WHY STORIES GET REWRITTEN

Needed: a policy statement. Agreed.

The Bates Student is, like most college newspapers, in the position of soliciting most of its news articles from non-professional journalists, and just plain non-journalists. And this has its advantages.

It has its advantages, too. We try to find club members and team participants to write up their own group’s activity, since they know the facts best, and tend to be more enthusiastic about reporting them. And encouraging a preponderance of freshmen to write for us may mean some sloppiness at first, but in the end it makes for juniors and seniors with three or four years of solid writing experience.

The disadvantage is that The Bates Student receives much material that needs to be considerably honed down and rewritten. And the non-staff writers don’t understand why their articles come out sounding a little (or a lot) different.

Mind you, we do NOT — I repeat, NOT — change letters to the editor, guest columns, reviews, personal features, or verbatim, attributed quotations.

But we consider news articles fair game for the blue pencil. News articles we define as factual, informational stories on current events or situations. You’ll find examples of straight news articles most frequently on our “Quickies” page, but “news” also means the longer stories on such things as the 15-minute dinner line gap, the Parent’s Weekend schedule, the Outing Club lobster bake. News, the week-to-week record of college events, we treat differently than the personal and philosophical most often found on the editorial page — as do all reputable newspapers.

News is for imparting information. News is not for showing off cute quips or for expressing your individual gripes. Good writing style doesn’t hurt, but tone counts what it counts in a newspaper. We bline articles in recognition of the reporter’s efforts gathering content, not creating style.

We do not change his facts, but we rearrange them if the gist of the story isn’t immediately apparent in the lead paragraph. We condense them when descriptions are unnecessarily effusive. When we’re short on space, we cut out as many irrelevancies as possible. We are, after all, in the business of jamming as much information as possible into the smallest readable space.

We truly want news articles from any and all campus organizations. (We want opinions, letters to the editor, guest columns, and all students, too, but that’s a different topic.) But you have to realize that what comes out won’t be identical with the news story you turned in.

Deadline for all printed material is noon Sunday in Parker 305. If you’re worried about what changes the editor will make, turn them in by noon Friday instead, and we’ll guarantee you a chance to look at our blue pencilling before the weekend ends. We’ll write on your objections. You may be able to clarify why you chose the expression you did. May you be able to point out our occasional all-too-human errors in advance.

As for headlines: those will be written at the last minute Tuesday evening, on paste-up night, purely to fill whatever space we can spare. Sometimes it may be what you want; most often it is written to fit the PA Office Tuesday night and write one to fit.

We are not journalists, “Yes, Sir.” We are not employing “questionable editorial policies.” No reputable newspaper in America leaves all its news articles just as the reporter writes them. Most, in fact, rewrite articles three times. They go through copy man, news editor, and editor-in-chief.

And no professional newspaper can write headlines before the article is laid on the page and the exact space available becomes obvious.

This is just how newspapers work.

Please write us your news for us. Please talk to us when you’re not quite sure whether value judgements are being in between your facts, or when you wonder how to organize your information in the proper order. Please talk to us afterwards when you’re sure your understandings of certain things. We can give you reasons; we want you to, maybe you can explain your reasons for writing it another way.

But please don’t feel personally affronted when we rewrite. It doesn’t mean at all that we don’t appreciate your contribution. It’s simply that the reporter’s contribution is to report, and the editor’s contribution is to edit.

(P.S. Turning things in typed and double-spaced wouldn’t hurt relations.)

- KAYO

THE STUDENT

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Business Manager Chris Richter
News Editor Karen Olson
Tech Editor Jim Bunnell
Layout Editor Laura Rixon
Sports Editor Eric Bauer
Features Editor John Cole
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The Bates Student is concerned about its relevancy to the campus scene. Now, during the beginning of another school year, is the time for the newspaper to find how it can best improve its performance in the gathering and dissemination of the news. To that end, the Student staff is holding meetings with some nights to the Administration, faculty, and students who want to communicate their criticisms of The Student are encouraged to attend. Refreshments will be served.

“SPEAK NOW, OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE!!!”

By Val Smith

The flies in Commons drive me mad!!! I’ve never seen a more audacious breed in my life!! One would think that as a senior, I’d be used to this annual autumnal torment, but instead, every year the problem seems to be getting worse.

By this time, the industriousness that motivates the typical Batesie to go to early breakfast at the beginning of term has begun to wear thin. (At this point, we’re lucky if we even make it to class!) However, a few die-hards are welcomed by squadrons of these insects over the doughnut tray every morning. If they don’t get you there, beware the juice machine.

As a freshman (naive bunch that we were!) we all figured that as long as we stayed with our trays, we’d be able to keep the flies away from our food. But now, we’ve really don’t matter where you are, those flies are going to get some hot food in their stomachs regardless; you wouldn’t want your article to be marked for extra breakfast for nothing, would you? God only knows what they do when you leave your tray for a second cup of coffee; not only have I seen flies walking on one half of my bagel and cream cheese as I munched on the other, but every morning, they swarm in and out of my doughnut hole.

Actually, I’ve considered getting two portions of everything (one for them and one for me!) but they can really put it away, and how would I ever be able to carry a tray that full of dishes to be emptied? (And, would I have to go back and get seconds for them as well?)

One advantage to the situation, I suppose, is that no one ever worries about going to a meal alone anymore. You couldn’t if you wanted to. Nature now provides us all with an enough company for every meal.

I’ve come to the conclusion that this is all part of a Carigan-Canedy plot to drive us from our meals (or the 15-minute break during supper really does relieve congestion. I mean, Friday dinner I was all set to put some cranberry sauce into my mouth until a fly landed on the fork. I opened my mouth again at that meal for fear of something flying down my throat; no one in his or her right mind would seriously considered eating a lettuce leaf under those conditions.

Were Commons a restaurant, and we saw that many flies on the premises, we’d have to be hurrying to even sit down. So, when you see that phenomenon in Commons called an empty table, don’t attribute it to the ingenuity of the dinner; it’s more a question of survival of the fittest.

One last reflection, courtesy of an illustrious Bates senior who will remain anonymous: “I can’t understand why there are so many flies in Commons; aren’t they supposed to breed around garbage?” No comment.

CONFUSED

Letter to the editor

to those of you who no doubt were confused by my article “Confessions of a Batesian, or why I came”, (not my title either) I would like to say that I’m very confused by it too. paragraphs were put out of place and mixed up, the end of my article occurred, for some. I thought that I wasn’t even understood. What’s the point of printing it? Better luck to you in the future — your laying-out job certainly needs it.

- Patricia Wel
FOOTBALL BEER?!

According to faculty rules, alcoholic beverages are not permitted at any Bates athletic events. Dean Judith Isaacson has asked The Student to remind students that this includes beer at football games.

Dean Isaacson says she has heard reports of beer drinking at last Saturday's game. "However, I am hoping we won't have to pursue the problem. I am hoping students will cooperate when they read the article in The Student," she adds.

She warns that Batesians smuggling beer into football games may find themselves subject to the Student Conduct Committee.

SLIDE VALUES

By John Rogers

Last Thursday, the Bates New World Coalition sponsored a slide show entitled "American Values." The show was accompanied by two speakers, Gerry Galardi from NWC-Boston, and Steve Ossoff, a student from Colby.

A large number of the slides were advertisements cut out of magazines. The slides were changed very quickly, leaving general impressions in the mind of the viewer rather than specific facts. The emphasis was on materialism and conspicuous consumption.

Some of the themes explored were the modern relationships between industrialization and "progress," sex and exploitation, power and convenience, individualism vs. conformity.

Discussion of advertising in American society launched the "rap session" that followed.

"The tragedy of it is that people want happiness and love, and they're told every day that they'll get it if they buy certain products," said Steve.

The session also provided an opportunity for Steve and Gerry to talk about their philosophies and that of NWC-Boston, although there is no official connection between the Bates and Boston groups.

Last Thursday the Bates NWC announced that D. Craig Canedy, Director of Food Services, has agreed to assume the Commons boycott of non United Farm Workers lettuce.

In addition, NWC announced that 190 Bates students signed the NWC's petition asking for a Congressional investigation into the CIA role in recent Chilean events. The day after the petition was completed, the decision to hold hearings was announced in Congress.

THIRD EYE

By Patricia Weil

A small group of Bates photographers met last week to discuss the problems that "three-eyed" students encounter here. Topics discussed included: ill-equipped darkrooms, fees, and lack of many outlets for exhibition and publication of photographs.

The group concluded that, with more interest and initiative on the part of student photographers, an official photography club might be organized to combat some of these problems.

Photography is currently an expensive hobby for those students who do not do official work for the publications. Even after paying the $5 darkroom fee and $2 for a key, students still supply their own chemicals and paper. A club, the group decided, could pool some funds for more and better equipment.

In addition, they could sponsor exhibitions, and exchange critical advice.

Notices will be posted of future organizational meetings. Further information on darkroom rules, students may contact Fritz Hayes in Smith North 104 or Marty Kunofsky in Chase House 34.

WRITE TO JOSE

By Stan Dimock

In a student poll taken by the Campus Association last year, the students of Bates decided to continue the sponsorship of CA's student newspaper.

Now CA is asking students to broaden the support in a more personal way—to write letters to young Jose Paulo Meirelles da Silva.

Jose lives in a small community in Brazil. His father is dead, and he lives with his mother and several brothers and sisters. The mother is having trouble supporting the family.

Jose is a second grader, says his letters from Bates students cheer him up immensely.

So far, student response in writing to him has been minimal, however. Further information, and Jose's address, are posted on the bulletin board in the dinner line.

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BIG HEART

The monthly blood bank has become a regular feature at Bates. About every four weeks in Hirasawa Lounge the blood bank accepts donations. The first drive of the school year is scheduled for tomorrow, Friday, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Anyone aged 18 or older, and weighing at least 110 pounds, and in good health, is eligible to donate. The process usually takes less than 30 minutes. Donors arrive, fill out a card, have their temperature, pulse and blood pressure taken, and their iron content tested.

The blood collected here is sent to hospitals all over Maine for transplants, surgery and therapeutic use.

Last year Bates supplied around 60 pints a month. Although donors are not paid for their blood, they and their families are given free blood in case they ever need it.

The next month, Red Cross will take over blood collection in the state. Previously Regional Blood Banks ran the program, but Red Cross is a larger and more efficient organization. They will bring the facilities to draw blood from and operate at once.

Previously Regional Blood Banks have drawn from no more than four at a time. So, starting in October, the blood bank will set up in the Co-Ed Lounge of Chase Hall.

LA CULTURE FRANCAISE

By Mitzi LaFille

After a summer of recuperation, students of French culture got off to a lucid start again Sept. 16 in the lower-most parts of Parker Hall.

The new female French assistant and the new male French instructor were officially welcomed by a chocolate cake, spokesman for the 50 assembled party-goers. "Soyez bienvenu, M. O'Dea et Mark Francaise," chuckled the cake with a twinkling smile.

The 1974-75 French Club proceeded to mutilate and ingest their chocolate spokesman. Longing were Profs. Alexis Caron and Alfred Wright. Prof. Caron, as usual, smiled throughout.

The sequel will be sponsored by Prof. Caron in the interests of finishing up what wasn't finished last week. It will be held Oct. 6 at his farm.

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By Fred Grant

Allow me to drift back to last year. Second semester, when my first columns appeared in the Bates Student as “Eternal Opposites”. They have been an evolution, a public, no holds barred effort to figure out Bates.

It has been a serious effort, and in my writing some important issues have been raised. A lot of people have been upset. A lot of people have become used to looking at this column for something hard-hitting, something new.

This became a problem last year. If I chose to tackle a less than controversial subject, the opinion were indifferent, though a few would ask, “What would you rather do – have sex or read a good book?”

As if to say, “We’ll fix you in four years.” “I have to study,” is the ultimate irrefutable excuse acceptable for all-purpose use.

Ironic, it is not study which makes one famous here. Those who are gone but not forgotten, at least in the minds of students, are so because of their accomplishments in spite of, in rebellion against study, grind, study.

And so it comes again to that time in the life of this column to hopefully inform those personages who have left us and who, in spite of academic pressures, managed to make some good music during their stay at Bates.

One such is Edd Glaser, the grandfather of us all, who played at Bates before there was a Bates. His standard midnight appearance will be sorely missed.

Unless, of course, he shows up again from the blue to play for the late-nighters who are usually too blitzed to realize that his guitar picking is much better than that of the Chase-imported talent.

And then of course, everybody’s sweetheart, Joanne Stato, is also missing this year. Truly, there will never be another such. Besides composing for last years musical version of “The Caucasian Chalk Circle”, she plunged her distinctive singing style and original songs with piano and guitar at vespers, coffee houses, at the Point After, at the Warehouse, and on WRJR. Rumour has it that she now resides in Denver near a church that has a piano and a friendly minister.

Also it must be said that Catharsis will never be the same now that Ed Byrne is gone. Missing for this year only is the Eric Clapton of Androscoggin County, Rich Pettengill, and as well Mississippi Tyler Trenholme. See ya next year.

The future holds much.

Sometimes Catharsis drummer Paul Cicco has returned and will be backing up his brother Peter at the first vespers, Oct. 2. Those who caught Peter Cicco at his Bates concert two years ago will realize that this is an event not to be missed.

Noonday concerts open to Bates talent are now in progress. All interested should check with Chase Hall. Coffee houses will be on as usual. Jim McGuire is looking for an act. Things may emerge in spite of the system. See you there!

Hello Mama

By John Rogers

Well, it’s that time of the year again. This weekend all sorts of non-Batesies will be wandering around campus.

The highlights of Parent’s Weekend are much the same every year. One goes to eat roast beef in the Cage, then to the football game, and on to Happy Jack’s or some similar establishment. Restaurant managers and motel owners probably net the most from Parent’s Weekend.

Most students asked for their opinion were indifferent, though a decent-sized minority told this reporter they were looking forward to it, especially those who hoped they might be given some money. One criticism is that parents don’t see Bates as it really is. They point to the fact that the lamp posts are being painted right before the big weekend.

The activities start Friday afternoon when parents are allowed to attend classes from 1 to 4 p.m. In past years no parent has ever officially attended class. The Boyfriend will be screened Friday evening over in the Filene Room. Saturday morning there will be two panel discussions at 10 a.m.: The Issue of Detente, in Libbey Forum, and New Directions in Career Counselling, at the Schaeffer Theatre.

After the panel discussions there will be an open house at the Office of Career Counselling, now at the Alumni House on Frye Street. The big banquet at the Cage will start at noon, probably with a long line.

Bates will then try to beat Hamilton in the football game. All afternoon and evening there will be a film festival in Schaeffer Theatre, but the concert at 8:30 p.m. in the Alumni Gym is intended as the cultural highlight.

It will feature the Merimanders, the Woodwind Quintet, The Deansmen (with John McQuade on guitar) and the Modern Dance Repertory Company.

Open Your Free BOB CAT CHECKING ACCOUNT at the bank DEPOSITORS TRUST Conveniently located at: Northwood Park, Sabattus Street and Lisbon Street in Lewiston

Hello $$$

“Your letter insisted that we come up the weekend after Parent’s Weekend. Why was that, Robert?” his mother asked.

“I wanted you to get an idea of what Bates was really like. You see, we don’t really eat in the Fidgp House, or attend panel discussions on Saturday morning. You wouldn’t enjoy that, would you, Dad? Dad?”

Robert’s father was watching a coed in painter pants and docksiders struggle into her denim jacket.

“Eh? Oh, yes, certainly not.”

“Why are we standing here, Robert?” his mother asked.

“We’re waiting to eat in the Memorial Commons.”

“My goodness,” his mother said 45 minutes later as they waited for a table, “You certainly have a lot of salads to choose from.” His father was standing in line at the milk machine, a pained expression on his face.

“How is your pot roast?” Robert asked later.

“Gray.” He was silent until after they had deposited their trays. “I could certainly use a drink,” he said.

They sat in a quiet cocktail lounge. “Tonight,” Robert said, “I thought we could go to the movies. Putney Swope is playing along with Sherlock Holmes Meets Frankenstein. Then we could go out for a couple of beers. A typical Saturday night at Bates. Unless, of course, you’d like to go to a keg party.”

His mother and father sipped their drinks and exchanged significant glances. His father pulled out his wallet and began to pile small bills on the table, “I think I’ll have a little something for a rainy day,” his father said. “I think your mother and I will go back to the motel. A couple of old fogeys like us are best left to our own devices. Did you see that young woman in the baggy trousers this afternoon? Was that her hair?”

Robbed, permitting himself the luxury of a smile when the pile of bills had reached a sufficient height.

“Oh, it’s not you,” he said, picking the money. “Bates just isn’t your kind of place.”

“I’ll drink to that,” his father said. – S. F. Williams
Some 19 Bates students were in England last Short Term to study "Shakespeare in the Theatre" and to experience London life. Home base was London, and between play-going jaunts in Stratford on Avon and "the City" (London), individual members of the group split to explore the parts of Britain that interested them personally. Here are a few of their reflections.

Charlie Zelle:
Among the places that most stick out in my mind, I certainly remember the pubs as being a refreshing contrast to typical American bars. The English have perfected the art of creating civilized drinking institutions. People are friendly; more than once I was treated to a pint of lager by strangers. One can often join in on a game of darts (not the electronic game played by pushing buttons). My only complaint is that they close at 11 p.m.

Any description of London cannot exclude the parks. They are many, and with gorgeous gardens. We walked through them, but also rowed through them on the lake at Hyde Park. Once I tried to keep up with John Pasquini during an exercise run through Regent Park. There was so much to do while we were there; I always was pressed for more time. Seriously, never a DULL moment!

Ann Marie Blackmon:
Edinburgh in the rain with friends has to be the highlight of my trip. The grey drizzle kept on until everything siler grayed and everything else glistened. The city is grey stone, silent and brooding in the rain. Shrouded in mountains and silence despite its city bustle, it pondered its sometimes romantic, sometimes grim past.

In fact, Edinburgh comes into its own in gloomy weather: the great fortress in the mountain looks truly mysterious not seen in gloomy weather: the great fortress in the mountain looks truly menacing, a mysterious aspect not seen in gloomy weather: the great fortress in the mountain looks truly menacing, a mysterious aspect not seen in gloomy weather. The city is sometimes grim past.

John Griffiths:
Daring me to climb forever
And the towering peaks of Wales.
Rise to the farthest heights
Daring me to climb forever
And brave their rugged faces.

I left the rolling hills
-M. S.-
Slowly rising, roundly capped
In my beloved Berkshire home
To find a newer hill
In Scotland and exotic Wales.
The rocky Scottish highlands
And the towering peaks of Wales.
Rise to the farthest heights
Daring me to climb forever
And brave their rugged faces.

Enticing me and enchanting me
Aung, inspiring, entralling me
Am I called by a deceitful sprite
Or an agile, merry elf?

Though I return with relief
To my tame Berkshire hills
I still feel the wild and eager
Pent inside the Scottish hills
And mounted on the cliffs of Wales.

M. S.:
It was, all in all, a touching
thing, the three days I spent
Touring the county of Pembroke,
Home to the great-grandfather of
John Griffiths, my great-great-grand-
father, in a tiny, neglected
Churchyard; the dramatic rolling
hills all around; the rocky
Coastline of Newport; the
Emerald bay of nearby Fishguard
(yea, that’s really
the name), where the film version
Of Dylan Thomas’ “Under Milk
Wood” was done; the tour of
Two very ancient castles, one in
almost perfect condition, one in
utter ruin; the language of the

London: the cathedral itself was
worth the trip. The only cathedral I
saw with a single spire, it
supposedly had the tallest spire in
All of England. The inside was
cavernous, housing a pipe organ of
everything else glistened. The city is
typical of all English cathedrals;
there was row after row of burial
tombs and shrines for noteworthy
personages; also in the cathedral
was a clock mechanism, the oldest
working clock mechanism in
existence.

In the evening I attended an
organ concert given by the organist
of Canterbury Cathedral who was
visiting Salisbury at the time; the
feeling one gets sitting in the dimly
lit, cavernous Salisbury Cathedral,
with the swirling sounds of an
ancient pipe organ washing through
its chambers is indescribable.

On the same trip I made my
pilgrimage to Stonehenge and
spent a while walking around its
mysterious ruins. The circle of huge
stones juts out of the vast, green
Salisbury Plain, obviously the
product of some ancient’s
purpose of that design remains a
mystery to this day.

(Returning from Stonehenge
that night, I sought out a restaurant
and had, predictably, Salisbury
steak).

Another thing that sticks out in
my mind is the three days I spent
Touring the county of Pembroke,
Home to the great-grandfather of
John Griffiths, my great-great-grand-
father, in a tiny, neglected
Churchyard; the dramatic rolling
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Coastline of Newport; the
Emerald bay of nearby Fishguard
(yea, that’s really
the name), where the film version
Of Dylan Thomas’ “Under Milk
Wood” was done; the tour of
two very ancient castles, one in
almost perfect condition, one in
utter ruin; the language of the

Italian people, an abrupt, even harsh
string of consonants, but
nevertheless very rythmic and
musical in its own way.

Chris Fahy:
One of the real highlights of
London is its world famous zoo.
John Griffiths and I stood
stationed for a half hour listening
to the chatter of several myna
birds. Evidently the birds had a
cockney keepy-uppy for their
vocabulary included such phrases as
"Ello, Charlie," a rather imperious
"Ave you got the time," and an
impertinent, "Let me out of 'ere."

The last was our favorite.

The chimpanzee family took up
even more of our time. When we
watched them, the family was
involved in domestic strife. A
young ape whom we called the
"juvenile delinquent" had evidently
angered the "father" ape. The
youngster was scurrying through
the cage, casting nervous backward
glances at his methodical pursuer.

Desperately the juvenile swung
aloft onto the "jungle gym" bars.
Dad followed suit. Junior slid down
a fireman’s pole and ran to
Grandmother for safety. A sulking
father waited at a distance as
Grandma cuddled the juvenile in
her arms.

But justice is strong, even among
monkeys. After a few reproachful
glances from Dad, Grandma
released junior and turned her back
in feigned indifference. The father
chimp dragged the protesting
younger off by the ear. A baby
monkey, seeing his chance to
revenge past iniquities, began to
jabber excitedly and jump upon the
back of his bullying older brother.

It was, all in all, a touching
touching family scene reminiscent of
how it must have been before we evolved.

Thank God, we’re civilized now!

Continued on p. 6
Scott Williamson:
Buckingham Palace was the first thing I saw in England. We saw only the facade. Fences with spikes and horse guards with pikes and axes kept us out.

We stood surrounded by statues symbolizing the subconlimes once under Britain’s sway, amid a crowd of tourists with cameras. There were British tourists there as well as Americans.

Grazmere in the Lake Country, Wordsworth and Coleridge’s haunt, at twilight in the mist.

We wandered spellbound into a churchyard, and at once came across a small sign saying, “Wordsworth's Grave,” and there were the stones marked, “William Wordsworth,” and “Dorothy Wordsworth.”

We found lodgings in a bed-and-breakfast place. We discovered later it was only two doors away from Wordsworth’s home, Dove Cottage. There were no signs in Grazmere directed to tourists. All the houses and sheepcotes in the village and the surrounding hills were made of stone.

We never knew whether it was the mist and leaves that made that place so magical to us, or the memory of Wordsworth’s and Coleridge spectral poetry written about them that we projected onto them.

We went to Lancaster, on England’s northwest coast, and left the poetry of Grazmere as well as the mental turmoil of London behind. We’d gone from London, the brain of England, to her body. The rhetoric and issues of the City gave way to the farmland that supported it, to nothing but the green reality.

That evening we walked around a castle refurbished in the thirteenth century and being used now just as it was then, as a prison. Then we wandered over Grazmere’s landscape, unchanged by the power lines that marched across it. An old man walked his dog past the prison into the sunset.

We returned to London, and saw it had mellowed in our absence. The buildings had grown deeper and truer behind their facades.

A national drama reached its climax in London while we were there. The Cup Finals in soccer for all Britain were to be held the next day. Thousands came from all parts of the country.

We met a lad in the Cockney Pride, near Piccadilly, at the heart of the City. He told us he’d started down from Newcastle at eight that morning, drinking with his friends all the way down.

They were celebrating tomorrow’s victory now. He had a pint with us, and promised to buy us another tomorrow night, after the victory.

They watched the lads. They filled the tavern, standing and swaying, singing the words, “Shine clear, shine clear” to the tune of “Amazing Grace.”

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penalties and mistakes and fizzled that eventually fell victim to defense. The ensuing kickoff was uprights from the four after a fine squeeze a field goal through the position that they needed to. This gave St. Lawrence the field determined the final outcome.

The Bobcats' mistakes that victory. It is safer to say that it was Larries' outstanding performance that earned them the account for all but twenty-six of yards to make it 10-0. This play untouched for the remaining sixty seconds, in the air. "We're at the college." They went to his room and helped him carry in his clothes. "Hi, I'm Joe, your new roommate. You're Frank," said a young man who went to his room and helped him carry in his clothes. "I'm Joe, your new roommate. You're Frank," said a young man who went to his room and helped him carry in his clothes. "Jeez," Frank said. "College." They walked into the room. Frank opened his eyes and saw many brick buildings, some with ivy on the walls, some without. "We're at the college." They went to his room and helped him carry in his clothes. "Hi, I'm Joe, your new roommate. You're Frank," said a young man who went to his room and helped him carry in his clothes. "Jeez," Frank said. "College." They walked into the room. 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Bates Takes Invitational X-C.... or Big Green swallows the Big Apple

By Jim Anderson

The Bates College Cross Country team ran its most powerful and successful race in the school’s history, this past Saturday. The incredible race saw the Bates runners literally crush four opponents, including Dalhousie Univ. and the Univ. of New Brunswick, both of Canada, Boston State and Dartmouth. The score was Bates 30; Boston State 51; Dartmouth 70; New Brunswick 113 and Dalhousie 117.

The most amazing part of the whole matter is that both Dartmouth (which incidently has an enrollment of 3300 men to pick its runners from, not to mention a great deal of money) and Boston St. (which has two track All-Americans on the team) were highly ranked teams in New England, Dartmouth being ranked about fifth. All that aside, it has been an awfully long time since a Bates team has beaten an Ivy league team in any sport. The victory also paves the way towards the possibility of an undefeated season. The record now stands at 5 wins and 0 losses.

Junior Bruce Merrill came within ½ a second of winning the race with the time of 24:03.5 over the 4.85 mile course. The meet was won by Mark Duggan of Boston State in a time of 24:03.0. Those times mark the third and fourth fastest times ever run on the course and Duggan’s time was a meet record.

The next Batesians to finish were freshmen Tom Leonard in 5th place and Paul Oparowski in 6th place. Both beat Dartmouth’s first man. In 8th through 10th places were Bob Chasen, Russ Keenan, and Rick DeBruin. Ed McPartland finished 12th, Norm Graf, 14th, Jim Anderson, 16th, and Rick Johnson, 17th, in the 45 man race.

In a normal race in the past, it would be expected that with five teams running, perhaps only the top 5 or 6 runners would break the 25 minute barrier. Last Saturday, the top 14 did, and 8 of them were Batesians. Something must have inspired our fledgling runners. Perhaps it was hard work, or maybe pride. Both have been abundantly evident.

By Steven Wice

Last Sunday 600 Bates students descended on the beaches of Reid State Park for the annual Outing Club lobster bake. In a matter of six short, too short, hours, 475 lobsters, countless hamburgers and hot dogs, and enough potato salad, potato chips, brownies and lemonade to feed an army were devoured by the ravenous Batesians.

With a moderate wind and temperatures in the seventies, the day was perfect for doing almost anything. Activities at the lobster bake ranged from kayaking to volleyball. At any given moment, there were at least 24 people in active volleyball game. Such notable volleyball stars as Prof. Richard Sampson could have been found at nets.

If you looked at the ocean, either Steve Rhodes or Chris Richter could have been found in the ocean padding around in a kayak. However, the major activities were either soaking up the sun rays, eating, or just walking around looking at the fantastic scenery.

Other activities included building sand castles, swimming in the 58 degree water, fighting off man-eating mosquitos, and, yes, some people were even studying. Mainly responsible for organizing the event was Lydia Milne. However, she was helped by such great chefs as Todd Goble, Todd Chase, Marty “Wart” Welborne, and many others.

The Outing Club, in this reporter’s opinion one of the best organizations in the school, runs many such trips like these, and in many cases loses money off of them. Almost any weekend they run white water canoeing trips, horseback riding, and many others.

On this trip, the club took a loss on the lobsters. However, thanks to the Chase Hall Committee, who subsidized the five buses, they didn’t lose as much money this year as in previous years.

The highlight of the season, the trip to Mount Katahdin, is still planned for the first weekend in October.
Karen Olson:
I could talk about beautiful Kew Gardens in rhododendron time, or the gypsy who told my fortune at Appleby Fair, or the archeological students who put us up at York, or the Isle of Wight, awesome even in shadowless noon.
I still taste the strange mineral baths at Bath, still feel the knee-hollowed steps of Canterbury Cathedral, carved by centuries of worshippers.
I remember one still day in the midst of Derwentwater, gem of the Lake District, where I first felt the joy of rowing a small scull rhythmically.
I remember running into an old friend I hadn't seen since third grade, and I remember ogling the miles of Foys, biggest book store in the world, in an orgy of scholarly delight.
I remember seeking Shakespeare in thatch-roofed Stratford on Avon, and long ing to touch the wool of the frisky Cotwold lambs that cavorted by our train. I cried when John Gielgud played Prospero; I cried three times, because I went to see it three consecutive nights, standing room only. That's all I can say to even begin to describe how beautifully I thought it was.
But these are the unusual things. They are the things that happened to me. These are joys I can't re-live when I go back to England, which I know I must someday.
Here's what isn't going to change:

The honor system, where no one picks the myriad blooming tulips in the parks, whereby no one throws even a cigaret butt on the street, whereby people always return their empty milk bottles because they paid no deposit for them, and thus don't feel they own them.
The friendly corner pub, home of pork pie and the shandy, an unbelievably, decent half-and-half mix of lemonade and English beer.
Fish and chips, great in all their glorious greasiness.
The quaint comedy of street signs saying "Commit no nuisance." "Please curb your dog so as not to soil the public paths," and "Polite notice to the public." Life in the streets - the human comedy comes out from all the cubicles and greets you face to face.
"When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life" - Sam Johnson. Were I tired of England, I'd have to just sit and stagnate somewhere.

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