



# THE COLBY ECHO

COLBY COLLEGE, WATERVILLE, MAINE 04901 MAY 10, 1973 VOLUME LXXVI Number 22

LXXVI

President Held For Ransom

## R.E.L.S. ABDUCTED

BEIRUT, May 8 (Reuters Special) — Robert E. L. Strider, President of Colby College in Waterville, Maine, was the victim of a daring daylight raid on the Lebanon National Airport here yesterday. Reportedly carried out by members of the radically nationalist Black September movement, the abduction of Strider represents a renewal of the recent confrontation between Palestinian insurgents and the Lebanese government.

Shortly after alighting from the Trans World Airways plane that had brought him here to continue his one-man goodwill tour of eleven Mediterranean states, Strider was accosted at the customs desk by four men garbed in the traditional Arab costume brandishing Italian-made pistols. The gentleman's fountain pens were in the process of being meticulously disassembled when the assault occurred.

In the pitched gun battle that ensued between security forces and the four terrorists, one of the abductors was critically wounded. The other three made their escape with Strider by hijacking an airport baggage train and running it through a chain-link barricade at the end of the National Airport's east-west runway. Attempts at pursuit proved unsuccessful.

It is believed that Strider was taken across the Syrian frontier to the Balck Septembrists' mountain hideaway somewhere above Golan. Lebanese officials have enlisted the support of the Syrian government in an effort to track down Strider and his captors, but as yet there has been not so much as a trace. The Lebanese government, in an official communique to Washington last evening, expressed its embarrassment and assured the American administration that everything possible was being done.

Strider has been tenuously linked with the American Central Intelligence Agency, but the American consul here in Beirut discounts the possibility that everything possible was being done.

Mrs. Helen Strider, who was traveling with her husband, was naturally unnerved by these events. When the shooting at the airport started, she fell to the floor behind the customs desk and began stuffing intimate pieces of her apparel back into a suitcase that had spilled open during the initial scuffle. When contacted for comment last evening in the bar of the Beirut-Hilton, she expressed her disbelief that "anyone could make off with my R.E.L.S.," where upon she ordered another gin-and-tonic and lapsed into complete incoherence. Fortunately, she appeared to be feeling no pain from the minor injuries she sustained during her ordeal.

Some of the mystery surrounding



Matthew Powell informing Professor Weissberg that he represents the ransom in the Strider case.

the bizarre kidnapping was cleared up this morning when a telegram was received at the American Embassy in Damascus which read, in part: "We have R.E.L.S. If you ever want to see him alive again, arrange to have Gunter Weissberg flown to Cairo by noon Friday where we will negotiate exchange." The message, predictably, was signed "Black September." The American consul has refused to make comment, but it is apparent that the Americans are taking the events of yesterday and today very seriously.

President Nixon's Under Secretary for Near Eastern Affairs, John Eisenstadt, has been named to handle the necessary negotiations and arrangements. He flew from Washington to Tel Aviv late last night, and when questioned by our Reuters man there earlier today, he explained who the unknown Gunter Weissberg is, and his mysterious connection with the case. Eisenstadt reports that Weissberg is apparently an American government consultant of some significance, but he was at a loss to explain the Palestinian's apparent interest in him. He was not at liberty to comment on the official State Department reaction to the suggestion that Weissberg serve as Strider's ransom.

Eisenstadt made arrangements at about noon, local time, today to have a radio-telephone link made with Ibn Faisal, the terrorist leader in Syria, to determine whether or not Strider was indeed unharmed and available for exchange. Eisenstadt, with a tearful Mrs. Strider nearby, spoke to the kidnappee, albeit it briefly, early this afternoon. He seem-

ed assured that it was indeed Strider that he had spoken to, mentioning an oblique reference to the "Arabs' serendipity in absconding" with him as the conclusive factor. Strider went on to quote John Donne's famous devotion beginning "Death be not proud, though some have called thee..." to his hysterical spouse.

The truce agreed to here last week by leaders of various guerrilla operations and the High Command of the Lebanese Army has been, at best, short-lived. Further developments are anxiously awaited.

## ROSE BOWLS

It was learned Monday evening that the Colby College Marching Band has been invited to participate in the 1974 Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena, California. The parade, an annual New Year's event, is conducted on a line of march through the streets of suburban Glendale and Pasadena as a prelude to the playing of the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena's famed stadium. The game pits the champion football teams from the Big Ten and Pacific Eight Conferences against one another, and very often, the national collegiate championship is decided here.

Band official, David Bailey, was most gratified that the parade committee should see fit to honor the Mule band with an invitation. In its first year using

its own version of the multiple option, wishbone-C, the blue and gray band surprised not a few with their approach to precision marching. Always a delight to watch perform on the gridiron, the band got rave reviews all season long. But what probably accounts for the invitation to Pasadena more than any other single factor is the Mule band's mastery of very intricate dissonant harmonies and its startlingly oblique approach to the simple melody line. Time and again, listeners have been astounded at the amount of cohesion that all seventeen pieces achieve while simultaneously marching through patterns that made one reminiscent of a plate of frenzied spaghetti. Another distinctive feature of the band, is, of course, the amazing variety of uniforms that they sport, making each musician an eyesore in his own right without support from his mates. Some visionary realized early last fall that uniformity breeds monotony and instituted the new clothing standards. A master stroke that has paid off!

It is uncertain at this time, however, whether or not the Colby band will be able to participate. The cost for seventeen musicians to be transported to California in a 1958 Volkswagen bus (with or without souzaphone) has been estimated at \$111.63. The band netted \$9.44 from its sale of baked goods in the Spa last fall, so they are still over a hundred dollars short of realizing the dream of a lifetime. Anyone wishing to contribute to the band's Rose Bowl fund should send their donations to Box 1014, Roberts Union. Make checks payable to the Colby Echo.

# STRIDER OF ARABIA

by R. E. L. Strider

As Easter weekend concludes in this relatively small town on the southern Mediterranean coast of Spain, it seems an opportune time to reflect, with a degree of perspective, on a month of travel in Italy.

We flew direct from Iran to Hamburg, picked up the car we had arranged to buy, and drove south in early March across Austria and over the Brenner Pass to Bolzano, our first Italian stop. Rome was our headquarters and we went there three different times. First there was northern Italy, then after Rome the hill towns of Umbria and Tuscany, and after another stop in Rome, the Abruzzi and the Adriatic coast, before we swung across to Genoa and the Italian Riviera and into France on the way to Spain. There is no point, however, in this brief account, in adhering to chronology.

There are certain sights in Italy that everyone tries to see, and some of them, beyond over-estimation, defy description. I had visited the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican Museum twice before, but this time we were there for more than an hour, and even with the phenomenal crowd milling around it was overpowering. There is a great room in the Uffizi Palace in Florence that we had seen before, though never in such detail or with such leisure. It contains nine Botticellis, including the Birth of Venus, the Primavera, the Annunciation, and the Adoration. And there are five others, all remarkable. I doubt whether there is a comparable room in any museum in the world, even the great Velazquez room in the Prado in Madrid. There are in Rome and Florence other well known wonders. But in this selective account I will concentrate on a number of less familiar sights, and some other matters.

The churches of Italy are a kind of wonder in themselves, whether they happen to contain memorable frescoes (like the beautiful Giotto's in San Francesco in Assisi, of the "Legend of the Cross" series by Piero della Francesca in San Francesco in Arezzo) or well-preserved mosaics (like St. Apollinare in Classe, San Vitale, and the mausoleum of Galla Placidia in Ravenna), or whether they contain very little beyond a wonderful sense of space (like San Domenico in Siena). Some have facades that are notable, like the cathedrals in Orvieto and Siena. Some are especially interesting because of their history: Santa Maria Maggiore in Trento, where the Council of Trent held some of its meetings; Santa Croce in Florence, where one finds the tombs of Michelangelo, Galileo, Ghiberti, and (improbably—Macchiavelli); San Clemente in Rome and San Andrea in Orvieto, where below the church in each case there are extensive excavations revealing early Roman and even Etruscan ruins; and of course St. Paul's and St. Peter's and San Giovanni Laterano in Rome, for all kinds of reasons. I cannot count the cathedrals and smaller churches we explored, in Bolzano, Trento, Mantua, Verona, Vicenza, Arezzo, Orvieto, Siena, Florence, Perugia, Assisi, Sulmona, Atri, Ravenna, and Rome, some of them freezing in the dank March winds, but we never tired of their naves and transepts, soaring columns, stained glass, carved pulpits, alter-pieces, statuary, and sarcophagi.

Among the museums of Italy, one thinks of the Vatican in Rome, the Uffizi, the Academia, the Bargello, and the Pitti in Florence. But I would like to mention two others, out of many, that we found especially rewarding. One was the San Marco Museum in Florence, where there is probably the finest assembly of paintings and frescoes by Fra Angelico in the world. In the adjoining cloister, where Savonarola is said to have had his call before he was burned in the Piazza della Signoria in 1498, almost every cell, it appears, has its own Fra Angelico fresco: crucifixions, annunciations, pietas, pentecosts, betrayals, nativities, and adorations. The

other was the Palazzo Ducale in Mantua, where we followed for two hours in bitterly cold rooms and corridors a guide who spoke only Italian, until we came to the great bridal chamber with frescoes by Mantegna. The Palazzo was full of fascinating paintings and statuary and views from the balconies, but the final Mantegna room gave the experience a special dimension.

There were quite a number of rewarding Roman and medieval ruins. Everyone knows of the Forum and Coliseum in Rome (where, inevitably, we were delighted to run into a Colby graduate and his family on spring holiday), and Hadrian's Villa in Tivoli. But one finds other antiquities everywhere if one thinks about it: the fine old walled town of Mantegna in northern Italy, the ancient fountain of Fontebranda in Siena, near the house of St. Catherine; and Etruscan Arch in Perugia; the Teatro Marcello in Rome; and the well-preserved Coliseum, second in size in Italy only to the one in Rome, in Verona.

Italy is not all sightseeing, however, and one does not spend all his time roaming through churches, museums, and ruins. There are, for example, great restaurants, well-known and not so well-known. We will not forget the "Canelloni" at a Verona restaurant or later at the extraordinary "Sibilla," under a Roman ruin at Tivoli; or the French fried artichokes, delicious and crisp, at a number of restaurants in Rome; or the "grappa" with which, at a waiter's insistence, we topped off a lunch in Rovigo; or the deftness of the waiter who slipped the bones out of the sole at one of the great restaurants in Florence.

There are also the hazards of driving, if one chooses to travel by car. The system of "autostradas" is excellent, and the Italian engineers show extraordinary skill in tunnels when the country is hilly. But the traffic in cities is dreadful. Florence is constantly congested, and Rome is a perpetual nightmare. One becomes accustomed to getting hopelessly lost, for no matter how carefully one may study the map, one cannot anticipate the "sense unico" (one-way street) until the moment of confrontation. Furthermore, on streets that seem just about wide enough for one comfortable passage there are cars parked on both sides, and the narrow lane down the middle may barely accommodate only the smallest Fiat. There are angles to be negotiated in the streets of Orvieto and Assisi that occasion six or eight maneuverings before one is safely around, usually with a line of cars vigorously applying the horn in encouragement. Finding a hotel in a crowded town, stopping in front of it (usually on the sidewalk) to inquire and (if fortunate) unload baggage, and then managing to get the car through the usual late afternoon traffic to the nearest garage, are episodes that one must experience in order to understand.

Not everything one encounters in a trip abroad is pleasant. Our most unpleasant moment this time occurred in the middle of a sunny afternoon in Rome in early April. We were crossing an almost empty square, looking for a church we wanted to see, when out of nowhere a motorcycle buzzed Helen on the side away from me and nearly knocked her down. Before we could do more than shout the two men and the motorcycle were off down a one-way street the wrong way, with her handbag. The next three hours were chaos. First, a crowd gathered, and a policeman appeared in his car. He could not have been less interested. Next, a kindly Italian lady gave us a ride a few blocks to the neighboring police station. The officers there were likewise uninterested. While we were there, scrambling through our English-Italian dictionary for help, an elderly British lady whose handbag had just been stolen by a quartet in a car (perhaps part of the same gang, operating in the same neighborhood) came in. She had been dragged by the car and was hurt, but the police

continued to be uninterested. Finally we found a cab, got the British lady in touch with her consulate, talked to the American Express and had Helen's stolen credit card cancelled, visited Rome's central police station and filled out forms, managed (with the help of the American Express) to get an appointment with an oculist for new glasses, bought another handbag and a few of the necessities that needed to be replaced, and a bit after seven were beginning to relax over dinner at a restaurant where before all this disruption we had made a reservation. The next morning we reported the theft to the Embassy on the rare chance that the bag might be found or returned with some identification in it. Luckily, the passports were at the hotel, I was carrying the camera (ten minutes before it was in the handbag), and I had just about all our money and all the traveller's checks. No great harm was done, but it was an unnerving experience, and a disillusioning insight into the Italian police. And until a lady loses her handbag, with driver's license, credit cards, glasses, sunglasses, gloves, comb, lipstick, compact, aspirin, wash-and-drys, buttons that have come off coats, small souvenirs picked up in travels, and any number of items that one cannot even remember, she isn't likely to realize how valuable a handbag is. "Who steals my purse steals trash," said Othello. But if he (or Shakespeare) had ever had his purse stolen he would have known that most personal trash is useful.

But some events that are unexpected and unplanned can be pleasant too. Such was our visit to Sulmona, in the heart of the Abruzzi, east of Rome and almost to the Adriatic. Sulmona is the birthplace of Ovid and of a friend of ours in Boston who urged us to go there. We were not disappointed. The mountains, rugged and snow-covered, are beautiful, and the air, as Hemingway said it would be, is clear and fresh. We drove around the town a bit and stopped in a very commodious hotel which, to our surprise, was practically full. The proprietor had to rearrange some rooms in order to give us a double. During dinner we figured out why. At 7:30 a large group of young men appeared and had dinner at a long table not far from where we were having our own meal. Another long table was set up, but for the moment remained empty. In one of those rare instances of insight I divined (correctly, it turned out) that the first group was the Sulmona soccer team, and that the other table was set for the visitors. Sure enough, at 8:30, when Sulmona had finished and was happily watching an old Charlie Chaplin movie on TV in the lobby, the visitors from Gallipoli came in. (Such inspired guests do occur on a trip. We went to a papal public audience in Rome, a moving as well as interesting experience, and a visiting high school band from Rochester was entertaining the crowd of some 7000 in the new audience hall. They seemed to know only popular songs, and only a few at that. I observed to Helen and our daughter Betsy, who was with us in Italy for two weeks, that I hoped the band wouldn't play something from "West Side Story" when Pope Paul was borne in. When the time came they played something from "West Side Story.") The scene in Sulmona was happily chaotic, and the characters on hand could have been participants in similar scenes anywhere in the world: nervous coaches, newspapermen getting in interviews, local fans who wanted to be part of the action. We asked the proprietor the next morning to send us a postcard to Madrid telling us how the game, in which Sulmona was favored, came out that afternoon. When we got to Madrid there was the card: Gallipoli, 1; Sulmona, 0. We can only imagine the ensuing conclave, post mortem, and drowning of sorrows in the dining room or lobby of the Hotel Artu the night after we left.

We spend two more weeks here in Spain, enjoying the sunshine, the marvelously tepid waters of the Mediterranean, and the strains of Spanish folk music lilting through the palms. Then it is off to the Arabian Near East and then home. It has been a fine exercise in serendipity to this point—pausing here and there to sample little portions of this and that, not adhering to any rigid schedule, and devoting oneself only to what appeals most.

Well, as you newspapermen say, that's 30.

Nerja, Spain

April 23, 1973



# THE END

John R. Zacamy, Director of Student Activities, has announced the arrangements for Colby's 152nd Commencement, the weekend of June 1, 2, and 3. Seniors will be the guests of the College for meals all weekend.

There will be a Commencement rehearsal at 1:15 Friday, June 1, at the conclusion of which, semester grades for graduating seniors will be available. From five o'clock until 6:30 that afternoon, there will be a reception for parents, students and faculty members in the Millett Alumni House. Dinner will be served from 5:30 until seven in Roberts and Many Low dining halls.

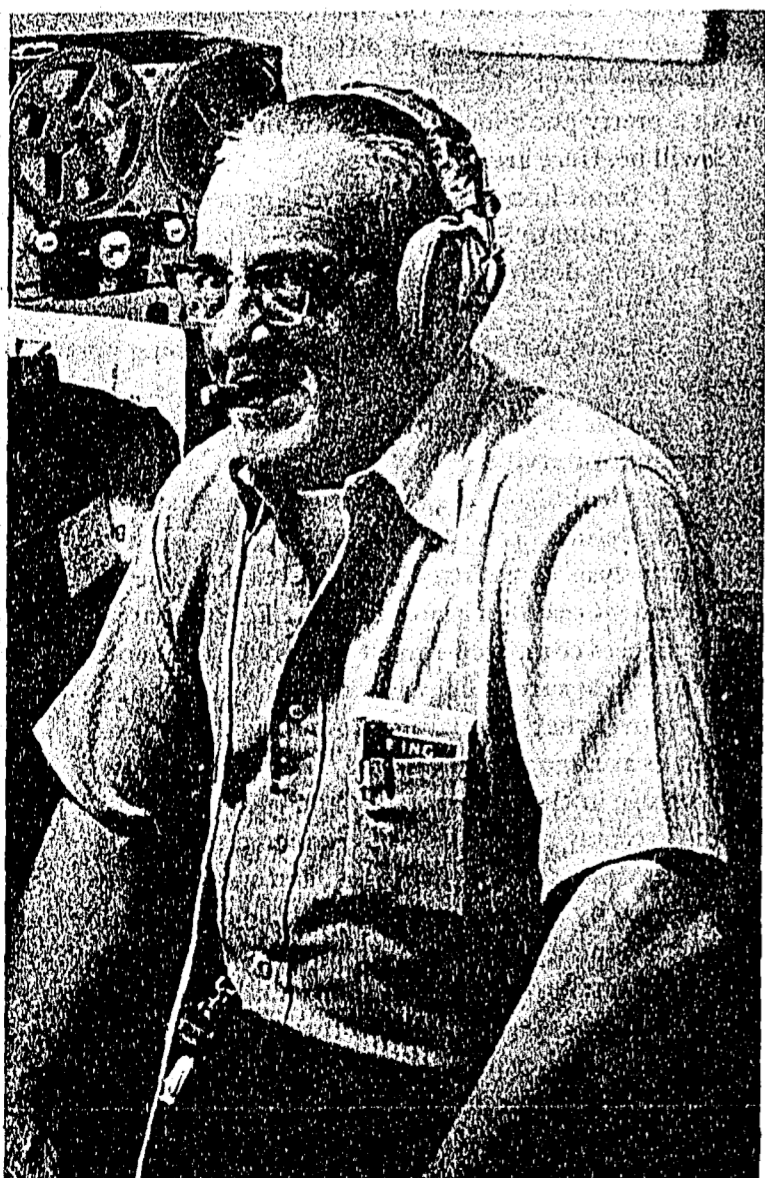
Saturday, June 2, breakfast will be available in Dana and Mary Low from 8 until 9:30. Meanwhile, beginning at 8:30, there will be a Phi Beta Kappa breakfast in Foss dining hall. Baccalaureate services are scheduled for 10:30 that morning in Lorimer Chapel.

There will be a lobster and clam bake in the Fieldhouse that day beginning at 12:15. Tickets to this event, for those who are not seniors, will cost \$5.50. Saturday afternoon at one, the Air Force Reserve Officers' Training Corps will hold their commissioning exercises in the Dunn Lounge of Runnals Union, and at two o'clock, the Colby Board of Trustees will meet in the Board Room of the Eustic Building.

At five o'clock, Saturday afternoon, the President's reception for seniors, their families, and members of the faculty will be held on the lawns adjoining the President's home on upper Mayflower Hill Drive. In the event of poor weather, this event will be held in the Roberts Union. Dinner will be served Saturday evening in Roberts, Foss, and Mary Low dining halls from 5:30 until seven.

A Senior Dance will be held Saturday night at nine in the Millett Alumni House.

Breakfast on graduation day, Sunday, will be served in Dana, Foss, and Mary Low, from 8 until 9:30. At ten o'clock, Commencement exercises begin on the lawns of the Miller Library. Again, if it rains, this event will be moved to the Wadsworth Gymnasium in the Fieldhouse. The day's events are culminated by a buffet luncheon at 12:30 p.m. in all of the College's dining halls.



Charles J. Hogan, a senior, has been named to hold up President Williams' train in the Commencement procession June 3. Hogan drew the prestigious assignment by virtue of his long and devoted service to the administration during his years on the hill. It had been rumored that Dean of the Faculty Jenson would perform this ceremonial function, but the announcement issued yesterday by the Colby News Bureau chief, Irving Faunce, has cleared up the question at long last. Hogan will be assuming the position that Anne O'Hanian held in last year's exercises.

In other matters concerning graduation, it has been announced that Richard Gawthrop, also a senior, will be the bearer of the symbolic Colby brick, which is emblematic of Colby's steadfastness of purpose. It is fitting that Gawthrop should be the brick bearer because of his own demonstrated steadfastness of purpose in guiding Student Government to financial solvency and unquestioned political integrity.

It has also been leaked unofficially that Roger Sherman will be the recipient of the 1973 Condom Medal, given annual at Commencement to "that senior who demonstrates most unswervingly his preparedness to meet any and all emergencies, and who, at greatest personal sacrifice, has most often thought of others." (This quote is from the citation.)

## GET A JOB

Applicants are needed within three weeks for forty-five full-time positions in teacher training from those willing to make a commitment to improving the education in rural Maine school districts. The degree program trainees will be selected by the end of May contingent only on final negotiation of federal funding of Maine teacher corps. The Maine Department of Educational and Cultural Services stated last Friday it is encouraging anyone interested in the internship type training experience to obtain information and make application by May 25 to one or more of the seven of local school districts in southern Maine where the community-centered teacher corps will be operated. The two-year full-time program would start this July 1.

Each teacher corps trainee receives a stipend of \$90 per week on a year-round basis plus a dependent allowance. Successful completion of the program will result in either a bachelors or masters degree in elementary education to be conferred by the University of Maine at Portland-Gorham and certification as a teacher by the department.

The federally funded program is designed to provide a community based teacher training experience in school districts with a large number of students from low income families. And, it is designed to strengthen these districts through the availability of better in-service resources from the corps operation and through the availability of a pool of teachers, developed and trained at the local level. Based on locally determined needs, Maine teach corps will operate at the elementary level and focus on reading, special education, and counseling.

There is no age limit for applicants. Applications and further information may be obtained from the University of Maine at Portland-Gorham, of the Maine Department of Educational and Cultural Services, Augusta. Applications may be made to one or more of the teacher corps sites: Richard Ladner, Superintendent, Union 30, Sabattus; Clifford Tinkham, Superintendent, Union 47, Bath; Howard Cushman, Superintendent, Union 7, Saco; Fred Allen, Superintendent, S.A.D. 43, Mexico; Frederick Andrews, Jr., Superintendent, S.A.D. 21, Dixfield; Robert Powers, Superintendent, S.A.D. 57, Waterboro; and Bruce McGray, Superintendent, S.A.D. 35, S0, Berwick/Eliot.

### Notice:

Notice is hereby given to the Colby community at large that Runnals Hill, eg. the large wooded and open field area located behind Dana Hall extending westward to Washington st. (2nd Rangeway) and southward to the campus boundary is off limits to all motorcycles, motor scooters, trail-bikes, minibikes, automobiles, dune-buggies, trucks and snowmobiles by order of the Board of Trustees. In addition, the area described above has been designated a state Game Management Area. Thus persons operating motor vehicles in the area are in violation of Maine State law and as such are subject to state prosecution. Furthermore, Colby College may charge violators with unlawful trespass and damage to College property. The restriction on these vehicles is necessary because of the threat of damage to the sensitive topsoil layer as well as noise-produced disruption of the feeding and reproductive activities of protected species in this area. The Colby Environmental Council takes this opportunity to state that its members will be delighted to provide both the Game Warden and the College with the identification of any and all violators for the purpose of prosecution under the law. All persons bothered by these blating machines are encouraged to note the time and place of the violation and if possible the license number of the vehicle operator and then notify:

William Gilbert, Foss Hall  
Frank Fiore, 9 Lawrence st.  
Martha Nist, Foss Hall  
Christi Pope, Small Hall

## DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



### HOWARD HUGHES

HOME: Waterville, Maine

AGE: 7

PROFESSION: Newspaper editor -- Colby Echo

HOBBIES: Slander and invective

LAST BOOK READ: Herman Wouk's "The Winds of War"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: working with Morse and Quimby all semester to put out the Colby Echo, using his clever pseudonym, Peter Harriman.

QUOTE: "Well, I guess if they can't take a joke, then they can just ..."

PROFILE: Creative and incisive. An inquiring, wide-ranging intellect with a preference for anonymity. Often spiteful and outspoken in his opinions.

SCOTCH: Dewar's



# WISEQUACKS



## Obituary

What can you say about a newspaper that died? That she failed in everyone's eyes. That she wasn't really a newspaper at all. That she was beautiful and she loved Harriman, Quimby, and Morse. That she was useful for making paper airplanes.

But there was more than that. There was the blood, sweat, and tears that went into making her what she was each week. There was the hurry of nervous helpers seeing that each detail was just the way it was supposed to be. There was the joy and rapture as we put her to bed each Tuesday. And then, of course, the re-awakening on Thursday to the cries and groans in the dining halls, a bittersweet experience.

But she's gone now and nothing will bring her back. She went down in honor on the battlefield in the thick of the struggle, in the heat of the night. She was brave, she tried hard and those of us who loved her will miss her. There won't be any more rubber cement on our jeans, no more uneaten meals, no more broken typewriters, no more crabbiness, no more being

indoors when we should be outdoors, no more black and white words dancing before our eyes, no more cramped writing hands. The typists' fingers will get fat, the copy editor's eyes will improve, the editor's posture will straighten, the business manager will become poor. And all because a newspaper died. What can you say about a newspaper that died? Newspaper, Shmewspaper, it's been a long semester.

## LETTERS

To the Editor:

I wish to respond to the invitation which the band received to participate in the Tournament of Roses Parade. We are forced to decline, due to the fact that we have no full-time director and such a skimpy budget. It has been ten years now since we have had any kind of decent treatment by the school, but still we keep on plugging. It is indeed a great honor to be invited, but we must decline. No doubt it is the fact that we are the only band in the nation which trips across the thirty yard line with such dexterity, and the fact that it took us three tries to realize that Colby is spelled with a C which procured for us the invitation, but since the school takes us so lightly, we cannot accept such a large honor, which would be a shiny feather in Colby's cap. Too bad, but I just wanted the school to know why we must refuse. Thank you.

Sincerely,  
The President  
(I am the President, make no mistake about that!)

Dear Sir:

Once again the Psychology Department is asking for student cooperation in a continuing study of student attitudes and behavior at Colby. In a few days we will distribute the 1973 version of the questionnaire which has been circulated in 1971 and 1972.

Our preliminary results have proven useful in providing a basis for recommendations for changes at Colby, but in order to get the most information possible it is important that we repeat the study so that we can determine attitudes and behavior. For this reason we are asking that as many students as possible take 15 minutes of their time to fill out and return the questionnaires.

We would also like to re-emphasize the fact that no student can be identified from the answers to this questionnaire and that no attempt will be made to examine individual responses. The questionnaires will not be available to anyone other than the faculty of the Psychology Department.

The success of this project depends on the cooperation of Colby students. So far we have had a high rate of returns; your help once again will be appreciated.

Lewis F. Lester, Ph.D.  
Paul Perez, Ph.D.  
Department of Psychology

Dear ECHO:

It's us again. The mystery film mentioned on page 11 of last week's ECHO was "The Spoilers" made in 1942. It was the fourth of five films from Rex Beach's novel. The screenplay was by Lawrence Hazard and Tom Reed, directed by Ray Enright.

The story took place in an Alaskan boom town, where John Wayne owned the Midas Gold Mine, and Marlene Deitrich played Cherry Malotte. Also featured in this film were: Randolph Scott, Margaret Lindsay, Harry Carey, Richard Barthelmess, George Cleveland, Samuel S. Hinds, Russel Simpson, William Farom, Marietta Canty, Jack Norton, Ray

Bennett, Forest Taylor, Art Miles, Charles McMurphy, Charles Halton, Bud Osborne, Drew Demorest, and Robert W. Service.

John Wayne and Marlene Deitrich also co-starred in another film, "Seven Sinners," in 1940.

Live long and prosper,  
Alan Andres & Byrd Allen  
Dana Hall

P.S. Another Michael Caine film: missing from the list two weeks ago: "Get Carter."

To the Editor:

I have this set of papers that I ripped off of the pentagon. Would you like to be the first paper in the country to publish them? Send response to Federal Grand Jury in New York.

Daniel Ellsberg

## POLL

by Matthew Powell

Now is the time of the year when colleges all across this great nation of ours are pushing their more than reluctant seniors out into what has been facetiously call "the real world." It is also the time of the year that schlock college papers are commissioning their reporters to write cute little articles about what this wonderful group of kids will be doing for the "big summer job," i.e., the rest of their lives. The ECHO has no desire to buck tradition, so what follows is our attempt at assessing exactly what the class of '73 thinks it will be doing.

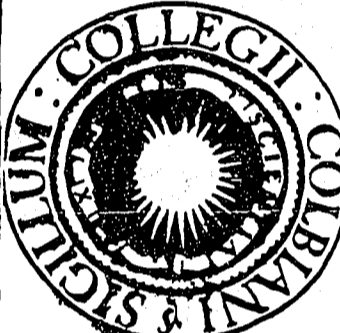
This, contrary to popular opinion, is no easy task. The ECHO, wishing to uphold its reputation for objectivity, hired an independent research group to survey the career intentions of Colby's seniors. The 327 graduating seniors were given a questionnaire which asked the question, "What do you think you might be doing next year (excluding the possibility of the death of a rich uncle)?" The response was overwhelming. 60% of the seniors returned the questionnaire. The research group assumes that the other 40% were either gone home for the weekend, playing golf, or in no condition to even sign their own names.

The questionnaire was open-ended, which means the student had to fill in the blank. Some students complained that they hadn't been given a test like this in their four years here, and that they thought it was unfair. Because of the openendedness, the answers were varied and difficult to place in categories. After many hours of analysis, we feel we have come up with a pretty good idea of what the direction of the '73 will be. Here are the results:

1. Don't know, don't care or forgot- 40%
2. Graduate School, Technical School or any other desire to remain in a womb-like atmosphere - 28%
3. Last year's summer job until something opens up - 10%
4. Teaching in Central Maine area or just hanging around Waterville - 15%
5. Alcoholism, drug addiction, other vices - 6%
6. Definite Job - 1%

An analysis of the data is very revealing. The independent research group told the ECHO that these figures compared almost exactly to those of a nation wide survey done last month, which once again proves that the average Colby student is just about as average as you can get. The relatively low percentage in the first category and the relatively high Percentage in the last (as compared to a study that was done at Colby last year, and subsequently suppressed by the administration) are most probably due to the widening job market which has been reported in all our hometown papers. There was also an increase in the second category and a decrease in the fifth. This is just further proof that Nixon is truly boring the counter-culture out of existence.

These figures should not be taken as any kind of reflection on the quality of a Colby education or the American educational system, itself. But doesn't it get you that your parents spent 16 big ones for this? Doesn't it?



## THE COLBY ECHO

Box 1014, Roberts Union  
Colby College, Waterville, Maine 04901  
Telephone 873-1131, extension 240

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Editors ..... P. Harriman  
J. Morse  
G. Quimby

Advertising Manager ..... C. Hogan

Business Manager ..... M. Curtis

Design Editor ..... T. Quinn

Financial Manager ..... J. Johnson

Mailing ..... G. Aydinlar

Contributing Editors ..... C. Booker  
P. Brownstein  
D. Krauss  
M. Powell  
S. Hobden

Copy Editor ..... H. Burns

Composition and Design Staff ..... C. Auskalis  
T. Botwinik  
L. Cappiella  
S. Gilbert  
M. Mabon  
M.C.T. Wetmore

# HOUSE HAUNT II

The first stop on my last series of house haunts was the home of Prof. Celand Witham of the English Dept. in Oakland. Mr. Witham designed his four room, eight year old home as a pleasant blend of both the old and the new. The home, constructed by Violet Ellian, is built on the side of a hill and features a commanding view of the surrounding hills and Messalonskee Stream. Upon entering the back door at ground level, one finds himself on the second floor which includes two bedrooms and bath. The living room with its sloping beamed roof is immediately visible and is reached by navigating an open flight of dark pine stairs. Although modern with its 15' brick fireplace and sloping beamed roof, the living room is basically antique with new wainscoating, ancestor portraits on the walls, twelve-pane over eightpane windows, and a variety of odd lamps and tables. There is a circular pine table with a distilled Dry Gin lamp on top plus an old sea chest, copper cauldrons, pewter candlesticks, a copper horse weathervane on the chimney and an old music stand which is used for the readings Mr. Witham holds at his home.

Off the living room is the homey kitchen with its own fireplace sporting antique brass utensils and an 1830 clock on its mantel which once belonged to Prof. Witham's greatgrandmother. The room features copper fixtures, a pink print wallpaper, and wainscoating painted pink to match. In the center is a beautiful circular pumpkin pine table placed underneath a hanging lamp which serves as Mr. Witham's work area. The hardwood floor consists of boards of uneven width, accented by numerous braided scatter rugs. Off the kitchen is what appears to be a pantry full of wall to wall yellow cupboards. Upon a closer inspection the cupboards can be found to hold Mr. Witham's library.

Natural shingles, in the process of weathering, cover the outside of the house. The three acre sloping backyard boasts strategically placed flower gardens and a stone wall, one portion strategically placed flower gardens and a stone wall, one portion of which was destroyed by a frost heave. A one car garage and wood birdhouse

on a pole surrounded by daffodils completes the scene.

Prof. Parker Johnson of the Psych. Dept. owns a massive white farmhouse with barn and connecting buildings just outside of Oakland center. He acquired the farm in 1955, and has not been able to date it accurately although it is probably over 100 years old. The two-story ten-room house with a long piazza just off the circular drive is situated on 35 acres of land. Originally the farm was much larger but was sold to provide for house lots.

The house itself has been divided into a 2 family dwelling; there is no elegant woodwork, and the wainscoating has long since been covered by wallpaper. Prof. Johnson remarked that it is not a showplace, but rather a very functional old farmhouse. No vestige of fireplaces exists today, but there is evidence that there was once was a large central chimney. Corner beams, though, are visible in each of the four corners of many rooms. The huge barn is distinguished by a 5 foot wood weathervane shaped like a fish. It originally served as a cattle barn, but the Johnsons now farm sheep. There are only a few trees left of the once flourishing orchards.

Walking behind the complex of buildings, one can see acres of rolling pastureland and get a fine view of the Messalonskee Stream. Prof. Johnson has just given 700 feet of his river-front property to the state for use as a picnic site and boat launch area. He has retained 125 feet of frontage for private use. Although quite close to the road, the abundant pastures surrounding the homestead and that fish turning in the breeze provide the right atmosphere for comfortable country living.

*Continued on page 7*

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# FARTS



WHAT IN HELL IS

WAH WAH?

"What's this wah wah crap?" said the professor standing before the bulletin board.

"It's something the Art Department brought up here," said one of the two students standing near by.

"Well you two are part of the Student Government. Did you want this?"

"We had no part in it," the other student said.

"Then I ask you, what is the sense of having a Student Government if it can't be used to effectively control this kind of...of..."

"Crap, professor?"

I regret that I am unable to quote verbatim the above conversation, for it would no doubt have pushed beyond all reach, the high water mark for insipid discourse. It is regrettably, all to indicative, of the manner in which David Jacobs, artist and teacher, was received at Colby. The problems began with the unfortunate, and perhaps unavoidable, overlap with the visit of Antonio Frasconi. Frasconi, a master in the art of woodcut conducted a slide show of prints, his own and others, to several art history classes, that provided a sound introduction to the state of the art in the twentieth century. In addition to this, his two demonstrations in the technique of woodcut, were illuminating and pleasurable. I did however, find his film unfilmic, and I failed to learn anything from his brief talks and discussion periods, except that art that cannot be reduplicated is elitist.

David Jacobs came to Colby with slides and films, but his showings were confined to a combination studio and classroom, thereby limiting his audience to a drawing class one day, and the sculpture class the next. He gave no public presentation in the evening as did Frasconi.

The high point of his visit was the display of several pieces of his sound sculpture at the Colby Music Shell. Most of his present work is of this type, emitting a wide variety of mostly air produced sounds. The particular pieces he chose to bring to Colby were large works of rubber, and aluminum tubing. A demonstration of the range of sounds possible for these pieces was scheduled for six pm. Arthur Gibbons, presently teaching sculpture and drawing at Colby, while Harriett Mathews is on sabbatical, aided Jacobs in setting up. Gibbons also worked with Jacobs before coming to Colby. The pieces were in place and operable by early afternoon. I drove over to the shell about four o'clock, and found Gibbons and Jacobs sitting on the stage. They suggested I turn off the engine and "listen to some sound." I sat there, waiting for it to begin. After about five minutes, I realized I had been listening to the sculpture since my arrival. The sounds were so subtle, and delicately resonant, that they were mixing with, varied by, and sometimes hidden, by the slight breeze blowing across the athletic field. It struck me that this was, in a sense, the most naturalistic sculpture ever produced. Of course, the longer I stayed in its presense, the more aware of it I became, for it was art, and had nothing to do with a verisimilitude of natural sounds.

At six o'clock Jacobs sat down in the midst of his devices used for varying the emission from the pieces, and began the demonstration. It is doubtful if those present heard much, or at least any of its subtler aspects. They talked and laughed incessantly, and walked and ran about, turning the evening into a time for socializing. A man playing a bent nail would have received more attention. To top it all off, a soft ball game was in progress less than a

hundred yards away. It was beyond belief. Jacob's only reply to all this was that perhaps people would have been less inclined to talk had it been scheduled after dark. Would Frasconi have been as magnanimous had such a reception occurred during the presentation of his film in Given Auditorium? I think not, nor should he have been expected to do so.

A visit from such an artist as Jacobs has been needed badly at Colby, for there is virtually no course in contemporary art offered here. His art is very much in the present, which is to say, he is breaking new ground. He knows from first hand experience what is happening at this time in all areas of the current art scene, and has the verbal competence to talk about the subject with ease. But that was not to be. I am left with a sense of great disappointment, first because I did not have the opportunity to learn more from Mr. Jacobs, and second, because the majority of people at Colby, both students and faculty, still react with suspicion and ridicule when confronted with something they do not understand.



Powder and Wig's production of A Streetcar Named Desire was one of the best P&W shows of the past few seasons, and easily this year's best. The play flowed well, and the acting and set were excellent. The seating problems in Roberts were somewhat alleviated by the use of risers. In general, P&W went a long way to making one forget that the Roberts' Loft is not, in fact a theater.

The play was produced in honor of its 25th anniversary. Unfortunately it really shows its age. Williams, after 25 years, appears to be a skilled craftsman, but rather limited in scope and depth. His views on "love, sex, and shattered dreams" now seem out-dated and pedestrian. His stereotypes of men and women no longer have a strong relation to the audience. "Shattered dreams" are not startling in the 1970's, they are merely a fact of life.

Although the wall of age between the play and the audience prevented the production from being moving, P&W brought out the best in the play. This was due in no small part to the set, designed by Elaine Halberg, and constructed by Frank Stevenson, Rob Burgess, Chet Hickow, and Steve Horan. The play demands a realistic set, and this one was, in a word, splendid. The available space was used perfectly, and the audience was given the illusion of pecking in through a wall in the Kowalski apartment. The lighting, costumes, and props contributed effectively to the atmosphere of the play.

Ultimately, however, the play stands or fails on the quality of the acting. G. Arsenault as Stanley, the ape-like force that leads to Blanche DuBois' destruction, was properly animalistic, although somewhat lacking in compassion when it was needed. On the whole he was, perhaps, a bit dumber and less natural than Stanley is expected to be. But power, the essence of Stanley, was undeniably there. Stella, Stanley's wife, as played by Cindy Canoll was a largely effective midpoint between Blanche and Stanley. If a little too frail, it was compensated for by her gestures, facial expressions, and flawless execution. Jayne Osler, as Blanche, the neurotic symbol of the decaying South, was the highlight of the evening. Rarely does P&W give its actors the opportunity to play a role as difficult and complex as Blanche, and Ms. Osler showed us what a mistake that is with her stunning performance. Although she allowed Blanche's neuroticism to come out too early in the play, her gestures and tone of voice showed she had a fine grasp of her character. She coped well with the rather schizophrenic condition of Blanche. The supporting cast served to round out the play nicely. Jay Reed, as Mitch, was just dumb and innocent enough to make his character believable.

The production had a few technical flaws. Thursday

night's performance had an unexpected addition to the cast of characters, and several uneasy moments when the actors walked through an imaginary wall. However these were minor distractions. Powder and Wig should be congratulated for their restraint, and faithfulness to the script, for this production; it leaves one with high hopes for their efforts next season.



The Powder and Wig production of A Streetcar Named Desire missed several stops along the line. Either Mr. Suss chose material too demanding for the talent and facilities available at Colby, or else the production did not fulfill the potential that is here. In any case, the play had its problems.

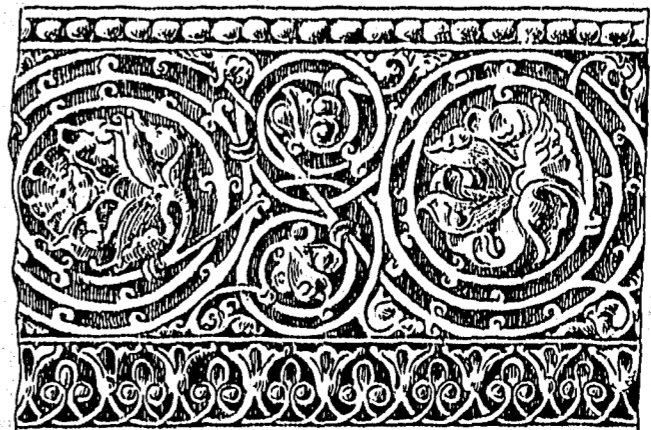
The actors had the most serious of those problems. On Friday night, at least, the combination of Southern accents, poor diction, and the Loft Theatre acoustics made hearing and understanding most difficult. This tended to improve as the evening progressed, possibly because the audience learned to listen harder. Also, while individual performances were good, the group as a whole did not seem to function effectively together. One had the feeling that the three principals were so concerned with their own parts, that they forgot that others were in the scene, too. They played to the audience rather than with each other. This made their characterizations less believable, as the relationships which are so central to Streetcar were not developed.

Jane Osler performed well as Blanche, especially in the first act. She had perfected the tones and nervous nimmerisms required for the part, although she lacked some quality necessary to be convincing in the final emotional scenes. There was a youngness about her which belied Blanche, the desperate, aging Southern belle. Cindy Canoll as Stella was excellent, except that she had trouble conveying the nature of her love for Stanley; the sexuality was perfunctory and dubious. This aspect of the play is essential to its meaning and was therefore missed. Gary Arsenault must share the blame with Cindy. His Stanley was good when comic and plausibly beefy, tough and chauvinistic throughout, but emerged, finally, developed in only two dimensions. The tenderness was missing, and one really wondered if and why Stella loved him. Jay Reed as Mitch did manage to share the stage with Blanche, his shy, boyish love for her was obvious. Lacking in his portrayal, however, was any evidence in the struggle he endured in giving her up. His choice seemed so easy that his anger and tears in the final scene made no sense, when they should have been tragic.

The characterization problems led to problems with the plot. The tense development of pathos culminating in the rape incident was simply not there; the rape, irrationally came out of nowhere. Since the actors did not work together, they did not seem to care about each other either. One did not care about them, become involved, or believe any of it.

There were other small disturbances that, fortunately tended to be overshadowed by some of the play's finer touches. Minor characters, particularly Gloria Payne, Candy Burnett, and the poker players, lent a touch of down-to-earth believability, as did the superb set and costumes. The screen created an interesting double scene, and the lighting was fine.

In the final analysis, "Streetcar" began well but went nowhere. I, for one, never believed any of it.





## STATE TRACK MEET



Sophomore Ted Snyder's record tying leap of 46 feet, 3 inches in the triple jump was the highlight of Colby's participation in the annual four-way state track meet held last Saturday at Bates. Snyder, who also won the 120 yard high hurdles, finished third in the high jump and third in the 440 Intermediate hurdles, was awarded the Tootell Trophy, which goes to the outstanding performer in field events as this meet. Unfortunately Snyder and sprinter Manny Myers were Colby's only two bright spots as the team finished fourth with 37 points. Maine was the victor with 63 points, followed by Bates with 54, Bowdoin with 45 and Colby.

Myers took both the 100 and 220 yard dashes for Colby's only other first place victories.

Other points scorers for Colby were weightmen Dick Beveridge, who finished second in the discus and third in the shot put, and Malcolm Perkins, who finished fourth in the hammer. The 440 yard relay team finished third and freshmen Dave Christie in the 440 and Ehri Groothoff in the mile both finished fourth.



## NETMEN BEST BRANDEIS

The Colby tennis team upped their record to 6-2 this past week as they won three of the four matches they played. On Tuesday the Mules were surprised by an underrated UMaine team and lost 5-4. Jeff Cohen, John Robbins and Mike Currie all won their singles matches but the only doubles team that managed a win was the team of Cohen and Currie.

Thursday saw Colby travelling to Babson and emerging with an easy 8-2 victory. Babson could not stand up under the torrid pressure of the Mule netmen.

Saturday, in their only home match of the week Colby defeated Tufts by a score of 7-2. Cohen, Robbins, and Currie all won their singles matches again as did Senior Captain Al Linsky, who is slowly rounding into form after an early injury.

Robbins and Ed Hatch, Cohen and Currie, and Bill Whidden and Scott McDermott all won their doubles matches.

In what proved to be the most exciting match of the year from Colby's viewpoint the Mules defeated Brandeis 5-4 last Monday. Al Linsky, Ed Hatch and John Robbins won their singles matches while the top three of Cohen, Currie and Robbins all lost. Cohen and Currie won their doubles match to tie the score at 4-4 while Linsky and Whidden won the final doubles match to give Colby the match.

This Wednesday Colby sought revenge against UMaine while this weekend they will be travelling to the New England. Next week they will face Bates and Bowdoin before closing the season on Friday with the All-Maine matches.

millen wins two...

## MULE BATS EXTEND STREAK

Colby's baseball team got back on the winning trail with four consecutive victories, including two state series triumphs, last week. On Tuesday the Mules travelled to Orono where they soundly defeated the hosting Black Bears by a score of 9-2. Thursday saw Colby shutting out Bowdoin on the latter's field by a score of 5-0, while on Saturday the Mules celebrated their return home with a double header sweep over visiting Trinity, 3-2 and 7-0. Strong pitching and timely hitting were the keys to Colby's victories as Gary Millen, Steve Jasinski and Rich Oparowski all turned in stellar mound performances and the clutch hits were there when they were needed.

Millen went the nine inning distance against U Maine, giving up two runs on five hits, while striking out two and walking three. He was bailed out of trouble in the sixth, seventh and ninth by timely double plays. Colby scored all nine runs in the second and third innings with a combination of walks, errors and timely base hits. In the second Steve Dolan doubled home Brian Cone and Dave Averill, who had walked, while Millen's sacrifice fly brought home Gene DeLorenzo, who had reached on an error. In the third DeLorenzo walked to fourth in a run, Kevin Mayo singled in two more, and Dolan's second double in as many innings brought

in two more. Mike Lapenna's sacrifice fly brought in the final run in the one sided victory. The loss must have come as a surprise to U Maine for, going on the basis of the Mule's previous two games, they must have figured they were in for an easy time.

The story on Thursday was all Steve Jasinski as the big right-hander shut out Bowdoin on four hits, while striking out nine and walking only two. The offense in this game was provided by Mike Lapenna and Dave Lane.

On Saturday Colby showed a larger and partisan crowd why they are under serious consideration for a berth in the post-season ECAC tournament as they swept both ends of a very quickly played doubleheader.

Millen won the opener, his second victory of the week and his second route-going performance of the week, as he allowed two runs on four hits while striking out four. Trinity scored two runs in the second for their only, albeit short-lived lead. Colby got one back in the third, as Mike Lapenna walked, stole second and scored on Dave Lane's double, and tied the score in the fifth, as Dave Averill's sacrifice fly drove in Jim Hayes after he and the two batters who followed him had walked. The Mules won it in the last of the seventh as Lapenna

doubled and was moved to third on Hayes' bunt single. Brian Cone was intentionally walked to load the bases and Dave Averill's unintentional walk brought home the winning run.

In the second game Oparowski was virtually untouchable as only a scratch infield single and a base on balls marred his bid for a perfect game. As it was he only faced the minimum twenty one batters for the seven-inning context because both base runners were erased on double plays. Oparowski struck out seven batters in gaining his fifth victory. The Mules scored all their runs in the fourth inning with some truly impressive hitting. Lane doubled to open the inning and was followed by Dave Averill, who walked. Both runners were scored by first baseman DeLorenzo's double, while he in turn scored catcher Don Sheehy's single up the middle. Dolan, who had singled DeLorenzo to third, scored on a fielder's choice which moved Sheehy to third. Sheehy scored on Jim Hayes' single, while he moved up to third on the throw home. He scored the final run of the inning on a single by Dave Lane, whose double had started the whole thing.

This Wednesday Colby hosted Maine while this Saturday the Mules will be home for a very important double-header with Tufts.



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# Unexplained Advertising



**C.A. ROTWANG**— Where are you now that we need you?  
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**THE** Mafia lives under Runnals Hill. Tee Hee Hee!

**YES** Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. Believe me.  
S. Claus

**P. JOWL** O'Connor  
Sat in a Corner,  
Eating his lettuce and peanut butter.  
Along came a spider, from out of his cider,  
And said, "I'm Kosher for Moshe."

**LITTLE** Boy Blew,  
Come Blow some Corn,  
Your sheeps in the Bedroom,  
Your eyes in the Porn.

**FACT** Colby has the only undergraduate Library in the country without a complete set of Dr. Seuss books.

**FACT** John, Paul, George and Ringo are Back Together.

**ANYONE** interested in writing for the ECHO next year — call Pam ext. 530.

**MISS** Heinrich — How can you have a newly-designed Frank Lloyd Wright complex to live in, when he's been dead for quite a while, and didn't design it? It's like having a Bach two-part invention written by Handel. Somehow it just doesn't make it.

**FROM** last week's issue: Which is bigger — Mr. Bigger or Mr. Bigger's baby? Mr. Bigger's baby because he's a little Bigger.

**WHAT'S** the motto of the Jewish football team — get that quarter - back.

**PHIL** — PARTY!?!

**HEAD**, shoulders, knees, and toes, knees and toes.  
Head, shoulders, knees, and toes, knees and toes.  
And eyes and ears and mouth and nose.  
Head shoulders knees and toes knees and toes!

**TO** be alive is to undo your belt and look for trouble.  
Zorba the Greek

**FRILLY** frolicky flags flapped furiously from frisky Fred's famous Ford fill fair Frankenstein's fruit feast of fat flies frantically foaming from foamy feet.

**CAN** I sit behind you?  
Is that a preposition?

**ANITA** Baldwin — NYAAAGH! ECHO

**TRIVIA** Who played the part of Jimmy Olson in the Superman series?

**TO** all you average Colby students who have seen seen signs up concerning your "inner ecology" — it is just a pseudo-intellectual term for stomach.

**JIM** Cousins — When are you going topless again?  
Concerned Person.

**ROSES** are red  
Violets are blue  
The semester is dead  
The ECHO is through.

**DAVID** — I never knew what sexy legs you had, and so strong! ( Heart be still.)

I hold your hand in mine dear,  
I press it to my lips  
I take a healthy bite  
From your dainty fingertips.  
My joy would be complete dear if you were only here,  
But still I keep your hand as a precious souvenir.  
The night you died I cut it off,  
I really don't know why.  
'Cause now each time I kiss it,  
I get blood stains on my tie.  
I'm sorry that I killed you  
For our love was something fine.  
Until they come to get me  
I will hold your hand in mine.  
With many thanks to Tom Lehrer

**DAVID** You're Jewish enough for me, but can you find it in your heart to accept blintzes and sour cream for what they really mean; and when you hear about wasps, will you see large bees on daisies, or do visions of non-ethnic majorities dance in your head? Think about it; don't worry, your hair won't curl. (Although that way, you might look more.....)

**COLBY** has produced a new American myth. Eliot set down the myth of the fisher king in The Wasteland. This school has been unable to obtain a king for its myth, since all have either been killed, deposed or are in the midst of revolution and cannot come to be in our myth. So we delved a little lower down in the hierarchy of American politics and came up with a fisher-Mayer. He can be heard acting out his story in Lovejoy occasionally.

The myth, briefly, runs thus — in the barrenness of the wasteland, there arises a top-dog (Basset-hound) who creates a fertile section. Over this he sets the fisher-mayer to rule. Though with no visible wound, the fisher-Mayer is unable to maintain the fertile-

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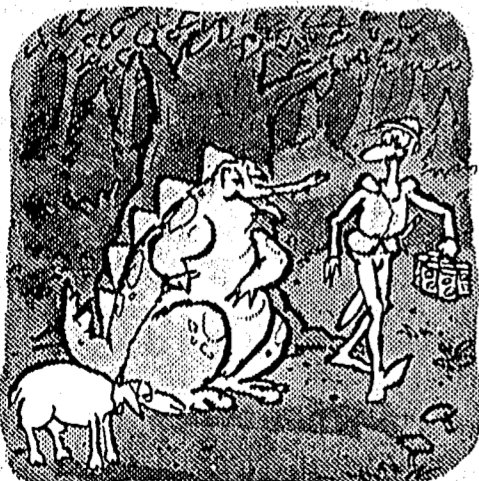
We know that unless we make you happy the first time, there'll be no next time.



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## MORE THAN ONCE UPON A TIME



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AND WHEN THE KNIGHT LOOKETH ASKANCE AT SUCH A CREATURE, THE DRAGON SAYETH 'TIS A MAGIC SHEEPE, SIRE, FOR IT GROWETH GOLDEN FLEECE, AND WILL MAKE THEE RICH...



WHENCE IN A BURST OF GREED THE KNIGHT CRIETH 'DONE!', THINKING HE HAD AT LAST BESTED HIS FOE...



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ss of his territory. The population slowly succumbe to the sleeping sickness ( a rare exotic disease), or else is wiped out through shock at the realization of what is happening. But as is true of all myths, good wins out, and this myth rings true to form. The fisher-Mayer is saved by Fred Bell who returns the population to life and iflls it with hope for salvation at the honds of the Top Dog. (No, Fred is not just a plant.)

MR. Armstrong — Can we please go to Pasadena?  
The Band.

A Laugh — Tee Hee Hee Ha Ha Ho.

TO Sarah what'sherface in Sturtevant — Sorry we've forgotten you all semester:

THOMAS — You sleep in the car tonight.

YOU only wolf-whistle at the one who won't hit you back.

LARRY'S Classified— I cannot become too emotionally involved with my fruit flies. Bassett on life.

THE movie of last week wasn't called The Spoilers nor Seven Sinners so what was it called? Perhaps Marlene Dietrick wasn't in it. But John Wayne definitely was. It did not take place in Alaska. Sorry Byrd and Allan.

TO Colby Stu-G - could I please run for treasurer next year? Dave Roulston

WORLD : please send our president back. We need him.

LIBBY — we can't go on meeting like this. We should arrange to meet more often, like once a week? in Nan's room? Your scarce roommate.

"ARE you married?"  
"Am I not a man? And is not a man stupid? I am a man. So, I married. Wife, Children, House, Everything. The whole catastrophe."

Zorba the Greek

IN response to your piddly little meetings on non-smokers rights — non-smokers don't have any. GOD

NO tone left unsteared.

C.W. — Can toads become princes like frogs can?  
English 352

FROM the American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language: College—a school of higher learning that grants a bachelor's degree. Also from same dictionary:Collage: an artistic composition of materials and objects pasted on a surface. I think that somewhere in the past the spelling of the second word in the title of our school was changed.

BIG Bear buys brown breeches before bringing beautiful Begonia's beastly boar to bed bored by boars.

THE May Day elephant has come crashing down the hall knocking down walls and breaking open doors wreaking havoc and destruction and spewing flowers in its path.

ARE we there yet? Where are we supposed to be? I thought we were going there? But we're not there we're here. You can't ever be there because no matter where you are you're always here, or at least I'm here, you're there.

SARAH — stop hollerin on me! David, Libby, Nan, Mary Liz, Michael, Cindy, Jamie, Christie, Ricky, K.O., Gail, Nell, Barb, Jan, Carol, Lynnne, Ricky, etc.

WHAT goes Ha-ha, Ha-ha, clunk? A man laughing his head off.

FRIDGE— I'm looking for a small refridgerator for my room next year — If anyone is interested in selling theirs please contact Hank, Room 304 Averill, Ext. 535.

FOUND in ECHO office and in most city police offices: Skip a line between the head and body and two lines at the end of the item before beginning on the next one. Try to center the heads as much as possible.

OUR father who art in Eustis, hallowed by thy game, Thy endowment come, thy fling be flung, at Colby as it is in realness. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our existence, as we forgive those who exist against us. Lead us not into intelligence but deliver us from Stratman, for thine is the College and the money and the power forever and ever, amen (women-can't offend the ladies).

I pledge allegiance to the fag, of the United States of America, and to San Francisco, for which we stand, One orgy under god invisible with a libertine, and smutness for all.

COLBY this is God speaking. My representatives down there, Ricky, Jamie, and others, have been trying to fill you with the cosmic truthfulness as revealed by Mr. Natural. You aren't listening! Now here it is straight from the whorse's mouth: Take this down in shorthand, please, Joe's Smoke Shop IS the center of the universe, no matter what those fools in Wash-inton think. And Norm's Pizza, which is across Temple Street (check it) from the center of the universe, is the purveyor of my truthfulness through the cosmic goodness of pizza. Joe is the Father, Norm is the holy ghost, Ricky is God, Jamie is Jesus, and you'd better not forget that. Those Jews haven't been wandering around for four thousand years, for nothing, they blew it four thousand years ago, don't you blow it now! This is God, over and out, roger, ten-four.

TO the Anonymous-Wine Giver: Thank you. It made my day. and my week. And my month.... What else can I say?

XO Always,  
Anonymous Wine Receiver

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**Buildings & Grounds Report**

Found: a man's watch, unusually designed, easy for owner to claim at B & G office.  
 Lost: one pair of silver pierced earrings, tangle shape, in girls' locker room at fieldhouse, and a gold and black ony ring, with gold inlay, at Bixler or Dana.  
 Coburn Hall has reported that three rooms have been entered while the residents were sleeping. Several record albums and coffee were taken, but only one room was messed up.  
 Students: lock your rooms; you can never know who will be entering or for what reason.  
 Buildings and Grounds still has your rings, watches, and yes, even one of your teeth in a bridge. Many more good articles have been lost.

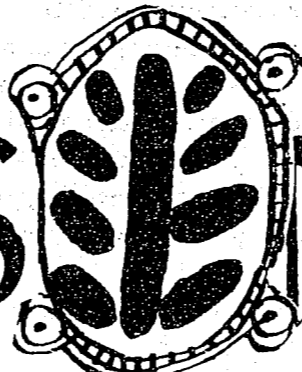


**Nuptial News**

Comrade and Ms. Josef Stratman of Beverly Hills, California are pleased to announce the engagement of their daughter, Sylvetia, to Peter Harriman of the Colby ECHO. The marital compact will be formalized June 2, the day before commencement at the alter of Lorrimer Chapel, with organ music by Adel Heinrick. Officiating will be Robert E. Lee Strider, recently released prisoner of Al Fatah.  
 It is of interest to the Colby Community that Sylvetia is the favorite sister of David Stratman of Colby's own English Department. The union represents a rapprochement in the long-standing political vendetta between the two families. The groom, figuring "if you can't lick them join them," has agreed to buy a lifetime subscription to Challenge, voice of the Progressive Labor Party. In exchange the bride has enrolled in a 6-week correspondence course at the Chuck Hogan School of Political Cronyism.  
 In lieu of flowers, please donate books to Miller Library. Copies of The Lackawannas of Moosehead will be especially appreciated.

**Art Exhibits**

Saturday is the last day that woodcuts by Antonio Frasconi will be on display in the Colby Gallery in the Bixler Center. Beginning next Monday and continuing through May 26, there will be a series of two-and three-man exhibitions of work all done by senior art majors. Likewise, Saturday is the last day that the graphic art of Stuart Wolf and Marjorie Berman will hang in the Roberts Union display lobby. Photographs by Douglas Severson, '73, will appear there from May 13 through June 4.



**WS NEWS BRIEFS**

**Film Direction**

At seven-thirty Sunday evening, Film Direction will show the movie, "The Threepenny Opera" starring Lotte Lenya. Based on the play by Bertold Brecht, the film is evocative of the underground world of street-beggars and reflects the mood of disenchantment prevalent in post-war Germany. The film will be shown in Lovejoy Auditorium, and admission will be charged.

**"Carmina Burana"**

There will be two performances of Car Orff's "Carmina Burana" by the Lorimer Chapel Choir and the College Modern Dance Club, Sunday and Monday evenings at eight o'clock, in the chapel.

**Student Government Concert**

Monday evening, May 14, at 8:30 p.m. in Bixler's Given Auditorium, Colby Student Government is sponsoring a concert by classical guitarist, Christopher Parkening. Admission is by subscription only.

**"The Devils"**

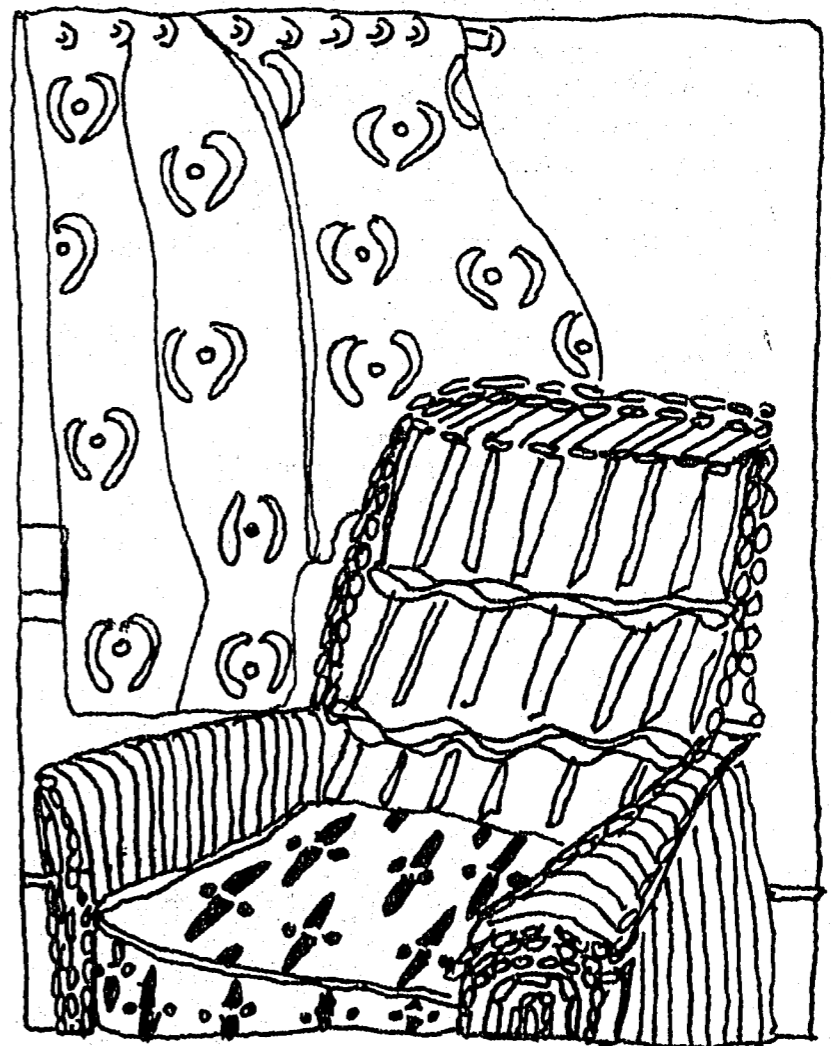
In Lovejoy Auditorium, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m., Vanessa Redgrave will star in a Student Government-arranged film, "The Devils." Admission will be charged.

**Waterville Craft Workshop**

The Waterville Craft Workshop (formerly Mandala) at 4 North Street, Waterville (right around the corner from the Y) is having a Craft Fair Saturday, June 2 from 10 - 5. It is an invitational fair, and the craftsmen exhibiting were selected for their high quality craftsmanship. It will be held on the lawn and on the first floor of the Workshop, and in case of bad weather, the lawn craftsmen will be moved into the YMCA. Refreshments and baked goods will be available also.  
 Those of you who are wondering just what to do with your parents can probably kill the better part of a morning or afternoon there. If you have a wedding or graduation present yet to get, try here first. And if not, come for the fun. See what our new name is all about.

**Colby Photographers**

The 2nd annual edition of Colby Photographers will be on sale in the Bookstore on Monday May 14th. A record number of contributors has made this magazine an impressive portfolio of Colby Photography work. Pick up a copy soon.



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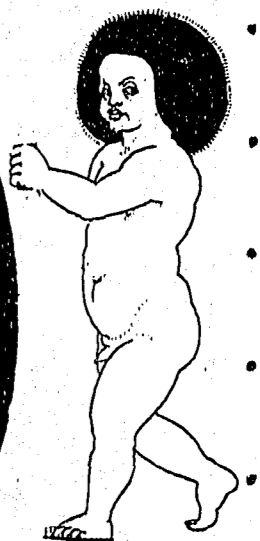
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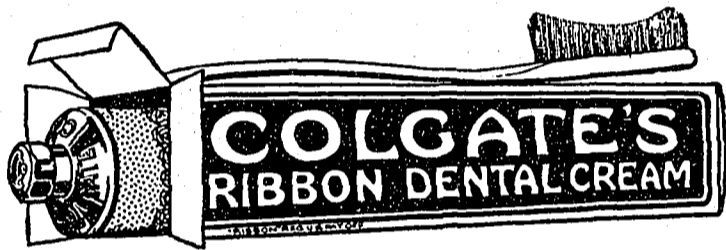
FFFFFFF IIIII LLLLLLLLL MMMMMSSSSSSSS

Zete's late great mystery movie this week,

Zete's late great mystery movie this week, Friday and Saturday nights, is a thrill-packed triple feature. Stewart Granger, Broderick Crawford, Janet Leigh, Van Johnson, William Bendix, William Powell, Lilli Palmer, Montgomery Clift, Virginia Mayo, and Wanda, the Wonder Wombat, lead off in that Zany, Madcap, story of love gone bad, "Who's Minding the Delicatessen?" The second feature is one that is sure to make you squirm in your seat. Dan Duryea, Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark, Ida Lupino, Barry Nelson, and Ava Gardner star in that classic tale of life on the lonesome prairie, "Sun over Alilene." The evening is capped off by one of the all-time box office favorites of young and old alike, a film epic from the same director that brought you "Your Red Dress Matches Your Eyes," "Too Young to Fall in Love," "Seven Days to Dodge City," and "Tugboat Annie Sails Again." Yes, film fans, it's the one you've been waiting for: Lloyd Nolan, Victor Jory, Katherine Cornell, Pat O'Brien, Greta Garbo, and Johnny Mack Brown in "Bad Man from Red Butte."

Organ Concert

A week from today, Thursday, May 17, at 7:30 p.m., Professor Adel Heinrich will play an all-Bach program with slides. This event is known as the Mellon Organ Recital.



Mrs. Margaret Clark

Mrs. Margaret Clark, secretary for the office of Buildings and Grounds, feels that further effort in her behalf would be useless. She is gratified that so many people have indicated their support for her and testified to her competence on the job. And she thanks all those students, staff and faculty members who have tried to help her.

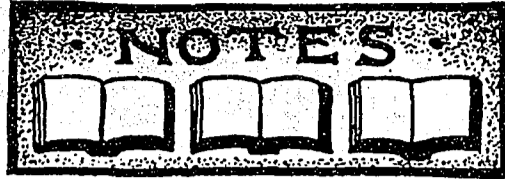
Nursery School

The Nursery School for children of Colby College faculty, staff, and students is now accepting enrollment applications for next September. The school meets five mornings a week, under the direction of two teachers. Children from age two through four are eligible to attend. Parents may contact Mrs. Robert McArthur at 872-7877 to obtain an enrollment application.

John Clellon Holmes

I remind you, or tell you now if you haven't heard, that John Clellon Homes will be at Colby May 11. He's written three novels and a collection of essays; including Go, which covers the pre-Beat days in New York City, with Holmes' cohorts Kerouac and Ginsberg modeling for major parts in the book; and The Horn, based on Charlie Parker's life, a fine book about jazz, about which Holmes knows. The essays, Nothing More to Declare, are largely about the Beat era, and what it was like to be a young American (writer) in the 1950's. Inventor of the term "beat," in a 1958 essay on "The Philosophy of the Beat Generation," he was lifelong friends with Kerouac. Holmes often appears in Playboy with articles on friends and acquaintances, sexual revolutions, travel, etc.

John Holmes will be in Dunn Lounge at 11:30 Friday morning, May 11, to carry on informally about these and any other topics you can throw him. At 4:00 in Dunn Lounge he'll read from his fiction (and also shorter pieces, probably some from his non-fiction, including a piece on Kerouac's last days and funeral).



Poetry Reading

Tomorrow afternoon, there will be a poetry reading by the noted novelist, poet, and essayist, John Clellom Holmes. He will read a selection from his own work. The reading begins at four o'clock in the Dunn Lounge of Runnals Union.

Band Concert

The Colby College Band will present an outdoor concert at six o'clock Sunday evening. Location of the concert is yet to be announced, but assume that it will be given in the Music Shell until you hear otherwise.

Civil Liberties Union

The annual meeting of the Kennebec Valley Civil Liberties Union will be held on Monday, May 14, at 7:30 pm, upstairs in the City Hall Annex, corner of Upper Main and Brook Streets. The election of officers and board members will take place at this time. Nominations have been made by the nominating committee and others may be made from the floor.

At this meeting it will be decided which civil liberties issues and projects to concentrate on. At a recent meeting of the interim steering committee the consensus was to focus on the issue of women's rights and sex discrimination. However, other issues and projects of interest to members may be presented at the annual meeting and the final decision is up to those attending, a spokesman said.

Any member of the SCLU, as well as anyone else interested in civil liberties, is welcome to attend.

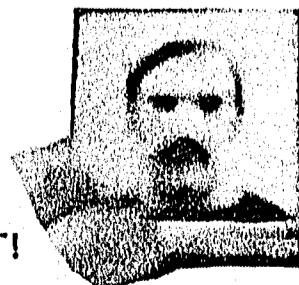


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Mt. Washington Lecture

Al Oxton, bearded weather observer, will present "The Obs" in Given Auditorium this Tuesday, May 15th, at 6:00 pm. The lecture is presented in a format similar to that of Suzanne's Laments, utilizing two synchronized slide projectors and recorded contemporary music. Al vividly tells the story of Mt. Washington and that of the weather observers that live atop it year-round. Here winds have been recorded in excess of 230 miles per hour! The pictures presented are amazingly beautiful. One sees sunrises and sunsets from above the clouds, as well as views of the stark winter scenery.

The lecture is sponsored by the Outing Club. Admission is 50¢. Tickets are available from Rob Fitzgibbons (x 565), Dave Galvin (x545), Jim Gibson(x430), Mary Sue Naegele(x526), and the other Outing Club officers. Tickets will also be sold at the door.



CAUGHT!

Michael J. Desisto, 30, of Burnham, a psychology professor at Colby College, appeared in Waldo County Court last Thursday to answer to the charge of burning debris, a misdemeanor. He was fined \$20, having entered a plea of guilty.

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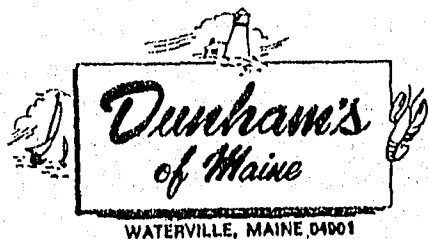
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