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 battles 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 theses 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 two 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

THE STUDENT

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EXPAND YOUR HORIZONS

By Joe Weder

All those who have been alive in America in the last twenty years and believe what they read in Time Magazine are well aware that we are at 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 morality. (We just don't care.) Disregarding 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 fade in streaking (or bulling) since the decade during which Eisenhower and Nixon ran the country.

We at the Student applied this new retreat from reason and prepared to sponsor the inception of the next craze which will sweep disaffected campuses around the hemisphere.

The Student's advisory staff of disconcerted intellectuals and aspiring degenerates after carefully weighing the merits of a number of potential foods: book-burning, gang banging, group-name-picking, etc., has recommended that we allocate our considerable resources in the promotion of competition weight-gaining. It is hoped that we 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 seize the imagination of the mindless collective 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 spring term 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 their daily fare of foods: steak, eggs, pure creamery butter, chocolate pooling 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 could stand a chance against such professional weight-gainers as Tom Meahan, Duane "Dewey" Homer, Dave "Large" Nelson, Andy Stone or Mark "The Meanest of Purifying Flesh" Quirk. Hence we have devised an equitable scoring system which would allow even little quirks, like Gary Giacominori 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 advantages 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 entry is weigh in at the beginning, practice every day for your contesting, "How do I enter?" you ask. Simple; preliminary registrations for the various classes of competition 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 partner can compete a collective entity called the "Fat F...k") Enter today! Be a weight-gainer! Earn intramural points for your team. Be a success! Be a good consumer and a patriotic American! Be a Fat Shit!

Remember, this may be the only socialy 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. Sienze 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 Tunpog's Variety.

QUICKIES!!!

By Big Al Celory or some frosh punk or both

This year and 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 Cook Communications between the Sexes.

Deep Throat stars the talented Mr. Andy Stone, Linda "Loveiac and the energetic Harry Reams. Miss Lovelac 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 Lovelac (as a nurse) after curing her rather peculiar anatomical disorder. I would think 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 Last Tool", "A Clockwork Orange", "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid", "Romeo and Juliet", "A Touch of Class" and the movie everyone has been waiting for "Fitz 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.


QUICK STICK

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 Eisenhowener, noted Philadelphia sports columnist. Eisenhowener'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 Ethelman 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 Goodlette hopes everyone will attend.

SPEAKER EXPOSES ALL

Calvin "Big Dooger" MURPHY.

For the 1974 Bates College Varsity Lacross team will begin Monday April 8th. Coach Steve Johomson 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, Defensemen Bruce Kittredge and Tom Mobbs, and Goalie Spiro Vowteras.

Coach Johomson expects this year to be tough, but is optimistic about the teams chances of improving last year's 1-20 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.

EXPAND YOUR HORIZONS

Speaker exposes all

Quick stick

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DEPARTMENT OF STUDENT ACTIVITIES

ADMIN he'll act as a yes-man and a buffer 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, buffer between students and ADMIN, and (3) a man, or else the male proctor, bless their little heads, will be upset. The Bues Student hereby endorses, the candidacy of Calvin 'Big Doeger' Murphy on the basis of (I) his authenticity (2) his honesty, (3) his extra x-chromsome, 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 PREFER for it cause that was the last regent ma Maw spoke 'fore she died – snif/sniff – I 'member it like it was yesterdy – snif/sniff – Maw said, "Cabin-boy – I want to go know' 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 capper.
I'd take that there little mother down to the town dump and blast the pins outa the god-damn rats – I 'member one rat in particular – big fat sort-of-a-bitch, turned the light on 'em real quick-like and surprised him – didn't know what hit him – you shoulda seen it – blew the livin shit outa the fuggin thing – well thars all I ever done – so the people in town startin up sayin' "here comes that little prig again Calvin Murphy" Later I recollec they changed it to "there comes that "Big Doeger" – "So when I got me ma gun I jes thought I'd call it after myself – but accurate 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 a "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' – I couldn't help it – I was just sorta makin' believe that they was monsters er somtin and I was watchin' down the sights – and I lost ma head – I just started pumpin on ma "Big Doeger" like a soybitchin' - shot the whole wad – all 6 shots – when I finally came back to ma senses and realized they wasn't monsters after all I couldn't find hide nor hair of on – 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-doe-pump-machine you wouldn't believe, built like a brick shit-house.
INT: We were referring to your preference in rifles.
CBDM: OOGH – I got 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 ol Suzie Q – nothing like ma "Big Doeger" – but when I holdin Suzie Q I got me the World by the tail and thars 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 loo 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 coppugers never figger out how in hell they went runnin out the wrong end a that village managed to get me ten ol-em.
INT: My god!
CBDM: Yeah, sheeit you shoulda seen those little bastards highlailin' it out the WTong end a thai village fun I ever had me – but I never fertrive my rifle Suzie Q can handle it jusl fine I sure brought you to Maine!
INT: Well, Happy, what exactly brings you to Maine?
CBDM: Well, O'course there's ma job as coordinator o' Student Fatalities. I been hankein to try ma hand at shootin me a stalker – 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 wouldn't 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

NEW CSA DUBBED

"Thar's one now!!"

(Editor's Note: Through the educational community of the U.S., Bates College has sent our 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 proctor, bless their little heads, will be upset.

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Continued on p. 6

"How's that for a trophy?"
Fast Action Needed

By Daniel Webster

Next Thursday, the Bates Old World Community 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 50¢ per person who fasted to those countries. Also, the actual experience helps a person. Not only does fasting clean out the body, allowing the system to breath better, but it also frees us from the bourgeois habit of stuffing ourselves three times a day.

Not only that, but, as an OWC member Daniel Webster said, "These people are very hungry, not just physically, 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 after day, 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 is disastrous after only three weeks. Why three weeks without rain for the people of West Africa would be a mere 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' sufferings 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 signing up, 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 to this cause. This is a slight switch. Instead of helping a revolution of some tribes against the established government, you can help a colonial strain and these people. Let's help Portugal take over Upper Volta. I realize that this might sound ridiculous, but just look, practically. There have been free for a number of years, and the truth is, the country is falling. 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 people 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 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 personnal, 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.

The other day I was in a state of frenzied exhaustion as I drove to the Bates Old World Community meeting. 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 a slight switch. In the car, I started to think, "What curve is this musical addiction? I needed something new, something more powerful but where could it be found? Even DeOrey, the pusher, didn't have anything new and exciting for me. In a daze, I wandered out of the dorm, walking, thinking, "I'm Down, It's gonna be a Miracle!"

The Hathorn bell provided a temporary rush but not enough. Then it hit me, The Doors! 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 her softy...? 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. Overflowed 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 Jon John's "Saturday Night" in a swirling ecstasy. The last thing I remember is freaking out on "Rock and Roll Boogie." I woke up in the infirmary the next day and began a series of Glenn Gould methadone treatments.

What's Up

By Slick Pettenfeul

I saw a concert last week that was probably the best concert I've seen in 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. 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 booted off of the stage.

This brought on an early appearance of the Jackson Five, the group that is the story of their careers. They started off with a hulabu! ballad entitled "Tootsie Woostie, Booby-Doo." The melody was, for me, a bit strained, but the words were just right to calm the audience down after the previous song. The people like Wendy Waldman. Then they jaryed 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 their old lover, 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. Carlyce 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 hits, "Rocking Robin," "Cherish," "Blueberry Hill," and "American Pie." The group was so sensational that many people had trouble, probably overcome by the Jackson Five's aura. A good time was had by all.
CONTEST

We have hidden three objects which must be found and identified in regards to their function:

1. A small four story building approximately 200' by 75'. Can be made to identify fake Ionic columns, and harassed-looking people running around in it. Though this has been seen many times, the true nature of it is known by only a select few. And they aren't talking.

2. The wicked Trouser Worn. Are you ready, 4th floor Parker?

3. Carrots. Laroos Lacos, the Chilean exchange student missing since early in the fall semester.

Prizes will be authographed true-to-life sculptures of any of your favorite heroes - to wit: Fred Grant, Duke Williams, Mary Peter, Garfield, David Levy, Hannah Richard, Pierce House, Christa, Sparky Godiksen, Marty Welboume, Kevin Haines, Pancho Cole, Garvey Mckean, Ken Spalding, George the Greek, Rich Curtis, MarPaul Bromley, Geoff Law, Richard A. Begin and Rootie Kazootie.

P.A. Board and have them put a stop to this. He was sympathetic, but took the position that I'm expendable, if it comes down to a choice between saving my reputation or saving your column. Quite frankly, that's the only support I have the board to the necessary stop you. Therefore, I would ask you to do what you can to clean things up. The tubs full of Lime Jello are one thing, but you could get out of hand.

Sincerely,
Horb Canaway

Dear Hebe:
As our own dear editor, the Duke, would put it, if he had the guts: DUCK YOU SUCKER!!!

ANSWERMAN

MARGINAL STUDIES

By Spridley Hackemup

Bates is creating a new department of Marginal Studies, using members of the Bates community who have risen to their level of incompetence and are wasting their fine teaching abilities on trivial activities.

This department's goal is "to create awareness among students and other happy relaxations. Course will consist of one project - building a 600' pyramid of lead-plated gold (possible title - "Memorial to J.G.")."

HERO WORSHIP AND OTHER SEXUAL DEVIANCES: Eoin Ronnul; Course will consist of one project - picking the largest clump in various corners (or roses).

ANSWERMAN ENTERPRISES PRESENTS:

Ask Asswerman

Dear Answerman:
I'm trying to read your column until something happened to change all that. It seems that a certain group of "Government" people have come and convinced me that I am you. Their evidence is that I have always been your brother. I think it must be either me or Fred Grant. Fred says that it isn't him. Therefore it must be me. I feel the evidence falls down on cross examination. The problem is that they're calling me Answerman in front of all kinds of people. I think you are aware of how easily Bateses will swallow any rumor.

My problem is that I don't feel that I should be held responsible for anything that you feel like saying. I spoke to your editor about this, threatening to call the

ANSWERMAN NO. P5417754

Cancer in ninety days or less, high-brows need apply). Supplied by students (no

HERO WORSHIP AND OTHER SEXUAL DEVIANCES: Eoin Ronnul; Course will consist of one project - building a 600' pyramid of lead-plated gold (possible title - "Memorial to J.G."))

OGLETHROPOLY: Egoeg Rettes; Basic sneaking and other happy relaxations. Course will consist of labs entailing thorough practice of this participatory art. Only open to females, who pass a placement test.

ADVANCED NITPICKING AND BROWBEATING: Trebor Greystone; For those who feel the very important role trivia plays in our lives. As they say, "the ancient Brooklin enthusiasts once described our lives as being made up of a certain amount of predestined trivia when we use it all up we progress to the second stage, hot chicken soup."

Course offerings:

PINGPONGOLOGY: T. Yeldah Sdomnsy (chief shaman), An in-depth study of methods and theory. Not recommended for non-majors or aardvarks.

FAMOUS TURTLES AND MOLLUSCS OF OUR TIME: J. Nagraban; How to know one if you see one. Pre-requisite: three years of being a turtle, or a giant clam in previous incarnations (or roses).

PANSY DRUMS AND BLOOBS: Eoin Ronnul; Course will consist of one project - building a 600' pyramid of lead-plated gold (possible title - "Memorial to J.G.")."
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 grasping 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 picnic and after-paddling 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.

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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 Healey 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 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 organization’s song “We Shall Undercome.”

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

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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

Why are these people smiling? WHAT???

Photo by The Boagster