

STRIDER STRUCK: Bare Bob Reveals All

Saying it was something "I should have done long ago," Colby's president R.E.L. Strider (that's right, RELS himself) streaked from 12:20 to about 12:45 early Wednesday afternoon. Apparently the college mentor had the notion in mind for several weeks before he got the opportunity—Wednesday's ideal conditions presented that opportunity.

Asked what perpetrated this action Strider replied, "I simply felt that in my capacity as College president I should be subject to the same

rigorous re-examination we demand of every other aspect of our program."

Was he satisfied with his performance? "Yes," said Bob, on this occasion more conventionally attired, "Although I felt had I been in better condition I might have made the trip in better time." Where did you go we asked. "We sort of started in my back yard." Sort of we asked? "Yes, I was kind of chicken at first but once I passed Mary Low and the crowd heading into lunch I felt it was going well. I continued on a path which took me up to the chapel. There I put on my Mickey Mouse head gear and streaked straight down the hill. At this point I saw what appeared to be one of the trustee's cars in the Lovejoy lot. I hotfooted it through the Spa and then headed for fraternity row. I began to feel the effects of such a long run.

Still strong, however, I circled around Tau Delt (I'm an old Tau myself you know) and headed for home. Oh yes, I did streak through Eustis as well." Eustis? "Yes, I felt it was importnat, that the administration see what I was up to as well."

What did his wife think? "I don't know. She hasn't spoken to me yet." And with that Bob winked, excused himself and headed off.

THE REACTION: Strider Just a Passing Fad

Following President Strider's controversial streak this reporter embarked on a sampler of campus reaction to what had occurred. The responses were wide and varied. Sociology professor Heitzman termed his act "sexist." (She was undoubtedly brief with her comments as at the time she was busy repairing her soap-box.) Drs. Lester and Perez said, "Our office hours are posted on the door and maybe Bob should stop in." Told that someone had stolen their posted office hours Lester said, "Oh shoot, they always do that." Perez's only comment was "That's all right Lew, we'll get even with them" Over at the Spa John Joseph said "He owes me for an iced tea with lemon—not only that but he lifted one of my Davy Crockett glasses."

Student reaction varied form "Wow" to "Did you see that" to less printable statements. The big question as this reporter sees it is what will Big Bob wear at commencement.

colbyyecho

COLBY COLLEGE WATERVILLE, MAINE

May 16, 1974

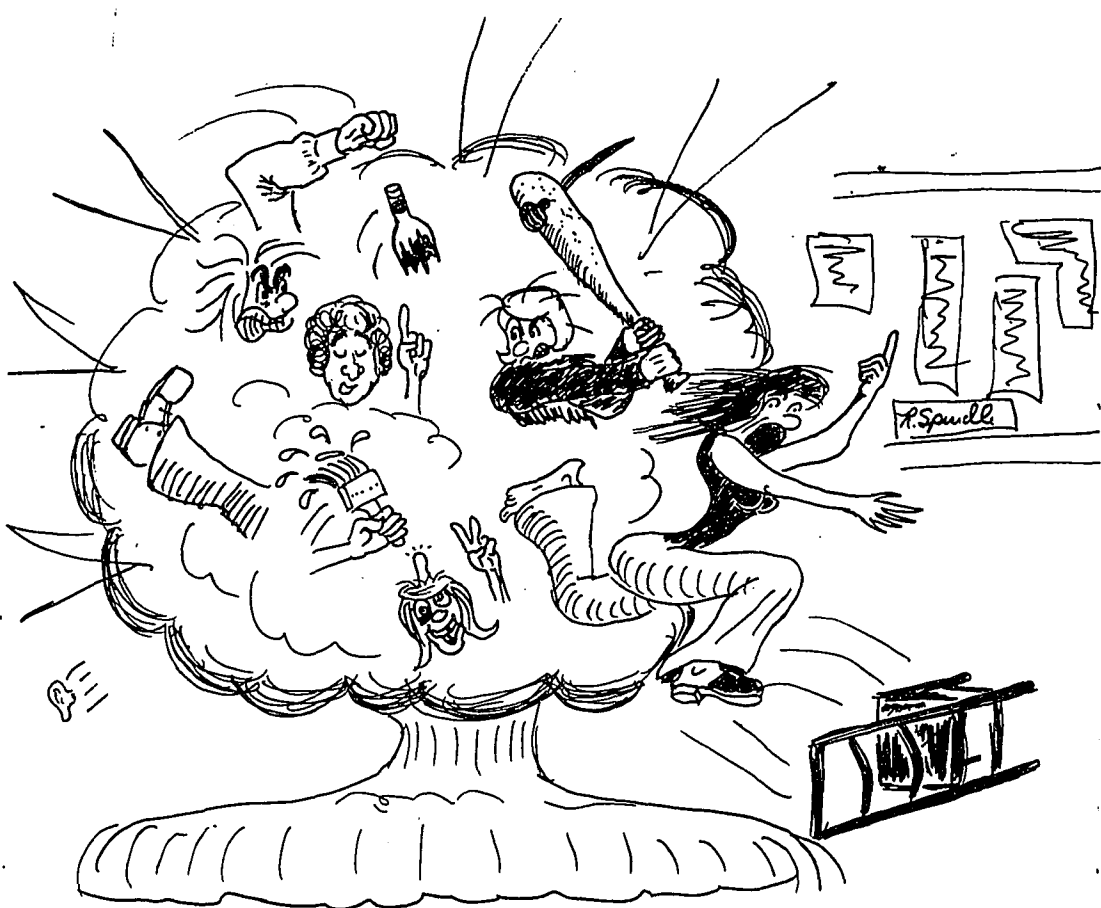
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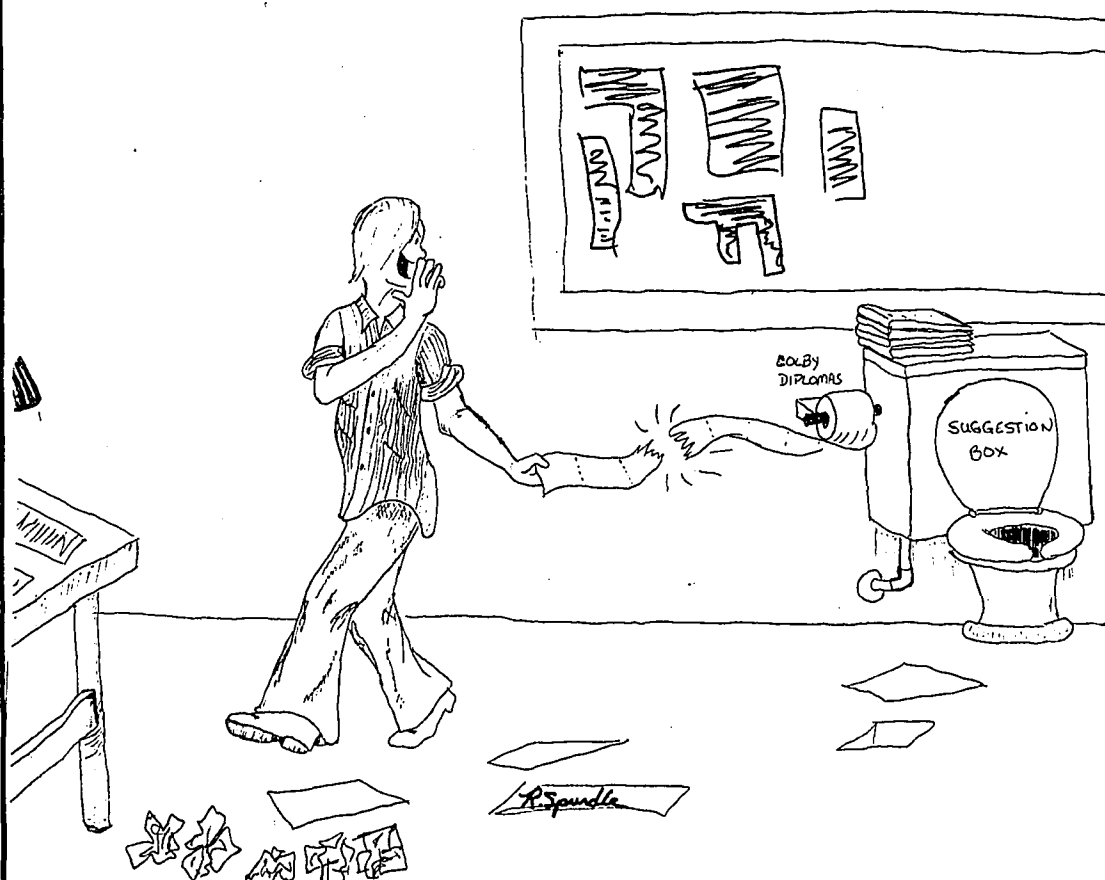
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WHAT, US WORRY?

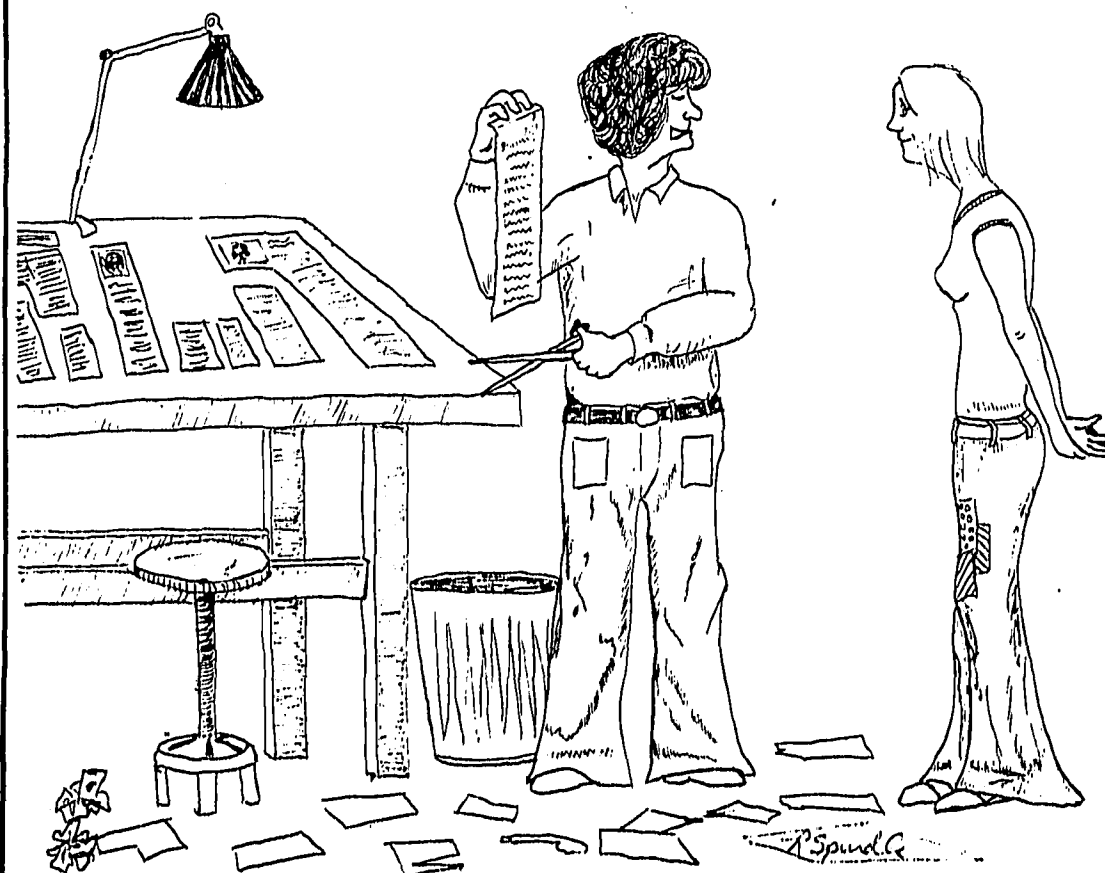
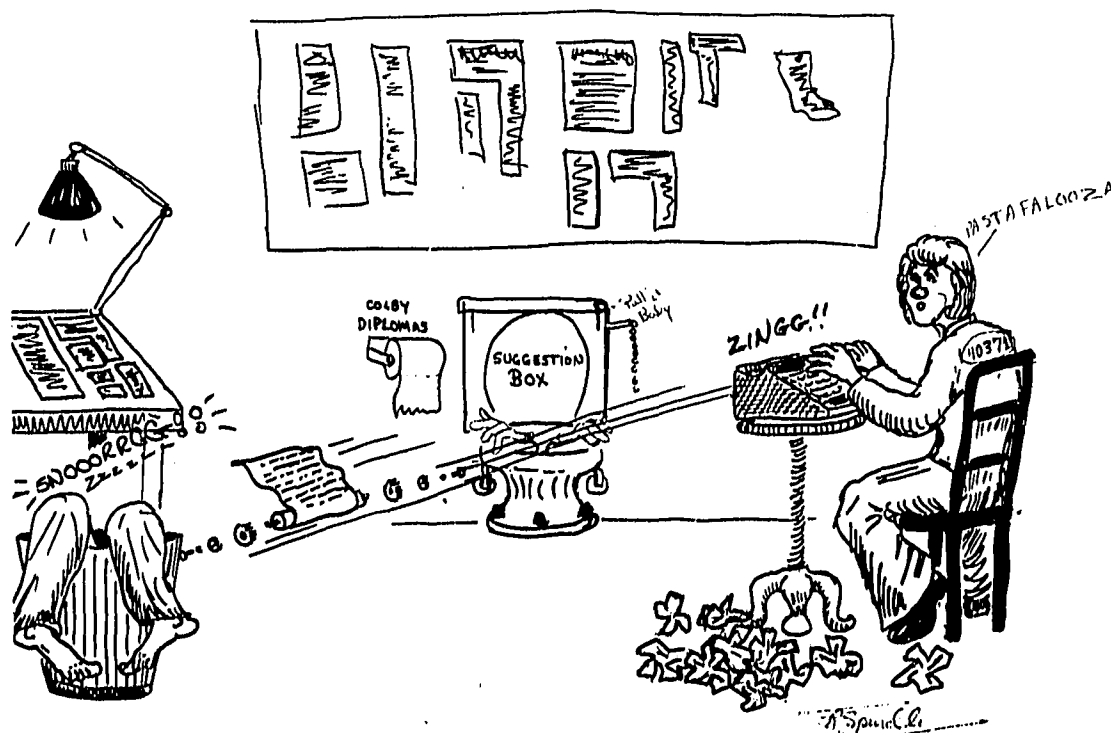
A DAY AT THE OFFICE



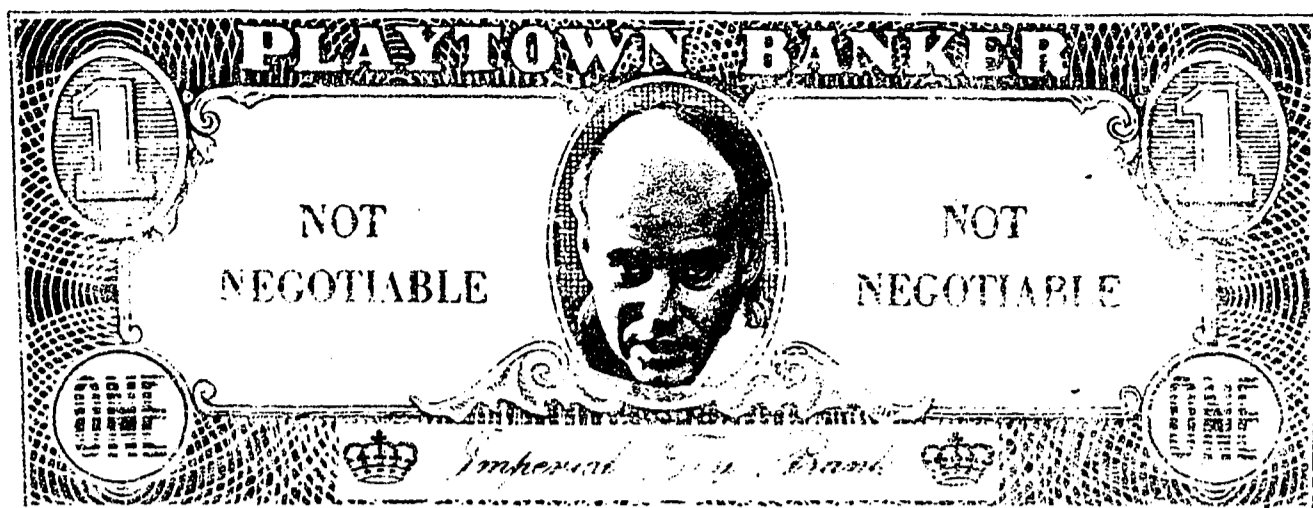
"OK Boss, no calls till the meetin's over!"



"Hey Becky, I found a better editorial."



Brad Smith - Editor-in-Chief: "I'll show you how to make it fit!"



Suss Takes It, Witham

Ed Kemp

In deference to criticism of my previous reviews, I'd like to turn over a new leaf with this one. My pampering of Colby productions has failed in the past to win me friends, so off with the rose-colored glasses! On with the objective boxing gloves.

Mr. Suss may have gone out with a bang with his production of "You Can't Take It with You," but it left us all whimpering nonetheless. Such a splendid drama of mortal frailty—so mercilessly milked for any laugh available. And the profound glimpses into the human soul—quite drowned in the general uproar. I was ashamed to discover myself chuckling over the antics of that lively antique, Grandpa (Doug Schwartz), while my finer feelings urged me to ponder the cruel fate of the bourgeois office girl, Alice (Jayne Osler), who must struggle against the *carpe diem* philosophy of her family circle in order that her own conventional romance be recognized. Or even more disastrous in retrospect was the almost total loss of that provocative critique of both the Soviet and American governments delivered by the houseboy, Donald (Stu Georgitis)—again swallowed up in thoughtless laughter.

Somehow the ferment and revolution of the 1930's received very short shrift in this director's interpretation of the play. The real protagonist, of course, is Ed Carmichael (Bob Duchesne), who with his Communist slogans and clever manipulation of the candy boxes presents a challenge to post-depression society. This challenge draws upon his head the fears of persecution, and finally, in the moving climax to Act II, the brutal repressions of a police state.

But the handling of this tragedy did not reach the heroic proportions it deserved. Most of the energy of the act went into a game whose significance was quite lost on me, but having

something to do, as I recall, with sex and Wall Street.

It was with much sadness too that I noted the unabashed exploitation of ethnic stereotypes in the production. John Orefice, making his debut performance at Colby, was reduced to a humiliating mimicry of his native people in the role of Mr. De Pinna, a debasement of heritage which literally brought him to the floor at one point in an elaborate genuflection.

The Slavic race was not spared either, for the two Russian emigres, played by Claudia Schneider and Steve Capaldo, were allowed only such inferior roles as cook and ballet master, respectively. Much artificial waving of hands and booming voices brought these caricatures to the point of pitiable burlesque. And if blonde hair and bare feet are to represent the Irish people, as Gail Hansen's portrayal of Bridget the maid suggests, let us at least have them in other than servile positions.

Much strained humor was also wrung from Kit Cunningham's drunken actress, at the expense of any real probing of the alcoholic's role in a critical world. Such insensitivity on the part of the director, so distractingly evidenced in the ethnic exploitation, unfortunately carried over even to the animal kingdom. Innocent kittens, snakes, foxes were used and misused with comparable abandon.

But the most serious problem which undermined the show from start to finish was in the presentation of the two households, both alike in dignity: the Sycamores and the Kirbys. Brian MacQuarrie and Jenny Nolan as the Sycamores were responsible, playful, even lovable—but were they the suburban family next door? Tinkertoys, fireworks, and plays about monasteries and brothels certainly have their place in this world. But as representative of American middle-class culture, these playthings have an element of fantasy and humor totally absent in everyday life.

On the other side of the tracks, the loving Kirby bunch (Bruce Cummings, Janet MacPherson, Jonathan Smith) give us a more hopeful outlook for American family life. His orchid-growing and her spiritualism, the attributes of a wholesome home at peace with itself, are made however the butts of much cynical laughter in the Suss production. Tony rebels against these exemplars, and the audience is made to laugh. But behind this laughter, does there not lie the disintegration of all worthy standards so characteristic of our troubled century?

Technically, the show suffered from a set too hopeless to improve, too gaudy to ignore. The clutter of chairs, drapes, pictures, knick-knacks, and curios was as dense as the misguided person who arranged them. Perhaps the one saving grace in the staging was the unflagging effort of Stephen Mixer, lighting the show with his usual competence. Aided by his two able assistants, Toni Fontrier and Tom Huebner, Steve held his own through a series of complicated lighting changes, including several black-outs. Let us hope that, within a few years, his two assistants will be able to match this kind of quiet brilliance.

All in all, the Colby production of "You Can't Take It with You" did not live up to the serious expectations of this member of the audience. Only the prospect of writing a review equal to the show's pretensions kept the evening buoyant with grim hope.

Jack Be Nimble Jack Be Quick

The illustrious Professor of History, Jack Foner, has, it would seem, disappeared from sight. The suspect of the hour would be, from all campus police accounts, the Microfilm Xerox machine which has a terrible case of indigestion—the burping is audible and has been heard, via microwave ovens, clear down to Bowdoin.

When last seen, Mr. Foner was surrounded by ten students in the process of "helping" Mr. Foner operate the two Xerox machines, read the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature" and speed-write. The students claim to have seen a huge dust storm envelop the harassed professor and his last words were: "I would like to answer that question by first stating everything I know. . ."

The police are checking into all reliable sources familiar with Mr. Foner. Ms. Smith, Colby College librarian, answered that she "wouldn't be surprised if Foner were between the stacks lettered HX-JK." Prof. Guenther "I'm Henry Kissinger's half-brother" Weissberg refused to elaborate on his feelings, only asking that contributions be sent to the "Little House for Wayward Historians," located in No Tenure, N.Y. Prof. Al Mavrinac, noted for his animated lectures on the undisputed truth, only commented: "Where have all the good men gone?"

Mr. Foner's only possessions on his person were three term papers, one dated 12/3/73 with a life-time guarantee attached. The police fear that the good professor had been punished for his tread-marks on the pages.

Any information leading to Mr. Foner's whereabouts should be sent to the reference librarian—she is looking for someone to erase the pencilled strokes in a Book Review Digest.

Hot Fun In The Summertime

Mr. Colin McKay will be devoting the summer to writing his book, "Chaucerian Bathroom Humor."

Monsieur Guy Filsof will spend one-half of the summer in Bourgogne, France, stomping grapes with his specially-made clogs. The other half of the summer will be devoted to a study of tennis etiquette.

Mr. Westervelt is in the midst of planning a new course in beat poetry and Mrs. Koonce will be practicing oral interpretation of poet laureates such as Allan Ginsberg, Gregory Corso and Gary Snyder.

Mr. Benbow will enjoy his summer vacation by learning how to keep both feet on the ground while finger-popping to the New York Jazz Festival.

Ms. Eileen Curran will be preparing her book "A Walk on the Wild Side II" while annotating a new course offering dealings with Hubert Selby (Last Exist To Brooklyn), William Burroughs and Henry Miller. All letters should be sent to St. Tropez, c/o Chez Maude.

Mr. Gillespie will be counseling at a camp for disaffected McGovernites. His specialty: jacks.

Mr. Sacks will spend the summer fumigating his clothes. (It's the ol' Bull Durham-rot).

Dean Downing will try to discover "Where are the snows of yesterday?" and "How did *you* enjoy four years of living in the quad in a quad?"

Ms. Adel Heinrich will be appearing at the Chez Parce, whiling the hours away for your listening pleasure with the sounds of her funky Bach-break and the best riffs this side of the Messalonskee.

Mr. Armstrong will S-M-I-L-E.

Dean Earl Smith: Where are you? He is planning (don't spread this around) to take over the mayoralty by a military coup using the graduates of this year's ROTC contingent.

RELS will be preparing a book of his Harvard reminiscences and all the other stories near and dear to our hearts. Have you ever heard the one about the traveling college president. ???

EUSLESS CONVERSATIONS



Willard Wyman. Dean of Students, herein designated as Wiley, appointment by invitation only. Meeting with confused coed.

Wiley: And what can I do for you Joan?

Jane: Oh Dean Wyman, I was just put on academic probation!

Wiley: Well, you're a big girl now, Joan. (By the way, exactly how big?) You can take care of these things.

J: But Dean Wyman, I just don't know how.....

Wiley: Don't worry. . . Relax. Now about your roommate. . .

J: (stiffening in chair) What about her?

Wiley: Are all those stories we hear true?

J: (becoming indignant) I'm not sure what you mean.

Wiley: Oh come on Is she really such a goody-goody? That Mona Lisa smile is very curious. . .

J: (flustered) Well. . .

Wiley: Oh, so she's not. What goes on Friday

and Saturday nights? (crossing over to reclining couch) A busy social schedule, huh?

J: (visibly upset) Dean Wyman!

Wiley: How are things with your other friends?

Are Sue and Fred still an item? Or is she on the prowl again? How about Linda? Are her problems straightened out? And Betty? That girl's a mess.

J: Could we get back to the probation problem?

Wiley: (stretching out) See, the problem is, Joan, you take things too seriously. . . You need to relax. . . Feel free and easy. Don't be so uptight.

Want to see my photographs? Want to read my novel? (peering closely) What nationality are you?

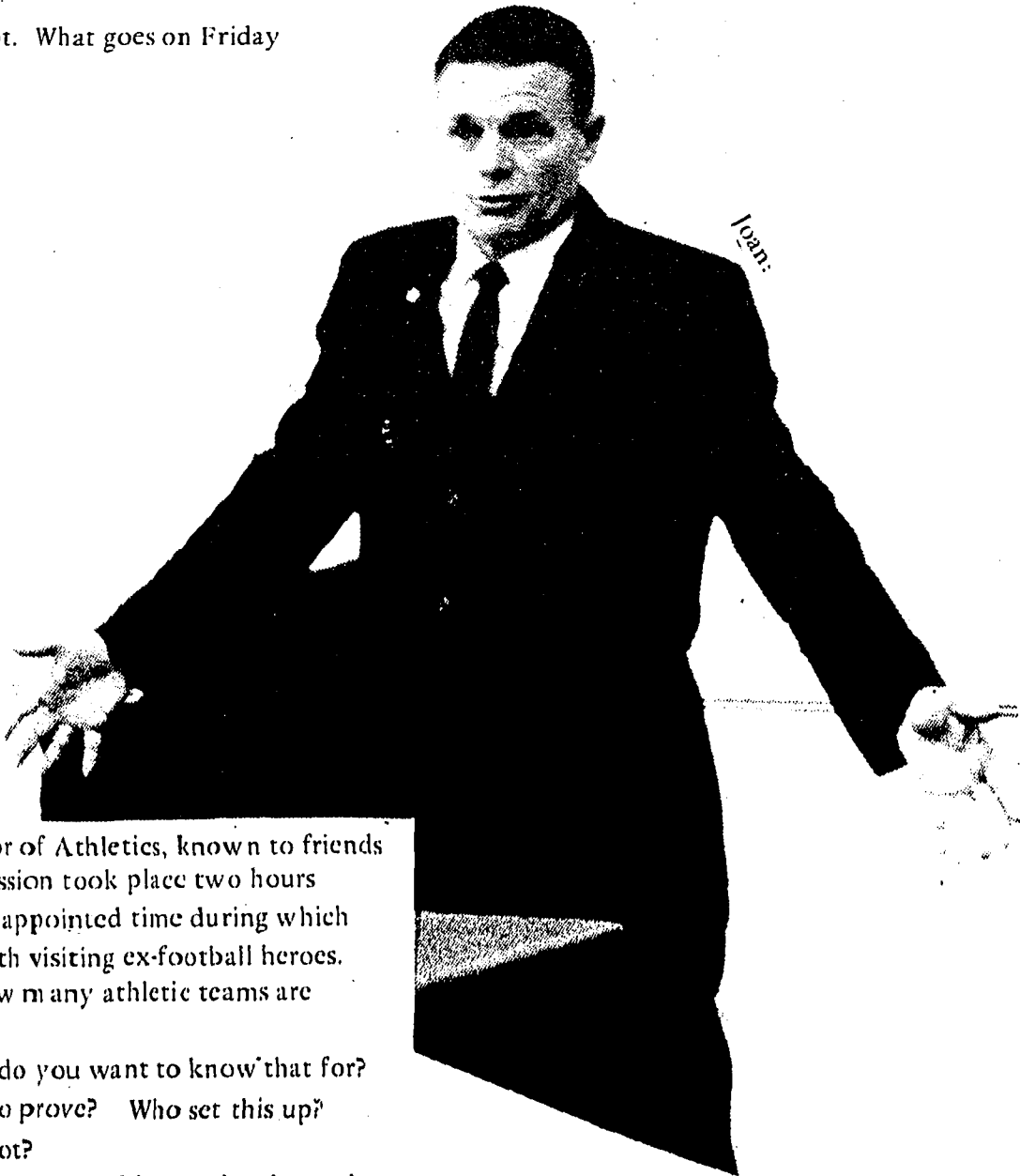
J: (taken aback) Oh, um, German-Chinese.

Wiley: A lovely combination. Very lovely. . .

J: (standing up abruptly, avoiding Wiley's paternal shoulder-hold) I've got to go, I have a class.

Wiley: Well look now Joan, anytime you have a problem just come see me, we'll take care of you.

J: Sure. . . thanks.



John Winkin—Director of Athletics, known to friends as "the Wink." Discussion took place two hours and ten minutes after appointed time during which Winkin reminisced with visiting ex-football heroes. Reporter: Exactly how many athletic teams are there, Mr. Winkin?

Wink: And just what do you want to know that for? What are you trying to prove? Who set this up? Is this some sort of plot?

R: I'm not trying to prove anything. I simply need information.

Wink: I don't think I can give that sort of information out. (Rising to his full five feet) I won't give that information out!!!!!!!

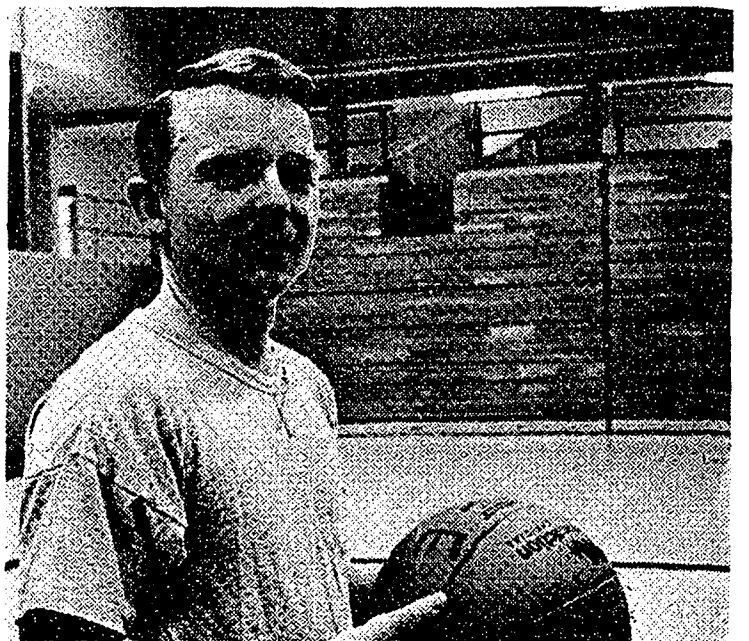
R: But isn't it a matter of public record?

Wink: How did you know that? Who told you? Have you been talking to my coaches? Or my MEN????????????????

R: No.

Wink: Well that's all I'm telling you. And before you print this I want to see it—I want to edit it. And turn over your notes right now.

(Reporter refused. Tobey was summoned from depths of fieldhouse. Article was never finished.)



Dane Cox, Treasurer of the College, apprehended by persistent reporter as he was surreptitiously stealing a drink at the water fountain, after being unavailable for appointment for thirteen days consistently. Reporter: Mr. Cox, I'd like some figures about departmental budgets.

Cox: No.

R: Why?

C: I won't comment on that.

R: Mr. Cox, every other school in the country releases these figures.

C: I don't believe that.

R: Well, look. I have them right here.

C: (after a moment of silence) I still don't believe that.

R: Mr. Cox, why are you withholding this info?

C: See Pullen. Whatever Pullen says, I say.

R: Mr. Cox, aren't you autonomous? Isn't this your department?

C: No comment, no comment, whatever Pullen says I say.

ad infinitum ad nauseum

As reporter left, she tripped a string extending from Pullen's hand to Cox's mouth.



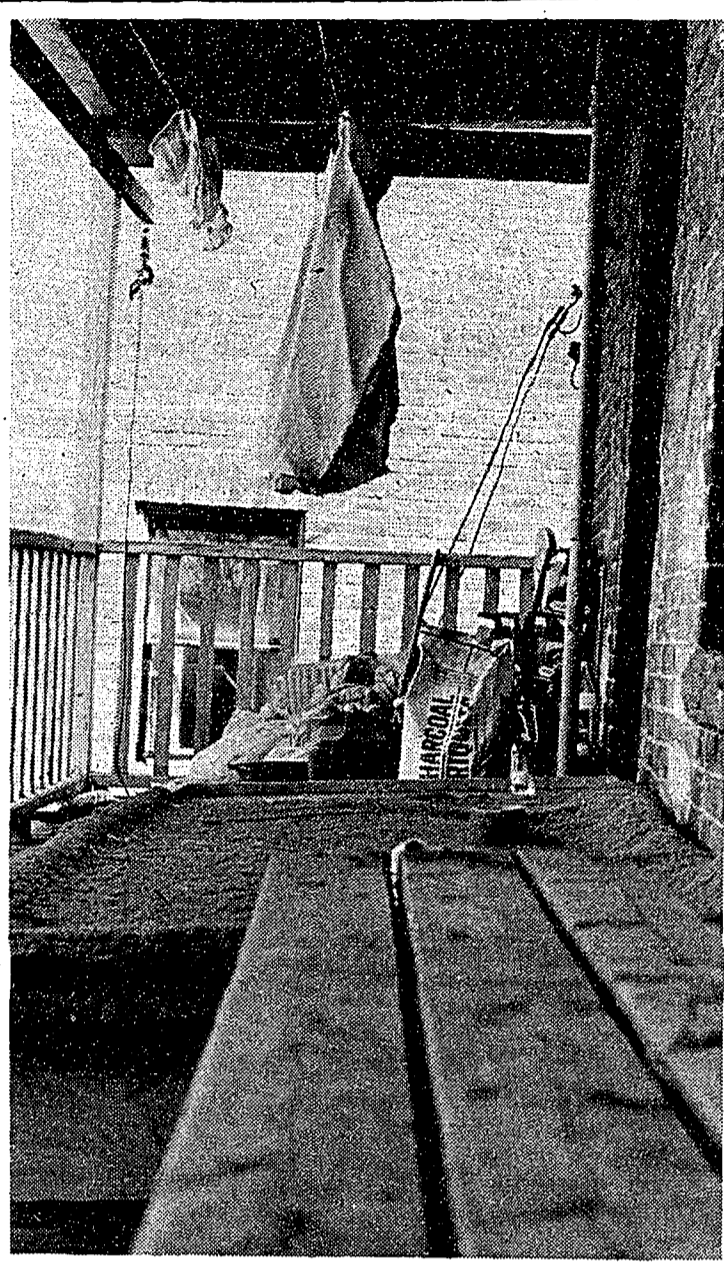
Paul Jensen—Dean of Faculty

Reporter: Dean Jensen, what are your ideas for more responsible leadership?

Jensen: Tkeim opskdn the ciuemepoht whasiene with, ehtkeuem thixic, thekidk, c alkdjs fldjekj skdjflekj elksjd lekjs lekjs dl457 woierlxc lj0dild74 wiur04985 4975poeut flfig orkj ?????????? yes?????????no????? eoiurkj dl elkjr die e 2093 elkjr elkjr oeiur coiuv, mer .tkn et woieuc oiekfurmcie, xo roc, rjeur d?r] v.e05 ,v,dlepf.f f;v [r] f-39tkgmdlejfj lgodj rlfprkdmd skektodk flkrue t dlkjr ch s tlkej s epoti d splekt spoie fldt 2poit fldtj poetu flskt flidkt kjj e flkt .

Reporter: Thank you, Dean Jensen.

May 16, 1974



House Beautiful: Luxury On Main Street

Off-Campus living: The scene is underneath the slip cover by Charlotte Ford III (roving reporter for *The Beautiful Home*)

Today we will venture into the world that can be ours with a little bit of ingenuity, money, flair, and luck. A picture is worth a thousand words (so only look at the pictures).

Located in the red light district of beautiful down town Waterville, these smart apartment dwellers have found themselves a real "palace," as their landlords generously term the residence. The four laborious flights of stairs (48 steps) that one ascends, among the peripheral vision of dented wallboard, posters, "please don't throw refuse" and knuckle swallowing mailboxes do not guarantee privacy from local hoodlums, drunks, stray dogs and wandering (wayward) children—but they do keep you housewives in tip top physical shape outside of Elizabeth Arden Spas, of course.

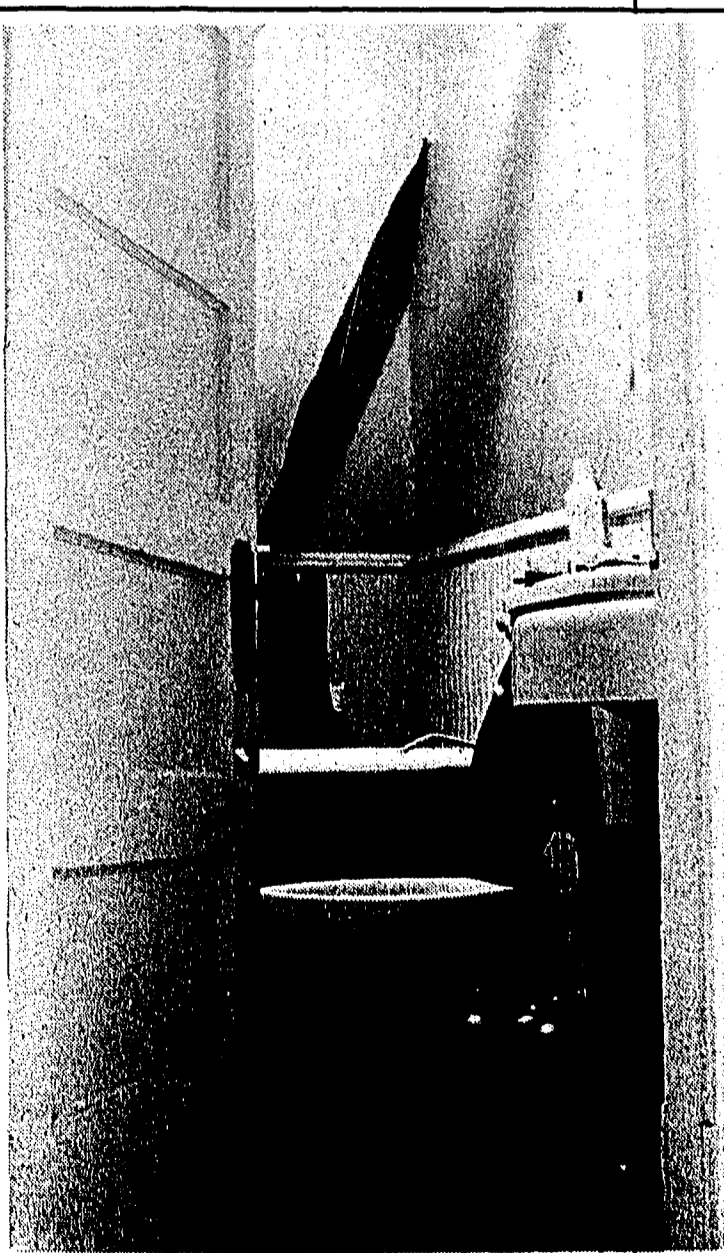
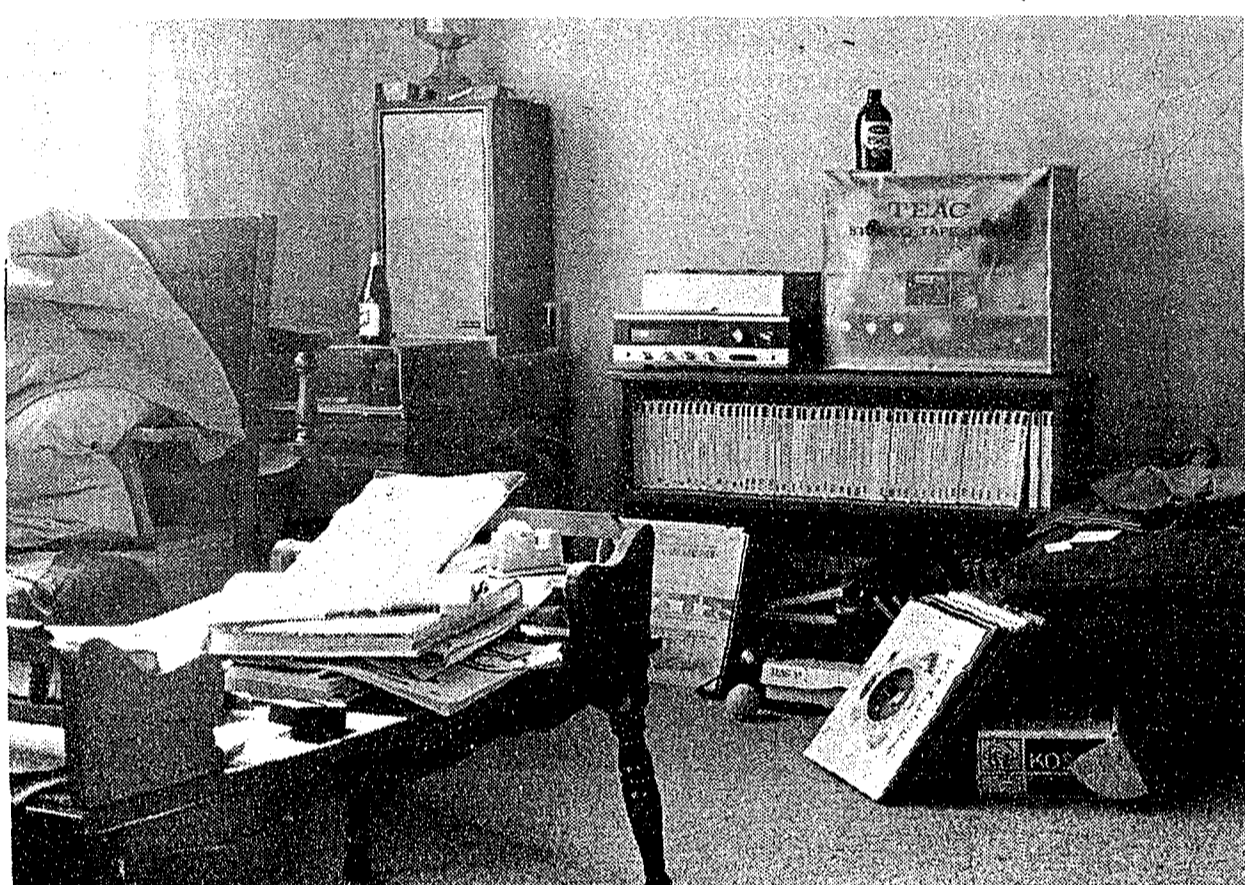
A handsome front door (hollow balsam) situated atop a spiraling staircase (difficult to scale if you wear a shoe size larger than three) heralds us. The entrance way is neat—the avenue like breath provides good storage space for all those collegiate essentials (pictured).

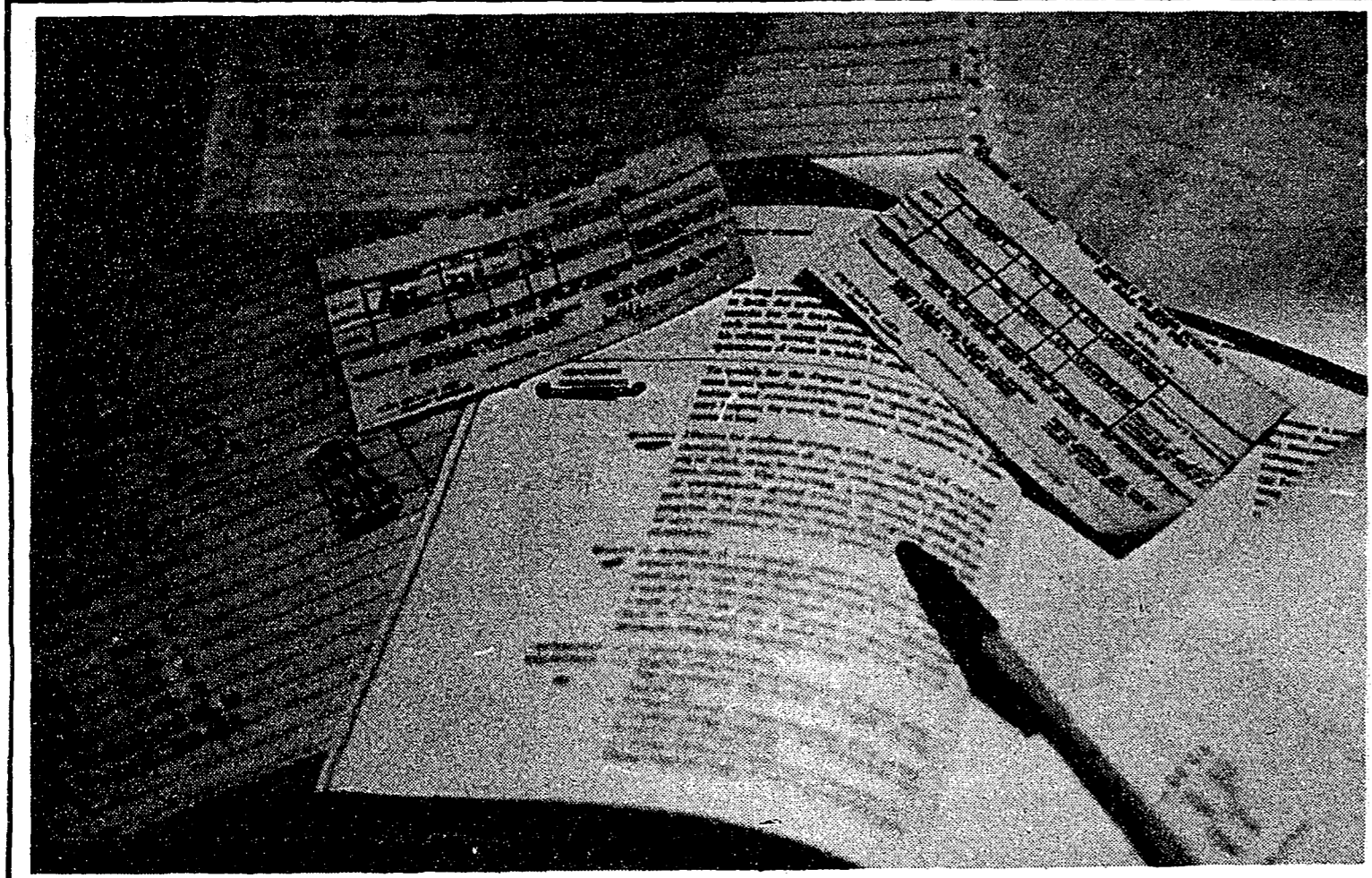
The warm homey lived in look, so often missing in today's prefab, glass and wood, cold architectural structures is very much in evidence here. The furnishings are in the "contemporary slum" style, better known as "bargain basement" or "what I took when mother wasn't looking" mode, which immediately followed the Heavy Georgian period in furnishings. A sofa (smartly embellished with huge gingham checks, in the chicest of colors—peacock blue, chartreuse, and citron) utilized in the "typical students" lifestyle: here, the decorators managed to use it as a bed, as a couch, as a dining bench, as a television viewing center. This didn't detract however, from the most interesting conversation piece of the room: not the defacings on an adjoining wall (early Picasso), or the head on view of Main Street and its residents, nor the hissing radiators, or even the silver (sterling!) sprinkler system pipes running along the ceiling; but the RUG. That is like a piece of handmade tapestry, for it is in that rug that the residents can recount their two year history, spot by spot, spill by spill, in a most imaginative and decorative manner. Often they will refrain from vacuuming the rug for weeks, so that the spots will become partially hidden, and will then test each other on local history. Again, we see how furnishings can have a dual purpose!

The "do your own thing" philosophy that is so much with us these days is given a free hand here—each person is given the opportunity to develop his own style. An abundance of doors makes bureaus unnecessary.

If the open air is your thing, a back porch-veranda, as the tenants are fond of calling it—stretches the length of the apartment. Complete with clothes line, pigeons, guano, and a wooden fire escape, the porch offers a commanding view of the back of Steve's, Foxy's Billiard Hall, Farrar Brown loading dock, and Waterville Hardware Lot—to the west; to the north is a brick wall (west side story type decor). For those quiet romantic moments, take your lover out on the porch and sit mesmerized by the flasing light of Waterville's La Fleur airport.

Finally, our tour ends us in perhaps the most utilized room of the house: the room that made American Standard famous.





George Coleman: Between The () * †

This is a list of recent (May 16, 1974) course changes and additions which did not appear in the newest Colby College bulletin. All courses, are, of course, open enrollment, no preference given to majors and are given on a flexible credit basis.

ART 211—Mr. Carpenter: A study of color, its wishes, its aims and its successes and failures as an art medium. Sleeping bags will be provided at a slight charge and the professor will conduct the class by remote control, making inaudibility nil as opposed to previous years.

Prerequisite: Hearing aids.

ART 614 (or something like that)—Mr. Miller: An in-depth study of circumlocution (or something like that) in which the professor will try to answer all questions concerning art in the most vacillating and superficial ways possible. Three in-class reports will be due and the official title for these programs will be "Show and Tell."

Prerequisite: Kindergarten and a thorough knowledge of the ways and means of avoiding a subject like the plague.

BIOLOGY 123—Mr. Fowles: The course will deal with botany, or something like that and a bean plant project will be the highlight of the semester. For those who must fulfill a laboratory science, this course will provide ample opportunity for laboratory work, provided your plant dies. If not, goodbye lab credit.

Prerequisite: PhD. in botany because the professor will not be able to answer any of your questions.

CHEMISTRY 902—Mr. Machemer: This course will involve work, work and more work. Your hard efforts will be awarded, most probably, with a beautiful "F" worth approximately \$160. Prerequisite: A police record in masochism.

ENGLISH 166—Mr. Wyman: A long, heavy fistfight with some discussion of Hemingway. Mr. Wyman always judges a man/woman by the way he/she drinks but chewing Juicy Fruit and saying things like "We are having a swell time" will guarantee an "A."

Prerequisite: A personal chair at the Dean's office.

ENGLISH 117—Ms. Wyman: A glossing over of 17 novels exploring the woman as a conscious literary artist in America. Ms. Wyman will have all the critical works out of the library and will appear smarter than you. Don't despair: suckling up to Mr. Wyman will guarantee success. By up on your plot outlines.

Prerequisite: Let a smile by your umbrella.

ENGLISH 217—Mr. Benbow, and ENGLISH 218—Mr. Benbow: First semester will be an engrossing study of "What is Good?" and second semester will be another absorbing study in "What is Evil?"

A thorough knowledge of every critical work dealing with Shakespeare, Marlowe, Spenser, and John "Repent" Calvin is absolutely necessary.

Prerequisite: 1) A course dealing with "What is Reality?"

2) A police record

3) A key to them "Pearly Gates"

4) 1,000 words a minute in stenography

ENGLISH 313—Mr. Bassett: Aw, hell—this is a course that—let me see—will deal with all that is SEXY—yeah—EUROPEAN—Oh, god and all that other STUFF. Now, look, you gotta see the possibilities open here!!

Prerequisite: A love of theatrics.

ENGLISH 413—Mr. Mizner: ROMANTICISM—hurry up and register before the abyss swallows Mr. Mizner.

Prerequisite: Three attempts at suicide.

FRENCH 617—Mr. Filosof: An all-encompassing view of the latest, greatest French novel, *Remembrance of Chickens Past*, by Tom Perdue. Students are requested to drop all other courses—this will be a remarkable experience in frustration, hysteria, and writer's cramp.

Prerequisite: A thorough understanding of every French author, philosopher and scientist since Vereingetorix.

GEOLOGY 114—Mr. Pestana: This will be a most fascinating study of hip rocks. Mr. Pestana will be having "Rock-Ins" as part of the curriculum and the major event of the semester will be watching the professor's hair grow and a change of his sports jacket.

GOVERNMENT 789—Mr. Sacks: When Mr. Sacks shows up, this class will study all governments of the world. You can reach the professor at YUkon 3-4578.

Prerequisite: Patience, and a gas mask.

GOVERNMENT 333 (easy to remember, no?)—

Mr. Weissberg: After six weeks of beading your strings and watching night follow day, Mr. Weissberg will finally begin to discuss harassment and

badgering of students.

Prerequisite: Short skirts and a Close-up smile. Male students are suggested to invest in a Christine Jorgensen revitalization.

GOVERNMENT 111—Mr. Maisel: Mr. Maisel will begin with a fashion show, highlighting the world's largest collection of bow ties. After this, the professor will prove himself the *real* winner of the TransAtlantic screaming contest sans microphone. In addition, Mr. Maisel will provide "Vote Sandy in '74" buttons free of charge.

Prerequisite: Ear plugs and Democratic affiliation. (All contributions will be gladly accepted.)

GOVERNMENT 9000—Mr. Mavrinac: As an introduction to the course, Mr. Mavrinac will solve the great Dana bed theft—after which, the course will be divided into four sections: 1) the use of napalm 2) the use of the Government department's Saigon fact machine 3) how to switch your affiliations in five easy lessons and 4) what every happened to Marilyn Mavrinac?

Prerequisite: no personal opinions or—

GREEK 888—Mrs. Koonce: Watch Mrs. Koonce blow smoke rings in perfect hexometric verse.

The first 2,000 lines of the *Iliad* will be memorized after the first class, after which it will be played back at 99.8 with Vaseline. Listen carefully.

Prerequisite: Strong lungs.

HISTORY ???—Mr. Gillum: The highlight of the course will be yet another fashion show of Mr. Gillum's suits. All facts are totally relevant and papers will consist entirely of footnotes. And they better be good.

Prerequisite: A thorough knowledge of army campaigns of the last 3,000 years, the total size of the Spanish Armada at last count and a particularly keen insight into the stiff upper lip and every British colloquialism invented in the last 400 years. Mr. Gillum will also offer a special course in Taxonomy. (Prerequisite: stuffed shirt.)

HISTORY 786 or perhaps 788?—Mr. Foner: The course will involve extensive Xeroxing and microfilm reading. Be assured of tests that will want to know everything *you* know about Black History. You'll never look smart—Mr. Foner had read every single book, article and review in the field. How do you expect to pass this course?

Prerequisite: A fluency in Brooklynese and a B.A. in reference materials. Mr. Foner has a tendency to drive over term papers so write your paper on Goodyear tires.

HISTORY 668792—Mr. Ellison: The course involves extensive research in seventeen languages and, although the course meets (ostensibly) only three hours a week, bring a sleeping bag and provisions for a month every class meeting.

Prerequisite: Completion of upper-level courses in Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Spanish; and, if you want to be on the safe side, Esperanto.

HISTORY 2-uh-3-uh-6-uh—Mr. Berschneider:

This is a-uh-course in-ah-revolution-oo-and its apparent man-i-fes-ta-tion in-umm-America.

Prerequisite: uh, anything you-uh-know.

PORTUGUESE 284—Ms. Doel: Male Machismo in the Portuguese novel.

Prerequisite: Lots of guts and much suerte.

PHILOSOPHY-RELIGION 345—Mr. Longstaff: Stay home and read the book.

Prerequisite: A blanket and hot chocolate.

SPANISH 798—Mr. Cauz: A glimpse of the previous experiences and adventures of the redoubtable Mr. Cauz. Every picture tells a story, don't it? and Mr. Cauz was there.

Prerequisite: Better stories than his.

SPANISH 1 ½—Mr. Holland: After Mr. Holland's summer course, where he will learn elementary Spanish, this course will review all works consisting of Spanish words no longer than two syllables. This is another featuring a show of Mr. Holland's tan shoes and pink shoelaces.

Prerequisite: Are you kidding?

ANECDOTOGRAPHY 114—Harry "The Emperor Pestana: The professor will sandwich interesting minutiae and sage insights from world travels between occasional references to such things as Gondawonaland, sneaker waves, and his pet hamster—nannoplankton.

Prerequisite: Student cannot "bug" Harry. (A collection will be taken to buy Harry a new blazer—red, with dumb brass buttons.)

The Facts Behind the Facade: PIRG Unex PIRGated

submitted anonymously by a future editor

Everyone has wondered, at one time or another, exactly what PIRG does besides put an article in the Echo every week which no one reads anyway.

In an effort to answer this question I attempted to become a part of this group. What I discovered has led me to record this testimony with the fervent hope of seeing it in print.

I located PIRG's campus big-wig Rob Burgess at a nearby restaurant, where, sad to say, he was hunched over a bottle of 52 Chateau-Neuf. On the plate in front of him were the remains of two lobsters and I noticed he had melted butter on his tie.

"Rob," I said presenting myself, "I want to join PIRG."

"Great," Rob slurred. "Have some wine."

"I really shouldn't," I said unconvincingly.

"Aw Hell," he burped, "It's on the company."

"The company?"

"Yea, you bet," he said winking and producing a fistful of old diner checks signed with PIRG underlined across the bottom.

I decided that I might establish some sort of camaraderie if I stayed. I had some wine.

"So you wanna join PIRG?" he said.

"Well yes."

"That's funny!"

"Funny?"

"Yea, you don't look that loaded."

"You sure do," I said.

"No you idiot," (apparently I had misunderstood). "I mean money—you gotta have a fistful if you want to get in this mess."

"Oh," I said, sauntered.

"Have sommore wine," he said. I was discouraged.

"Listen," he asked, "you know Suzanne Spitz?"

"What a nasty habit," I replied.

"No no no—I mean Suzanne Spitz —PIRG's commander."

"Oh yeah—her," I said, not knowing who the hell she was. Unsure of myself I decided to change the subject.

"With so much to do what are you doing down here drinking alone?" I ventured.

"First I happen to like drinking, and second, I'm alone because I don't have any friends; anyway I'm on business."

"Business?" I said puzzled.

"Yea, we're investigating the sombreros in this joint."

"The sombreros?"

"Yeah the sombreros—what are you deaf?"

"No, just surprised."

"Yea well have summore of this an nothing will surprise ya," he said opening another bottle of wine. "Nothing will surprise you then except maybe an early class."

"I don't have any."

"Yea, well I do tomorrow at 8. Take a guess if I'll be there." He burped.

"Let's get back to the sombreros," I said.

"Hey—great idea—waiter two sombreros!"

"No," I said meekly. "What I meant was why are you investigating their sombreros?"

"Oh, two reasons. First cause I like them, and second we heard they were using coffee brandy instead of Kahlua."

"Have you tried one?" I asked

"No, but you can damn well bet I'm gonna."

"You mean to say you come down here, charge a whole meal with wine, just to sample the sombreros?"

"You gotta have a good cover."

"You mean you use up kids' money doing junk like this?"

"Hell yes, they'r all stupid, rich and liberal anyways," he giggled.

"I'm surprised and disappointed, Rob."

"No," said Rob. "You're stupid and an idiot."

"Hey listen, you wanna meet Miss Spitz?"

I saw my chance. "Yes, I would."

"Justa sec," he said, and got up.

A minute later a young lady approached the table. I stood up.

"Miss Spitz, I presume?"

"No, but she will if you don't offer her a seat and some of that wine."

Oh, I thought, a real businesswoman.

"Of course," I said. "Please do."

To my amazement she tipped up the bottle and nearly drained it.

"Thirsty?" I ventured.

"Take a guess," she returned.

"This may sound odd," I said, "but you remind me very much of Mr. Burgess."

"You idiot, who the hell do you think I am!" she said pulling off a blond wig.

"You mean you're Burgess, I said, incredulous.

"Yea, I'm Burgess, Spitz and every other guy whose name I use in those articles."

"Shocking," I said.

"Can't remember him but I might have used his name too."

Burgess, lost in his self-importance gave me just the opportunity I needed. I left on pretense of going to themen's room. I figured in his get-up he'd never be able to check. I returned to write my story and took it over to the Echo office confident of a scoop.

I found the editors there, sitting on the floor lost amid bottles, butts and clothes—stinking drunk. Apparently they were trying to decide what article would grace the front page of the weekly issue. The question was whether to use an article about the irrelevance of the liberal arts, an article about off-campus life or just another one of those editorials. Finally someone flipped a coin, apparently unaware it had only two sides. It came up heads.

"The editorial," screamed Becky.

"The irrelevance of the liberal arts," yelled Shelley.

"Off-campus life," burped Rob.

I meekly suggested they flip three coins, odd man out.

"Odd woman out you mean," screamed Becky in my ear.

Outraged, misunderstood and disgusted I dropped what I had written in their midst, stopped writing this stupid article and I left the office.

The "I HATE AWARDS" Awards

Humbert Humbert Award—Mr. Weissberg

The Harold Stassen Award—Hank Goldman

The Swedish Sauna Endurance Award—Mr. Bither

The Doublemint Twins Award—Blair Fox and Mr. Armstrong

The Barnum and Bailey Award (best imitation of a clown)—Mr. Maisel

Best Leading Player for "Screaming at the Pit"—Mr. Maisel

"I'm here for a year and you're going to know who I am if it kills me" Award—Mike Heitzmann

"I'm too importnat, to be polite, considerate or otherwise treat anyone like a human being"

Award—Mr. Weissberg

See you later, Mikie, Award—Mr. Desisto

The Jean Neidetch Award—Ms. Wyman

The "I'm so far over your head I have to laugh"

Award—Mr. Koonce

Plagarism Inc. Award—Mr. and Mrs. Koonce

The "Appear to be lost in thoughtover world problems while trying to guess if the wind will lift her skirt" Award —Mr. Weissberg

The Diaphragm Award—Ms. Candace Burnett

The "I hate to teach" Award—Mr. Fowles

This is strictly off-the-record Award—Mr. Bruce Cummings

The Mr. Wizard Award—Mr. Wayne Smith

The "Lovely to look at, delightful to know"

Award--The ladies of the treasurer's office

The "I can only talk as a person, not as a president" Award—Mr. Strider

The "I'm so glad you asked that question" Award—Ms. Adel Heinrich

The Kentucky Fried Chicken Award—Mr. Miller

The Ascot Award—Mr. Hugh Gourley

The Persecution Award—Mr. Hogendorn

The Simplicity Patterns Award—Ms. Curran

The "Don't forget I'm married" Award—Ms. Diana Lieberman

The Geritol Award—Ms. Carolyn Smith

The "You Turn Me On" Award—Mr. Lester

The Missing-In-Action award—CSFC Committee

The Liberace Award—Mr. Pestana

The "I'll try anything" Award—S. Ann Earon

The Conspicuous Consumption Award—Mike Strone

The "greatest-movie-in-the-world-but-you've-never-heard-of-it" Award—Gail Chase and Ken Eisen

The Lord Byron Award—Abbott Meader

The "Ah, shucks" Award—Robbie Burgess



To the Editors:

The 1974 Student Arts Festival Committee is pleased to announce Laurie White as the winner of the Logo Contest. Her design will be on future Student Arts Festival posters, invitations, and as its letter head. Laurie is a junior Art Major. The five original entries were whittled down to two in the semi-finals. Twila Purvis, a senior, was the runner-up. The first prize is a framed Robert Indiana poster, "Colby College Museum."

The Committee would again like to thank all those who entered the contest. The 1975 Student Arts Festival Committee is looking for interested students for next year's festival. All those interested in the Student Arts Festival please contact the Art Department.

Thank you,
Sue Feinberg

Friday, 5/3/74

Dear "Editor":

How are you. I'm an inmate here at the London, Ohio Correctional Institute and very uptight and lonely. I would like for you as a favor to put my name in your school paper in asking for correspondence with a nice young lady. Black or white.

Thank you,

Mr. Frankie Johnson
Box 69-136-559
London, Ohio 43140

A course in the craft and art form of weaving will be offered June 23 to August 3 by the Division of Special Programs at Colby College. Enrollment will be limited to 20. Each individual may earn up to six hours of credit.

Designed for adults with no previous weaving experience, the course will provide instruction in the set-up and preparation of looms; spinning and dyeing of yarns; and drafts, patterns and techniques of weaving.

Other aspects will include elements and principles of design, and imagination, invention and self-expression.

The director, Mrs. Andrea Fowles of Albion, will be assisted by Mrs. Joyce Hayslett of Belgrade. Other weavers, including one from Sweden, will visit classes for brief instruction periods.

Mrs. Fowles has taught arts and crafts for five years in Rhode Island and California public schools and holds a master of science degree in art education from the Rhode Island School of Design.

Mrs. Hayslett, president of the Maine Guild of Spinners and Weavers, has had classes at Mandala Community Workshops in Waterville and at Colby during two January programs of independent study.

Information regarding fees and application may be obtained from Prof. Robert H. Kany, director of special programs at the college.

Mental Health Conference

HELP, a Portland based self-help organization consisting of ex-mental patients, is sponsoring a conference for ex-mental patients on Saturday, May 25 in the Luther Bonney Auditorium on the Portland campus of the University of Maine at Portland-Gorham.

The conference will begin at 10 a.m. with addresses by two former patients followed by an open session where participants will be invited to speak about their experiences. After a noon lunch break, the conference will divide into workshops dealing with job discrimination, stigma, legal rights, self-help groups, and women and mental illness. Other workshops will be formed if participants feel the need. A wrap-up session will conclude the conference.

Child care facilities will be available. Participants are requested to bring a bag lunch. Coffee, tea and donuts will be provided.

The conference is free and anyone who wishes to may attend. However, it is requested that interested friends, relatives or mental health professionals help in child care and not attend the sessions. For more information call 797-2877 evenings.

Art Exhibit

An exhibition of works, ranging from sculpture to drawings and paintings, by six senior art majors is on view at the Colby College Museum of Art through Wednesday, May 22.

Represented are sculptor John Alsop, Jr., an Avon, Conn. native now residing in Palermo; Jane Morris, Bridgton; Robert G. Freeman of Windsor, Conn.; Elaine Halberg of Natick, Mass.; Charles Jewitt of So. Euclid, Ohio; and sculptor Claudia Kraehling of St. Louis Part, Minn.

Callie's Conclusion

Carolyn Dusty of Wrentham, Mass. has completed a brilliant gymnastics career at Colby College. After leading Colby to first place finishes in the University of Maine and Colby invitational this season, Miss Dusty climaxed her competition by gaining her fourth straight Maine individual all-around championship. Enroute to the title she won the balance beam event, tied for first on the uneven bars and placed second in vaulting.

A dean's list student, Miss Dusty is a graduate of King Philip Regional. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Dusty of 51 Woolford Rd.

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Liz Hodgson
Sue French
Ernest Marriner
Mrs. Kiralis
Dick Dyer
Sue Francis
Cathy McGierle
Ed Kemp
Claudia Kraehling
News Bureau
Steve Horan
Stefan Gaehde
Steve Capaldo
Sus McBratney
Doug Endreson
Mike Roy
loyal advertisers
Harriet Hults
Russ Harris
professorial contributors

Nursery School

A semi-cooperative nursery school for children of Colby College faculty, staff, and students is conducted at Lorimer Chapel in space made available by the College. Parents meet several times during the year and share responsibility for the budget, care of equipment, and other details concerning the operation of the nursery school.

The school meets five mornings a week from 8:30 to 11:45 under the direction of two teachers. Tuition is determined by calculating the total estimated cost of the program for the year and dividing it by the number of children attending.

Children from ages 2 through 4 are eligible to attend. To obtain an enrollment application for next September, parents may contact Mrs. Richard Whitmore at 873-0369.

Biology Department Evaluations

The Biology department is taking a critical look at itself. The Biology Advisory Committee, comprised of 12 student majors in the department, has undertaken the task of compiling and summarizing students' comments about all Biology courses—both non-majors' and majors' Biology courses.

The Committee will use this information to 1) suggest course changes and new courses, 2) evaluate the requirements of the Biology major, and 3) recommend special programs and course sequences in preparation for graduate and professional schools.

Please take time now to read the short course summary and fill out the evaluation for each Biology course you have taken.

Thank you. The members of the Biology Advisory Committee: Ken Beland, Dave Galvin, Lynn Estes, Peter Sousa, Patrick Wood, Ken Hardigan, Toni Fontrier, John Irwin, Mike Lynes, Karen Fellows, Dave Bodine, Carol Foss.

New Faculty Member

A specialist in American literature and literary criticism, Peter B. Harris, will join the Colby College faculty in September as instructor in English.

The 27-year old Middlebury College graduate is a Ph.D. candidate at Indiana University.

Harris has taught English and European literature and film as well as American literature, and has three summers' experience instructing ghetto students in Indiana.

JOBS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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LAYOUT AND DESIGN, WRITERS.
RENUMERATION.
CONTACT NEW EDITORS (NEALIE
MCMONAGLE, DOUG ENDRESON,
ROGER HATCH) IMMEDIATELY.

Pratt Institute workshops

The "without walls" program at Pratt Institute will be sponsoring three unusual and innovative workshops this summer. Two will make use of an exciting educational process: High Density Training. The first High Density workshop (June 10-14) will explore DRAWING from a multi-disciplinary orientation, involving many exhilarating persons from fields such as film, psychology, biology and dance. The second High Density workshop will be concerned with FUTURE STUDIES (July 23-26) from the perspective of the artist and humanist and will include the input from well-known specialists in various disciplines.

Participants in the third workshop, "ON-THE-TOWN" (June 4- August 23) will spend the summer investigating the art resources of New York City, above and underground, and publishing an Artist's Yellow Pages of their research. Persons interested in participating in these workshops, offered for academic credit, should contact the Integrative Studies Program, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y., (212) 636-3618, before May 30.

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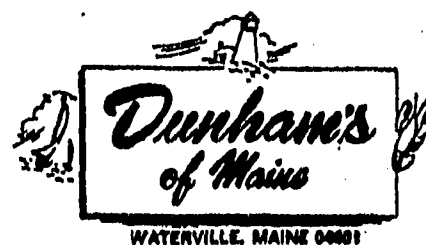
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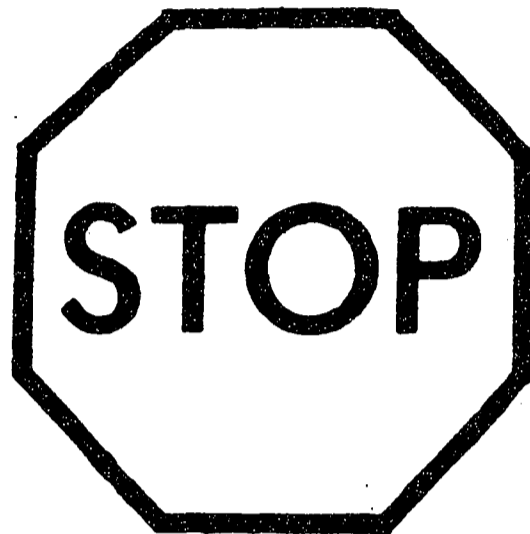
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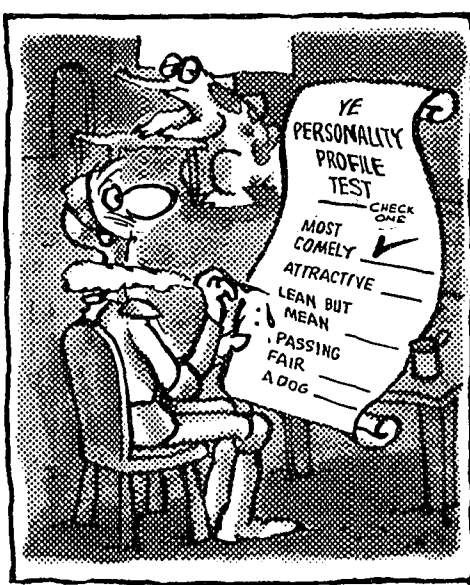
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RECEIVE A PERSONALITY
PROFILE TEST AND THE
GUARANTEE OF A ROOMMATE
MOST PERFECTLY AND
DESERVEDLY MATCHED.



AND SO, AWAITING THE
ARRIVAL OF HIS ROOMMIE,
HE DID SPRUCE UP HIS DIGS.



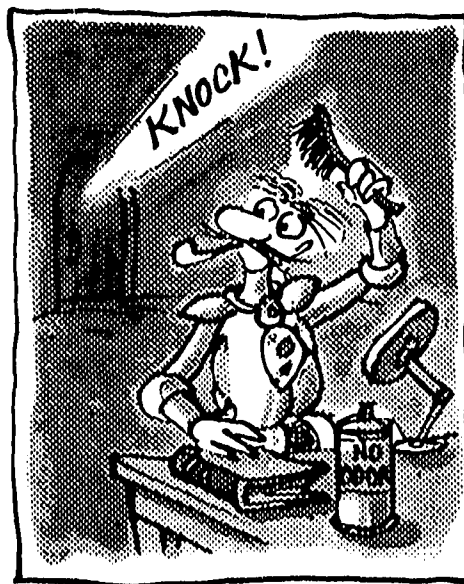
AND SOON, HE DID FALL INTO
FANTASY MOST CHAUVINISTIC.



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