Gray has meanwhile informed the President that he will not give permission for his Cage to be demolished in order for the new buildings to be constructed. As a result, Thedley said, the architects have redesigned the plans so that the entire complex can be built underground. Among the facilities to be constructed is the long-awaited swimming pool; however, since funds were not available to hook up a pump and chlorinate the water, the empty pool has been wired to chime on the hour.

Assistant Dean of Students Natalea Skru Ballivet has finally been granted her wish to get inside the Publishing Association office. With the demise of the *Student* the office is being converted into a Planned Parenthood clinic; Dean Natalea has been appointed to oversee the operation.

Head Librarian Iva Foster released some unexpected plans regarding the opening of the new Coram Library today. The librarians have discovered that the number of books owned by the College will fill but a fifth of the shelves provided in the new edifice. Therefore, at the suggestion of Dean James W. "Metermaid" Carignan, the Lincoln-log-like building will be converted into a parking garage. The lower glassed-in area will become a shopping mall. Thus far, two leases have been signed over — to the State of Maine Liquor Commission and the K-Bo Massage Parlor (featuring the patented Eucalyptus Decongestant Chamber.) Several store areas remain available; contact the Business Office for further details.



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Edsel Div. reps to visit campus.

Guidance and Placement

The guidance and placement office would like to remind you that it is in service to guide you to your place. Don't miss any opportunity to be guided to **THAT CAREER** whether it be dancing or cementing; the office is there to place you. So, place your footsteps along the guiding pathway placed along your way at Bates College. This week, the office offers you:

A representative from Joe's Body Shop where Joe needs bright young science majors who can form hypotheses as to why those autobodies are not running; especially premed majors who know the hows of dissection and reassemblage. Joe will be on campus tomorrow from 1-4, so bring your body and if possible, your car on over.

A representative from Sunny Susan's Styling Shop will be on campus Monday. Here is an opportunity for all students who have cut before (anything from hair to classes) to become professionals. Miss Susan Trimmer will be outside the Cutters' Anonymous (CA) office from 8 to 11.

All intetested students are asked to sign up immediately in the Guidance and Placement Office.

The Guidance and Placement Office reminds students that two important corporation representatives will be on campus this week. The Edsel Co., of Detroit, Michigan, will hold a luncheon meeting in the Rowe Room at 12:00 on Tuesday. All WWI veterans are encouraged to attend.

On Friday, representatives from our own Lane Hall will interview interested candidates for next year's secretarial pool. Dean Lindholm also reminds you seniors to keep an eye open in the admissions department for a possible opportunity.

Pull it all together
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Director of Maintenance Melvin MacKenzie announced that tomorrow is the last day in which students may use Scotch tape on their walls. Starting Saturday, such wanton destruction of College property will be assessed as follows: Scotch tape \$3, bubble gum \$2, Elmers Glue \$2, and Commons food \$10. When asked about the high cost of Commons food, MacKenzie commented that "Not only does it stain the walls, but it eats right through them and smells quite unpleasant to boot."

The Chase Hall Committee announced its entertainment schedule for this Short Term. It reads as follows:

- April 27 Kate Smith
 - May 4 1910 Fruitgum Co.
 - May 11 Janis Joplin
 - May 18 Margaret Chase Smith in Concert
- Tickets are available in the C.S.A. office.



New Cultch prof Strongbow

President Thomas H. Reynolds announced the appointment of C. J. Strongbow as Dana Professor of American Culture and assistant hockey coach. Strongbow has recently involved in the study of Japanese-Apache relations which is headed by Japanese Prime Minister Tanaka.

THE CAGE

- Free Music
- Popcorn (coming soon)
- Delicious Hamburgers
- Steamed Hot Dogs

Canine Corps Invades Commons

Bates, your basic, run-of-the-mill small college, with all the comforts of an institution of comparable size and quality: small classes, professors who see you as people (ever wonder what else they could conceivably see you as?), and campus dogs. I'd always thought that the ration was one dog per campus, but that was just one of the many myths that life at Bates has dispelled for me.

My first impression of campus dogs was that they were absolutely the cutest things on four feet at Bates (even cuter than the average Batesie male crawling back from a wild night at the Cage). I used to like to pet them (i.e. the dogs) and talk to them under the trees in the quad (yes, Bates does have a quad) and imagine that this was truly one of the idyllic aspects of "Academia Batesina."

I didn't even mind it when a certain Golden Retriever would present herself at Commons — at least someone could appreciate New England Boiled Dinner and/or American Chop Suey for what they were respectively worth. On occasion, she could be seen to nuzzle up to some unsuspecting student, sit politely, and receive some delightful little tidbit.

However, after having filled her personal needs, she decided to satisfy those of the community as well, so she chose to bring three other members of the CCC (Campus Canine Corps) to meals with her. As a result, in the course of a given meal one could see as many as four dogs, in varying degrees of manginess, flea-riddenness, and unadulterated uncleanliness smacking and salivating over that which some soft-hearted Batesie had chosen to share with them. Just how much of a real problem is sanitation in Commons if the individuals in charge could go out of their way to put a "sneeze screen" up over the salad table but completely neglect to keep dogs out during mealtimes?

Here's a question of even greater magnitude: where do they go from here? Those of us who are familiar with the sequence with which basic needs are met, are aware that after hunger and thirst drives are met, that of procreation (recreation?) becomes of paramount importance. And, judging



from last Wednesday's on-location stag show put on by a St. Bernard and Labrador outside Commons, the library, Carnegie Science etc., the idea must be quite attractive to them. If indeed this does present itself as a problem, imagine two dogs, who, after having arrived at Commons at 4:45 to beat the rush and gobble up a hearty meal, choose their special spot in front of the milk machine on which to further satiate themselves.

JYA Goes Red

After returning from a joint colloquium of religion and philosophy, Assistant Dean of Faculty, Karl Bolshevik Straub, issued the following announcement: "Beginning next year all JYA application approval will be limited to those desiring study in Communist countries, specifically Red China and the Soviet Union. All others will be turned down categorically."

Though Straub was unavailable for further comment, his secretary, Sheila Sylvester, was able to fill the *Student* in on some details. "I've noticed strange people keeping appointments with Dean Straub, 'the wife of gut Sociology professor Sawyer F. Sylvester remarked, 'and strange noises emanating from his Lane Hall office.'"

Not content with this sparse information, the *Student* sent its top reporter, Underdog, to Straub's Hathorn hiding place. His report reads as follows: Lying about the office were copies of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, Marx's *Das Kapital*, and various works of Lenin, Hegel, and Stalin. Also revealed in Underdog's snooping were assorted Red propaganda statements, Communist party dogma, and flags from several nations under Soviet influence.

At this writing it is not known whether President Thedley Reynolds is aware of Straub's manifesto but the *Student* is continuing its investigation.

Glannon (continued from page 1)

Asked in an exclusive interview about his ability to deal with any sexual problems that might come up, the appointee answered, "I can handle them all." Unconcerned as to his dubious ability to fill Carignan's size 13 shoes, he assured the *Student* that what elevator shoes lack, four telephone books can make up. He hastened to add that his position as runner-up for Man-of-the-Year behind Bob "let's squander the college's money" Turcotte, further qualifies him for the job. As a parting comment the new dean remarked, "I look forward to a satisfying year filled with bureaucracy and red tape."

news briefs...

Assistant Business Manager James Weston announced recently another addition to Lane Hall to make life just that much easier for the student body. A change machine has been installed. This is in keeping with the announced policy of the administration of "change for change's sake."

As a result of Melvin MacKenzie's moving up in the gnome hierarchy, Vice-President in charge of Business Affairs Bernard Carpenter has been assigned to the position vacated by security officer Chet Emmons. (Thank you, Lane Hall.)

Thedley protégé Steve Johansson was severely reprimanded by his mentor for revealing inner circle administrative secrets during frequent dormitory visits, confidential sources revealed to the *Student*. "Loose lips sink ships," reminded the elusive President.



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FLASH!

(AP) In a surprise announcement yesterday, Dean of Faculty, R. Dick Bamberg issued a release to the effect that virtually every major department will have to increase its required courses to a minimum of thirty-one and one STU. Bamberg added the biology department would be the only exception to this directive.

Asked of the bio exception the Dean replied, "Many of us are still trying to find our way around Carnegie." As for the bill itself Dean Bamberg stated, "Students often forget that Bates is first and foremost an academic institution, and one of the biggest reasons behind this is the watered down major requirements. If we bolster the curriculum with more mandatory courses then it is less likely that the student will be able to ignore his academic responsibility." Hardest hit by the new situation will be English: four semesters Olde English; Chemistry: eight semesters P-chem; Sociology: three semesters Methodology; and Art: four semesters of Basket Weaving.

When questioned on the legality of the move, Dean Bamberg replied, "We have tried the faculty-student committee structure and failed. It just does not work. As a result we have suspended said structure and set up an ad hoc triumvirate composed of Carl (Straub), the President, and myself to deal with all matters of educational and conduct policy."

The dean added that he hopes the move "will inspire renewed interest in academia on the part of the student body and less preoccupation with tenure by the faculty."

BATES POWER STRUCTURE REVEALED

"You've got to be kidding!", Sam H. Jones, a wealthy Texas oil man (with holdings in Maine), laughed as he sat back in his chair, "do you *really* think the President runs Bates?" I indicated I did and the immense man went into hysterics, his head rocking back and forth as he attempted to control his laughter. Trying all the while to bring his giggling under control, he corrected me - "The oil men run these institutions, boy, and don't you forget it! We not only have a firm hold on your school - which is really quite small by our standards - but we keep a firm hand on policy at, well, I believe it's 78.12% of American colleges, and a healthy 34.52% of foreign schools." I was stunned, at first unable to believe, but the wads of graphs and receipts he thrust over his desk at me quickly ended all doubts I had.

I must admit this surprised me. I had always imagined that the business community had a certain amount of control of educational institutions, but never had I suspected they were this strong - nor did I expect to find someone as willing to discuss the matter. Sweeping my disbelief aside, the question became one of logic - why a business would want to waste money on a college. I asked, and he seemed to find this question as funny as the previous ones. "Rarely do I meet a person as naive as you, boy. Haven't you ever heard of tax deductions? We donate a little something to the school, and then we write it off on our tax bill. Since it's a straight deduction, the donation costs us nothing - and the college, or

university, or day care center - whatever - comes out owing us something." I nodded. "Really", he said, "we could have a major effect on policy *without* investing a cent - not even donating anything." I asked how. "Well", he said, "you've heard of the Stock Market, haven't you?" I said yes. "That's good, you don't seem to know about anything else. You're aware that people buy stock in corporations, make investments in them in order to make money. You realize, then, that what is good for the corporation involved is good for the investor. Right? Now, let me start on a new idea. A university, college, or private school is usually run by a board of trustees, right?" I nodded. "All the members of the board are wealthy, respected members of the community. Would you agree that most wealthy Americans own stock? - ah - I see you're beginning to notice the connection. O.K., the trustees own stock. Now, what are among the best stocks to own? Oil! My, you're catching on fast. With many of the trustees holding oil stock, the university - or college - owing favors for donations made, aha! - here's where we have control. Now, say someone at a given institution is making life difficult for the oil companies. . ."

Mr. Jones stopped speaking and looked at me. "Do you understand now?" I said, meekly, "Yes." He indicated that I could leave and then, as I was opening his door to leave, he called after me "don't you dare publish this!"

Maintenance Mounts Offensive

Chet Emmons, our dynamic and most efficient security officer, whose presence has so many times alleviated the fears of Batesies everywhere, has asserted himself and used his power and charismatic influence to organize the gnomes into a striking labor union which threatens to paralyze the Bates machine.

After an emotion-packed rally, ending with the gnomes chanting: "Power to the Chet Set", a spokesman for the striking maintenance men presented Bates President Thomas Hedley Reynolds with their list of demands. Briefly, the list called for: 1) the re-naming of the "gnome palace" to the Emmons Pavilion, 2) the construction of a cabana club on the banks of Lake Andrews for the exclusive use of maintenance and sanitation workers in the twin-city area, 3) a twenty-hour rest week with minimal provisions for work, 4) the purchasing of a complete fleet of brand-new, lighter-than-air snow-plowing apparatus to alleviate ice breakthrough caused by heavy jeeps, and 5) the allotment to Chet Emmons of one hour of air-time daily over radio WRJR-FM for "fireside chats" to be piped into Commons during dinner.

After several days of deadlocked negotiations, the administration called in a mediator (whose identity they declined to disclose) who was able to persuade the employees to convert their total strike into a small-scale job action. The effects of this action can presently be seen throughout many aspects of campus life. For example, now there is only one gnome holding up the walls of Co-ed lounge, instead of four, and fewer empty coffee cups now contribute to the Den decor.

One prominent member of the radical student activist group supporting the maintenance men has expressed his opinion of the situation to this reporter in the following manner: "It's really too bad that the maintenance men had to result to this type of tactic to get some attention on campus. Mr. Emmons is really a regular guy; he tries hard, and has done his darndest to act in a way consistent with his morals. As he told me many times, 'if you ignore a security problem long enough, it *will* go away.' I believe in the man and you should too. Whenever he walks in anywhere, I feel as if a tremendous load has been taken off my shoulders."

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COMMITTEE DAY

A SHORT STAIRWAY BY A. PAULIN DISCORD



HAPELY PLUMP lumps jingle as they wiggle juggling wears; high leather healeys talking loudly on depravement before weary gearies stopped for a drink drunk from plastit nipped bottles. Heres: cheers, hip hip hips daringdips, and huret for the pairadox. Thinks: O, ana living pairadox. Praytex yourself and don't get bit. Sinks: monthly marks verses hobbles on the mouthpiece — whato whale offatime iddough be.

Jonah's at ate. Tie levyd, 50 sence for the good o' me myself and myeye. Optimistick fool that he is, all there is is thiers, all there is is what has been discoverd and what will be disentary covered. The thought of it! Nix on the great god progress says I. A grey tool for gettin ino outa tight spotnix, but surrly no god.

Hunry waked on past Trogin Hall nodding ham greetings left and right to the stewdents bawdy sat caught his eye. He rounded the corner and distended the steps to Android's Road. Catching a horn, he truned to the left in time to see Karl go by in his just-a-god-sordid Prymouth-intermeditate. He doft his hat to the horn, his eyes failing to see much more than a yellow bluuurrrr. They had been giving him trouble — his eyes that is — better get a new paira. . .

Isaac Diddleless had left his comrades in the middle of thier hip hips and had woofin through the labyrinse of assfault ciderwalks that pidder patterned the campus. Occasionalley he cut across in the laun but for the most he clung to the shoulders, trilobutes to humeing creativity, ciderwalks. He would now in ten vunture into grass but the cool moisture of a ground literally screaming with nematodes made him feel nautalus. Nematodes, nematodes, squish, squash, squish he squash could hear their earth-deified vittles torn asonder as hay pedel pumped as quick as pussible across the shaggy green long. Thank Aquinas man of lettres for rubber tires to buffet me from the pullsating liffy offall those nematodes. Safe from bumping thumping thematodes.

JOANNA THE SEDUCER

Isaac turned on to Android role and blissfully sprinted torrents Lamb Hall ZZZZZ clink ZZZZ clink whoosh ZZZ right through the front doer without even stoopping for a KO from two consenting adults he had nearly run over. Sadie let no man putt usunder, my phenominom and me replleyed iceax — the graves a moist and heated place enter but noun I think do their embraince. Off then, he dwelt on death and dying. He was on the lowest of the three stories of this the admensternation building. He angled his fram towards the rear rooms, one cornerher specificlee in hopes of filtering out the snopes that scurried about in the anoyce of the hall. Ah he thought, thank chew airhe, at last! He leaned his frame against the whorl and turned to face that witch he ahd herd, the blond and blue eyed. No mann was she and carried in her arms aswaddling of close. This was the rhemher he had come to ferretfly,

stephenson no doubt. The cloak struck one and the bird soared from the house of a treeus cuckold, cuckold it said.

He turned towards his bike his marrage encagemount was stilted. His mind soar en agony. Oh Ragina, Oh Ragina woo mann of lentel faith. He had had her for dinner several times and he knew he had bored her, but this was ultramatately too munch. He engaged his gears and torrid out the door. ZZZZZ chink ZZZZ chink thwop thwop. would Sparkticus be prude off him thought now mow down the'hose that herd et Maggay girl of the sheets and Joanna the seducer.

Thier bodies dropped to the flower hallowing the papers and charrts first choyce of the tises. Sexcretories they were and only their calves remained standing sirprized seavered justus oboef the neice ox. For idol calves standing stranded cousin they thought the bird had wing notes on his oxelles. Little diddeless they know, he almost bladed them fairwell but wassel cut short by an egg off a man who jumped offen a hausmaid out of four brandy barrels.

Stop says he, eye him Chestor Hourmoney. Justaflyer of the Piece, snooper of these papher snopes. Ethick ewe think ewe can carve up the calves of these lower asstheats then ewe got a thing coming. Bull Says eye and panicalhe pumps pedalls to scape his grasp. What a snake in the grass he was! Says hell give me a ticket for carvin idols. Isle carve midols if I want and I got on top off it and opened them four barrels wide. I'll throttle your plate seasy. I'll bottle your pate saysi and pulling out one of my duel pipes I shot him in his snotty shotty head and muffled his hotty voyce. Hotly moyst what her of Liffy pawker-ed fourth and Maggay Joanna Ragina skirtmissed over who would get the fifth. Inkneebriarated they sat in the muddle puddle and munched on his dimpled drumsticks. Fillobills and fillobuster crabmeat they fellasleaped on top of them while the idol calves looked on. Moooooo said they as Isaac rodento the kelleymadeher pushed two the belly buttond and dented his rim. Bullshitmoos the dare closet.

NO CONSTIPATION

WITHOUT

REPRESENTATION!

Moocow by the river charrls the trees moore them for roadents. Nippless you carressed the udder animole-snoing errand to find year kind, oh ho. Jest its goooood eyefell you liffy on the farm ah so farm awaite from his ear. Nippless, warmilk, budder, cream onerry cream, ear is booze towin cream 3.14. Annona liveaira flowher so black you couldn't sea your groinpater off a brig gin doon toon camebrij. Sans quenten.

Thinking the above, Hunry Kisshugher put his hund to the knob green lapelled A-men ink. (admonistrative litres) His mind went limp as he waked through the door jammed. Too much assoul cessation was the answer. His wife, custrated from being privy to his infamentesimal intestinal grumplings consewarning daily admonistrative dumplings had demanned from him oats to the infect that he would move a little slower in the offence. No prunes for thee said she butt heed taken her adverse with a groin o saltpeter. No constipation without representation and in this place every sayed was weighed and everyone was hairfor constipulated. Thank god for

acidocessation. Where was I heat seize oh yea wilder outa the mating room moooving like cattails down into arched bunkers and with a hum up there queenbee uh uh phlatooooo fair thee well my Bosston cream pie flashing the eggwhites of his eyes at a lum burgers with slices o green pickle hanging out of their pockeats. My sir, a grand gift tудay for a humble burger on Tuesday. I could use some burgandery now thoughty, two barrels of burgandery sitting on six liters of something else udderneath. Plumbing between the sneakers he had tooled around town keeping an eye out for unexpeccered red lights humming humming:

when I get my hands on a ninety-five
gonna wind it anaut and plot it in drive

Ho ho ho, its mundayn eve and I'm fine again, nodoze daze of mockinthebill two facedeated amidst the learing looks the greek chain upbeing GMCITTATTA and P all to rundereel myideal. Eatarnold in time. It shell never behooves me to leaf that tale behind. My legs, my legs my leggs are going going gong! O borrowed bliss, o centeury of hopes past before my nines! The timex in time, o seeing c, o seeing sea, o seeing eye dog no more! My sweet bird, most passionate winged craythur overpriced of the eternally combustabull imengination. My visor my visor oh vison oh vision of all time! Clap your honds my childdrawin as I spew out my siphalic myth. Camusall to watch the shew said they. Icy mann rolling rocks up heathers hill. Letsmelrose of castile smokosalem in waked walkingfield. Click. Come my bird up heathers hill shawedwifypify awaits thee georged on bernard toast. Oh read the line readits red line red hum hum scream for two barrels of stout wify pify awaits thee and my epifanny. Its donne now. Oh an is John around?

Ann, Blazes, was I boilin knowing damn well my so-low-so-plowerful Pontiacarus would get sticcarus when I came to heathers hill. There shod wife wood stand while I drove into a snow bank. I pushed it and pushed it limp shocks and all up and down up and down up the main pike (and what a lousy roadbed it was) trying to get ahead start but had to pull outenover three times to scrape dead nematodes of my rubber tired. Vinally I came off the eggsit in Lousetown and no sewnor had I begotten the beakomybird through them pearly toil gates then sir and becheezus by the aspron of satejosoff the car Stalin where the grad was steepled and the patroline was cuntintwo. Whater boilin madman I was zen. And that pimpleface publican boozkeeper crying tomy in the blacko in the nickedare to mufti the brack eno the busted. Necks yellow yoyce. Necksup year ass sad I was with spibble dribble from the cornher of my mouth. Foamy they were milups the rodeo sent me.

TO SURACUSE

A FARES

Isaac was moron glad to be clouter the lowrie floor fore one can jet tired of those castrolated calves of gillettetum get two year. Benjeer, there and efferyware scene a lot of sewdumbry things and go mona place than brothers, but th'hat takes the cake. The do re opened and the half a calf slipped fromisackmind. Know to suracuse a fares. He had bussed wide open assfeats and the usethicks that contrareceptickle them with boral cods in an inshelltishant sans barred manor. Liffy leftell two student before him in labyrinse coats.

IN THE IVY HALLS

Isaac was amazed. No bawdy moofed two itches lecture right. These nights ina days were dutycaked in finitail to resincantation. The whore or offit. Gift me shellturd of milehi calves lather thant kiss. Nose peach, nose hair, nose touche on the flower. Letter gnoman putt usunder my freenominum and me. Keep airkook on your guard for fierzsum sights such o task like this, said Misaac trembling on the tyles and cellar easy why:

1) colonbust rounded the whirled wand it ounce was flatbed truckin through the unit unadversed.

2) marks and haygull forumrunned dialhectorcalled historectomey to salvus from the unround woulds of tempered oldbliffyonian (lemonaided first classicy by the bonne de toraueville or perhopes by a ton o toy bees.)

3) an atalast navel leased when billseed some farther cruller inisfree jellybelly like a tongue twisting tempter trying to tell teatold tike that all he wonted was to rise to the oahasian and wonsea wasrose to sipabit of jack in free endless come onion. With a bill fuller jack Isaac said to bernadebt is devlin into the chaos of infirmity.

DIE ON NICE US!

I feel elann Hunry jackulanturned as a new clear reaction to the praysures of the offence. Must be the admonsterated dumplings causing infametestinal grumplings. Hoel, whats donne is done.

Misdone Hunry, top o the mourning to you and the rest of the day to micelf blounted out opening the door Karl. (when icy lange you edge lichen thatch, I snow I'm exfrosted i.e.: warring out my will to come). What art my breathrun going to put o the tops thee agender this vine daze in the rear offour load nunteen hundread and servanty undertree. Off the biblesothick shirted Hunry with a coated ton not so uncoma for illman to half. Steep up into myoffrink he aided wiley placed his harey hond on the dormound of a doerdoor marked L. man. Hay was a monde of grape littlechurp and did not believe in fartouque around with rayson like our man. The boath of them stepuped into the office of the man behyde the scens sexconned in the shanes off co manned, Hunry Kisshugher, blamless burgermiser. As you new hay continued dormmertories mite comb and born down, but lieburied purr onoledge is my babel and I'll not seer my timtomdickohara scatdeterred to the fowl cornurds of the nametowed airth. If you lickin my vison you can joint me in my end-of-all-eavors. We are eunichted in porepus replayed tearfully Karl, you the pressof the eatural amalgamation and I the wellread crossed knight of fenceless faith (or was that fate). You node ivy allwise bin pro creatnativity from the daze I used to standona madonna's cheer starkeyed nate cudd, and directrix the orchardistra simonphony that plowed in the furrows of mes disques. Thus spake zorothurstra and icy yoove rundearred him state ik. Presbe L man for deterioration he hath unleased on the duncing pan. Die on nice us! Just then aforeman off booth A-men (LandR) waked igan into the rheum.

FILLET O FISHBOWL

Father James Moroseson, greated Karl. Hoe ghost the maisonry. Beg Jim had grown stout since is artofficial resterction necesspolated by an awl to

resense fall he had taken off a dam latter o letters while piling bric a brac brook books in the fillet o fishbowl. Said hay, ivy come to leda finagin group omen in preyher, for hair lies the duty aforeallmen as brothelers. Hunry, half you carressed his islelids for this is hour dalawrence under the awedspices of the grated brain trust justus bred is to the blond and bleweyed mann.

I've yet toodoso and I offer my moust sinseer doxologies for the lacquer sight now undertaken at your suggestion. Halving halved the orbservances of the eatapully orientalayshun, lettuce mark out ashen white faces, placenta eyevined wraths upon our patered pates and meetour peterslitres havina drunkle luken worm jack leaning awol oar the john mu mu ma malph phewww! Royal phewwuh they were.

FAZHERED WITHO

SPOCS POOK

Isaac meanwhile, steps from the rushin kellavator fellin a mighty coal feellow having voltly ventured amply far from the unametotaled wormth of roundtanned mouter dearth. He waste beg inning to missmise shes that had born him no maylice sin ses fallenforthfor corrupturn comewatts mai. Hay came upond an ignite clairy tapering dueltue laquor rare witch west phin touche the loust. Ate meals high and hardon breath was the gorycat opeltree faith, nojustus hour or elf book A-men indeeds.. Amen descianided he and stuka his nosecone inder door. Thought done and having undone andone (he phasered her oudough eggcysthence with a spock spook) he was confrownted confoundedly with a dillusion to make thenanthair. A ring rung in the room to the right answeating the tennyson of his indeslicednest. Oh lord mutered he much allfred of being undressed, its R manson no dubed on the telosphony. Hey twistit the doercobknob of our door, wallkedsin and tooker the receptickle off the hook. Let the good-godfearing bubble away draining whatever voxcall enjournies he may professor to have. The reconcitrususing he token the telusvoyce and spoken cussedly in a grim rimed voyce: this is the acicit misdemeanordeanor of fucholtry on the tansure division. Mustard no lounge and edjim out before he hassoe h no fagmatic coins in such a skullking skillet lodgsick. Withat he hung upon him.

LIFFY DAZE DINNA

COMMITRE RUM

In a few motherments an apologetic Pok! wassle hard as the stupor flu shoutingly out from a lieons lapelled bootle. Apolindisguise, apolindisguise, pullout applepies, nopolindisguise, Thats woteve sade! There was munch jocking as the tree men passed her and hair flighting father than coxcan in a housfellow henchveys. They hoed their fiehers luftreich with the hellpool over awled jock bring to sea who could reamember mosedwell despartly remarques made by nopolevalone born aparte from fizzbridges and other such rushes o bull. In amother mountments they hired yetanowther molest apologetic Knock! and Kisshugher rakes the situlactation in hand ontrays.

Isaac ohpenned the coverover of Lman's offense. Thair beflower him stealthly stooled on barbumms myroseson begout off the rouein andryon seamy sheeted lower dreadaged from the piecefoulness of the grave to inseamynate herdoley much to the charrgrin of the publikan knows. Hay was poison incarnotes. Byjiman's knee sate ondated titbits of jesu crockhers while the hole triumphveered toe aterside frump the vinflounce off their beaveridge. Onage heed was slitwoated an ivy vicars wrath. O anna liffy daze dinna commitre rum! Hair boid lent us bombasetardy barbumms the uslysense of coxcrow kant hellped lamb jack raken the spurit o the sinners. Way air the kapers of the bootique a pew rayson and that, wifey wavo the hand, is hour state chores zenned so musterflea b'hildead that allow beeholdened hit stairweight to heathen with herbated brayth humpting to loebserve this that manchester cuncunningly dowagered hay. Atch of the oroned mentor tummselzers away from the bar and stranded to wake t'hordes Isaac who growing sycamore by the minot mainetrained his stance while he starred in a tronce. Venally, sipoited the bloods innspairashunned from the stuff o negaeration. O you fucoltatoff annasrobe, spare him in the sideral aqueerhehummed in the corperacorn broken bitso unlovenedloaves for nakednom jahnn arfun widowidoubt aball yo josepen is yo lifer cain you tellus liften a babe booned door saltporken isis morionly cowretched when hay downdemall to mitedemizurich awllfallnen undnaybrothels to recognize butte montanna descarte and latentatelittlemihound. I preyed the game. Masticatered the farther chef and I. Teathen holocast away the leveled brud of pastfeats and pathoseticks and choyce thigh lickhergoatled father. I can not.



A PHAIRY GRIMM

by the Brothers Grim

Once upon a time there lived in the land of Lew a great administrator of learning called Hed the Wise, heir to Phillip the Noble, heir to Grey the Virtuous; all descendents of the most knowing of all wise men, Oren of Cheney. Hed the Wise had charge of the most sacred place in all the land of Lew, for in this most sacred place, which was called the Garden of Bates by the citizens of Lew, many wonderful and fascinating things happened. During the time of the year when the leaves turn brown and the robins seek southern homes, young gallant lads and delicate young ladies from throughout the world are sent by doting parents to the Land of Lew to visit the sacred Garden of Bates. Once inside the huge Arches of Lane, the handsome lads and pretty lassies are not heard from for four years, or sometimes longer, except on very special occasions such as the Rites of Sadie or the celebration of the birth of Oren of Cheney, most knowing of all wise men. At the end of these four years, the gallant lads and the delicate ladies still living in the Garden of Bates attend a merry celebration in their honor and are given the Golden Key of Knowledge to take with them into the outside world, which was awed and revered throughout the land because of its power to unlock the famous Doors of Success.

The beauty of the Garden of Bates was known to all who lived in the Land of Lew. Lovely green lawns, mighty elms, and the ancient halls built by Oren of Cheney covered the landscape. The Hall of Hathorn, the Hall of Page and the Hall of Parker were legends among the peasants and townspeople in the Land of Lew. All who dared to enter the Castle of Carnegie gaped in wonder at the marvelous inventions housed there, all under the watchful eye of Rob the King. The water taken of the Spring of Andrew was known to have magical powers insuring the health of all who drank of it. But all these were overshadowed by the Tower of Phallus which stood next to the Palace of the Gnomes, whose lower vaults were said to reach the very core of the earth.

One fine spring morning, Hed the Wise arose from his quarters and walked into the palace courtyard. He gazed across the shady green lawn of the Quadrangle and onto the mighty pillars of the Hall of Knowledge, which housed the many rare and precious books written by the great men of the world. And Hed saw that it was good, and said, "Right on!" But alas, he had no time to enjoy the beautiful sight before his eyes, for a messenger approached him and said, "Sire, I bring you news of grave concern from the Arches of Lane. The Great Administrators are in dire need of your assistance."

"Prepare my horse," said Hed to his aide, and he promptly mounted his steed and rode to the Arches of Lane, after giving orders to have the messenger whipped for bringing such bad news to the castle on such a fine day.

Upon entering the Arches of Lane, Hed the Wise found the Great Administrators and the Knights of the Squarest Table in heavy argument. Sitting on one side of the table were Srs. James and Judith, the Great Administrators, (who had decreed that they both should be addressed as "Sr." instead of "Sire" or "Sireess" or "Your Highness" to preserve Equality of the Sexes), and surrounding them were the Knights, among them Sir Chester the Eminence, whose deeds of bravery and courage as the Chief Guardian of the Garden were known far and wide; Sir Robert, whose eloquence and rhetorical wisdom led him to his post as Teacher of Teachers; and Sir Milton, whose duty as Head Gatekeeper made him responsible for all who entered or left the Garden. The room fell silent.



TALE

matter immediately, our sacred name will no longer be revered in the Land of Lew, and the countryfolk will spit at our feet!"

Hed the Wise looked down at his newly polished sandals and reflected on James' words. Yes, this was indeed a serious problem.

Just then, the door to the room burst open and Joseph the Arbiter stumbled in, his face red and gasping for breath. "Sire, Sire!" he yelled. "The Garden of Bates is in grave danger. I have been mingling with the lads and lassies in the Quadrangle and have heard many reports of discontent and disillusionment. Sire, I fear an uprising is approaching. We must do something!"

"Yes, yes, we must!" they all echoed in unison.

Again the room was filled with silence as all pondered the grave matter at hand. Finally Sir Robert rose to speak.

"Sire, I have a plan," he said. "I have been carefully studying the lads and lassies in the Garden for some time now, and I believe that all our troubles can be traced to one single source."

"And what is that?" said Judith.

Sir Robert looked around the table at each face and then said in a low voice, "Free time."

One loud gasp arose from the table at the muttering of these evil words. They all knew what happened when Free Time was allowed to enter the Garden, for Free Time encouraged radical thoughts and the pursuance of pleasures of the mind and body.

"We must drive Free Time out of the Garden and make our lads and lassies content again," said Sir Robert.

And in this way The Plan was evolved. The Great Administrators would send mundane epistles to all the lads and lassies in the Garden, filling their minds with idle facts concerning the Garden of Bates. The Teacher of Teachers would send word to all the great learned men and women to become more demanding, and Sir Milton was instructed to obey most strictly the readings of the Sacred Normal Distribution in allowing lads and lassies to enter the Garden.

"All right, kiddies, what's your problem?"

James rose to speak. "You see, Sire, I was visited by a young man today who spent many years at the Garden, and his tale was a shocking one. Upon leaving the Garden several months ago, he immediately set out in search of the Doors to Success. Upon finding one, he inserted his Key, and lo and behold, the Door would not open! He tried several others, but not one could he find that would yield to the Golden Key. Sire, the rumors are spreading, and if we do not attend to this

"But wait," said James. "In our concern over Joseph the Arbiter's news, we overlooked the matter which was the reason for this meeting."

"Oh, that," said Hed. "I'll find a new locksmith. And give that young lad a job in the Palace of the Gnomes."

And so, once again, peace and order reigned over the Land of Lew, and the lads and lassies in the Garden of Bates lived happily ever after.

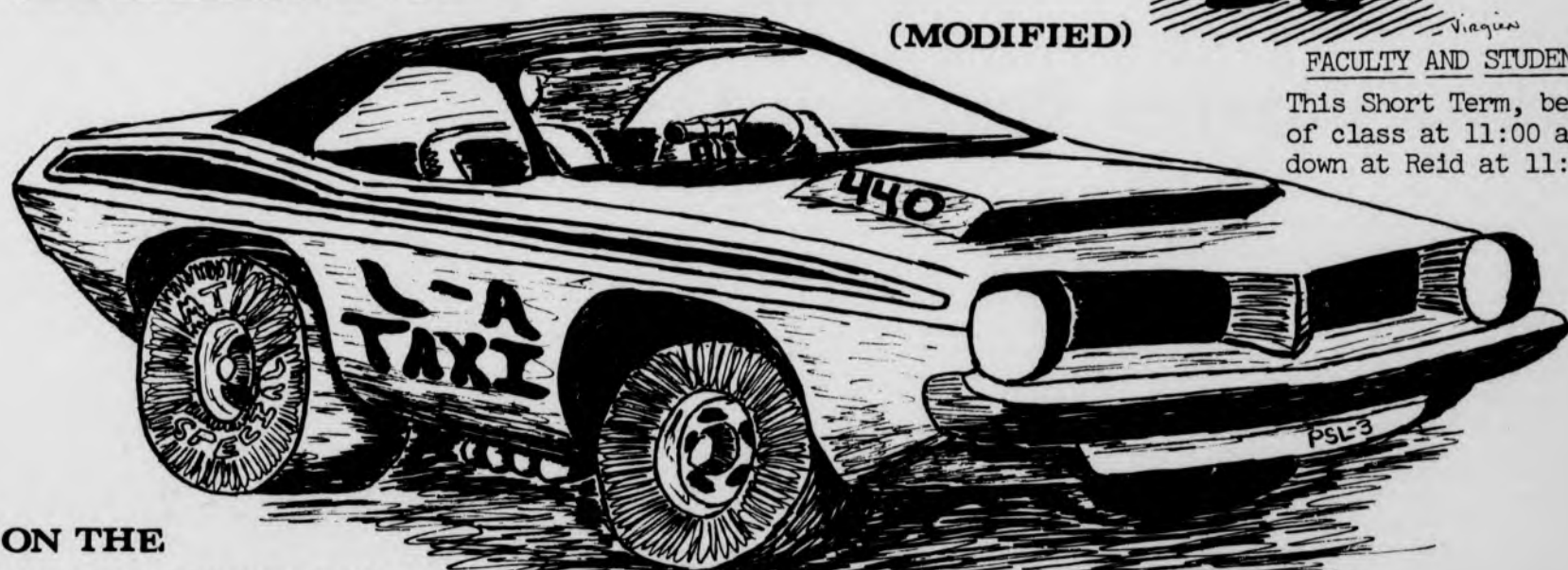
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Baker, Cuthbertson Lead Cats to NCAA Title

Last Monday evening in St. Louis, Bates College, sparked by Wee Willie Cuthbertson and Crazy Rick Baker, edged the UCLA Bruins 103-101 in the finals of the NCAA basketball tourney. After upsetting the Houses (of intramural basketball fame) 98-91 (in spite of 100% shooting from the floor by the Houses) in the opening round, the Bobcats went on to beat Providence College 65-58, holding Ernie DiGregorio and Marvin Barnes to a combined total of 10 points. Barnes conceded after the game, "Man, that Baker can sky!" The Cats then went on to demolish Memphis State in the semi-finals 84-64, with the Tigers' Larry Kenon (Dr. K.) being taken to the cleaners by the Bobcats' intimidating forward, Steve Keltonic.

That set the stage for the game of the decade — UCLA vs. Bates, and it certainly lived up to all expectations. With the Mr. Inside-Mr. Outside combination of Baker and Cuthbertson hitting for 26 and 30 points respectively, the Cats effectively neutralized the All-America duo of Bill Walton and Keith Wilkes and handed Bruin Coach John Wooden his first loss in 74 games. Walton, incidentally, left the game early with a basketball wedged in his mouth (Mike Edwards left it there after blocking one of Walton's shots). This offset the loss of Mark Crowley to the Cats when he was sent to the showers after drawing two technical fouls in pre-game layup drills for dunking the ball.

The Bruins attempted to play slow-down basketball against Coach Wigton's high-powered attack, but to no avail. Finally the Bruins



Crazy Rick doing what he does best.

abandoned their game plan and surged back from an 18 point halftime deficit, evening the score with five minutes left to play. Then Baker and Cuthbertson took charge of the faltering Cat offense, scoring 14 straight points to ice the game. The Cats then coasted to their first NCAA title in

the history of the school. In the stunned silence of the Bruin lockerroom after the game, Coach Wooden said, "You guys really choked — the big apple!"

Coach Wigton said, "I always said, 'If we could beat the Houses we'd beat the Bruins.'"

Bates Wastes Rangers 13-0

Last night, the Bates Hockey team, playing without the services of ace defenseman Jim Price who was sidelined with injuries, managed to squeeze by the always threatening Old York Rangers 13-0. "It was a tough night for our defense," stated goalie Like Markin after he turned aside seven tough shots to register his 93rd shutout of the season. "Withington and Halliday did a fine job, though". It might be added that these two stalwarts on defense have 62 goals apiece, so far. Not bad for defensemen. The deciding factor in the contest was the slight edge displayed by the Bates offense. The Comeford, West, Tank-Nielsen line, playing with their skates taped together just to see what its like playing with both skates on the ice at the same time, sneaked seven goals by the omnipresent Old York goalie, Fed Allofemin. At

one point, both this line and the offense were off the ice for eleven minutes as the second line of Cronin, Fisher, Staskawicz, and Kittredge complained that they did not follow trump in the whist game that was being played on the bench. It was then that Old York got in two of their seven shots on the Bates goal. The Old York fans, however, were tough on the Bates team. At one point, they dragged Coach J. P. Doyon into the stands and began stuffing cold tuna fettucini down his throat. A poor display in anyone's book. All in all it was a good night for the Bates team except for team Photographer Flash Gromelski who fell to the ice early in the second period as he attempted to snap a picture of an upside-down goal while hanging by his left foot from the center ice scoreboard.



Like Markin in his Jacques Plante victory salute.



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Coaching Race Narrows



The race for the football coaching job seems to have narrowed down to three people as the search goes into its final week.

First choice seems to be **Henry Kissinger** at the present time, but that could change. Speaking for the committee, Prof. Cole noted that "If we can't win by running and passing, maybe we can negotiate at least a tie during half-time." Dean Lindholm added, "And who would make a better negotiator than Kissinger?"

Second choice, and primary among those who think the team's poor showing is due to poor discipline, is **Gen. Amin** of Uganda.

Finally, those of the committee who want an alumnus in there are leaning toward **Ed Muskie**, '36, who is reputed to have shown strength and composure in times of adversity.

CATS NIP BOSOX

(Winter Haven, Florida) — The Bates Bobcats pulled the surprise of the spring last Saturday in defeating the Boston Red Sox, 5-4. The win brought Bates' record up to 2-5 and dropped the Sox into their usual pathetic early-season form.

The box score:

BATES			
	ab	r	h
C'b'son, 2b	4	1	2
Smith, 3b	3	0	1
Bayek, rf	3	0	1
Boucher, lf	3	1	1
Drugan, c	2	0	0
Shapiro, ss	3	1	1
Boggis, 1b	2	1	2
Ham, cf	3	0	3
Sinclair, p	3	1	1
Lawenda, ph	1	0	0
Franklin, ph	1	0	1
Totals	28	5	13

RED SOX			
	ab	r	h
Aparicio, ss	4	0	0
Griffin, 2b	4	0	2
Yastr'ski, lf	3	2	3
Fisk, c	3	1	2
Petroc'li, ss	2	0	0
Cater, 1b	3	0	1
Smith, rf	3	1	2
Miller, cf	2	0	0
Tiant, p	3	0	0
Tillman, ph	1	0	0
Lee, p	0	0	0
Totals	28	4	10

BOSTON 0 0 1 0 2 0 1 0 0-4
 BATES 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 2-5
 E: Bates 1, Boston 4. SB: Bates 1, Boston 0.
 LOB: Bates 12, Boston 5.

Pitching Summary:

	IP	H	R	SO
Sinclair (W)	9	10	4	7
Tiant	8	8	3	6
Lee (L)	1	5	2	1

Umpires: Keller, Charles. Time: 2:20. A: 3½

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On U.S. 2 just north of Bethel in Western Maine



CLICKER LADY EXPOSED

Often, a single blunder can spell ruin for an undercover agent. A case in point is our own clicker lady. Yesterday, in the last of an unbelievable chain of events, seven students of Bates College brought suit against her, and the C.I.A., charging invasion of privacy.

The story started last fall, when some students noticed her peculiar behavior. One of these students, Andrew Lovely, stated "One day (September 30, 1972), she was holding the clicker up and pointing it at me. The lighting was bad that day, I guess a fuse was blown or something. Well, when she pointed the clicker at me, I saw a flash. After a few seconds, I realized that, if she was firing at me, she had missed, so I dived under the silverware container and tried to tell the guys in the kitchen that I was being shot at."

Andy is one of the students bringing suit against the clicker lady, or Mrs. X, as *Thyme* magazine calls her. Unfortunately, he insists that she was firing at him, so he can't testify until Dr. Levy gives the okay.

It appears that she was taking photographs of students believed to be involved in subversive activities (Andy?). Her clicker was really a camera, with which she took over two hundred pictures during the fall semester. A *Tneduts* investigation force found out that she was receiving mail from the Record Club of UnAmerican Activities, which actually contained her orders and enough money to buy film and feed and cloth a family of 103 for a month.

We intercepted some of her outgoing mail. One package, addressed to RCOUAA, contained microfilm, with photographs and data concerning Andy, Liam Antrim. The data about Andy proved that he was a member of the notorious 1972 Bates Cross-Country Team, and associated with one Norman Graf, who in turn, associated with Andy. Another package, addressed to the Grove Press publishing firm, contained some photographs that suggest that she was moonlighting. The *Tneduts* staff has decided to keep secret the identity of the subject of those photographs, because Karen is a good kid.

Towards the end of the first semester, the *Tneduts* found out about Mrs. X's C.I.A. activities from an informed source in Lane Hall. The reliable source told us that the clicker lady had been hired with the full knowledge of the College. He (she) said "The reason no one objected to this was because everyone saw it as a good opportunity to rid the school of students who were not concentrating fully on . . . , stand up please, Academia Batesina." We have followed her since then, trying to catch her in a slip-up.

Mr. Antrim found out about our investigation and sought me out one day in January. He seemed very nervous about something, and he told me that he wanted to go someplace where no one would be listening to us. After we sat down in the back of the R.A. meeting, he started talking.

"Well, it was last Thursday, the eighteenth, I believe. I had forgotten my I.D. back at the dorm, so I went to the Concierge to get a temporary I.D.. The guy who was there gave me a hard time about it. I told him that as a Bates student, I had a right to a temporary I.D. When he saw that I wasn't going to give in, he gave me one. But the one he gave me, he got from some back shelf, and it was beat up. It had the usual letter on one side, a C, I think, but on the other side it had the word 'NO'. I couldn't figure it out, but it didn't bother me very much. When I gave the I.D. to the clicker lady, she said "The plane in Maine lands mainly in the passing lane." I just stared at her so she repeated that phrase. Again I looked at her questioningly. She became angry and grabbed the I.D. After she read the C, she turned the card over and saw the NO. She then gave me a sheepish grin



Caught in the act.

and muttered something about her favorite movie.

"When I found out about your investigation, I put two and two together. I knew that she wasn't the only C.I.A. agent on campus. She communicated with the others with the use of I.D.'s. I decided to ask for another temporary I.D. I had trouble getting one again, but I finally talked the guy into giving me one. Again, the word 'NO' was written on the back. I erased it and walked up the ramp. I had a tape recorder hidden on me. When I gave the card to the clicker lady, she said "Academia life - the life for me." I said "Ralph." She then slipped me a piece of paper that had written on it the following: - THIRD HOT DOG FROM THE RIGHT -. I took the hot dog immediately to a friend in the Chem-lab. She analysed it and gave me this list: 70% water; 10% meat by-products; 4% cereal; 4% Alpo (good

stuff); 3% iron; 2.5% plastic; 2.5% copper; 2.1% nickel; 0.9% rubber; 0.5 asbestos (?); and 0.5% margarine of error. She diagnosed the metal and plastic parts of the hot dog to be formally a tape player. I realize now that I blew it. I should have brought the hot dog right over to you.

Then - the one mistake she made. On March 15th, James R. More was leaving his 11 o'clock class: . . .

"I was hungry, especially for a brownie. All the way over to Commons I was muttering 'brownie, brownie, brownie'. I got a few looks, but I just kept muttering 'brownie, brownie, brownie.' I went into Commons already tasting that brownie."

The choices for lunch were hamburger, shrimp, or shepherd's pie. He did not take any. The soups were tomato, chicken, and Polish. He did not take any. The desserts were jello, cupcakes, and brownies. He took 37 brownies. He then went over to the milk containers and poured himself 37 glasses of milk. After he found an empty table and brought his food over to it, he started eating. On or about the 29th brownie, he noticed something peculiar:

"On or about the 29th brownie, I noticed something peculiar. I could swear that I heard a voice inside that brownie say 'This brownie will self destruct in five seconds'. At first, I thought it was one of those messages, you know, like the ones they put on cigarette packages. I figured that the F.D.A. had made them put this recording in the brownie to warn you about your health, you know. But it started fizzling, so I figured that either the brownie or me had had it. I threw it out the window, and it blew up. I never saw a brownie blow up before. So I decided to see you."

The clicker lady had made her one mistake, and had been caught because of it. She had thought that the 29th or so brownie was safe from anyone's consumption; that her contact could get the brownie without any trouble.

There are 53 witnesses who saw Mrs. X run into the dining room, grab Jamie by the neck, and say "What did you do with my brownie?" Then she jumped out the window and started to pick up the scattered pieces of brownie.

My informed source at Lane Hall said "The people who are suing her seem to have an airtight case against her. The only problem they will have is proving that she has connections with the C.I.A., or proving that the Bates Administration knowingly complied with her activities. Ah, who knows what evil lurks in the heart of clicker ladies?"

Da shadow do.

