

Merry Xmas - Happy New Year

The Colby Echo

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Newstand Price 10c

Colby Glee Club and Orchestra Present Messiah



Messiah, given in the Chapel by the Glee Club and an Ensemble from the Orchestra, both under the direction of Mr. Peter Re.

Nickerson, Fisher Support School Medical Policies

By Jerry Ramin

Dean Nickerson supported in all respects the statements made by Drs. Dore and Reynolds concerning the infirmary. He feels that there is no question whatsoever in regard to medical treatment of the students. However, he does feel that there should be another nurse on duty. By having another nurse, the Dean said that it would relieve some of the pressure now on Miss Dunn. Also, it would allow the second nurse to make dormitory calls. This would also aid a situation where a student is sick in bed and needs medical attention, . . . yet, is not sick enough to warrant going directly to the hospital. Not only would this prevent the student from having to get up and go outside, and perhaps aggravate his condition, but it would also take care of the suggestion for another sick call. Dean Nickerson feels that any demand for a resident doctor at Colby is invalid. He said that any doctor that would meet Colby's standards for such a position would not be interested in tying himself down to such a limited practice. With regard to the pros and cons concerning Thayer Hospital against Roberts Union at the permanent location of the college infirmary, Dean Nickerson said that the matter is in its infancy at the present time and nobody is in a position to say which is better until the Thayer Hospital has had a fair amount of time to handle the students. However, he does feel that more thorough attention is possible at the hospital and that fact in many respects outweighs the mechanical difficulties of reaching the hospital. These difficulties, he hopes, can be overcome shortly. He said that he is not qualified to comment on whether or not the girls should have a separate sick call, but added that a second nurse would handle any problem that may exist very satisfactorily. In conclusion, Dean Nickerson said that he based his confidence in Drs. Dore and Reynolds not only from their dealings with the college but from personal experience as well. He added, that the doctors, both graduates of

Colby, have a personal interest in what they are doing for the college and although both are receiving some remuneration, their services are considered as their contribution to Colby.

Mrs. Pearl R. Fisher, administrator of Thayer Hospital for the past 16 years feels that the medical treatment received by the Colby students is by all means adequate. She said that the students are particularly fortunate in dealing with physicians that have such a personal interest in them. Miss Fisher feels that the cautious methods employed by the doctors is invaluable. If a student is not feeling well, no chances are taken, and all possibilities of complications are considered closely. The interrelation of the college and the hospital have benefited the students. The hospital laboratories are at the disposal of the college when needed and

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Coreymen Face Hard Schedule

During the past few weeks the hockey team has taken advantage of the ice on the pond and has journeyed to Lewiston twice in preparation for a rugged schedule which begins on January ninth. Featured in this campaign will be a contest against the Army at West Point. Other outstanding teams which the Mules will face are Tufts, Northeastern, and Norwich who downed the Coreymen twice last season.

No Experience at Goal

In an interview coach Corey declined to comment on prospects for the year, as there has not been enough time for the club to round into shape. He did say, however, that goalie was the position around which the big question mark hangs. Due to the loss of Bob Staples, the Mules are left without an experienced netminder. However, Paulie Dionne and Jim Hollis appear to be the leading candidates for the position on the basis of workouts thus

(Continued on Page Ten)

William's Mules Off To Fast Start Dump Both Bowdoin and Bates

By Charles Kayajan

The Mule train was in high gear last Saturday night as Colby's basketballers tamed the Bobcats from Bates 100-49 before a sizeable crowd at the local fieldhouse. It was the Mules' fourth straight win of the young hoop season and their second in State Series competition.

Colby surpassed by two the field house record for field goals which they established last season. Their fifty-one point victory margin was the largest in Mule history. They came within three points of tying the total game output for a Colby team which also was set last year.

The Mules wasted little time in showing their scoring punch by going into a 23-3 first quarter lead which they never gave up. They increased their advantage in every quarter even though the regulars gave way to the subs who displayed plenty of scoring sock. They had leads of 20, 30, and 49 points at the ends of each of the first three periods.

Quimby High

The Bobcats, except for Larry

Quimby, who was the game's high scorer with 20 points, were not able to counter the fast break and the pressing tactics which the Mules employed.

A different player spearheaded the scoring in each quarter and certainly showed that the Mules have scoring depth. In the first period Piacentini was high with eight points. In the second frame Thurston led with ten points and Mallier and Hawes combined to get 22 in the third canto.

Halfway through the final quarter the crowd was yelling to roll the score up, although the Colby big guns had long been taken out of the game. It was now that the Bobcats started their freezing tactics with

(Continued on Page Seven)

Philosophy Dept. Starts New Series Of Lectures

Stu. G. Conference Held AT Tufts

Miriam Price and Jane Bailey took part in a two-day conference at Jackson College, Department of Women at Tufts, December 7 and 8, to discuss common problems existing among undergraduates and student governments at the colleges represented.

Delegates from the Universities of Connecticut and Rhode Island and Pembroke College, together with student leaders of Jackson College, joined in the discussion of rules and regulations, infractions, and penalties, the honor system, both social and academic, and the relationship of students to their student governments.

Delegates took time off from their conferences for a tea on Friday afternoon, and a visit to the Tufts Arena Theatre Friday evening, as the guests of the student dramatic group Three P's at their production

Professor Gregory Vlastos, of Cornell University, will be the first speaker on a new Lectureship in Philosophy and Religion which is being established this year at Colby. An outstanding writer and lecturer in the field of social philosophy, Professor Vlastos will take as his topic "Some Contributions of Religion to Social Living", giving special emphasis to the relation between religion and the problem of fear in society. The general topic on which he is to speak was selected by a vote of all the students who are taking courses in the Department of Philosophy and Religion. His public lecture will be given in the Hurd Room at Roberts Union at 4 P. M. on January 10. That evening, and in various different classes through the following day, he will meet with students for discussion of the points of his lecture.

of "Ah Wilderness".

The conference closed Saturday with a luncheon in the Lounge at which time Dean Edith L. Bush of Jackson addressed the group.

Williams Quizzed On Western Trip

Coach Lee Williams will not at this time state whether or not this is the best basketball team in Colby history, as it has not been sufficiently tested, but he does say that there is much improvement in individual performance. Perhaps most improved, says Lee, is Bob Gordon, who has come a long way since last year. Ted Lallier shows more poise and savvy and is greatly improved. The great strides by Dick Hawes have made a great difference to the club and Frank Piacentini plays the game to the hilt every second that he is in the game. Lee also thinks that Roe Nagle is so much smoother than last year that he is often overlooked. John Jabar is the ideal explainer, according to Coach Williams, as he is alert to all situations and knows where his men are at all times. Among the others on the club, Lee looks for greater performances in the future. He rates his sophomores highly and Tony Jabar, Gene Floyd, Danny Harrington, and Whitey Thurston, have all done well so far. Ed Fraktman, Dubbay Fitzgibbons, and Rog Shaw have shown great improvements in their play. Teddy Weigand and Warren Johnson, both of whom performed well last year are expected to be even better this year.

As for the Maine State Series play, Lee says that Colby should win it if they play the brand of ball of which they are capable. It is one of the hardest working teams that Coach Williams has ever coached and he is trying to play each game as it comes instead of looking ahead. Bowdoin and Bates both

figure to improve. Bowdoin will be strongly bolstered by the return of Merle Jordan, captain and star, who has been sidelined by illness till after Christmas vacation. Bates is expected to be better as it rounds into shape and Maine should be strengthened by the acquisition of Johnny Norris who will be eligible during the second semester.

The western trip this year figures to be a tough one. The club plays five games and some very tough contests are expected.

The Mules open against Rochester after a 13 day layoff. If it were not for this layoff, the squad could expect to beat this team. As it is, it should be a very close game. Baldwin-Wallace, the next foe, is probably the best team the Williamsmen will face all year. Rated 74 nationally last year (Colby was 1999), they are about as strong this year. They play a good brand of ball and will be very tough. Akron to whom the Blue and Gray lost 68-67 last year is much improved. They had a young team which has gained in experience by playing together and this should be another close and exciting game. The fourth game on the agenda is against Gannon College of Erie, Pa. Gannon's squad is capable but lacking in experience. The Mules figure to win this by a close score. The tour is closed against the University of Buffalo which has the best team it has had in years. Buffalo has scored over 100 points in two separate games and lost in a thriller to the University of Connecticut which has one of the best teams in New England.

Three Golden Hairs

The sun shone so brightly that he could see the waves of heat rise from the dirt road. It was hot. Awful hot. He hated this walk — all he did was walk. He felt the sweat roll down his chest; he was sticky all over. The armpits of his shirt were soaked.

He was fat. Awful fat. Two hundred and seventy-eight pounds fat. He shook all over. He jiggled and jogged. His buttocks and his stomach constantly competed to see which could protrude the farthest. His round, fat, red face hid his little eyes, lost in layers of fat. Summer and winter there was always perspiration on his face and little beads of oil on his nose.

Donald was his name, but you would never know it. Oh, his mother called him Donald; so did his deaf grandmother, and his teachers, and his father called him Don. He embarrassed his father. Donald knew he embarrassed him. But why call him Donald? Call him what everyone except his mother, his father, his teachers and his deaf grandmother did — everyone else called him Fat Boy. Not Fatty, not Fats, even — always Fat Boy. Really you can't blame them — it was true you know, he was fat. Once he even got stuck in the bathtub, a story which his father loved to tell with much knee-slapping and guffawing.

"Honest to GAWD, Ed, if you coulda seen the kid," he'd howl, fishing for a handkerchief to wipe his streaming eyes. Then Fat Boy, his father and Ed would throw back their heads and laugh — Fat Boy's laughter sounding out a little higher and shriller than the others.

Really you can't blame Fat Boy's father — it was true you know, he did get stuck in the bathtub once.

It was glands. The doctor said, "It's glands, Mrs. MacKenzie." But knowing what it was didn't make him less fat. Even the pills he so faithfully took didn't help, noticeably, anyway.

It seemed as if it got any hotter he would melt clear away. Like the witch in the Wizard of Oz — just melt away. Only instead of red shoes, he'd leave nothing but a puddle of sweat.

"If," thought Fat Boy disconsolately, as he crunched on a hapless butterfly, "I was a girl and lived in China . . . Chinese people LOVE fat girls. Fat girls are the very most beautiful girls in China. Except that I wouldn't see Her if I was in China. But saying I found this magic formula and all I had to do was take this medicine, and the pounds would just drop off, I'd go away to take this stuff. When I came

A Pleasant Thought

I am on the door-step of my Spring, And now, as I view what is before me And look upon what has been, I waver, thinking that I must sit and rest. I can afford to sit on the door-sill Because it is wide and I have run fast; I have even run so fast that, in some way, I have caught up with maturity before my time; But even so, I am still young, And the sight of maturity has beggared me To stay a little longer on its door-step And linger a while in that time I have saved By running fast — a pleasant thought!

September 14, 1951
Trika Lind

THE TOTEM

AERIALIZED

Make sure that our hostess
Is touching the ground.
Her loquaciousness shows
She is wired for sound.
Robert C. Fischer

SILENT KNOWLEDGE

I cannot put a window around my soul
Confine it with four straight planes
And banded with a border of blue.
I cannot look through a pane of glass
And hope to see only a wall of brick.
My soul must move out and beyond —
Further away to the fading winter's sky
on the running hills of spring.
There moves and curves my restless soul —
Sees all, as all is meant to be.
Janet Smith '52

WRONG RECEPTACLE

Our hostess threw a look my way
Which seemed to reprimand me,
I think I doused my cigarette
In the tray that's used for candy.
Robert C. Fischer

TO THE GENEROUS HOSTESS

A coaster and napkin along with my drink?
Now what can I possibly do?
Your gesture was courteous,
thoughtful,
But Gosh!
My hands only go up to two!
Robert C. Fischer

MORE THAN JUST A FRIENDLY CHAT

Money talks, especially when
In large denominations.
I can't express how fond I am
Of lengthy conversations.
Robert C. Fischer

back, I'd get on this bus the same as ever only I'd be about 145, and as soon as she . . .

The bus.
He could see it approaching through a hole in the line of trees way off to the right. He began to run, a peculiar, waddling run, like trying to hurry in water up to your knees. He huffed and puffed and panted and wheezed. He made it just in time, edged his way carefully through the doorway of the bus, fished for, and found his dime, dropped it in the slot. The sweat was streaming down his forehead and into his eyes so profusely that, his vision blurred, he stood for a moment, shaking his head and peering for a seat.

Suddenly he saw her. He looked away quickly. He never could get used to seeing her, always this queer jumping in his chest. The fantastic thought of actually going and sitting down beside her rushed into his mind, but he thrust it aside. It was quite simply beyond the realm of his imagination. One did not sit next to a goddess. He lumbered down the aisle, lurching with the movements of the bus. A furtive glance told him that the seat directly behind her was vacant. Did he dare? He came abreast of the seat, almost passed it, then quickly — as quickly as he could — he slid into it.

He sat quite still. His daring bewildered him — stunned him. He felt numb all over. His head buzzed. Even his eyes seemed unable to focus. But ever in front of him the back of her head shone in a sort of a golden glow. He turned his head and stared out of the window. The bus moved on, obedient to passengers and red lights. It gave an asthmatic wheeze at every stop, in a resigned sort of fashion, then halting, pantingly starting up gain. He could see her (Continued on Page Three)

This Crew

this crew, the whole bunch of them
do you really think they know anything
or do they care to know at all

do you ever wonder if the beer and the girls
and the barroom walls reflect any knowledge
they might have learned
in the rooms of the ivied bricks

dressing to go out
coming in stone drunk and making noise
shouting and yelling all over the place

kicking the ashcan down the stairs
to hell with everything tonight
even tomorrow will have to wait
for the chapel bells

in the quiet rooms the boys wake slowly
thinking about last night and the parties

maybe somewhere in the whole bunch there's one
who's glad to wake up
glad of the sunshine, glad of the rain
glad of being alive

this crew, the whole bunch
do you really think they know
or do they care to know

do you wonder if music or sculpture
is found
in the minds of the boys who laugh
so often
do you think they know the happy sadness
the little laughing tears of fancy

maybe they don't care anyway
maybe its best that they don't
this crew, the whole bunch of them
Melvin Lyon

THE TOTEM

Editor — Barbara Scott
Editorial Associates — Barbara Heide, Dot Duda, Arthur Klein
Business — Roger Heubisch
Illustrating — Beryl Baldwin, Dick Baggs

Through the courtesy of the ECHO, THE TOTEM, Colby's new literary magazine, is given this beginning. We appreciate this opportunity to publish some of Colby's creative works. Through ECHO supplements such as this and eventually through our own magazine, THE TOTEM provides the means for individual expression in whatever method you choose — poetry, stories, articles, sketches or photography. We hope each Colby student will give THE TOTEM his full support.

Exercise In Meter Change

There is a state of utter loneliness
That calls upon the Spa each day at ten,
Consuming doughnuts and a Sports page for the interim
And thinking worn-out thoughts that hurt, that worry him.
He thinks in terms of daydreams and desires
Weights off the promises he's failed to keep,
He broods on failure that he sees his morning hair to
He plots a great success, one grand opinion sweep.
Here is a youth who cannot put himself together,
Here is youth triumphant, a hero

PESSIMISTIC SOL

I chanced to hear, one lighted day,
A voice that was the sun.
It mumbled, grumbled of a world
That soon would be undone.

It cursed a bit beneath its breath,
(What words I shall not say)
And spoke of evil on the earth
Which man had brought to stay.

The sun it shone a frowning face
And talked of bygone years,
Of how it saw great empires fall
While shedding sunbeam tears.

But then it muttered quietly
And shrugged its weary rays,
"I guess I'll shine eternally
Though none will hail the days."

I shook my finger at the sun
For having spoken so.
It pulled a cloud across its face
Suggesting that I go.

I turned my back and spoke my thoughts,
"There shall be no collapse."
A shadow fell beside my form;
A whisper sighed, "Perhaps".
Robert C. Fischer

NOTE ON THE ASCENSION

Is it not the right of dreamers
Who have fallen by the way
To curse at all the climbers
Who are rising every day?
Melvin Lyon

A CUTTING IDEA

As I watch the stranger's weary tread
Through the knee-high grass
At dawn,
I frown and wonder if perhaps
Tomorrow, I should
Mow the lawn.
Robert C. Fischer

LOVE NOTE

Closing letters with X's
Strengthens ties between sexes.
Robert C. Fischer

who bites his nails,
Here is our best fraternity's smoothest brother,
An astute, administrative mind that academically fails.
I've seen him coming up the stairs between 'No Smoking' signs.
With a kind consideration for each blank face in line.
I've seen him play the reg'lar guy, consummate in his skill,
He'd be famed for brain as seen in brown could he effect his will.
He wonders what the girls think, feels his name is known by all,
Feels his case of gravest acne doesn't bother him at all.
His manner of courting is done in paradox
He flaunts both pin and party to the object that is sought,
And when the lady's quite impressed and see him for the latter
He detests her for not loving Him, and that quite ends the matter.

Oh, where is that fair face that will ask to be his woman?
Where's the girl that's made by changing dreams?
Where's the lover on the cool side of the pillow . . .
Oh, where is the dark Helen of his dreams?
So here is handsome, hulking youth
The finest, noblest, and the best — Too much a man to trust dead Gods
Too lonesome to leave his wilderness . . .
There is a man who drinks a cup of coffee, who deeply feels success' costly scars,
He quaffs to winter evenings, but with a thirst that could drink summer stars.
Barbette Blackington

On Captain Ahab

Barbette Blackington

The year 1951 may be recorded in literary history for many outstanding achievements; but certainly one of these is the death blow that has been dealt to the Melville myth-makers. It has been a murder by two weapons. While the biographers have published factual evidence that disproves the myths, a documentary life of Melville has come forth that makes even faint hope for their reincarnation impossible. A good example of what a new thing this burst of evidence is can be found in a book entitled "Call Me Ishmael", by Charles Olson, which was published as recently as 1947.

In this four year old antique we have a book that is out to prove things the way honest myth-makers like to see things done. It wants to prove that the delay in the writing of "Moby Dick" was due to a complete rewriting of the work, it wants to prove that Melville's career after the completion of "Moby Dick" was one great decline, it wants to prove that Melville wanted a God and that he never found one that satisfied him; but basically it seeks to establish the point that Melville was Captain Ahab. All this fits in with the point that Melville was Captain Ahab. All this fits in with the greater canvas of Melville myth that assumes all he wrote to be autobiographical, and which today's evidence proves not to be so. But once the student of Melville accepts the proof of facts and rejects the unsubstantiated probing of men like Olson he is faced with a great and unresolved problem. If Melville is not Ahab just who is Ahab? Captain Ahab is like no other thing in the study of Melville, and to a large degree in the annals of American literature. You do not meet Captain Ahab and pass him off as an original artistic creation in the way you do Studs Lonigan or Pollyanna. Sooner or later, to a greater or lesser degree, everyone who reads "Moby Dick" has got to come to terms with Ahab. And similarly, in Melville as a man, Ahab looms large as a creation of his mind that cannot be explained as one may explain his early work, or lovable Billy Budd, or his excellent, and little recognized, poetry.

In the light of what is now known, and I am thinking basically of Loyda's "The Melville Log: A Documentary Life of Herman Melville", (Continued on Page Six)

Mood 32

The soft shadows of an oil-lamp
Played about his face
As he sat
Staring blindly into a varnished
Reflection of his life
Blasting the chords of his discontent;
Wildly denouncing a frontie folly.
His hands, tense and trembling,
Made moist pools on a roken level
Of black and white.
His feet moved with the rhythm
Of a swelling bravado.
I could feel the vibrations
Of his sensitive fingers
As the room became flooded
With a maddened sea of tinkling pain.
Furiously, he drummed and pounded
Until I cringed from the stinging slaps
Of a thousand vicious waves.
Suddenly the concerto ceased.
I saw him there
Still staring blindly into a varnished
Reflection of his life —
A wall of red fire against ivory.
Robert C. Fischer

THREE GOLDEN HAIRS
(Continued from Page Two)
profile out of the corner of his

CHOOSE THE SKI OF CHAMPIONS



Flexible Flyer
SPLITKEIN
Laminated
Skis

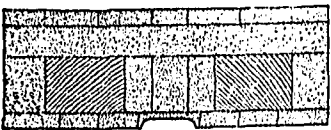
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eye. She was so beautiful. Real shiny — and clean. You never saw Melissa with crud on her skirts, and her hair never had that wet, dandruffy look like a lot of girls. Like an angel's halo, thought Fat Boy, and he blushed.

He leaned forward slightly, still pretending rapt interest in the passing scenery. He thought he could smell her hair, just a faint but persistent odor. Violets, or perhaps Lily of the Valley. Even one small lobe of her ear showed. It looked very pink and warm. He would like to lean over and bite it. Not hard, you know, just sort of nibble. He scrunched his teeth together, and he could almost — not quite, but almost — feel the flesh between his teeth. He felt himself begin to perspire anew, just with the pleasure of looking at her and thinking about it.

He wondered if she noticed him at all. I mean she spoke to him when they passed in the corridor. She said "Hi" or sometimes "Hello". Once she said "Good morning". But he wondered if she ever really thought of him. Sometimes it seemed as though her smile was especially warm. Once, after they had passed in the hall, he had turned around to watch her, and her head turned to watch him. He had faced front again, his face very red and a queer jumping in his chest. He wished he dared to get up and sit beside her.

"Hello there, Melissa," he'd say. Real casual. "Thought it was you".

He practiced it over in his mind, and pictured how it would be. But deep inside was the knowledge that he could never do it.

The bus came to a halt with a queer wheeze as if it knew this was the end of the line.

As he neared the door, he tried to keep her in sight. She was so swift and agile — she had got off the bus first, and he could see her blonde head moving assuredly through the crowd. Maybe she was just teasing him. That would be like something she'd do. But she was looking back right now, seeing if he was in sight.

He wished these fools would hurry! A tight hard feeling arose in his chest. He couldn't see her at all. He began to shove. He HAD to get off. Maybe she'd think he didn't want to play this chasing game. But the aisle was narrow and the bus had a capacity load. He had to wait his turn.

Then at last — unbelievably he was off! He tried to hurry. Maybe he could catch up. She was practically like an Indian or something the way she could slip around through this crowd, but no matter

which way he turned, he felt himself jostled and shoved — bumping and being bumped. The strained, tight feeling in his chest grew larger. He felt like yelling JESUS H. CHRIST! at the top of his voice, but then maybe he'd get arrested and he was practically late now. Besides, then he'd never catch up. His shirt was soaked. There were great fatcreases in his pants. He twisted his head, peered to the right and left, and looked like a damn ostrich when he stretched to see over the heads of the crowd. She was nowhere. Nowhere!

He gave up . . .

History was dull. Miss Hornby was an idiot. He wrote on the top of his notebook "Melissa" in fancy scroll. He wrote it once in print, once in backhand, once in all capitals. Then he wrote it three times in his everyday handwriting. He studied them and decided he liked the fancy scroll the best. He carefully erased each version letter by letter. He thought about her so much that he had no room for anything else. That's why he flunked math. But he could hardly tell this to his father. There simply was no room for things like math and stuff. He thought back to this afternoon, and the ecstasy of sitting near her. She had DEFINITELY been aware of him — he could swear to it. When he thought back to it, he could remember their eyes meeting in the reflection of the bus window. She had smiled, a warm, sort of . . . sort of . . . almost loving smile. He bit his thumbnail to the quick just at the thought of it.

Everywhere he went, everything he did, he thought of her. He kept wishing she were there. It was funny, but at night in bed, he imagined she was there. It was really as though she WAS there. He'd lie on his stomach in the blackness — he liked it dark — resting his ponderous weight on his elbows, his hands cupping his cheeks, and he'd talk to her — very softly. He'd tell her the events of the day, basking in her praise and advice. And do you know what else? Before he finally went to sleep he'd lean down and kiss her, and say "Goodnight, Melissa". Silly, huh?

This was his favorite time of all — the bed soft and warm, the darkness shielding and protecting, and Melissa beside him. Strange how he could picture it all so that he almost believed she was there. No, he really did believe she was there.

He'd stare down at his pillow until he could see the outline of her hair and sometimes her eyes. He never dreamed of making love to her, or even touching her beyond that one kiss goodnight. Then he would roll over on his side, his back to her,

still very conscious of her presence till finally he fell asleep. He never tossed in his sleep, but always stolidly in the same position the whole night. On awakening in the morning, he'd roll over and look at the place where she had lain, but she would have completely vanished, leaving only a crumpled pillow in an odd position — vertical instead of horizontal to the bed. It always came as a faint surprise to him that she was not there. He wished sometime she'd leave something behind — a rose maybe, or a perfumed hanky.

He couldn't begin to explain it. There was only one Melissa but she was sort of divided in two. The one who came to him at night knew the one he saw in the daytime, but he didn't know if the one in the daytime knew the one at night. Sort of like amnesia or something. He didn't really understand it himself, all he knew was she made him happy and he loved her. A sissy word, but he did — he loved her. That was why it was hard, I mean not knowing if she knew she stayed with him every night. It seemed as though she MUST know. Sometimes just the way she looked at him — a look can tell an awful lot you know — it seemed as though

they had a secret together. It was one of those things he didn't see quite clearly, and didn't know if he really wanted to.

He was thirsty. Awful thirsty. He got permission to go to the bubbler. He never would have raised his hand and asked if he hadn't been so terribly thirsty. He hoped nobody thought he was going to the john; he had said bubbler very distinctly. He walked through the coat room, then stopped. There hung Melissa's blue coat. He knew all her clothes by heart. He looked at it more closely, and there, on the collar, lay three long curling yellow hairs. Three of them! He felt suffocated. He really did. He looked around — (Continued on Page Four)



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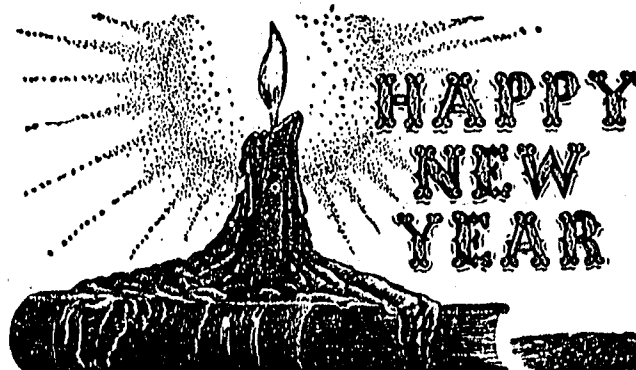
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THREE GOLDEN HAIRS
 (Continued from Page Three)
 there was no one. He reached out, and with the utmost caution removed his prize. Where could he put them? He had to be terribly careful, they could so easily get lost. It was really so like her. She must not know how badly he wanted some little nothing — anything that belonged to her — so she had given him these, but she still played the game — she gave him something it would be hard for him to keep safe. His shirt pocket? No, his wallet. He wrapped them in his identification card, making a sort of envelope out of it. He put it back in his billfold and wrapped an elastic around. Going back in the room he gave her a knowing smile. What a Dream she was! Classes dragged unbearably. Supper lasted forever. Something went wrong with the clock. Then it was time. A wild sense of excitement arose in him. He took a bath and put on his best pajamas. He had been saving them since last Christmas for something special. They were tight in the crotch and short in the wrist, but they were maroon satin and very handsome. He slicked his hair with care, stealing some of his father's goo with the most powerful sweet smell. He looked like a great overblown cherub.

The three hairs had been spread with the utmost care on the white pillow. They lay in a straight row, each curling slightly at the ends. He was ready.

He turned out the light. The darkness engulfed him. The sheets were brand clean and you knew how good they always feel when you first get in. Crisp. And cool. But he felt burning hot. He was trembling. Then he began the familiar routine. He closed his eyes and began to conjure up his picture of Melissa. Soon she would come to him. But this time it was different. He had a visible sign of her love. A picture of her floated into his mind. She was smiling, she stretched out her arms to him. Her hair was a floating, shimmering mass; she leaned over him and he felt it on his face . . .

He awoke.
 The bed was not its usual neat self. The blankets were untucked and the sheets crumpled. The pillow was on the floor. The pillow! Frantically he searched; he shook the blankets, crawled on the floor and examined the pillowcase. The three hairs of gold were gone. Gone! Gone! Gone! Had the dream been just a dream? Was this just part of the game? She must be teasing. But his throat was quite dry, because he wasn't SURE. He could not bear it if she was gone. He couldn't. She had cared as no one else had ever cared. It must be part of the game. He wished he understood all the rules. It was quite confusing. . .

He rushed up the three long flights of stairs. His heart swelled, his chest was bursting. His legs grew ten pounds heavier at every step. He stood panting in the coat room, glancing wildly around for her coat. It wasn't there. It simply wasn't there. He began to walk into the classroom, his eyes blank with despair. He reached the door and stopped. The room was almost empty. He was early for once in his life! Relief swept over him. What a nut! He went back into the hall and sat down on the steps outside the coatroom. Time dragged. He looked up with the sound of every step.

"Hi, Fat Boy."
 "Hi, Ruby."
 "Waitin' for Christmas, Fat Boy?"

"Waddaya say, Mark."
 and then, unbelievably,
 "Hello, Fat Boy."
 His throat contracted, he swallowed, a blush suffused his face.

"Hello, Melissa."
 She walked past him. He leaned weakly against the wall. She had smiled. He sat quietly, the blood pounding in his temples, but with an odd sort of assurance filling him. The game was still on. Just a glance was all they needed to make things understood. When somebody loved the way they loved, they didn't need any long explanations. He got up. There in the coat room — as he had known it would be — hung her coat, waiting for him. He walked over to it. There as before lay the token of her love. And that's really what it was . . . like when girl friends of the knights and those guys gave them ribbons and handkerchiefs and stuff like that to wear. Melissa had given him something much better than any old knight ever got. This time there were two hairs instead of three. He carefully removed one, and just had the other between his fingers when he heard her voice.

" . . . better not to leave money in the hall. I'll give it to Miss Hornby. You know, Ruby, you never can — WELL!"

He turned, his face flaming.
 "Looks like I'm just in time. Take your hands off my coat before I throw up, you fat slob!"

She raised her voice.
 "Ruby, get Miss Hornby. I've just found a little pickpocket out here."

She turned to him and her voice was very shrill. It penetrated to his heart.
 "You've got your nerve, you have. But I'm not really surprised. I never did like the look in your eye. I always said there was something awfully sneaky about you. Just like Ruby said, anybody as fat and sloppy as you CAN'T be anything but a first class jerk. And a thief on top of everything else!"

The hairs of gold floated slowly, lazily to the floor. Soon they were

covered with dirt and crud, and when recess came, Melissa herself

stepped on one of them and never even knew it.

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UNDERCURRENTS

By Barbet Blackington

The Cause for Creation

One undercurrent of thought at Colby is the problem we have of lack of interest in creative thought. In all fields we throw back what is thrown out; and keep our thoughts to ourselves. About the most daring thing done by way of self expression is the asking questions in class; asking, because one is interested and simply wants to talk about something. This is pretty watered-down self-expression.

Why is it, that in a group of students at the most imaginative time in their lives, a time when they are devoting all their energies to turning themselves, their society, and most knowledge over for a better look, we have self expression confined to a few people, the Kenny Jacobsons, who create in spite of their college life, rather than as a part of it.

This is boldly evidenced in our "intellectual community" by all the play-writing, song-writing, etc. contests. The purpose of these, and we need many more to fill the great lack, is to spark, kindle, the low-burning flame of creating something.

This is in no way a student problem. That we have on our faculty men that publish in the "Saturday Review of Literature" and the "College Art Bulletin" is one crux upon which the college operates; such events are proud, important occasions. Yet, interest, appreciation, encouragement and support for faculty writing, speaking, etc. exists in a very limited or dormant state. This spirit of "if you want to bother it is quite alright" is a bigger hole in our college than it would appear.

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DANCING NIGHTLY

VISIT THE PUB

To exemplify: I can think of no article I would rather read than one which Professor Rollins is capable of writing on his observations of Thomas Wolfe at Harvard. To have acted and worked in a Wolfe play under his own direction is an experience few men have had. Nothing is in print on Wolfe at Harvard; there isn't even a biography of Wolfe; such an article would be a definite contribution to scholarship. To hear Professor Rollins describe Wolfe is a most interesting and riotous thing. You cannot get this in any course at Colby, so where should material like this be made available?

Magazine Will Aid

In the forthcoming publication of a student literary magazine some of this problem will be met; but one trend of thought on campus feels it could be met elsewhere as well. To take one of many examples:

English Composition tries to do a great many worthy and noble things; we make no attempt, have no interest, in either condemning or condoning it. But how many times does a student work all night, days, writing something original for this course; he takes up his life and draws from his experiences and turns out something new in the way he sees it after much thought. He gets the paper back with an F for having misspelled or misspelled. It is no secret that any fool can write. And to my surprise, Mother! drip, look up the grammar and spelling rules and turn out a correctly written paper. However, most college students feel compelled to create more worthy material than this, they think creatively, reputed by modern science to be the most difficult form of thought, and assume, naively, that the F says your creation is a failure, you do not write well.

This is mixing up accepted rules for "composed English" with the greatly under-estimated work and value of creative writing. One has the feeling that if one were a genius it would be accepted at Colby, and any gems of genius that struck on English Composition would be accepted, correctly spelt or not; but the vast herd lacks this gift, and want an A in this course usually create what they know their respective instructors want and write it up. This is not creative writing in the true sense; it is no encouragement for it. It turns out a great many people who think that "composed English" is the only correct writing. H. L. Mencken has a case for the "American Language", modern American writers and poets haven't too much respect for the grammar gospels as ordained by

English Composition, and it will be remembered that before the day of scientific exactness, men like Chaucer spelt as they felt like spelling and managed to write in a reasonably superb fashion. Norman Lewis, who cracks down on the stupidity of correct pronunciation in the October "Harper's", continually makes the point that some of us desire to write effectively, persuasively, clearly, as Americans or as citizens of our culture, but how many of us want to write English Compositions? It has been suggested that a better name for English 101 would be Grammatical Arrangements.

Brogue Will Save Souls

English Composition, however correct, is no assurance that in America one will be organized, lucid, or persuasive. Pragmatically, it shows itself to any speaker. A thundering Scotch brogue will save souls that standard pronunciation never could; nothing makes a radical idea sound conservative like a Maine accent; and no standard pronunciation conveys the meaning that one has shoes and can get around like a New York accent.

Students in Advanced Composition write under the delightful decree that "if I can change a word of it, it isn't worth a ninety!" Individual hard work and encouraging advice are usually considered to be the best criticism for creative thought; a reputation for hard marking, however earnestly it is desired, hardly takes its place from a constructive point of view. And quite often a student feels the urge to write for something other than the Instructor. Saying Truth equals the Professor's name is a wonderful thing, if he can live up to it.

Certainly, an educated person should know, and be master of, the rules of English Composition. They are invaluable to scholarship, and a great source that creative writing may draw from today. But confusing English Composition with the creative writing of the American college student deadens the spirit to create, a spirit that we need more of at Colby. When the idea that good writing is correct English Composition is pounded into students' heads it is not difficult to understand that when they seek reading material they look for what is interesting, sensational, and in a different league. That the student's, faculty, past or present authors have written something well is no drawing card to reading it. It may be interesting, but so was the paper that you got the F on, even if you did put an e in development.

Treatment given to what the freshmen write is one source of apathy at Colby, a source that correction of the lack of creative spirit here can not elude. Surveying grammar as one surveys history and then taking an hour exam on this alone is one obvious solution to the confusion now made between creative writing and grammar. Such solutions are at best half measures; as one line of reasoning has it, lack of interest in turning out the student as an individual in all classes is the crux upon which the issue turns. Looking at what one course in the writing field does to creative thought is not a pretty picture, rather you favor bringing Progressive education into the college or no. Granted the students at Colby lack a creative interest to a deplorable degree, and the solution is not met with assorted contests; the question left is who cares to meet it with anything else?

WAX FACTS

By CHARLES FISHER

FRANKIE LAINE "ONE FOR MY BABY" (Columbia)

Tomorrow Mountain

Song of the Islands

She Reminds Me of You

To be Worthy of You

Love is Such a Cheat

Necessary Evil

Sleepy Time Down South

One For My Baby

Mr. Rhythm's first album for Columbia allows him a wide variety of songs to work with. They range from blues to show tunes to ballads, and even a Hawaiian number. From past records, Laine has proven himself capable in adequately handling just such a variety, and here he proves himself again with one or two exceptions. The most noticeable of these is "Islands", the Hawaiian job, and that is undoubtedly because of a full guitar orchestra crying and sobbing in the background, a hindrance better men than Laine couldn't overcome. Using his strong, rhythmic voice on the faster numbers and his "That's My Desire" voice on the slower ones, he has an album that should please. His best efforts are the two blues, "Evil" and the title song. In singing the blues, he seems to be more in his natural medium, his husky style better suited. The money makers at Columbia have spared no expense in trying to make this a big seller by giving Laine Carl Fischer's piano, Paul Weston's orchestra, and Norm Luboff's choir.

BENNY GOODMAN "GOLDEN ERA SERIES" (Columbia)

Six Flats Unfurnished

The Man I Love

Mission to Moscow

Clarinet

Darktown Strutter's Ball

Clarinet A La King

Scatter-Brain

The Hour of Parting

The Earl

Benny Rides Again

These are all reissues of Goodman sides made ten or twelve years ago. Most of you interested in jazz are familiar with them, so I won't say too much. The collection is of some of the best turned out by the band, and the solos of such musicians as Cootie Williams, Mel Powell, Lou McGarity, and the boss-man himself are of the highest character. If the copies you have of these numbers are getting scratchy or have been broken or lost, this is an excellent way to replace them.

LES PAUL "JINGLE BELLS"; "SILENT NIGHT" (Capitol)

Just to get some Christmas atmosphere into the column, let's talk about these. Surprisingly enough, "Bells" sounds just about the way it should, even on all those weird guitars. Christmas is a commercial venture, and Paul is one of the many musicians who intend to use it as such. "Night" is also surprising. It's darn near beautiful. Mary Ford, minus the echo-chamber, sings it simply and movingly. This side deserves to make money.

STAN KENTON "BLUES IN BURLESQUE, PARTS 1 and 2" (Capitol)

This is the number Kenton does in person as a part of his show when playing dances. You have to see it to fully appreciate it, but the record alone is more than amusing. The whole thing is done in fun, fun that is for the bop admirers; not so much fun for the dixielanders. Kenton has subtitled it "The Death of Dixieland" and he isn't kidding. Maynard Ferguson screams some sarcastic trumpet, and drummer Shelly Manne gives out with his famous "I'd rather drink muddy water" vocal in a voice that sounds like a sand hog calling for the old wild goose. I thought it was a great job of buffoonery, but some Eddie Condon lover is going to be very angry.

CHARLIE VENTURA'S BIG FOUR "AFTER YOU'VE GONE"; "OLD MAN RIVER" (Mercury)

This is a Big Four that is really big. Ventura's rocking tenor, Chubby Jackson's wild bass, Marty Napoleon's tasty piano, and Buddy Rich's "let's beat the hell out of this thing" drumming. Both sides reach fantastic heights, but neither loses its obligation in the presentation of good modern jazz. Whereas some of the Jazz at the Philharmonic sacrifices quality for enthusiasm, these sides contain a legitimate amount of both. Ventura has never sounded better, probably because he has a rhythm section that drives with a violence seldom felt. "River" has one of those fabulous Rich drum solos that makes other drummers loose faith in themselves. It's good to hear sides like these because there is a group of fine musicians, who not only know what they're doing, but can do it well together.

ANDREWS SISTERS "THREE LITTLE BELLS"; "WINDMILL SONG" (Decca)

"Bells" is a French tune that has been previously recorded by Edith Piaf. If you hear her version first, you can't help but be prejudiced when you hear this. However, the lilting, beautiful melody is still there, and the sisters Andrews and Gordon Jenkins do their usual good job. It's a religious song, simple and sincere, and Jenkins has provided an arrangement that follows suit. The choral interludes are particularly effective. The flip side doesn't come off as well. Maybe the wind just wasn't blowing hard enough.

By the way, there's a new Red Foley Christmas cowboy song down at the record store. Why doesn't someone listen to it and tell me what it's all about.

Happy vacation to 'ya.

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CAPTAIN AHAB

Continued from Page Two
W. H. Auden's concept of Captain Ahab as the Christian tragic hero appeals to me more than any other interpretations. It stands the test soundly, and can be stated much like this:

The Christian tragic hero is the hero of possibility; his fate could have been otherwise. In this, he is different from all other heroes, and to pick one for contrast, he is different from the Greek hero who exists in a tragedy of necessity.

To illustrate is to take an example of Greek tragedy like "Oedipus Rex". Here the hero, Oedipus, learns from a prophecy in his youth that he is fated to murder his father and marry his mother. Leaving what he presumes to be his real parents, he takes off for Carthage; on the road he meets and kills an old man over who is to give way to the other. Saving Thebes from a monster he is rewarded by the hand of his Queen, Jocasta. When the city is struck by the plague, and the Oracle declares the cause to be the presence of a criminal, Oedipus investigates only to find out that he himself is the criminal. In expiation of his crime he blinds himself and Jocasta commits suicide by hanging. Almost unconsciously the modern reader asks, "What wrong choice did he make?" "Should he not have heeded the prophecy, or not killed the old man, or not married Jocasta?" Such a thought would never have entered Socrates, or his audience's, head. Unlike the prophecies that Macbeth and Captain Ahab hear about themselves, Oedipus' fate is unequivocal, he may not like it, and justly so, but there is nothing he can do about it. When he kills the old man he feels no guilt and is not expected to feel any; likewise, his relationship with Jocasta is accepted purely; it is only when it turns out, as a matter of fact, that he has married his mother and has murdered his father, that the guilt begins.

The Greek hero is an exceptional individual, and his fate is sent to him by the Gods; it is not created by any flaw in his character. The only alternative from his fate is one that he cannot choose for himself, that is to not be a hero, but one of the chorus. Were he not who he is his prophecy would be different. The tragedy is that what had to happen, happened. Thus, there are two kinds of characters in Greek trag-

edy, the exceptional hero and the chorus, or average mass, and neither can be the other. In Christian tragedy, however, there are not only an infinite variety of characters, varying all the way from Ahab, who defiantly insists upon being unique, down to Pip, the cabin boy, who is too afraid to claim his own name, but overshadowing all these types is the possibility of becoming both exceptional and good. In "Moby Dick" this ultimate possibility for hero and chorus alike is given in Father Mapple's sermon; and here it is presented as becoming a saint, that is, for the individual to, of his own free will, surrender that will to that of God.

Captain Ahab is in the beginning extremely unfortunate; in Greek tragedy this could only be true of him at the end. He is already the victim of a tragedy, a whale has bitten off his leg; what to the Greek could have been punishment for sin is here a temptation. An opportunity to choose is presented and by making the wrong choice, and continuing to make it, Ahab punishes himself. When I use "tempted" I infer that he is confronted with the possible, that it is not a fated thing, but rather, in the process of becoming. The possibilities are not infinite, Ahab cannot become Starbuck or Pip or Ishmael or anyone else except Ahab, but they are eternal; the past is irrevocable but always redeemable now.

In "Moby Dick" you can always ask the question, "What should Ahab do now?" Before the story begins he has suffered and made one wrong choice. It is not that Ahab was wrong to make Moby Dick the symbol or world suffering; on the contrary, the capacity to see the universal in the particular is the mark of human greatness and it is Flask, the Philistine trimmer, who tells us that "whale is only whale"; but Ahab is wrong to insist upon his own interpretation, that the motive behind the whale's act, and all suffering, is personal malevolence. Once he has done this salvation is still possible but he has made it more difficult, for he would have to forgive the whale personally, it seems to me. A nice contrast that Melville makes on this point is that Captain Boomer, who, like Ahab has lost a limb to Moby Dick, pragmatically explains the whale's ferocity as mere clumsiness. Clumsiness is much easier

to forgive than malice.

If Ahab surrenders to God's will he does so by his own consent; there are two wills present, and he must continually refrain from being tempted by his own desires. This is a great contrast with the Greek Sage who is good because he knows. But of this possibility the career of Ahab is a chain reaction of negative parody. The saint is called, not asked, to be one, and he assents the call. The suffering that enters Ahab's life before we do is an outward sign, or call. What he is called to become, we do not know, we only know that he has rejected it. It seems reasonable to me that he is called upon to stop hunting whales, that is, to give up the normal cannibalistic life of the world; a life that is permitted, for instance, to Queequeg (sinless man before the fall), but not to Ahab who is conscious of the suffering that it inflicts. Less is required of the other characters. Starbuck must face evil instead of superstitiously avoiding it. Stubb must face evil, not whistle in the dark. But Ahab must become a real, not merely respectable, Quaker. Ahab, of heroic passion, hears the call and rejects it as forcefully as he might have accepted it; like the saint, he wills one thing, and that is to kill Moby Dick.

For this he leaves his wife and child, he throws away his pipe, the last relation he has with the element of earth. Ahab destroys the ship's quadrant, breaking with the element of air, and the ship goes dualistically through the universe with compass and line. Ahab has all the saintly characteristics, even ritual. He forces the crew to swear on their harpoons, and even compels lifeless things, in baptizing the harpoon himself. Divine grace is offered all over the place, in the good weather, as Gabriel, the mad idolator of the whale, who forces Ahab to reflect upon himself, and in the Rachel's distress. In refusing this last offer his doom is eminent, and does not Melville show this by placing the idiot Pip in Ahab's cabin? For here the saint is parodied as the servant of servants, and Ahab takes the humble position of lookout on the mast, imaged as the martyr's cross. His hat, the badge of his authority, "is snatched from his head by the Jovian eagle, and from this moment Fedallah, the slave, the projection of Ahab's will, seems suddenly to have taken charge of his creator. Fedallah is the demonic, he tempts himself and denies for the sake of denying.

So Ahab refuses life and unre-
pentantly goes to his death, drag-
ging all his companions with him.
And all that remains, as in Greek
tragedy, is the spectator, the chorus.
This, of course, is Ishmael. But
Ishmael is not "the eternal average
man" of the Greek chorus, because
he has no character, no willed action,
only consciousness. He knows, but
what he knows is both good and
evil, all of which is to say, possi-
bility. Because Ishmael has never lived
he cannot die; and ending the book
in Queequeg's coffin causes him to
be reborn from the sea into life
with his choices all to make.

The weaknesses so obvious in this
analysis, many of which Auden does
much greater justice to, seem to
me not to be the important point.
Rather, it is the light the concept
of Ahab as a true tragic theme
throws upon Melville as a man, an
American God-seeker, that has value
and literary use.

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WILLIAM'S MULES

(Continued from Page One)
the purpose of trying to run out the clock before the Mules could reach the century mark.

Shaw Hits Century

With just seconds left the Mules miraculously got the ball which Ed Fraktman passed to Roger Shaw and the latter got the 100 point basket on an easy lay-up shot.

Five Mule players hit for doubles with Ted Lallier high with 14. Hawes and Thurston scored 13 apiece while Piacentini got 12 and Johnny Jabar came through with 10. Although he doubtless didn't know it at the time, Bill Fitzgibbons sank the forty-second basket which established the new field goal record.

Box Score

Colby
Hawes
J. Jabar

G F Pts.
6 1 13
5 0 10

T. Jabar
Shaw
Johnson
Fraktman
Lallier
Nagle
Fitzgibbons
Thurston
Floyd
Harrington
Piacentini
Weigand
Gordon
Totals
Bates
Quimby
Brackett
Weller
Brymer
Harris
Moody
Davis
Willsey
Bucknam
Hamilton

0 0 0
1 0 2
1 0 2
0 0 0
6 3 15
3 1 7
1 4 6
6 1 13
3 0 6
0 0 0
5 2 12
3 1 7
3 1 7
43 14 100
G F Pts.
8 4 20
0 1 1
2 0 4
0 4 4
0 1 1
0 1 1
0 0 0
4 0 8
2 3 7
1 0 2

Usala 0 1 1
Douglas 0 0 0
Michelson 0 0 0
Goddard 0 0 0
Totals 17 15 49

Colby - Bowdoin Game

Colby's basketball juggernaut ran roughshod over the Bowdoin Polar Bears to win their first state series game, 81 to 53, before an opening night throng of 2300 customers and students at the field house.

The Mules were hot and cold, flashing their championship form only fitfully throughout the game, but managed to roll up 34 field goals and 13 free throws for 81 points against a fiery, aggressive Bowdoin contingent.

Colby got off to a slow start, but Captain Johnny Jabar got his mates rolling with 3 quick baskets midway in the first period. Jabar, however, promptly got into trouble by draw-

ing 3 personal fouls and from then on had to take it easy. In the first period Colby ran up a 22-11 lead. In the second quarter Bowdoin threatened to make it a ball game by outscoring the Mules 16-11 and moving to within 6 points of Colby's 33, thus making the half-time score 33-27.

In the third period the team was hitting on all five pistons: Nagle, Lallier, Jabar, Piacentini, and Hawes. They were out in front by 15 points, 57-42, going into the fourth period.

In this first scheduled game of the season the squad displayed its reserve strength as well as its starting five, as Coach Williams used 13 of his 15 man squad. Ten of the 13 broke into the scoring columns. Six-foot seven-inch Ted Lallier paced the offensive attack with 9 field goals and 4 foul shots for 22 points.

Bowdoin's scrappy guard, Walt Bartlett, the only Polar Bear to hit double figures, tallied 14 points. Bowdoin's ace-in-the-hole, Captain Merle Jordan, was out of the line-up due to illness.

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Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

No. 30...THE SQUIRREL



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HOLIDAY GREETINGS

To

Colby Students

From

DEPOSITORS
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Waterville, Maine

NICKERSON, FISHER

(Continued from Page One)
staff specialists volunteer information if the situation calls for it. By having the college infirmary in the hospital, the students avail themselves to more specialized treatment. Miss Fisher said that this underlying principle of more and better facilities is extremely important. She feels that if the college should grow larger, that the situation might necessitate a larger dispensary. But, in any case, a hospital, by the very nature of its existence, can supply better care. She also said that transportation is a college matter, but in practically every school, a student must move some distance to reach the infirmary. Miss Fisher pointed out a fact heretofore unmentioned. However, she said that it is entirely in the form of a suggestion and any action must, of course, come from college authorities. Miss Fisher feels that fatigue is a factor that must definitely be considered. Often times, Miss Fisher said, a student comes in sick, but there is nothing wrong that 24 hours of complete rest will not cure. She said that since the student has nothing organically wrong, they cannot put him in the infirmary. But, in this exhausted condition, the student's resistance is low, and the possibility of disease setting in is raised. If some sort of a "rest dormitory" could be established, and a student in this fatigued condition could be admitted under regulated care, a large step towards preventive medicine would be taken. Miss Fisher added that preventive medicine is the goal toward which the hospital would like to drive . . . rather than just trying to cure illness when it occurs. Miss Fisher also wanted to clarify the "visiting" policy of the hospital. The present regulations state that

W. A. A. News

Girls participating in W. A. A. sports have been on their toes lately. Volleyball enthusiasts have been practicing for their tournaments starting in January; good, better, and best skiers have signed up for W. A. A. credit in their gala sport. May we now all take a minute off to pray for that fluffy white stuff, snow.

not more than two visitors be allowed in any one room at the same time. Miss Fisher appreciates the fact that students want to see their sick friends, but they must remember that they are in the hospital to be cured as rapidly as possible . . . and that rest and quiet are absolutely necessary. When there is a crowd of students in one of the rooms not only does it hurt their friend, but it is likely to disturb other patients. There is also the fact that in many cases when a student is brought in, the doctors do not know exactly what the trouble is. In those cases the patient is not allowed any visitors. This is definitely a preventive step, for the patient may have a communicable disease that could easily turn into an epidemic. Miss Fisher said that in many cases of this sort the students do not understand why they are not allowed to visit, but they must understand that it is for their own good. At the present time, Miss Lucille Kasper is the infirmary nurse. She is a graduate of the New York-Cornell School of Nursing and comes from Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Fisher closed by saying that she hoped that if any student had any legitimate complaint that he or she would come to see her. She will welcome any fair criticism since it is her desire to give the very best care to the Colby students.

Since their arrival from Thanksgiving recess, Colbianas have been trotting out onto the basketball court to sharpen up for their basketball tournaments. Managers for this sport are Bev Cushman and Ann Rossiter.

Just completed was the crucial and exciting game between Mary Low and Louise Coburn. Word has it that Mary Devan has been doing very good work. Louise Coburn won this game, and will play in the finals, December 12th, against the winners of Foss 1 and Pepper. (Played December 11th.)

The captains for the following teams are: Foss 1, Mary Ellen McGoldrick; Pepper, Jane Whipple; and Louise Coburn, Barb Esterbrooks. Members of Louise Coburn's team are: Mary Devan, Nan Murray, Beryl Baldwin, Betty Winkler, Joan Terrill, and Carol Carlson. New Play Day is scheduled for early in January with University of Maine Bates and Colby as guests. Watch for the results of dorm winners in the next issue of the ECHO.

We are all sorry to hear that Miss Soderberg is in the hospital with appendicitis. W. A. A. members are helping by taking over class periods.

Sorority News

Sigma Kappa

Announcement has been made that the pledge party on Thursday evening, December 6, was a huge success. The decorations included fancy snowmen and snowflakes and a Christmas tree, which will be given to a local hospital.

Everyone is urged to listen on January 1, 1952, over WHDH in Boston at 4:00 p. m. to the results of the poll for the current top tune and top vocalist, male and female, conducted at Colby by Sigma.

Tri Delt

The annual Christmas party was held Tuesday night, December 11, 1951. "Muffin" English played Santa Claus and the guests were Miss Nachlos, advisor, and Pris Newell, Travelling Secretary, who is visiting the chapter for a few days.

The sock sale that was held this week was very successful, besides



Archie Armstrong, present Mule hockey captain. Colby News Service

those sold, many orders were taken.

Chi O.

Three Skits, the Chi O Barbershop Quartet, and a solo by Nancy Vandenkoven were the entertainment at the annual Christmas Party, Tuesday night. Guests at the party were Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Millet, advisors.

Last Saturday the Chi O's, Zetas, and Phi Deltas joined forces and gave the underprivileged children of Waterville a Christmas party.

A. D. Pi.

The proceeds of last week's rummage sale were spent on a three speed radio, phonograph combination.

The A. D. Pi. annual Christmas party was held on Tuesday, December 11, 1951.

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GREYHOUND

Fraternity News

Deke

The contacts finally came through with a win for the basketball team 62-42. A special report has it that Goose came through with 18 points.

Goose is also planning some unusual decorations for the Christmas dance to be held in the house this Friday night. It should be a gala affair with greenery all over. Al Corey's band, and Margo. Goose has also planned a toboggan slide from the living room to the play room.

A rare trip to Quebec was formed Monday night; Whit, Mo and Lawton will be expected back in time for the Dance.

The Glee Club's performance of the Messiah was enhanced by Moir Rennie, tenor soloist. A job well done, Mo. But you nearly swooned Zig.

Tau Delta Phi

Consul Jerry Holtz has recently completed "transfer of possession" negotiations by awarding his Tau Delt "Badge of Courage" to Miss Judy Mayer. To both of you . . . congratulations! A bit belated, but most sincere. 'Tis the reward of perseverance, Jerry.

Irrelevant Information Department — Happy Harris O'Brasky announced the installation of "repp" cable wires on the J. Press elevators. Charles Landay heard counting cadence and shouting drill formation orders in his slumber. Roomies Dick Baggs and Dave Lavin claim that during the past few evenings, Mr. Landay has put them through a thorough course in accelerated basic training. Orchids to Paul Ostrove . . . he's reached his goal of 3 push-ups without stopping for air! Paul and Leonard, a song and dance team from Young's Gap, paid us a visit last weekend . . . now they're back home at Rutgers. Alan Sandler is exceedingly proud of his new chair with the double-width, padded, seat. Sumner Levine is in the market for a good set of Neolite tires . . . no need for tubes . . . we "rough and tumble" men don't need 'em. Jerry (Norton Duncan Rathbone) Ramfin has relinquished his membership at the "Park, Fifth, and Madison Avenue Relaxation Club". Word is going around that Sir Barnet Fain II is vying for the vacancy.

Argument of the Week:

John Resler: I've been getting

Little Man On Campus

by Bibler



"Now let 'em try dribblin' all th' way down th' court!"

great marks in that subject!

Rick Berns: Aw, g'wan! Teachers Pet!!

John Resler: Some do, some don't.

Tau Delt Girl of the Week: the "Rube".

Tau Delt Wish of the Week: A Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good vacation!!

Zeta

Zeta Psi held what turned out to be an inter-fraternity Christmas Party last Saturday night which was one of the most successful affairs of the year. Everyone present seemed to have a great time and the bird dogs were kept on leash by their companions. Santa Claus ("T. V." Hummel) made a guest appearance and presented the young ladies with suitable practical gifts. Must have been embarrassing for him though, because most of his purchases came from the "ladies' unmentionables" department. Tell us, "T. V.", how did you know the proper sizes?

A vote of thanks goes to brother Hummel and Pledge Powley for their fine decorations. It is about time you boys were given a rest

from all these work details. Our thanks also to the "Green Wave" who added to the spirit of Christmas by modestly decorating our adjoining garage.

The basketball team showed a marked improvement when it beat the Indies and lost to the potent Lambda Chi's by only five points. Swish Keene was top man with 16 markers in each contest. The bowlers came through with a well-deserved victory. "Boss" White was hot with a 101 average for three strings.

Onion of the week: To Jack Carey for thwarting Fraser's suicide attempt. Orchid of the week: To Bob Fraser for trying to tame down Spike Howe by using fire.

Overheard: A conversation between two of our ATO boarders. Howie Cates: "Wonder why this Coke is frozen?"

Jim Parks: "The temperature in the machine is probably too low." And Colby is an institution of learning?

Repeat of Last week's sentiment: Merry Christmas and a Liquid New Year.

K. D. R.

Welcome Back: To Fabulous Foster Barry, who after a week of peace and quiet at "The Thayer" once again graces the campus scene. Swid Barry on his return to Butler, "Ugh!"

Social Notes: The long-awaited bitterly debated K. D. R. Winter Formal will be held Friday the four-

teenth at the Winslow Grange Hall. The dance will be preceded by a banquet. Entertainment at the dance will be furnished by various brothers. Social Chairman Westcott hopes the LOA volcano will remain inactive during the dance.

Husky Emile Caouette, 175 lbs., from Skowhegan, Maine, is still working to gain weight in hopes to make the KDR starting basketball five by the time second semester begins. Crafty Caouette's goal is reported to be 220 or bust, the latter alternative being the more probable. Ed Gammon, now well known roommate of the Skowhegan powerhouse, says that with his coaching, Caouette may expect to score his first basket any day now.

A congenial caroling hour was held in the lounge Saturday night. Several of the brothers attended and are reported to have enjoyed themselves immensely. Pledge Cross said that he hadn't had so much fun since the time they put ground glass in Barry's bed. An impromptu basketball game was also held, with Walt

Hayes taking the honors.

Query of the Week: WELL Ed Gammon be able to get a date for (Continued on Page Ten)

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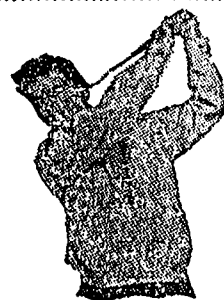
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COREYMEN FACE

(Continued from Page One)

far. Corey also said that the combination of Bo Fisher, Len Lamprey, and captain Archie Armstrong all lettermen from last year, would probably compose the first line. Jack Jannoni, Howie Cates, and Dick Ullman, standouts on the freshman squad from last season, will probably work as a unit and see considerable action as the second line. On defense the combination of Smilin' Jack Carey and Bernie Laliberte who have played together for three years will be counted upon heavily. Other men from last year's squad who will no doubt see a lot of action are Rick Tyler and Dick Skelley.

Mules Have Long Schedule

In commenting on the schedule, Corey said that it was the best that the hockey club has had in quite a while. In addition to the presently scheduled fourteen games, two with the University of Maine and two with the Bates Manufacturing Company squad are also due to be added in all probability. The Bates club was the United States' A.A.U. rep-

resentative in hockey contests throughout Europe last winter. If these tilts are added, the Mules will have a total of eighteen games on their schedule.

The following men are candidates for the squad: Forwards: Bo Fisher, Len Lamprey, Archie Armstrong (captain), Peter Laraba, Rick Tyler, Dick Ullman, Tom Hunt, Dave Wallingford, Dick Skelley, Dick Edsall, Howard Cates, and Jack Jannoni; Defense: Jack Carey, Bernie Laliberte, Buddy Reed, Iggy Winer, Ted Rice, and Dick Beatty. Goal: Art White, Jack King, Paulie Dionne, and Jim Hollis.

The schedule:

Jan. 9, Norwich*; Jan. 11, Northeastern*; Jan. 12, M.I.T.*; Jan. 17, New Hampshire; Jan. 19, Bowdoin; Feb. 5, Amherst; Feb. 6, Army; Feb. 12, Tufts; Feb. 13, M.I.T.; Feb. 15, New Hampshire*;

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FRAT NEWS

(Continued from Page Nine)

the Kappa Dappa formal? Answer: Wait and see!

Sports News: The KDR basketball team has recently dropped two games, one to LCA 46-41 and the other to DU 47-37. In the former contest Ed "Pride of Paris" Gammon dropped in 17 points, while Haley and Mason had 12 and 10 respectively. O'Meara flashed with 21 for LCA. In the DU game Mason paced the scorers with 14, while Haley also played an outstanding game. Our record is now 1-2.

The bowling team now leads the

Feb. 20, Bowdoin*; Feb. 22, Tufts*; Feb. 25, Middlebury; Feb. 26, Norwich.

* denotes home games.

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league with a 13-3 record after a 4-0 forfeit win over LCA and a 2-2 split with the Dekes.

Congratulations to alumni brother Don Leach '49, on his forthcoming marriage to Joan Gridley, SK, '52.

Independent

'How Faculty Members are Chosen' was the topic of Dean Mariner's talk at an open meeting of the Independents Tuesday night. He pointed out that the head of the various departments have considerable responsibility for filling vacancies. The usual procedure is to

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Gene Tierney Ray Milland
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work through the placement bureaus of the different graduate schools, to obtain a list of candidates from whom the final selection is made.

Roger Huebsch announced that the Indies won over the Dekes in basketball by a last second score 45-44.

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