

VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM MANAGES TO WIN A GYP GAME FROM WINSLOW

"Doc" Edwards' Whistle Aids In Winning Game For Mules

Several weeks ago the Colby basketball team slunk forth furtively from their lair by the Kennebec in search of competition of sterner caliber than members of the track team, the faculty, or "tramps," passing through, could provide. Your correspondent observed the following with his customary degree of accuracy (Editor's note—you would have heard of all this much sooner, but for Colby's lamentable lack of a suitable paper before the present publication); after tiring of prowling through the "Plains," the team led by Coach Roundy wandered uptown in search of opposition. They roamed into Castle Gardens, and here the boys found themselves on the "spot." Some big "ball and basket" men from Winslow were there, and in a merry mood too. To please the cash customers a friendly contest between the hoop-loopers was staged. Members of the orchestra agreed to referee and the convulsion began.

In the first period the action waxed fast and furious. Hardly had the whistle blown when Crabtree annexed four points on a personal rampage. Unfortunately, this merely served to tie the score, as Bill, in a panicky moment, parted the Colby draperies with a beautiful shot. However let us pass lightly over this deplorable mishap. The quarter ended with Winslow on the long end of a 3 to 2 score. The foul shot came as a result of a dirty laugh from "Mose" Johnstone when he accidentally stepped on the referee's pet corn. (Heh! Heh! Boys will be boys!)

FRESH IMPRESSIONS OF COLBY FACULTY

"Tuffy" Griffiths, fresh from a string of knockout victories against such formidable opponents as Frederick II, Caesar, Charlemagne, and Queen Elizabeth, is about to engage in a finish bout with George Washington. From all indications it looks like a sure sell-out, even tho' the top price is \$20.

Every day "Cosine" Stanley can be found in his physics laboratory working on his new invention, the purpose of which he will not disclose. However, it is rumored about the campus that this "uncommon thinker about common things" is perfecting an intricate device which will automatically remove chalk dust from blue serge suits (?).

"Hally" Strong, instructor of Modern Languages, takes great pride in announcing: "There will be nothing doing in my classes. By this I mean that zeros will continue to dominate my mark-book. Furthermore, I pledge to make my courses (as I have in the past) as easy as possible—Heh-Heh-Heh."

"Buggsy" Chester, the big question and answer man from Coburn Hall, takes great pleasure in announcing a new program which provides that hygiene classes for under-graduates will be discontinued. (Hurrah!). But due to some unavoidable complications, "Buggsy" regrets (so do we all) that this program will not go into effect for at least six months. "Why? . . . why? . . . because it's no . . . that's why . . ."

We regret to state that "Orbilius" Thory, Colby Latin instructor, is suffering from an acute attack of "horridness," coming as a result of shouting at his freshman class. The entire student body joins in hoping for a swift recovery. Our only comment is: A word to the wise . . .

It seems as if the old proverb stating that "two people can live as cheaply as one" does not meet the approval of "Skeets" Bustin. It is our humble suggestion that he take a special course in home economy.

We hereby elect "Poker Face" Warren to the "Wise-Crackers Club" for pulling that "close the door from the outside" crack on Don Turner.

We find that "Baby Face" Manning, the top "brass hat" of the "flying squad," sure does rate with the women. In fact, a number of co-ords have requested that he conduct an evening class in astronomy. Jonkins, my telescope.

The second period was featured by a vain attempt on Roundy's part to assemble fully seven men on the court at one time, and to sneak in "Doc" Edwards as referee. As Winslow threatened to close the gap, "Doc" cut five minutes off the third period, and then cake and tea were served to the doughty gladiators and play was resumed for the final period with Edwards blindfolded. Midway through the fracas, "Doc" made a dramatic exit, one-half hop ahead of an angry Winslow crowd when he forgot himself to the extent of running in under the basket and catching a pass from Fowler and scoring a basket. Current gossip claims that "Doc" hopped a west-bound freight to satisfy an old passion of his for travel. Let's see. Where were we? Oh, yes, the game, to be sure. The chief of police was called in to referee, and here the entire Winslow team vanished like so many ghosts as they thought the place was being raided. The game was finished between Colby and a combination of sophomores and girls picked from the crowd. The score-keeper after a rapid review of higher mathematics decided that the score was 30 to 27, Colby. The remainder of the schedule is as follows:

- Feb. 22. West Watchchain A. C.
- Feb. 23. Harvard Country Club.
- Feb. 24. Wheaton.
- Feb. 25. North Overshoe.
- Feb. 26. Boston Braves.
- Feb. 27. Daughters of the American Revolution.
- Feb. 28. Culbertson's Five Aces.
- Feb. 29. Waterville Firemen.
- July 4. Hartford Conservatory of Music.

BILL MILLETT DEBUTS Ellsworth Introduced To Echo Board

We all know "Bill" Millett, but the majority of us will require an introduction to Ellsworth William Millett (wonder if his mother calls him "Elly"?). However, don't be alarmed as it is merely our old college chum, "Bill," in disguise. Just remember that Ellsworth is our hockey coach just as much as "Bill" is. The only difference is that "Ellsworth" is like the parlor in the country home—it isn't used much. Aside from coaching the varsity hockey team, the frosh football aggregation, the frosh baseball team, and being general handy man, "Bill" does comparatively little except to pilot his chariot erratically around town and to agitate feminine pulses. Time was when "Bill" starred on his own account as a Colby athlete, but Father Time now restricts him to bull sessions, croquet, and dominoes, although they do whisper that he played halfback for the frosh one afternoon this fall. However, mark ye well that it was late one afternoon. In fact it was after dark. Anyway, "Bill" had rheumatism, gout, athlete's foot, hay fever, and the mumps the following day. Nevertheless, the indomitable old codger conducted practice from an adjacent hospital window. Unfortunately, the dynamite is missing from this classic, inasmuch as decency and a firm respect for the law prevented "Bill" from rendering his explosive views concerning the hockey game at Northeastern the other nite. Ask "Bill" if a certain referee can be best man at his wedding. Heh, heh! In spite of the fact that "Bill" was a former camp-fire girl, he violated the noble old precept and was caught with only six men in a recent frosh hockey debacle. How about calling for volunteers from the crowd, "Bill"? And, girls, bear up bravely! We have a great disappointment for you. "Bill" is positively not going to teach hygiene to the co-ords next year. We hope this doesn't lessen the feminine enrollment in college.

The class of 1935 wishes to extend its heartfelt sympathies to Carroll Abbott on the recent loss of his brother.

ECHO WAR CORRESPONDENT WRITES ON WANGPOO, CHINA

By Joseph P. Blatz

Echo War Correspondent.
Joseph P. Blatz.

Well, fellows, it's a great little war they're having down here. A great little war. The Japs are a smart lot. They're certainly proving a lot to the world. For instance the old saying that if you dig far enough you'll reach China. Well the Japs have been doing some real digging here and I guess you learned from my last wire that they did reach China. Am I right or am I right? I think I'm going to like it here. It's quite a burg. Of course it's kind of noisy with the bombs dropping here and there every once in a while but me I don't mind 'em. When the Dean kicked me out of school he told me I was a lazy bomb, and when I got home my old man said I was a good for nothing bomb, and then when I went to see my girl she called me a bomb because I had taken a couple of drinks before I came up. So I have company. Did you get that crack? Bomb and bum. Fast one huh? There are plenty of guys who get paid for smart cracks like that but it comes easy to me. I guess it's just a gift.

You sure would like the gin-rickeys they have here. And I don't mean the national mouth-wash. I mean those little buggies they drag you around in. You can travel all around the city for ten cents, park anywhere you want to under a yellow oriental moon. Hot-Cha, Hot-Cha. Of course it's winter here now and cold as all h— but they tell me it's great stuff in the summer. Oh for a gin-rickey.

By the way you had better wire me a couple of hundred bucks. You see me and some of the other newspaper met got into a little game the other night and my luck kind of went screwy on me I guess. You can send it right away if you want to, because I think I could use it. I guess a couple of hundred will be enough I'll get along somehow.

You fellows are sure lucky to have a smart guy like me down here working for you day and night. It didn't take me long to size up the Chino-Japanese situation. You see the Chinks had a place called Manchuria, which is a part of China that is very valuable, and the Japs wanted it so they says to China "Will you give it up peaceful-like or do we have to employ drastic measures?" And the Chinks reply, "Go ahead, employ all you want we got Manchuria and we are going to keep it." So Japan starts a war. It sure is wonderful how I can solve these international problems right off quick like.

Say, before I forget it, there was a battle here today. The Japs made the Chinks look like a bunch of school boys. They used the doubling wing back formation to perfection and fooled the opposition every time. Well I got an important conference now and I'll write more tomorrow and I'll tell you more about the little ole war we're having out here in the mysterious Orient.

Your star reporter,
Joseph P. Blatz, Esq.
P. S.—Lay off sending those telegrams telling me to come back that I'm fired. I know you are only kidding me but so many of them take my mind off my work.

GREAT GIFT ACCEPTED BY THE FACULTY.

The RE-ECHO has been informed of the receipt of a check for fifty pesos towards the New Colby project coming from the Pulla Bunga chapter of Tappa Kogga Beer fraternity. This check is one of the smallest coming from a Colby Fraternity. The following letter was received at our office sometime last week.

February 10, 1932.
To the Board of Directors of Colby College:

In behalf of the members of the Pulla Bunga chapter of the Tappa Kogga Beer fraternity I am presenting a check of fifty pesos (market value one hundred German marks) as our contribution towards the New Colby Fund as a stamp of our faith in its success.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Mephistophelos Zilch,
Chief Bunga.

SEE YOU AT THE FRESHMAN HOP

AT THE RENDEZVOUS.

Deep in the recesses of my thinking channels, there was that pained thought frequently surging to the headline position. When are you going to assimilate some of that outside history reading? It gave me no peace, and I would not be content with insubordination to the more pleasant thoughts of movies, P. T., and the awed anticipation of reading the "Sex Life of 2200 Women." Dear professor, won't you please return that book?

Yet that thorn in my mental machinery would not be beguiled, even with frank confessions of a million women, and so to the library I mournfully meandered, notebook in hand. Stepping within the portals of the sacred shrine, dedicated to bigger and better things in life, I found the signs of life without any difficulty, but its contributing elements gave little indication to future improvements. A neurotic would say pandemonium as a befitting expressive, but I would refrain from using six-cylindrical synonyms and assert mildly that the barrage issuing from the reading room was a bedlam.

But the stern admonition of the history mentor forbade further procrastination, and I reluctantly dodged in and out of scurrying peoples to the desk. Obtaining the ponderous volume from the listless attendant, and caught in the maelstrom of passing feminine pulchritude, I was forcefully dumped into a chair between two of Colby's co-ords. There was no dejection now but resentment at this unceremonious treatment as I thumbed the pages in search for the time-honored ancients that history professors expound so glowingly.

For some unknown reason there was a lull, whether or not my intrusion was a direct cause I do not know, for you see this was my initial appearance in the library. In the meantime I had industriously jotted down facts about Colet, Zwingli, and that charming person Ivan the Terrible. It was just as I was in a glowing account of one of Peter the Great's sprees that my fair neighbor on my right, evidently thinking more of the sorority hop than French . . . I took a peep at her opened book . . . began to hum the Aroostook Anthem, "Potatoes are Cheaper," and the previous chaotic state was prevalent. A dainty little thing at the head of the table beat a rhythmic accompaniment on the floor, my other neighbor whistled softly, a burly brute across from me snapped his fingers, and in general the noise of a miniature subway rush began with laughter and chatter.

The bell tolled and out breezed the majority for their respective classes, but new-born thoughts of quietness were soon dispelled as in trooped a fresh group—fresh with unconcerned freshness. My table buzzed with renewed activities.

These were the college sweethearts—he and she so closely snuggled together with his eyes feasting on the radiance of her hair, peach-bloom tint of her cheeks, or the oceanic depths of her limpid eyes. Now and then he would muster enough courage to clasp his hand over her slender digits, and she, coyly piercing him with a naughty-naughty glance, would disengage her tapered fingers and see that they were maneuvered within easier grasping range. Here was love, that true love that only a Colby man can have for his maid.

There was the big, insolent grid-iron hero with the sporting page of his newspaper covering the greater part of the table. Two giggling sorority sisters swapped confidences which they received in the first of their classes. A little blonde vainly endeavored to get the attention of someone behind me, employing eyes, favored me with a delightful glare because I dared to gaze at her when I intercepted her telegraphic transmission. And amidst all this I was attempting to assimilate some history. I gave it up. Peter the Great may have been a "big guy" in his time, but here was no place to become acquainted with the reasons why.

BOARDMAN SOCIETY.

The Boardman Society, formed for all those interested in religious and social work of all denominations, will hold an important meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.00 o'clock, February 23, at the home of Reverend John S. Pondleton, State Secretary of the Baptist Convention, 2 Middle street.

CY PERKINS ADVISES COLBY FROSH

Chemical Hall, Nov. 3. Spellbound, (or were they sleeping) Freshmen today endured a long speech by the President of the Student Council. It seems the Frosh threatened to retaliate if the Sophs. continued their unmerciful beatings. The room was in utter silence as the first-years waited for words of explanation and sympathy. Perkins speaks:

"You can't get away with prep school stuff around here, we don't give a darn if you were star left tiddler on the tiddledy-winks team at good old West Burlap. You're just a Freshman around here," he philosophized. His next announcement was startling. "Remember boys, we were all against this razoo stuff but President Johnson insisted on it." The announcement was startling. Four Freshmen awoke suddenly; three more stirred restlessly in their sleep. Mister Perkins stepped down from the platform. The Freshmen cheered. The speech was finished. No wonder they cheered!

(Continued somewhere, may be)

COLBY TO SEEK HEAVYWEIGHT CROWN

Grimly intent upon restoring the heavyweight crown to the United States, Colby adherents of pugilism have brought about recognition of their sport, and the college now boasts a full-fledged boxing team. Needless to say, Colby's plan of attack is both spectacular and unique. Realizing the futility of pitting his raw material against Schmeling's weight, experience, and skill, "Pop" Sullivan purposes to oppose the Teuton with his entire boxing squad, thus creating a free-for-all, which patriots in the audience may join at will. Manpower is Sullivan's keynote, and he intends to overwhelm "Maxie" by force of numbers. The boys have been experimenting with various kinds of metals in their gloves as it is understood that no artillery will be allowed in the arena. Despite this setback Commander-in-Chief Sullivan is considering the utilization of steel jackets, iron helmets, bicycles, and rat poison. He is also considering calling the brawl off (extreme case of cold feet). The fight will be held (maybe) in the Chicago Stock Yards (no doubt, the slaughter room) April Fool's Day. Heh, heh! It's an old Colby custom, Max, and beware! They have the cards stacked against you! The men who have showed to good advantage

(Continued on page 2)

OUR OWN CONTINUED STORY DEPARTMENT

"A Gangster's Revenge" or "Maxie the Ex-Wife." Chapter I. Part I.

Jake was lonely. Pretty soon he heard the purr of motors. He listened. Machine guns staccatoed. Jake felt happy. Lena was coming back. He saw her leg appear; long, slim and white. Then her head came in view. The rest of her body he dumped in the river.

Part II.
Chief of Police Higgins sneaked around the corner. A chorus of bombs rang out. Two laundries and a grocery store burst in all directions. Higgins grew pensive. "Looks like I'll have to warn the boys. That stuff is gonna block a lotta traffic." Lena came in. "Oh chiefta," she said. She shot the chief. Gus walked through the room and emptied a machine gun in Sadie. Sadie slumped dead without a word, crying as she fell, "Oh, Tony! Tony! Tony! . . ."

Part III.
"Do you pack a rod, Mike?" said Mickey slowly. Looney sand-bagged Blockey. Strunach emptied an automatic in Lawyer Ed. Loos dropped a bomb. The police station blew up. But the city's police were safe in the next county. They had been warned by Snoopy Snipe.

End of Chapter I.

Next Week's Chapter II.

In which George becomes a gigolo and meets the wealthy Mrs. Boondochamp-Hooplo. A drama packed with tonsa thrills—the mad intrigue of love in the topies—oh—! Don't fail to read this next stirring episode from the life of a Boston book-censor.

FRESHMAN BANQUET IS A HUGE SUCCESS

Dean Runnals Springs Surprise of Evening

Last Friday evening, the Pleasant Street Methodist Church was the scene of a most radical and revolutionary gathering. For the first time in the history of Colby college the men and women of the freshman class held a successful dinner, which they ate undisturbed by the few privileged upperclassmen present.

For musical entertainment a trio: Kay, Beth, and Beulah, sang very charmingly (this is not meant for flattery—we don't even know the girls). There was also community singing in which all (except "Larry" Gray) joined. Harold Brown played around for a while with a piccolo (or what the deuce was it—it looked like nothing else but a pipe with holes). Since there was no soup, that is all the music that we had during the evening. We also wish to discreetly remark that several of the freshmen became deeply interested in their chance partners and we noticed that not a few who came in the singular departed in the plural. Yet, pause and consider these lines four years hence.

Clarence Morrill, toastmaster, introduced as speakers Leon Bradbury who spoke flatteringly; Gwendolyn Mardin who spoke gushingly ("I'm just thrilled to death to be here!"); Kay Herrick who spoke welcomingly; Dean Runnals who spoke modernly; President Johnson who spoke reminiscently; the Reverend Mr. Metzner who spoke humorously; and Mr. Dunack who spoke sagely.

Dean Runnals' speech was the most startling of all. She said that she was delighted to have the opportunity of attending such a revolutionary venture and would give her hearty support to any reasonable demands for greater social activity between the freshmen men and women. This was quite unexpected from Dean Runnals (of all people) but we are going to keep her to her word. Since her announcement, there have been dozens of applications at the Mayor's office for the hot-dog concessions at Mayflower Hill.

Now that we know her attitude as it really is, we are preparing to make the most of spring. Not in vain shall young men's fancies turn to thoughts of love. Sit back you upperclassmen and learn from the yearlings. We have helped Dean Runnals find the light of modernity. Hand in hand (oh yeah!) will the men and women of the class of '35 walk through the years for their mutual benefit and the good of Colby.

IN THE MOUTH OF DANGER.

By Hiram Halitosis.

Editor's Note: In the last of the series of brilliant articles on the Clubs of Colby, our chief staff-correspondent tells of the dangers he underwent in bringing before the public eye the true, only the true, and nothing else but the true goings-on in each club. There are only two persons in the entire college that are acquainted with the real purpose of the Interspatial Club: Professor Glibby and myself.

I found it out by attending one of their meetings, held at the Bar Room of Hadman Hall. Traveling incognito, as Wander T. Jones, I obtained admission into the room by horsely whispering, "Glibby—now and forever." Once in, I beheld a sight which struck me dumb (Editor's Note—very easily done)—twenty-three freshmen, representing all the nations in the world, bound and gagged, were being forced to swear.

Introducing myself as a prospective member, I asked Professor Glibby the purpose of the Club. Smiling sympathetically at my ignorance, he answered: "The Interspatial Club of our college was formed with the intention of promoting world peace and"—here an uproar prevented him from ending his discourse. It seemed that Monsieur Inziger had trod on Erno How's toes, and Boris Snarlott, '64, enraged by this awkwardness, had thrown Monsieur Inziger through the window. The resulting disturbance brought the roof and the police down on our heads.

(Continued on page 2)

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Founded in 1877.

Published Wednesdays by the Students of Colby College

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with

E. J. SMITH	Editor-in-Chief
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E. J. GURNEY, JR.	Assistant Editor
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All other matters beside actual writing of news attended to by the regular staff.

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1932

The publication of an issue of the Echo by a Freshman staff, we are told, is not a new thing. As for the advisability of donating this one issue, in view of the possible results ensuing from such an opportunity as is presented to us, we leave final judgment to its readers.

It is our purpose to be as satirical as possible where we think satire necessary; as corrective as it is safe to be in matters which need correcting; and finally, as humorous as possible in everything we think might possibly be considered in a humorous vein. So bear in mind that this is not a news-paper but the Freshman's outlook and view of life in this college.

We hope that the material considered serious by us will be taken in a similar manner by others, although we have little reason to believe that it will be. Certain phases of college life of which we write have been in the same rut which they now occupy for such a long time that their antiquated thinking defenders will dismiss our attempts with "just the pratings of Freshmen." Knowing them we expect it, but we hope that there are other individuals who beside having a brain are also gifted with a mind.

OUR PROPOSED PLEDGING SYSTEM.

Discontent among certain individual pledges of our various fraternities calls for a Freshman's opinion of the present pledging system as it is conducted by all the fraternity chapters in this college.

The pledging system now in force on this campus is pedicular, or, being self-explanatory, "lousy." It is unfair to all possible fraternity candidates as it does not give them enough time to view the fraternities from all angles. During rushing season they are presented with the sunnier side of fraternity life and the better part of the fraternity member's nature. Coming into a new environment the Freshmen, despite many previous warnings, are generally swept off their feet by the superficial congeniality of the fraternity to which they pledge. It is an observation worth noting that the most congenial members during rushing season are the ones who pass by on the street without speaking.

The mad grab for future members of the respective fraternities seems to reflect, in this writer's opinion, a weakness of the fraternity chapters as a whole. Why all the rush to get new pledges? Is it possible that the fraternities are afraid that if prospective pledges have time enough to inspect them from all sides that they will not join them? If there is such a fear, the various chapters should correct the cause, or causes. If there is no such fear, why make it appear so by hasty pledging?

The fraternities' answer to all this, if they paid any attention to it at all, would probably be that they know all about their pledges before they are offered a button. This answer may be true for many cases, and for various phases of the individual pledge's activities. But how can a fraternity know for certain all there is to know of a person, who is probably recommended to them by some more or less biased individual, without having first observed him over an extended period of time? The precipitous haste with which all our chapters pledge cannot result in anything but discontent for many pledges who knew nothing of fraternities before coming to college.

All this discussion leads to the question: "Why don't the fraternity chapters of Colby adopt some sane system of pledging?" Other colleges have satisfactorily solved the problem of rushing, so why can't Colby? There are any number of systems which might be adopted to this end, of which the following seems to be one of the better:

Allow no pledging until after the first semester, although during this period Freshmen may be entertained by fraternities.

At the end of the first semester a committee composed of non-fraternity members will solicit from each Freshman a written list of the three fraternities he would care to join, in the order of his preference.

At the end of the first semester a similar list composed of names of desirable prospective pledges will be received from each fraternity.

After consulting the two lists the committee will notify each fraternity of the Freshmen who wish to receive a pledge from them.

With this system in use it seems that the problem of discontent among Freshmen pledges would be eliminated.

Much talk has been made before about changing the pledging system, but no action has ever been taken. Why? Are you fraternities in such a state of lethargy that you are beyond hope of ever being extracted? Why not arouse yourselves to some definite action and convince the people, who see you only in the light of this subject and therefore think you dead, that you were in reality only reposing in a dormant state at the time of their observations?

WHAT PRICE VICTORY?

Colby has produced great teams. Should Colby allow other colleges to trample upon it because of poor material or support?

Can Colby fail to consider athletes? Must we just miss winning because we lack necessary material? Can't we have a system by which alumni look up scholastically inclined athletes and give them aid? Would it be necessary to keep it a secret if these athletes were fair scholars? It is done in other schools with as good a scholastic ranking as Colby. Many of us know of fellows in our graduating classes at high or prep school who have been fair scholars and good athletes, but couldn't go to college because of the lack of funds. Does the fact that the fellow is an athlete make him "taboo" at Colby? We have several cases in which admittance has been denied, only to have the same persons make good scholastically and athletically at other schools with good standing.

In conclusion, is it a disgrace to openly aid a fair scholar and athlete? Would Colby be less highly regarded in the eyes of the world?

The Freshman class feel that much of the comment directed against Conch Roundy by certain individuals, composed mostly of alumni who have nothing else to do but criticize, is, beside being unfair, a true example of the athletic support given to this college by its alumni.

Roundy is a good coach. He has kept Colby in reach of a championship year after year. Considering the breaks he has received and the material he has had to work with, he has certainly performed what might be termed as a commendable piece of work. He offers no excuses or apologies for his defeats of the past season, nor are they necessary. Any man who accepts defeat with a spirit of understanding deserves a squarer deal than many people give him.

Winning is not essential to a good season. We must have a coach who makes men of his players. We believe that not one player on the football squad could say that he hasn't been aided in some way by Coach Roundy's true, manly attitude. More power to him, and may success meet his efforts in the future!

Marie Lenochova will deliver a lantern-lecture Tuesday, February twenty-third, at eight o'clock. Her subject will be Czechoslovakia. Tickets will be sold on the night of the lecture at the Alumnae Building. Price of admission will be ten cents for students, and twenty-five cents for others.

COLBY TO SEEK.

(Continued from page 1)
in practice spasms are "Battling" Brown, "Sailor" Hodgdon, "Duke" Hains, "K. O." Mills, "Killer" Haltinger, and "Scrapper" Runnals. A toast to Colby, the heavyweight champion!

IN THE MOUTH OF DANGER.

(Continued from page 1)
At City Hall, Glibly and myself bailed the fellows out, explaining that it had been a friendly illustration of world peace.
Later, I helped him kindle a fire with the Club Charter.

The student body had a surprise examination given to the faculty members of the French department last week. The highest rank was C. Claims that they didn't have their "trotters" with them were disallowed. This correspondent, however, promised to hush the matter up providing that the command "Lisez en francais" would never be given again to their suffering students.

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Silver Street

Shows Daily at 2, 6.30, 8.30 P. M.
Saturday Shows at 1, 3, 6.30, 8.30

Wednesday and Thursday
Susan Lenox
(Her Fall and Rise)

Greta Garbo with Clarke Gable
Friday and Saturday, 19-20
"Caught Plastered"

"The Yellow Ticket"
with
Bert Wheeler Robert Wooley
Monday and Tuesday, 22-23
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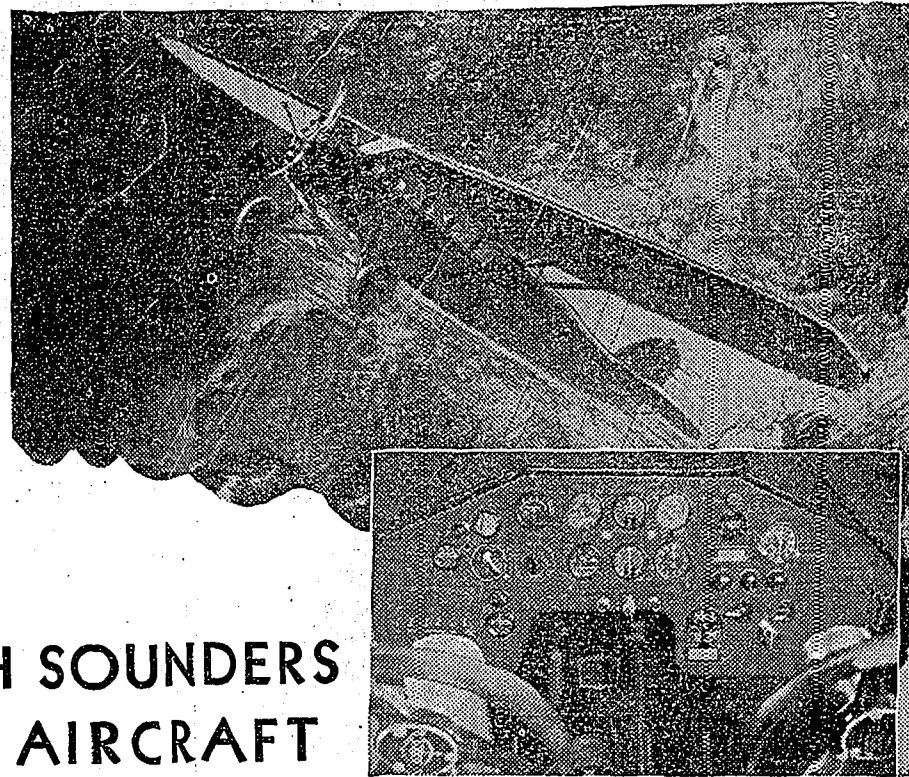
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DEPTH SOUNDERS FOR AIRCRAFT

WITH the application of electricity to aircraft instruments, another chapter was written in the annals of air transportation. To-day's ship is not only swifter but safer and more dependable. Modern depth-sounding devices indicate instantly the height of the ship above the ground surface. A unique feature of General Electric's recently purchased monoplane is the almost completely electrified instrument panel.

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SPORTS

FROSH FOOTBALL.

1st week. Mr. Millett—I want you boys to know that we're going to have our own system and schedule this year.

2nd week. Scrimmage with the Varsity.

3rd week. Scrimmage with the Varsity.

4th week. Coach Millett—Learn those Bowdoin plays, we're going to use them against the Varsity.

5th week. Come on Fuller, get those Robertshaw spinners. Can't you fellows take out those ends—like Bates? We've got to show them to the Varsity.

Last week: Nice going boys. Be out Monday to scrimmage with the Varsity.

SHOTS ON EDWARDS.

Professor Harry Edwards, known as "Doc," has given Colby a royal round of aid. He never has been known to speak unless spoken to, in fact he is a second "Cal" Coolidge.

"Doc" has been rumored to have eaten as many as twelve men at one sitting in college. What a man!

"Doc's" posture is always correct. He never violates the rules that we poor Frosh are so liable to be guilty of flagrant abuses.

"Doc" is alleged to have been blind-folded and then to have jumped over six chairs into a barrel, doing a handstand at the finale (in the barrel).

"Doc" has always been noted for his supply of equipment. He has furnished the teams with material that would have made Rockne blush. (Believe it or not.)

"Doc" gets the credit for having such a wonderful (P. T.) course. He sure is magnificent when he orders the Frosh around the track for ten laps. Come up and visit him anytime.

DRAMATIC ART PLAYS.

In the Alumnae Building, Thursday evening the Dramatic Art Class will produce two significant short plays acted with an attention to characterization, blending of effects, and ensemble acting which is possible only in a group working together for a longer time than that taken ordinarily to "put on a show." The audience will hear and see a cooperative effort, and may see the workshop in the basement where the signs of the effort and the cooperation are still visible.

For Distinguished Service—comedy-drama by Florence Clay Knox, and Spreading the News, Lady Gregory's farce-comedy of Irish village life, are the two plays.

Next Tuesday evening, February 23, the first meeting of the Colby German Club, Der Deutscher Verein, will take place in the Alumnae Building. The program will be devoted to the study of the famous German literary genius, Goethe, whose death occurred in March, 1832.

ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LORN.

By Beatrice Faxfax.

dere miss faxfax,
pleeze excuse my bad spelling coz i am a sophmore. i am very unhappy. i am in love with a girl who's name is isabel, so you see i shud not be unhappy, but isabel does not love me. so you see i have a reason for being unhappy. o miss faxfax she is bootful and has nice blue eyes and they are so big that when she blinks them you can hear them go click click, and her hair is the same color like is straw, but only it is not made of straw. it is made of hair. but she says she wood love me if my own hair was not red. i have red hair. i am so sorry i have red hair coz she wood love me if it was not red hair. so i think i will go to a beauty parlor and have my hair dyed. do you think dyeing is a good idea?

Jobe Rogden.

Dear Jobe:

You would not know how to act in a beauty parlor because you have never been in one. I can tell that easily enough since I once saw your face. Rather I should advise your finding your solution to your problem in a hardware store. Your face would be at home there, hard looks and all. But by all means, do not deviate from your own good idea. Dyeing is a marvelous idea! Go ahead, who cares? Die!

Beatrice Faxfax.

P. S. Anyhow, Isabel is probably on the string of a hundred freshmen.

NOTICE.

Will interested fraternities notify Coach Bill Millett before Thursday their intention of competing in an interfraternity hockey tournament next Monday.

BASKETBALL.

Colby Varsity playing Waterville Boys' Club at Gym on February 23, at 7.30 P. M. Fifteen cents per hand. Come on, let's turn out.

NEXT YEAR SHOULD FIND:

McGee on the football team.
Ralph Peabody playing with "Jim."
Muriel Bailie thrilling the Frosh with her wiles.

Lollis losing a game of checkers.
Moe Krinsky getting splinters on the bench.

Amidon bulling the new Frosh.
Pete Mills still sports editor.

"Mike" broadcasting over the NBC hookup.
And finally, Hugh Beach as score board attache.

IN DUE RESPECT TO THE SOPHS.

We Freshmen applaud the attitude of certain student leaders in regard to the "pep talks" in "Chem" Lab.

We readily grant that two or three "yellow guys" make our class an athletic failure.

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We know that the President of the Student Council couldn't have been mistaken when he said that the Frosh neglected football. The number of injuries due to the small training period couldn't have been important. The fact that the team consisted of thirty, and not eighteen, at the end of the season was of no consequence.

We must admit that it was necessary for "Cy" Perkins to bawl us out that day (with the full support of?). It was his duty to show us how lax we had been in football, despite the fact that one-third of the Freshman class reported for football. We might add that only less than one-fifth of the entire three upper classes reported for varsity football, but of course figures are not to be considered when berating freshmen.

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and I didn't know how he'd
like the idea of my smoking.

"The first time I lit a Chesterfield
in front of him, he sniffed like an
old war-horse...and I braced myself
for trouble. But all he said was,
'That's good tobacco, Chickabiddy.'

"You know Grandfather raised
tobacco in his younger days, so he
knows what's what. I don't, of course
—but I do know that Chesterfields
are milder. It's wonderful to be
able to smoke whenever you want,
with no fear you'll smoke too many.

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The Blotter Blots

FOREWORD: NO. 1.

In introducing the Plotter's column minus the Plotter, we wish to remind the co-ords that we are only green, unsophisticated imbeciles, not deserving of their superfluously worded criticisms that have appeared now and then in the Gladiator's column. So you Sapien Sues who take delight in exposing the fallacies of this column, save, please, your energy and talent until that "Old Maestro of the Quip and Jest" excavates more scandal for you to condemn.

CAMPUS CAPERS: NO. 2.

Is it proper for a fellow to kiss a girl the first night he's out with her is a topic now being discussed by the Thompson Round Table group . . . the way we look at it you've got to start some time; what are your ideas on the subject? . . . Who's this Soph that's working his way through "caring" for a Baby—the old gigolo . . . Heard about Ben Liscomb and Ducky Wucky Mayer "making" bridges on Bartlett Street? Don't "cross" them, before they're made . . . D. U. pledges "in the pink" . . . Pudgeley and his Helen of Watertown . . . Quite a few Farmington calls on the D. U. toll sheet; teacher's pet, eh, Mac? Well, who doesn't . . . Talking about Babes—(Hamlin Frin-stance) whatdowenaboutyou Tom Foley? . . . Sonny, "don't call me snozzle," Perkins visiting in Little France—Blanche isn't it? . . . Robitaille has a private nurse now—private did I say? What say you Lou, or you Lloyd, or you Larry?

AND WE LIKE TO MENTION: NO. 3.

"Stan" Clement, because he cracked five A's; is Worthy Master of A. T. O.; and has made his C. "Brit" Webster because he's started something.

"Clary" Lewis and "Flo" because they are setting a good example for us Freshmen.

"Phil" Phillips because we've just acquired him from Bates (watch him, women, he heaves a mean line).

Professor Colgan because he remained nonchalant after a Freshman had tried to kick him out of Professor Chester's Hygiene class—don't be alarmed, just a case of mistaken identity wasn't it, "Mac?"

INTERVIEW: NO. 4.

The victim of our interview this week is a survivor of that fast declining race—the Hoover farmer, a lad with a strong right arm named Bion B. Anderson, Jr., (we never did get the name of the other arm). Straight from the fastness of nature's other wonders comes Bion B., a

beardless child of the hills . . . his favorite deed in the line of studies is cramming the story of geology (a subject dealing with rocks and crust) into his flattened cranium . . . oh, yes, aside from the books, Andy's secret hotcha is Trimble—or possibly, by this time, Swallow . . . at the height of amorous zest he addresses his object lady as "love-lips" . . . he takes great pride in displaying those Anderson underpins in the nude—to quote: "My favorite pastime is showing my legs" . . . in fact, as soon as the shades of night have fallen (but before the shades of Hedman have been drawn) he strolls about the corridors "a la Lady Godiva" . . . When asked to make a statement on his stand in athletics, Bion piquantly retorted, "although I think Mike Ryan an excellent coach, I do not choose to run, but shall go out for baseball this Spring . . . Yes, I do strike occasionally. I train for exams by eating peanuts, my favorite candy; . . . when I am not training for exams, I eat peanuts. That's MY story and I'm struck on a girl . . . I had been interviewing Andy in his favorite haunt—someone else's room; now he eagerly leads me to inspect his own sleeping quarters . . . here's a mess of rags, clothes, books, boxes, and crib notes thrown about in Bohemian style and expressing the wild, untamed side of Master Bion's nature . . . surely here's a man's man . . . but whoa!! did we say man's man?—not little Bion, for tacked savagely to the walls are the pictures of his past sweethearts . . . ah! here, my friends, we see the reason for that sad, wistful look which our hero bears on the front of his nobly egg-shaped head . . . "cherchez la femme," I murmur . . . Andy smiles a smiling smile—'not he—he has loved and lost . . . "PBHT," croons Bion, "no more of the rural damsels for this son of a big Maine village (Dover-Foxcroft to you), pbht! pbht!" . . . and making a noise like a rug, he beat it.

A FRESHMAN SOLILOQUIZES. WHO IS SHE? NO. 5.

She Flits (adv.) about wearing heel-less shoes, anklets the color of a Texas sunset at noon, (that's impossible, but so are the anklets), stockings (silk?) with more runs in them than Babe Ruth ever made, a dress—I won't attempt the dress. It is usually hidden under a coat that only comes down to her waist. On her face is frozen a blank look and—no, not the traditional horn rims, but more powder and paint than on a two-a-day at the Old Howard, pardon me, the Opera House. Her worst fault—a crime I call it—is attending church socials where she indulges in "Seven in and Seven out" or "Winkum." She's a "divine" dancer, you have to divine that she is dancing, you never could tell from watching her. Who is she? Just a typical Colby co-ord.

Who Is He?

He wears shapeless moccasins, sloppy woolen socks, dirty—well, just plain dirty corduroys, and the inevitable sweater with an occasional necktie. I would like to mention his taste in headgear, but for obvious reasons shall refrain from describing stocking hats. He does put on "the" suit on social night or on the night of a gym dance. He studies or walks the streets in the afternoons; stays up all night holding "bull" sessions or reading True Story, and then wonders why he finds it hard getting up in the morning. Who is he? Any Colby man. ("God made him, let him pass for a man!")

Well, what of it? Who cares? That's just it. Who cares! There's so little incentive among this, our student body, that the opposite sexes do not even take the trouble to dress up ("doll up" to you) for the sake of being attractive. We haven't any "class." We aren't going here to college; we just work here. We go to classes dressed like factory hands, and spend the rest of the time bemoaning the fact that "there's nothing doing in this hick town!" Let's stop the moaning and get going places! Let's make college life glamorous!

Men, dress for classes, dress for meals, keep shaven, don't go "stag," invite a co-ord to the show, the dance, yes, even the socials.

Co-ords, try some of this Siren stuff—the only time some of you smile is when you want a bid to a fraternity dance. Give out a few invitations yourself, if necessary, and not always to the same fellow. Go to the few dances we do have—practice makes perfect, they say. And at the dances—pay less attention to what so-and-so is wearing and more to what becomes yourself.

Let's all snap out of it! Colby is frozen!!

WITH THE CO-ORDS: NO. 6.

Miss Van Norman complains that the girls are going to the socialist meetings just because the radical men of the college attend them . . . Co-

ords, advise "Benny" to keep out of the snow-drifts with those pajamas—the color might run . . . have just heard that several of the K. D. R. boys received very appropriate valentines. . . according to "Kay" Holmes, "Snub" Pollard's basketball team is pretty good (by the way, the game was held in Fairfield) . . . Larry seems to have fallen some hard for Louise Smith—on the Mower house porch; she may be small but— . . . "Barb" Johnson and Tina, hostesses at a very select party for their "intimate" friends—kind of tight with their invitations . . . "Dot" M. wishes the Foss Hall inmates wouldn't stare quite so hard into the parlor every afternoon . . . "Freddie" and "Forrest" are thinking of buying "Scribs," so they can play cards (preferably "hearts") more often . . . Strife in the Putnam family??? We saw Cordee, looking rather wild, tearing around with snow balls, just an old Houlton custom . . . The Alden-Swanton smiles are still working "strong" on the campus . . . Rowena tells us that she's decided to give everyone a big break and smile at them whether she's met them or not.

WE'VE HEARD THAT: NO. 7.

Doc is looking for a dog to haul him around on his new toboggan . . . The recent explosion in the Shannon building was Prof. Wheeler waking up his class.

DO YOU KNOW WHY: NO. 8.

Paddy Davan is called the town crier?

Jack Locke is called "The Plumb-er?"

Mose Johnstone is called "Mose?"

Cy Perkins is liked so well by the Frosh?

Bill Caddoo wears his "C" everywhere he goes?

Mike likes to broadcast?

Bill Crabtree fell for Lina Basquette?

That we saw that little shaver Adonizio, the village cut-up, at the Gardens the other night with one of

Fairfield's fairest?

We have a sports editor who insists on running over lawns?

Mike Ryan called up Bates?

Jim Peabody visits the Library?

Hucke asked for cream and sugar for his bouillon?

Stan Hersey is really liked by the Frosh?

Brit Webster eats at Dunlaps?

Patch gets so many calls on the "French" telephone?

Prof. Colton has kept the book "Sex Lives Of 2200 Women" out of the library since last June?

(Signed) THE BLOTTER.
Covers all, Sops all.

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