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Bates College

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# NOTES & COMMENTARY

## CONFESSIONS OF A DANA SCHOLER

I used to be one of those bubbly, energetic, happy but studious students that admissions officers are always looking for to represent Academia Batesina. I applied here by mail, picking this place site unseen, and they probably accepted me proud of my overwhelming confidence in their college. Sigh. Now I've disillusioned them.

At first I found great joy in everything I did. I loved all my classes, and I loved them so much that I studied ten hours a day and read every supplementary reading list. I wrote 35-page biology papers when ten-pages were assigned. I was oblivious to the bitter smirks of professors who wanted to get in a word edgewise.

Aw gee. Them good ole innocent days.

And it wasn't just classes. I was one of those people who did *everything*! I was up till 2 a.m. on Tuesdays rubber-cementing *The Student* together. I was up at 6 a.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays to wash dishes at Commons. I was the first and last official member of PIRG. I didn't skip a single marching band rehearsal for a whole semester. In short, I loved everything so much that I became totally disoriented from the real Bates that most people experience.

Gee whiz. What a Pollyanna!

Yes, I was a real outsider. I couldn't understand why other people were always grouching and griping. Weren't the courses perfect? Weren't the profs personable? Wasn't I amassing a million bucks typing 100-page thesis in four hours flat? Golly. The follies of youth.

Logic told me that something was wrong. I earnestly calculated a personal campaign to find out what I was missing. "Surely," I thought, "There must be a few things wrong with this campus. Maybe if I search them out diligently I will get a more realistic picture of college life. Maybe I will understand my fellow students better. Maybe I will be more informed when I give prospective freshmen tours of all our fantastic facilities."

I tried, but for a long time nothing happened. Sure, I was waiting half an hour in dinner lines — but there was SUCH interesting material to read on the bulletin boards. Sure, there wasn't any heating in my room in Rand — but my parents had given me a goose down sleeping bag for graduation, good to twenty below zero. Sure, I was lousy in math, but my prof had such an interesting sense of humor.

Long and hard I concentrated, putting my mind into the most critical, pessimistic state possible (considering my own individual limitations).

Well, last week it finally began to work! I walked into the Dean and I found that they only had ten flavors of ice cream. I walked by Lane Hall and I discovered there weren't any flowers planted out front. I tried talking French to a maintenance man and he didn't understand my accent. Suddenly I found a few things that were wrong with my life at Bates!

Now, whenever I walk down my dorm and I see the gang gossiping about their failing grades and hideous professors and double-dealing boyfriends, I throw in a few gripes about the lack of classical music on the Den's juke box and I feel right at home. I can gripe just as good as anybody else.

O — KAY



AH'M GONNA  
BITE YER  
ASS!

## A BRIEF STATEMENT OF OUR EDITORIAL POLICY

Alright, Batesians, our backs are to the wall. Somewhere **out there** is a wise-ass person, probably a faculty person (and we're pretty sure who), who is clearly in the lead on our dirty limericks contest. The first prize is a \$5 gift certificate to Pete's Lunch, home of the 30c 12 oz. BUD. Here is his nasty note reproduced in its entirety:

"So you smartasses decided to extend the contest rather than give the prize. O.K., baby, how about this:

A skindiving girl of Aruba  
Met a whale while out for a scuba.  
The consequent leaching  
Was fetching, but stretching,  
And gave her a fallopian tuba."

Please, gang, our only hope is that he knows we'll publicize the identity of the winner & thus he'll hesitate to claim his prize. God knows the man inhabits a libidinous universe. Come on, Bobcats, are you going to let some puke perferer out-gross you? Entries to box 309, 622 or PA office lockbox by midnight 6 April.

You might be interested to know that The Gallo Corporation manufactures Eden Roc, Boone's Farm, Spanada, Paisano, Ripple, Thunderbird, Andre, Carlo Rossi, & Tyrolia wines. To be sure, smokin dope & drinkin beer is like pissin into the wind, but UFW is fighting to stay alive & they haven't got a contract. We recommend the New York state wines for the duration.



This issue of *The Student* which you little punks now hold in your greasy little hands, is on sale to Faculty, ADMIN & our beloved trustees for 25c. We wanted to make it 21c, which is what you ignorant little cruds pay to have us abuse ourselves on your egos (Cf. your student activity fee, you poor fools), so that they might understand what it is to be ripped off — if only for a week.

For once, you get the breaks. Who knows, maybe *The Student* thinks you have a little class (just a little) & potentially this hellhole could grow into a little style. So you get what you pay for.

Everybody else: Duck, you suckers.

## THE STUDINT

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# QUICKIES!!!

## EXPAND YOUR HORIZONS

By Joe Weider

All those who have been alive in America for the last twenty years and believe what they read in *Time* Magazine are well aware that we are on the brink of an intellectual retreat to the consciousness at the 50's. Others would have us believe that as we embark upon the Age of Aquarius, we are broaching a new moral reality. (We just don't care.) Disregardless of the emotive considerations it is clear that a wave of tomfoolery is sweeping the nation. The American way of life hasn't been seen as meaningless a fad as streaking (or balling) since the decade during which Eisenhower and Nixon ran the country. We at the *Student* applaud this new retreat from responsibility and are prepared to sponsor the inception of the next craze which will sweep disaffected campuses around the states.

The *Student's* advisory staff of disconsolate intellectuals and aspiring degenerates after carefully weighing the merits of a number of potential fads; book burning, gang banging, group nose-picking, etc., has recommended that we allocate our considerable influence to the promotion of competition weight-gaining. Yessiree folks, weight-gaining, a pastime observed informally all over the country will be institutionalized at Bates this Short Term. Right here on our very own small liberal arts college campus, you have the opportunity to get in on the ground floor of the next fad to sieze the "imagination" of the mindless collectivity that vegetates in the dormitories of institutions of higher learning throughout the civilized world. Be a weight-gainer! That's right, this spring the *Bates Student* with cooperation of the staff of Memorial Dining Commons hopes to organize the first weight-gaining contest since the fall of the Roman Empire.

In anticipation of the droves of Bobcats who already can hardly wait for the opportunity to stuff their chubby little faces arrangements are being made now for a special weight-gaining table and menu. It is hoped that it will be possible to provide the contestants with the finest in fattening foods; steak, eggs, pure creamery butter, chocolate pudding, gunboats of pasta and mashed potatoes, gallons of beer and whole milk and cheese-cakes the size of

Volkswagens. No person who really likes to eat can pass up this opportunity to make a pig of himself.

"How can I win?" you ask. We at the *Student* realize that most Bates students, with their well-renowned negative attitudes, do not feel that they would stand a chance against such professional fatso's as: Tom Meehan, Duane "Dewey" Homer, Dave "Large" Nelson, Andy Stone or Mark "The Miasma of Putrefying Flesh" Quirk. Hence we have devised an equitable scoring system which would allow even little squirts, like Gary Giacianomi or Duke Williams, to win. In order to win the contestant must be the participant which can increase his or her stripped body weight by the greatest proportion in the seven day contest period. All adipose adversaries in this duel of pounds and ounces will be weighed at the outset of the competition. One week later, the pig who has managed to expand the mass of his or her physique by the greatest proportionate amount will be declared the world's weight-gaining champion, the living scion of Tantalus the Glutton.

This is a contest that even you can win! Just think of it, all you need do for an entire week is engage in the activity that you have practiced every day for years, eating. "How do I enter?" you ask. Simple; preliminary registrations for this cathorsis of consumption are being held right now at the Cave of Giuseppe the Dwarf (Joe Glannon's Office) Two classes of competition are being organized; singles (males and females together) and mixed doubles. (So that you and your honey can get chubby together and comprise a collective entity called the "Fat F...k") Enter today! Be the world's champion weight-gainer! Earn intramural points for your dormitory! Be the envy of your friends! Make your folks proud of you! Get laid! Be a success! Be a good consumer and a patriotic American! Be a Fat Shit!

Remember, this may be the only socially acceptable opportunity that may ever come across in your entire life to satiate that deep-seated libidinal urge prompted by notions of neurotic insecurity to eat everything in sight. Sieze this once in a lifetime opportunity now! Rush into the CSA office and shout for all the world to hear: "I WANT TO GAIN WEIGHT!"

First prize includes an all-expense-paid weekend for two at Turgeon's Variety.

## FLIX...FLIX...FLIX

By Big Al Celery or  
some frosh punk or both

This Friday at the usual (you must get tired of me saying this) times of 7:00 and 9:30 in the Schaeffer Theater the Bates Film Board will present the pornographic classic *Deep Throat*. All proceeds from the showing will go to the Bates chapter of the Committee to Correct Communications between the Sexes.

*Deep Throat* stars the tallented Miss Linda Lovelace and the energetic Harry Reams. Miss Lovelace is very receptive to the points brought up by the male characters in the movie, however Mr. Reams brings up a point that is very hard to swallow. Reams, an up and coming actor, portrays a doctor who takes on Miss Lovelace (as a nurse) after curing her rather peculiar anatomical disorder. I won't reveal the ending, but Linda finds happiness by using her disorder for the advancement of

internal medicine. Audiences all across the country have been getting a rise out of this film, and, suffice it to say, there has never been a movie like this at Bates before.

We feel that a film like *Deep Throat* will help promote better understanding between the sexes and this is why we are donating the entire proceeds to the C.C.C.B.S.

Coming attractions include the Bergman classic "The Lost Tool", "A Clockwork Orange", "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid", "Romeo and Juliet", "A Touch of Class" and the cartoon classic "Fritz the Cat". Stay tuned to this column for more reviews. We are in the process of selecting the movies for next year, so if anyone has any suggestions, they should get in contact with me through the Film Board.

Duke Williams eats a bag of shit. Nyaa, nyaa, nyaa.

## SPEAKER EXPOSES ALL.

Rep. Club

The Bates Republican Club is sponsoring a lecture this Friday at 8:00 p.m. in Skelton Lounge. The speaker will be David Eisenhower, noted Philadelphia sports columnist. Eisenhower's talk is titled "Sex in the White House". He is expected to discuss his family's favorite ways of eluding the ever watchful eyes of the Secret Service, and reveal what he claims *really* goes on in those late hour cabinet meetings and why his Father-in-Law *really* called Haldeman and Ehrlichman the finest public servants he ever met. In addition, he is expected to talk about the effect of Watergate pressures on the First Family's sex life, and give his predictions for the upcoming Baseball season. Milk and cookies will be served afterwards, and B.R.C. president Bob Goodlatte hopes everyone will attend.

## QUICK STICK

Tryouts for the 1974 Bates College Varsity Lacross team will begin Monday April 8th. Coach Steve Johansson will have ten varsity lettermen returning including second team All-American Jim McKusick. Also returning from last year's starters are Midfielders Bill Holm and Bill Kimball, Attackmen McKusick, Tom Cronin and Bob Jacobs, Defenseemen Bruce Kittredge and Tom Mobbs, and Goalie Spiro Vowteras.

Coach Johansson expects this year to be tough, but is optimistic about the teams chances of improving last years 12-0 record. The team begins its season with its annual Maryland trip, during which it will play such lacross powers as Navy, Johns Hopkins and the University of Maryland. Also on the schedule this year are Rutgers, Brown, C.W. Post, MIT, RPI, and the University of Pennsylvania, as well as MIAA foes Maine, Bowdoin and Colby.



Calvin "Big Doeger" MURPHY.



# NEW CSA DUBBED



"Thar's one now!!!

(Editor's Note: Thruout the educational community of the U.S., Bates College has sent out its appeal for a new Coordinator of Student Activities. The stringent requirements: (1) "over 6 ft. tall," (2) Able to convince students he'll act as interface between students and ADMIN (3) Able to convince ADMIN he'll act as a yes-man and a buffer between students and ADMIN, (4) Able to be all things to all people, and (5) a man, or else the male proctors, bless their little heads, will be upset.

The Bates Student hereby endorses, the candidacy of Calvin 'Big Doeger' Murphy on the basis of (1) his authenticity (2) his honesty, (3) his extra x-chromosome, and (4) because he is over 6 feet tall.)

By J. MacSquire

Interviewer: Well, Mr. Murphy -

CBDM: Call me "Happy," buddy

INT: Certainly, Mr. Mur-

CBDM: Happy!

INT: Sorry, Happy, but why do they call you "Happy"?

CBDM: I PREE-fer it cause that was the last request ma Maw spoke 'fore she died - sniff-sniff - I 'member it like it was yesterday - sheeit - Maw said, "Calvin-boy - I want to go knowin' that you'll always be happy - so here I am. INT: That's very interesting but why is your middle name "Big Doeger"?

CBDM: That's what I called ma first gun - it was a nice little 12 gauge pump - 4 in the clip two in the chamber, nine in ma belt and 3 in ma pocket. I got the tag when I was still just a little crapper.

I'd take that there little mother down to the town dump and blasst the piss outa the god-damn rats - I 'member one rat in particular - big fat son-of-a-bitch, turned the light on 'im real quick-like and surprised im - didn't know what hit im - you shoulda seen it - blew the livin shit outa the fuggin thang - well thats all I ever done - so the people in town startin up sayin "here comes that little prig again Calvin Murphy" Later I recollect they changed it to "here comes that "Big Doeger" "So when I got me ma gun I jus thought I'd call it after maself - but acourse that was 'fore Maw passed away.

INT: That's quite a story!!!

CBDM: you ain't shittin'!

INT: Well, "Happy", how did you first become interested in hunting?

CBDM: Well, it was around Easter time the year I got me ma "Big Doeger" and I was down at the pet shop and I saw me two a the cutest little fuzzy white Easter bunnies you ever saw. So I bought 'em. - shucks I loved those fuzzy little things with their funny little pink noses - I used to feed 'em carrots and let 'em hop around the yard - well one day they was doin' just that - and I was playin' with ma "Big Doeger" while I was watchin em - I couldn't help it - I was just sorta makin' believe that they was monsters er somtin and I was lookin down the sights - and I lost ma head - I just startin pumpin on ma "Big Doeger" like a sonofabitch - shot the whole wad - all 6 shots - when I finally came back to ma senses and realized they wasn't ner hair of em - just two little red spots

on the lawn where they was - they was so cute too.

INT: That's incredible!

CBDM: You ain't shittin'!

INT: Well, Happy, let's bring things up to date and talk about rifles. What is your favorite piece?

CBDM: Oh-Christ I got me a little honey-do-pie-machine you wouldn't believe, built like a brick shit-house.

INT: We were referring to your preference in rifles.

CBDM: OOOh - I git ya - you mean Suzie Q - she's a Savage .310 double bore, 15 shot clip, with a four barrel carb, hemi, dual exhaust and a fast action automatic feeder - custom stock with Suzie Q inscribed on it.

INT: That's an extremely powerful weapon.

CBDM: You ain't shittin' - I could stop a fuggin freight train with one good blow from of Suzie Q - nothin Like ma "Big Doeger" - but when I'm holdin Suzie Q I got me the World by the tail and thats no shit buddy.

INT: How did you come to name your rifle Suzie Q?

CBDM: I named her after ma poor little sweetheart Suzie Q MacAlister - We had us the truest love you ever saw - We grew up next door to each other ya see - poor little fool got herself run over by a tribe of pygmies!

INT: How in the world did that happen?

CBDM: Shucks I was blastin away at the little midget cogsuggers - never figger out how in hell they went runnin out the wrong end a that village - managed to get me ten of-em.

INT: My god!

CBDM: Yeah; sheeit you shoulda seen those little bastards hightailin' it - god can they run - some a the bestest fun I ever had me - but I'll never fergive

them little fuggers fer runnin over ma Suzie Q - and I only got me one good trophy outa the whole mess - I got it mounted on ma den wall next to ma hippy - you should see it.

INT: You've got quite a lot of stories, Happy.

CBDM: You ain't shittin'!

INT: Why don't we turn the conversation to a happier subject - when are you most happy, Happy?

CBDM: Shee-it - when I got ma hefty mama sizzlin in ma goddam hands, lookin down that long blue-black barrel, glarin through ma sights at ma poor sonofabitchin' target. Hell, - with the sound a those shots poundin in ma ears, I couldn't ask fer more - ceptin of Suzie Q. How she loved ma gun - you shoulda seen the sparkle in her eye when she watched me clean that "Big Doeger". I 'member I used to tease her with it and aim it at her and she'd say: "don't point that "Big Doeger" at me, Calvin." Oh how we laughed!

INT: That's fascinating.

CBDM: You ain't shittin'!

INT: Well, Happy, what exactly brings you to Maine?

CBDM: Well, O'course there's ma job as coordinator o' Student Fatalities. I been hankerin to try ma hand at shootin me a streaker - I hear you got some mighty fine bucks up here in the north country.

INT: That's true, but they're wiley and very quick.

CBDM: That's alright - I been studyin up on it and I think me and ma Suzie Q can handle it just fine - I sure would like to get me a real fine trophy.

INT: Well, lets examine the territory.

CBDM: I already done that the last few days.

Continued on p. 6



"How's thet fer a trophy?"



## Fast Action Needed

By Daniel Webster

Next Thursday, the Bates Old World Council will be staging a fast. This fast will be for the relief of Upper Volta. Fasts in the past have supported West Africa and Guinea-Bissau. The fasts have helped to relieve the situation in those countries because Bates agreed to pay 50c per person who fasted to these countries. Also, the actual experience helps a person. Not only does fasting clean out the body, allowing the system to breathe better, but it also frees us from the bourgeois habit of stuffing ourselves three times a day.

Not only that, but, as OWC member Daniel Webster said, "These people are very hungry, not just the way we feel when we go to supper at 6 o'clock some night, but the way a person feels when they have 4 or five pieces of rice a day, day in, day out, week in, week out, for months and even years. The droughts there have been going on for years and years. People in America just shrug these figures off because they cannot see importance in them. Yet we feel that a drought in our farm belt is disastrous after only *three weeks*. Why three weeks without rain for the people of West Africa would be merely a drop in the bucket.

"But the fast", he continued, "is symbolic for the drought, a day for a year, or something along that line. The fast is our communication with these people. We fast so that we can feel like they do, so that we can know how they feel. The most important thing is the knowledge that something can be done. I can see how Bates students feel very frustrated because they feel that they cannot do anything. What the OWC is actually doing is bringing the Africans' suffering here. It is very similar to what George Harrison did for Bangladesh. He made those records for *free*. He didn't charge anything, and legendary performers like Bob Dylan and Ringo Starr came, and they did not charge anything either. What George did was to allow us to help Bangladesh just by purchasing an album. It's hard to believe, but just by putting Leon Russel on your record player, you can help people."

Well, this time, you don't buy a record, but you *can* help. You can fast, or if you are too hung up to do that, you can donate some money. This time, though, there is a slight switch. Instead of helping a revolution of some tribes against the established government, you can help a colonial power aid these people. Lets help Portugal take over Upper Volta. I realize that this might sound ridiculous, but just look at it rationally. These people have been free for a number of years, and the truth is, the country is failing. The people are starving and illiterate, the government is corrupt, and the economy is, to say

the least, faltering. The total revenue from taxes in the entire country is not enough to collect the garbage in Ouagadougou, the capital city. There have been numerous border clashes with Ivory Coast, and Dahomey has been encroaching on the fertile land on the banks of the Niger River.

The best thing for these people is not freedom. It is substance. They are free, but they are dying free, whereas they would be surviving under Portuguese rule. The Portuguese would better their economy, protect them from their greedy neighbors, and rid the government of the leeches that are attached to the palace right now. Although reason might point to a different conclusion, return to colonial status under Portugal would return the power to the people of Upper Volta, because the Portuguese would be looking after the needs and rights of the majority, instead of just looking out for themselves, like the present government. And America could divert its attention to other needy people in countries like Thailand and Indonesia.

The main intent of the OWC is to set an example. Instead of having many free but collapsing small nations all over the globe, we can, by supporting European colonial powers, place the fate of these people in the hands of countries that can afford to pay more attention to them. It is our moral duty to give these backward people a better chance under a European country that can relate to their troubles. Everyone knows that a child learns more when he is in a small class, where the teacher can be much more personal, and can spend more time molding a future for the child so that when he grows up, the child can stand up on his own two feet and, instead of crawling, *run* in the direction that the teacher has deemed best for him. It is similar to what George Harrison is doing, except that we are spending money on arms for Portugal, not albums for Bangladesh, and in the long run, buying the future of Africans.

SEND 5000 \$  
OR BARROS LUCOS  
WILL BE  
LEAVE AT  
SCRIME  
WINDOW

## WHAT'S

## THROWING

## UP



The other day I was in a state of frenzy. I'd exhausted all my possibilities! After listening to all my records ten times over, playing every song I knew on guitar and singing all the Gregorian chants, I started to go into withdrawal.

What a curse is this musical addiction! I needed something new, something more powerful but where could it be found? Even DeOrsey, the pusher, didn't have anything new and exciting for me. In a daze, I wandered out of the dorm, waiting, thinking, "I'm Down, It's Gonna Take a Miracle but Seems Like a Change is Gonna Come."

The Hathorn bell provided a temporary rush but not enough. Then it hit me, The Den! The Jukebox! Gathering up my last energy and dimes, I made a beeline for Chase Hall and that hallowed place of bagels, atmosphere, and groovy tunes.

As I entered I heard the opening strains of "American Pie" and knew immediately that this was it, this was what I needed to satiate my desires. At last! The next song was one I'd never heard before, something about killing her softly...? I sighed and thought "How beautiful" then wondered why this song wasn't very famous. What a shame that such fine music never achieves recognition, never gets played on the radio.

Then the music stopped. I jumped up, grabbed my coins and went over to survey the situation. Overwhelmed by the huge selection of high quality music, I began uncontrollably pouring in quarters. It was almost too much! Hearing such masterpieces as "Peaceful Easy Feeling" and "Heartbreaker" juxtaposed with the lyrical sensitivity of Elton John's "Saturday Night" put me in a whirling ecstasy. The last thing I remember is freaking out on "Rock and Roll Hootchie Koo." I woke up in the infirmary the next day and began a series of Glen Gould methadone treatments.



## WHAT'S CHOKING DOWN

By Slick Pettnfeil

I saw a concert last week that was probably the best concert of the year here in Maine. The Jackson Five was in Portland, backed up by Wendy Waldman. Wendy was her usual outstanding self, just utterly bringing people to a frenzy with her frantic dulcimer playing. Then when she sat down at the piano, the crowd went wild, although that was probably partial due to the fact that she had neglected to remove her guitar from the piano stool. She managed to find another guitar, but by that time, the uproar had died down enough for everyone to hear her, and she was quickly booed off of the stage.

This brought on an early appearance of the Jackson Five, which is the story of their careers. They started off with a bubblegum ballad entitled "Tootsie Wootsie, Booby-do". The melody was, to me, a bit strained, but the words were just right to calm the audience down after the awful experience with Wendy Waldman. Then they jarred everyone awake with a rendition of "One Bad Apple" that

left me in tears. It was especially moving to see them write in a part for 3 month old Clarice, who sang the part of a lover who has lost his own true one. After hearing them do this, I can see why the Fraternal Order of Police adopted this song for their theme song.

The evening wore on, and they had to play through all the 'favorites' to get to the songs I was waiting for, the songs that show their individual musical talents. Clarice played a guitar solo that would make Eric Clapton look sick (and he probably would be). Then Michael Jackson did a "Deep Purple" by making his voice sound like (in order) a cow, a cat, a car screeching to a halt, and a thirteen year old kid losing his voice.

The top of the night was the grand finale, a medley of all their own special hits, "Rocking Robin", "Cherish", "Blueberry Hill", and "American Pie". The group was so spectacular that many people had to leave early, probably overcome by the Jackson Five's aura. A good time was had by all.





7 ← this is page 7. L. Rixon

## OATING CLUB RUNS MUD SLIDE

The Bates Outing Club put on their annual "Canoe the Androscoggin" gala event last weekend. The turnout was average, with around fifty people participating. The weather was perfect for such an event; it was so foggy no one could see the shit lining the banks. The Outing Club ordered some special canoes for this trek. They were chemically treated to prevent fast-acting corrosive agents that are suspected to exist in the waters of the Androscoggin. The canoes also had a plastic covering, in case the river was discharging its usual pollutants into the air. Another preparation peculiar to the Androscoggin jaunt was the stocking up of over a hundred paddles because no one would volunteer to jump in after

any lost in the river.

The starting point was in Topsham, right next to the factory with the "Keep Maine Green" slogan painted on a wall, and the pipes discharging the green slime that they produce into the river. They paddled up the river for a while (The paddling consisted of grapping the next car tire and pushing off of it to the next tire.), and then went through some white water, which is said to be the only living organism in the whole river. The trip ended in Lewiston, where everyone attended a gay after-paddling picnic and oxygen-giving party, and then back to Bates for all, where everyone vowed to rendez-vous in a year's time for another canoe trip. The next trip will be down the Merrimac, and no one will be any worse off if they forget the canoes.



Basketball balancing on sheet of cellophane stretched over women's goal.  
photo by herb



A noisy and enthusiastic crowd was in attendance.

photo by herb

## CARRIGAN HANDLE

## CANT BALL

By Cockburn Coke

"Now all this is *completely* off the record," said Dean James W. Carrigan to the representatives of the press as we entered the lovely and talented Alumni Gym to witness the first annual Battle of the Sexes as the Women's Varsity Basketball team — what's the verb? — took on the Faculty Intramural B-Team.

Although the ladies were given two points for each field goal as opposed to the Gents' one-pointers, the contest promised to be a fairly even clash between two teams who have proven their valor on separate fields. Until the opening buzzer, of course. "Elbows" Carrigan, struggling for dominance under the boards, fouled twice in the opening four minutes. He was the kingpin of the Bates zone, whatever that means. He was winded after the first ten minutes and was too tired to smile in the second half. He also runs funny, as if, say, to paraphrase Updike, he had a broom up — — need we go on? Nonetheless, his cheerful and willing efforts to move up and down the court lead us to conclude there is some hope for the man — but not as a hoopster.

"Gentleman" John Cole, Steve Johansson, Vic Gatto, Ralph Davis, and Russ Reilly were "up" for the game, but made the most of their physical dominance, controlling the boards, moving in for the inside shots, and employing a deadly full-court press. Otherwise, they behaved themselves, being content to force the occasional turnover and build a safe 8 point lead going into the half. Strange, all this sounds like sexual innuendo even when we're trying to write it straight.

Comments at the half were varied, and for the most part, dirty:

Cole: "They're tough. Priscilla Wilde is the best player I've seen since I played at Pawtucket. I'm worried about Big Red. You can't hold her for the whole half."

Beth Nightzell: "No comment."

Davis: "The faculty has to be desperate to ask a short, fat guy to play." (Look up Ralph Davis in some old yearbook. Hint: The man played basketball.)

Claudia Turner: "It's quite a distinction to be fouled by Dean Carrigan."

Cilla Wilde: "They're good under the boards."

Carrigan: "Our defense isn't working too well because we can't play them man-to-man."

Michelle Lombard: "They're good with their hands."

Jean Clear: "We're takin it easy. We'll really give it to them in the second half."

Give it to them they did, any pretense of aggressive ball-handling evaporating under the persistent thrusts of the Faculty drives. Fouling virtually ceased, though cries of "He double-dribbled before he shot!" were heard coming from the women's bench. (Followed by, we hasten to add, a few fervent "Thank the Lord's"). The final score was Ladies 26, Gentlemen 35.

Coach Vic Gatto summed up for all of us as he relaxed and intent ly watched his children scamper around the deserted court: "We answered the challenge, and were found equal to it."

Those Harvards. *Really.*



## HONKIE HEAD GETS HIT!!



Student usurper known as "Our Fearless Leader" reflects on his achievement.

trade practices, standard weights and measures, and consistently high "Spo-dee-oh-dee-oh-doe" quality. "Fearless Leader" then fled.

The Dean's secretary, the hostage taken to ensure accession to the non-negotiable demands, escaped her imprisonment claiming a hair-dresser's appointment.

Forced to occupy the hallway, the students passed the time by

shouting the Anglo-Am slogan:

"What do we want?"

"NOTHING!!!"

"When do we want it?"

"ANY OLD TIME!!!"

And by singing the organizations song "We Shall Undercome."

A good time was had by all, except "Fearless Leader" who was assassinated by a water pistol-wielding Roger Billian.



### "Fearless Leader" Shucking & Jiving

At exactly 4:01 on Monday 1 April 1974 members of the Bates College Anglo-Am Society marched on Lane Hall and seized the offices of the Dean of the College. As soon as A-Am marshalls declared the area secure, the student known only as "Fearless Leader" (accompanied by

his standard-bearer, known only as "Large" and a WRJR newsman known only as "Tape-head") entered the Faculty Meeting and presented President Thomas Hedley Reynolds with a list of ten non-negotiable demands.

Chief among the demands were (1) Establishment of a Faculty Conduct Committee to be composed of 5 students and 3 faculty, with the President and V.P. of the R.A. as voting ex officio

members.

(2) \$500,000 for the construction of a campus pub within the existing structure of Bates Chapel.

(3) College franchising of marijuana dealerships to ensure fair



Anglo-Am's singing "We shall undercome".

Photos by Bogey





At last it is revealed how the term "Duck you sucker" originated. We take you now to the Women's Gymnasium, where you — heh, heh — where you — ha, ha, ha . . . wh-where y— Ahahahahahahahahaha!

Bogey Enterprises Photo

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"Son, you can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, and believe me, those are pretty good odds."  
— Duke Williams

25¢



Why are these people smiling?

WHAT???

Photo by The Boagster