4-8-1955

The Bates Prudent - volume 81 - April 8, 1955

Bates College

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off to a roaring start with three aces and two wild cards. Miss Pan Hell, in a while a straight flush took the pot. Mr. Duz did nothing.

L'il Eva Helps
Fortified by L'il Eva's milk of human kindness, Prof. I. Cue was nothing. Dr. Duz checked out and Mr. Duz did nothing. Dr. Duz did nothing. Mr. Duz did nothing. Had gone home dragging her a check on the Norman National Bank for $4,500,000; Dean Slow had drawn a check on the A.C. Bank for 25 cents; Miss Pan Hell, a straight polka and I. Cue was up the brook. Mr. Duz did nothing.

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

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

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

The four deuces . . . . (Photo by G. David Schinc)
Androscoggin's Spring Fever Out-controlled By Academic Subversives

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

Arise and gird on your hobble pants. Take up your shorthand notebooks; fill your pens with titric acid, not Chanel — and clothe your Amazon features longer.

Females Arise!

Stand upon your rights as female beings; refuse your soap boxes and don your aproned battle garbs.

Betrayed By Power

Last week a monstrous indigence was heaped upon our heads. By those very powers we trusted most: our Student Government has betrayed us.

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

In the shadows of the cave they met with a group whose very title strikes terror into the hearts of all true Bates Coeds. Over their garb of nonconformity — the dreaded NOJAITRINIMA.

Rise! Untie your aprons:

May J. S. Mill rise in wrath and march with us against these bureaucracies. We are fighting this fight for justice.

In ignorant boredom of that cave, our very right to live was threatened by these powers of darkness.

We are enslaved, down-burdered, persecuted in the home and school.

No longer are we free to bow to authority. We must think, plan upon our own ingenuity.

Ghastly nonconformity has reared its hideous head and must be severed from our shapely body.

We have been given an Honor System by the men. Only our Coeds are Headquarters of temptation.

Snitch Theatre

"CARNIVAL STORY" with FANTASIA and "PLACE IN THE SUN" featuring THE COREM LIBE SUN DIAL

EMPIRE

"A Broad With Two Yanks" starring MARYLIN MUNROE JOE DIMAGGIO and CASEY STENGEL

PETTIGREW THEATRE

Double Feature

"A MAN WITH A MILLION" starring NORM ROSS and "CARTOON CARNIVAL" with CHARLES FRANKLIN

I think that I shall never see

Another issue planned by me.

--The Editor

Grub Crew Discloses Rules

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

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

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

The BATES PRUDENT

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Make-up Editor: Flick Tyrant

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Business Manager: Smart Satan

See Confetti Slum Doors

Norney Ross

Stew Editor

Damaging Editor

Barteug.

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Athletes and Athleticism or Scraps from the (phew) Locker

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

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

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

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

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

Smedley: Gee, I can hardly wait. Stay, hadn’t we better hurry out and say goodbye to the team? They’re leaving for Moscow in five minutes.

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

Smedley: But you know, Harry, Mr. Duz likes to cut down on costs.

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

Smedley: No thanks! The last time we played, I almost got trampled out, and I don’t want to catch up. Do you think you could open a window? It is rather stuffy in here.

Harry: Well, I sure admire the courage of those fellows — playing all those games and then facing finals right after they get back. It’s a tough atmosphere of stale tobacco, dust, and wave goodbye to the team? They’re leaving for Moscow in five minutes.

Smedley: Well, I’d like to get a new sneaker lace. Mine are in pretty bad shape.

Duz: Coach, I sympathize with you, but I’m afraid it’s out of my hands.

Smedley: You must be joking, Harry. You know as well as I do that the doors and windows are hermetically sealed to keep the ant atmosphere of stale tobacco, dust, and wave goodbye to the team? They’re leaving for Moscow in five minutes.

Well. I sure admire the courage of those fellows — playing all those games and then facing finals right after they get back. It’s a tough atmosphere of stale tobacco, dust, and wave goodbye to the team? They’re leaving for Moscow in five minutes.

Smedley: You must be kidding, Harry. You know as well as I do that the doors and windows are hermetically sealed to keep the ant atmosphere of stale tobacco, dust, and wave goodbye to the team? They’re leaving for Moscow in five minutes.

Harry: Hey, Smedley, we’d best help that kid out of the ambulance.

Smedley: No trouble, we’d best help that kid out of the ambulance.

Harry: It’s right next to South Paris. It’s right next to South Paris.

Smedley: You sure have a system here. I undated, Smedley perceivers and soon conforts Dr. Dur.

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

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

You Haven’t Lived until you’ve eaten at MA FRISSEE’S PIZZA PARLOR

Dine amongst the pleasures of Androscoggin County — complete with rollers. The rug will be designed in the smart gray and black chess-board pattern that is so festive for the intellectuals at Rand. On the rug will be a print of the Mayoralty Piano, traditionally used only for that glorious three-day celebration, and is scheming to shutter up the already smoke-filled walls of the Rand Room with it. (Editor’s comment: Pianos and cigarettes just don’t mix. You can’t puff and play at the same time!)

The new reception room will be furnished with lounge and smoking chairs, with deep seats and extended arms, for those noisome students, reviewing for an important examination, who are looking over the shoulders of more noteworthy students. There will also be built-in pizza-plate dispensers, for those who munch at midnight. For interested students, there will be a machine which for a penny will tell the height, weight, and q. p. of any standee.

THE SNAKE PIT

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

“WHERE THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN MADE, WELL”

Located just 14 miles from St. Paul’s, Rice’s, and Catherine’s.

Rand Receives New Reception Room

By Sweeney Agonistes

Well, no, not really new, the administration cozy confesors. But extensive plans are now underway to refurbish and relish the Rand Bust Room, as it has been affectionately dubbed and shamed by sentimental goods. Dean (“Daddy Shad”) Roe announced today that the Academy has awarded the contract for relishing the Rand Room, to the Ross Interior Decorating Company, of Lewiston, Maine.

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

The color theme of the revamped room will be based on a Stained Glass motif, with ruby red, bottle green, and blue-purplic diminishing. (Coslimetics Colth and Fine Arts students may stand at a distance and allow their eyes to fuse the blue and red into purple.) The focal point of the room will be a lush rose window, societally overlooking the silver disposal cans of Rand’s back venus. Murals, depicting the highlights of a girl’s life at Bates, from her First Peanut Butter Sandwich, followed by her first “coke—Un-bucks,” days, early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise-de-drills, and Clean Sheet Day — will splash the walls with color.

The administration — despite the fact that rugs are an incredibly dangerous fire hazard, just lying in wait, as they do, for any wayward ash — has daringly decided to furnish the revamped Rand room with a thick-piled rug, complete with rollers. The rug will be designed in the smart gray and black chess-board pattern that is so festive for the intellectuals at Rand. On the rug will be a print of the Mayoralty Piano, traditionally used only for that glorious three-day celebration, and is scheming to shutter up the already smoke-filled walls of the Rand Room with it. (Editor’s comment: Pianos and cigarettes just don’t mix. You can’t puff and play at the same time!)

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

THE LOOSE GOOSE GRILL

And remember our special on Friday nights

YOU GET TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!
Attention All Bates Men:

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

The Chase Social will be an all-campus function, with stag parties provided by the Lewiston Lake Zoo. The proceedings will be organized by Lab Hunter, world famous for his clarity. Lab has organized a Pacing Party, a Racey Party, and a Coed Chase.

Wait for Sunset!

The Pacing Party will begin as soon as the sun goes down, with the Cord Chase last, as it is the week of the full moon. (The better to see you, my deer!) The Pacing Party will be a race of couples tied together by right ankles, the object being to pace to the top of the mountain, grab a case of Schlitz Seven-Up, polish it off, and roll down onto the tennis courts. Stretchers and pall bearers will be present.

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

Coed Chase

The final event in the Social will be a Coed Chase. The charming coeds to take part in the chase will be elected by the Senior men. Qualifications for candidates include a cooperative attitude and a marked fondness for the opposite sex. The coeds will lead the starting line at the edge of the tennis court at 10:30 o'clock as soon as the moon is high. They will seek to conceal themselves on the mountain. At 10:45 the men, armed with Indian blankets, will scatter the brush, seeking to flush the bevy of beauties. The coeds will, of course, endeavor to escape; but any woman caught trying to descend the mountain back into campus by way of the President's and Dorm Boss's backyards will be stopped by these worthy gentlemen and given the choice between a chance on an Indian blanket or returning to the race.

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

Smedley: Yes, sir! I'm sorry to bother you. It's just that my sneak-lacings, and you do show definite leanings in that direction if you are really interested in . . .

Smedley: But my sneaks . . .

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

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

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

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

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

Smedley: But my sneaks . . .

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Smedley (sobbing): All's I want is a sneaker lace. My feet hurt. I've like to help you out, but you'll have to bear with us . . . Here, here, don't break down like that! It's highly irregular.

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

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The Saturday night Pett Party will be held on the shores of lovely Lake Michigan, near to the residence of Mr. Pinch-Penny Norman, Bancroft, and Smith Mountains. In this idyllic valley, playgoers will be drawn from the four corners of the world, the name of the most rev- ered Bertrand Pettigrew—the name that made Milwaukee famous—is to be honored by an all-Academy fete.

Heaven On Earth

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

Nominal Fee

The fee charged for one of these bites of heaven dug in the earth will be $5.5. Why go to the movies? The fox holes will be open for entertaining at 10 p.m. All coeds must be registered and no man may entertain more than one coed on each $5.5 ticket. The Social will end at 5 a.m. with the Bongy, Heedless Chasing Coeds, Especially Cool Coeds, and Ingenuity and has dreamt up an entertainment that will delight all true Bactey socialites. The committee has spent the past five weeks digging fox holes on the shores of the lake. The fox holes will be equipped with a sofa, two overstuffed chairs (those chairs never joined us for morals at Commons or Rand), a phonograph, a portable bar, and a TV set for the anti-intellectuals.

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