

The Mayflower Muckraker

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Sentinel photo by David Leaming

Air New England finally 'puts out to pasture' (story p.2)

Dana vandalism problem solved

In order to curb the increase of vandalism in Dana Hall, Deans Girl Smith and Janice Shitslinger have announced that Dana dorm staff will be armed next year.

Smith said "Things have gone too damn far. We're going to mow the bastards down next year." Shitslinger concurred with Smith, saying "At first, I was all for castration of vandals but Six-gun (Smith) pointed out it would be unfair to males."

Another problem with her solution according to Smith is that the perpetrators must be physically caught. By arming dorm staff, Shitslinger hopes to alleviate this problem. "It's hard to outrun a .38," she said.

Although the measure has been approved by the Board of Trustees, the final choice of weapons has not been made. Several proposals have been submitted. Smith was pushing his own plan that Head Residents be armed with Smith and Wesson .306 rifles, RA's with Smith and Wesson .38 revolvers and FA's with Smith and Wesson peashooters.

This proposal has brought sharp criticism from many people including Barb

Bulcock, Dana's present Head Resident. "The administration doesn't know their asses from their elbows" she said. "Besides, Smith owns half of Smith and Wesson. I think it's a conflict of interest."

When asked if this was a conflict, Smith answered "Hell no, I only own half of it."

Bulcock presented her own view to the Deans but it was rejected. "They're a bunch of candy-asses over there. They really don't know what dorm staff needs," she said.

Her proposal includes M-16 automatic rifles and Colt .45 automatics for each dorm staffer. She would also like to see the Head Residents' M-16's equipped with grenade launchers. "Those would take care of the guys on the T's" she said.

Ken Gag-on, head of Colby's Gestapo, favors Bulcock's plan because he can get the weapons at half price with the two M-60 tanks he is buying for Security.

However, the Deans cite problems with Bulcock's proposal. Shitslinger said, off the record, "All those guns would make a lot of noise which would violate the new quiet hours. I'm in favor of squirt guns filled with acid. The screaming would be annoying but not quite as loud as the shooting."

Smith countered that his proposal is the best. "Guns only make a big noise once and the punks only scream once. Besides I get a percentage of each one we buy."

Dean Molestme submitted an alternative proposal. He said "I think the school should buy some high grade Columbian and some ludes. That'd calm the kiddies down." He also offered to distribute the drugs nightly.

All the proposals have been submitted to President Kotter for a final decision. A high unnamed official in the administration (Sonya Hose) leaked that Kotter was leaning toward his own plan of mining the waterfountains and ceiling tiles. A decision is expected soon.

Innovative steps taken to alleviate housing shortage: Colby gains another 'Fort'

by Reff Ujee

Faced with the worst housing shortage in Colby's 168 year history, the Board of Trustees recently held an emergency meeting at which they authorized the school to purchase the recently closed Fort Halifax Packing Company in Winslow, the old Foss dormitory downtown, the fire-ravaged Waterville Hardware Store and \$5 million in camping supplies.

"Under the circumstances," said Dean of Housing Jaundiced Shitslinger, "we had to move fast. The students," she added, "are going to be moving even faster."

The problem is attributed to the incoming freshmen. Normally, to fill the 450 spots in each new class, the Admissions Committee must accept about 4,500 students.

"We're usually rejected by 9 out of 10 kids to whom we offer admission," said Dean of Admissions Beery Barrell, "So we accepted the usual number this year."

However, for some unexplained reason, 9 out of every 10 accepted students decided to come to Colby next year. The news made headlines from Portsmouth

to Presque Isle, and the class' decisions will be documented in the next printing of Ripley's Believe-it-or-Not.

President Kotter believes that the dramatic turnaround in enrollments was due to Colby's new prestige in making the Preppy Handbook or else that the

students were tripping on LSD when they accepted admission. "Anyway you look at it, though we're up Shit's Creek," he said.

So next year almost 3,750 students will have to live off Mayflower Hill. According to Shitslinger, approximately 500 persons will be placed in the old Foss

dormitory downtown. To accomplish this all inside walls will be torn out, cots and footlockers will be lined up six inches apart and "Everybody will be like one big happy family," she said. Students will be able to take their meals at Darrell's Pizza or Mister Donut.

continued on page 3

Maisel named Dean of Faculty

Daisy Maisel was unanimously chosen as the new Dean of Faculty by the search committee headed by Tanked Memory.

Maisel, a Bowdoin graduate with a PhD from Ralston-Purina Institute of Technology, is expected to add many new insights to the job. Said Memory, "She's a lot smarter than former Dean Dense-one."

Demure Daisy, 1976 Bowdoin Homecoming Queen, when informed of the committee's vote, was heard to say, "Now they'll let me eat in the cafeteria."

Maisel is well-known for her laid back approach to Colby. Acting Dean of Faculty Sonya Hose commented, "It can't be said that her bark is worse than her bite. She doesn't

really bark or bite; but she howls when she doesn't get her way. The faculty will have to notice."

Maisel has plans for instituting "Canine Studies" at Colby. Included in this interdisciplinary major will be courses such as, "Lassie: a Modern American Heroine" in the English Department, "Rin Tin Tin in Historical Perspective" in the History Department, "Comparative Physiology of Cats," in the Biology Department, and "The Puppy and Developmental Psychology" in the Psych. Department, and, in the Government Department, "Doggie Issues as Viewed as Viewed by the American Party

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Muckraker STORIES

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Muckraker Personality of the Week:

Lisa Hallee

by Ben Dover



This is our illustrious Editor-in-Chief, Lisa A. Hallee - SBWW (Smart, Beautiful, Wonderful, Woman) to her friends. Isn't she cute?

Editor's note: This is the most accurate depiction of a personality of the week, yet. Now we know the REAL Lisa Hallee.



Might these words of your creator sink into your heart:

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Galatians 6:7

The One who made the worlds and made you loved you enough to die for you. Are you running from Him? If you want to find God, read the Bible.

Maine Missionary Society, RFD Box 35, Dresden, Maine

Might these words of your creator sink into your heart:

Jesus said: "Whoever believes in the Son has eternal life, but whoever rejects the Son will not see life, for God's wrath remains on him." John 3:36

The One who made the worlds and made you loved you enough to die for you. Are you running from Him? If you want to find God, read the Bible.

Maine Missionary Society, RFD Box 35, Dresden, Maine

• Maisel continued

System" (to be taught by Maisel's apartment-mate, Windy Maisel).

"This major," Daisy says, "is intended to incorporate the entire canine experience. From the oppressive days when we were all chained to poles in back of houses and confined our fun to biting the mailman's leg to modern times when a dog can be anything she wants to be, we will examine the entire gamut of doggy lives."

Charlie Bassetthound, a close relative of Daisy and the Director of the American Studies Program commented, "Sure, I think Dog Studies is important. All too often we superficially describe dogs as 'man's best friend' without

realizing what that implies. Considering the crucial role dogs play on this campus, allowing them to learn about their collective experience is only fair."

Daisy Maisel is considered in all aspects of Academics, not just Dog Studies.

She graduated Magna Cum Laude and Phi Beta Bona from Bowdoin and received a Gainesburger Fellowship for her advanced Economic Studies at RPIT. She wrote her doctoral dissertation on "John Maynard Keynes from a Dog's Perspective."

Other candidates considered for the position were Doe Cote, Fido Kotter, Rover Shitslinger and Doggy Moore.

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Graduation to be a blast

President Clobber announced today that blasting will begin at Wadsworth Gymnasium at 7 a.m. Friday, May 14. The blasting is necessary in the event that graduation must be moved indoors.

The percussion necessary for the graduation song, "The 1812 Overture," would be lacking if the library site cannot be utilized.

The administration chose the site behind the gym carefully, to ensure maximum aesthetic damage and hearing impairment.

The blasting is carefully planned to coincide with "The 1812 Overture," which the Senior class chose as an appropriate substitute to "Pomp and Circumstance."

In the event that graduation can be held outdoors, the blasting behind the library has been deemed sufficient percussion for the song.

Enter the Jitney 500

Applications for the newly-created position of Jitney Coordinator totalled over 100 but, according to Search Committee members Dean "A.J." Smith and Pat "Daytona Pat" Chasse, the choice was "easy."

The selection committee travelled to the Indy 500 and the Grand Prix and decided unanimously on Mario Andretti.

Andretti, a future Colby transfer, was delighted with the job offer and plans to accept, "provided my pit crew is willing to come with me."

Sporting an attractive blue and grey helmet with an "STP" sticker on the side, Andretti visited Colby this past weekend and was overheard commenting on the Jitney: "It has remarkable potential."

Pinkos put in prison

The entire membership of the New World Coalition and certain members of the government department are in Waterville Federal Prison at this hour after their associate, Harry Smith, turned them in as "Anti-American pinko fags." Under a recent federal law, this crime is punishable by five years of a forced diet of apple pie and hot dogs. Said Smith, "I've been a fed for years, I can't believe they all fell for it! And with a cover name like Harry Smith! Come on, how shallow can you be?" Said a shocked, jailed professor Blowen, "He really had me fooled."

New air shuttle service

Air New England, which recently expanded its service to such wonderful cities as Cleveland and Rochester, has now begun a Waterville-Unity air shuttle service. The new flights were designed to allow businessmen to avoid using Augusta's seriously overcrowded airport, which is now strained to capacity when more than one plane is at the terminal at the same time.

The inaugural flight arrived at Farmer Murch's cow pasture in Unity on schedule Tuesday, and the plane fit in beautifully with the pastoral surroundings. Cheering cows spat their cuds into the air. Passengers alighting, however, were so taken aback with Unity's inaccessibility to downtown Augusta that all seven of them booked passage back to Waterville.

"That's how we make our money," said ANE spokesman Euwell Digh, "by calculating that no one will want to stay at their destination. You should see our passengers try to get out of Cleveland." Passengers' luggage on the inaugural flight, however, mysteriously wound up in Schenectady.

Veb's corner: calf reducer

Hi Girls! This week we have an exercise that will tighten up those calf muscles. It's tough, but after all the training we've been through this semester, I'm sure we won't feel foolish at all. Ready? First, bend over backwards at the knees until your thighs and body are horizontal with the ground. Then, walk up three flights of stairs and your calves will be skinny in no time.

Next week: strengthen those hair muscles!!

● Temporary housing continued

Across the river, approximately 1000 students will be crammed into the old Fort Halifax chicken processing plant. The biology department calculated that the average student has the mass of five dead chickens. Since latest figures had Fort Halifax processing 5,000 chickens a day, it was agreed that once the conveyor belts were removed, 1000 students could fit in the building.

"It's an ideal dorm," squealed Shitslinger. "The students can sleep on the feathers on the floor, and we don't have to provide meals. Students can munch on discarded chicken-by-products." She added that a new jitney route will run out to Winslow to tie the dorm to the campus and several Port-a-Potties will be installed at Colby's second "Fort" for sanitary reasons.

Downtown, 250 students

will be housed in the burnt-out shell of the Waterville Hardware Store building. When asked what renovations will be undertaken on Hardware Hall, Shitslinger gasped, "Oh God! I'd forgotten all about it. I don't know right now. I'm sure we'll paint it or something-how about bandaid brown? It may be a little rough on some students come winter."

Finally, the remaining 2000 students will have to live in a new Tent City to be located on the huge dirt flat between La Fleur Airport and I-95. 1000 two-man tents have been purchased from the Army, as have enough cooking and camping supplies.

"We'll airlift food supplies from Seiler's of Weehawken, N.J. that students can cook themselves, and they'll be able to use the showers at Colby," said Shitslinger. "Besides,

now Colby can claim in their catalogue to have 1046 buildings. That's more than any school in the world."

Stu-A chairman Keg Keenan reacted to these plans quickly. "I'm not too keen on the idea," he said, "But this is Colby, so the students won't stay upset about this for more than a few days. If worse comes to worse we can test some neutron bombs here during Freshman Orientation. Who - says we're not innovative?"

The trustees, still at their two week emergency meeting at the The Breakers in Palm Beach, were unavailable for comment. Dean of Students Girl Smith, acting on a tip from Dean Sonya Hose, was too busy to be interviewed. Dean Gilles Espee also had an excuse to avoid comment.

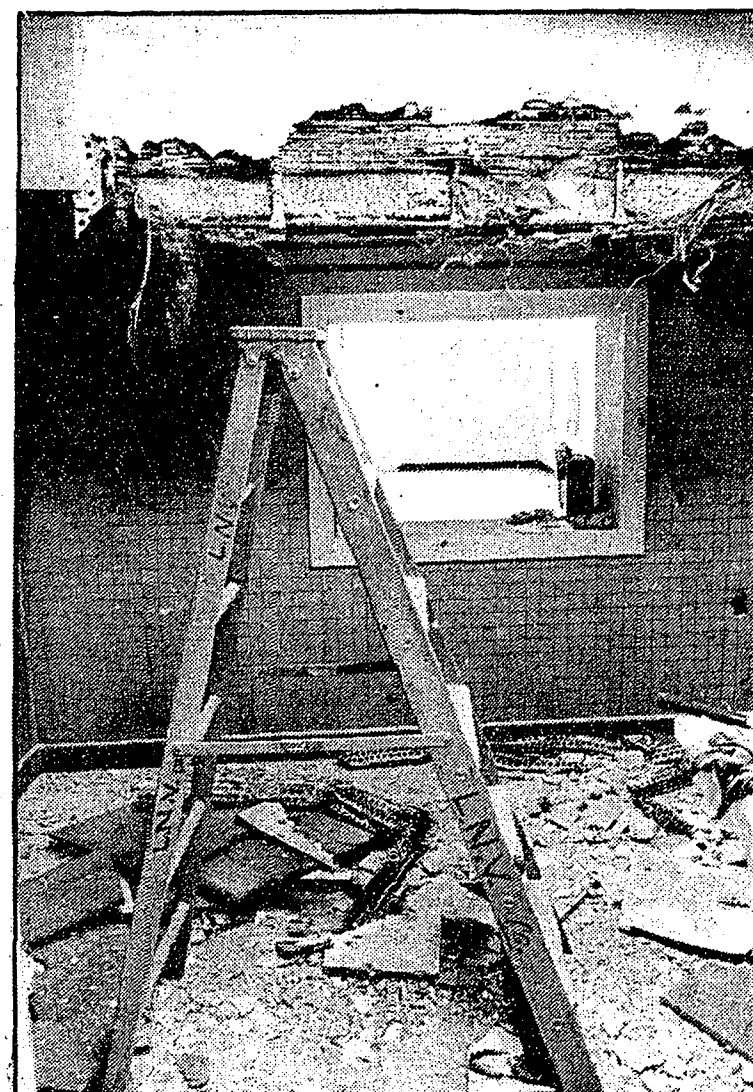
But an unidentified

student was heard to say, "This sucks. Those f---ing little frosh. I'm gonna kill every one I find."

Another student, IFC President Brain McBeer's son, suggested that at next year's freshmen smokers baseball bats and cyanide punch could be used to give male freshmen "the feeling that they're not wanted."

Anyway, next fall seems to be shaping up as an interesting one with Colby opening 1,004 new buildings and accepting 4,050 freshmen.

Kotter, in welcoming them, will make reference to the fact that in years past freshmen convocating in the chapel were told that either one person to the left or right of them wouldn't graduate. This year he'll say, "Look to your right and your left kiddies. Nine or ten of the people to your side won't live to graduate, heh heh!"



Refurbished temporary housing in Foss



Construction workers jacking off

Musty and Haig together on couch

In a surprise announcement yesterday President Blotto said that he was altering the nature of Colby's distinguished visitor chair now held by Ed Musty, to a visitor couch. The change is necessary, Blotto said, because Colby has unexpectedly taken on another distinguished visitor: Secretary of State Haig.

Blotto stated further that Haig has decided to take up residence at Colby for several reasons. First of all, he was attracted by the college's reputation as a political hotbed. Blotto quoted Haig as saying, "Shit, it's all over Washington, that Colby has been infused by radicals. The pentagon is even contracting with NASA for the use of a spy satellite to monitor Mayflower Hall. I thought I better get up here and check it out myself."

Haig also said he liked the idea of studying the whole question of what it means to be a Secretary of State: "Since Ed Musty's here, we can have some good chats. No one in Washington has bothered to tell me what to do."

Further probing by the "Muckraker" has revealed that both Haig and Blotto's statements may be a lot of bullfeathers. In information attained from leftwing sources in the English department, it has been noted that Haig has been spending an exorbitant amount of time hanging

around the new library construction project. Said one informant: "He's not here to test political philosophies, he's here to test bombs!!!"

One Geology professor elaborated: "The way they've been blasting, you'd think we were running a college on top of Mt. St. Helens. There's just not that much bedrock over there. It's like a bunch of kids playing with cherry bombs."

Needless to say, suspicious about the construction activities are raging. Some people believe that the trustees may have accepted Pentagon payoffs in exchange for the use of Colby property for strategic arms testing. Other people sense that the college may actually be getting into the missile industry, and that all

the extra blasting is to make room for silos for which the library will just be a cover. (Of course, as has been noted, this will have a disastrous effect on quiet hours should the next war fall near an exam time).

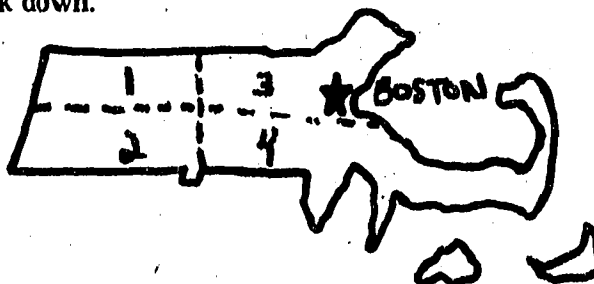
In short, we don't know what the hell Haig's doing around here. But it certainly seems like it's time to worry when you see pentagon staff cars parked on the quad with Conway construction on one door and better dead than Red on the other.

Colby solves diversity dilemma

by Quincy Jarboe

Due to the lack of geographic diversity that Colby so desperately wants, and due to the inability on the part of the college to do something about it, the admissions office has taken matters into their own hands.

Instead of making sure that the college accepts people from all over the country, next year the school will only accept people from Massachusetts and then make the accepted students' parents move. Here's how it will break down.



Families from sector 1 may move to any of the following states: California, Oregon, or Washington.

Families from sector 2 may move to any of the following states: Montana, Idaho, or Oklahoma.

Families from sector 3 may move to any of the following states: Indiana, Michigan, or Illinois.

Families from sector 4 may move to any of the following states: Pennsylvania, New York, or Connecticut.

Note: Any move by parents to New Jersey will not be looked favorably upon by the College.

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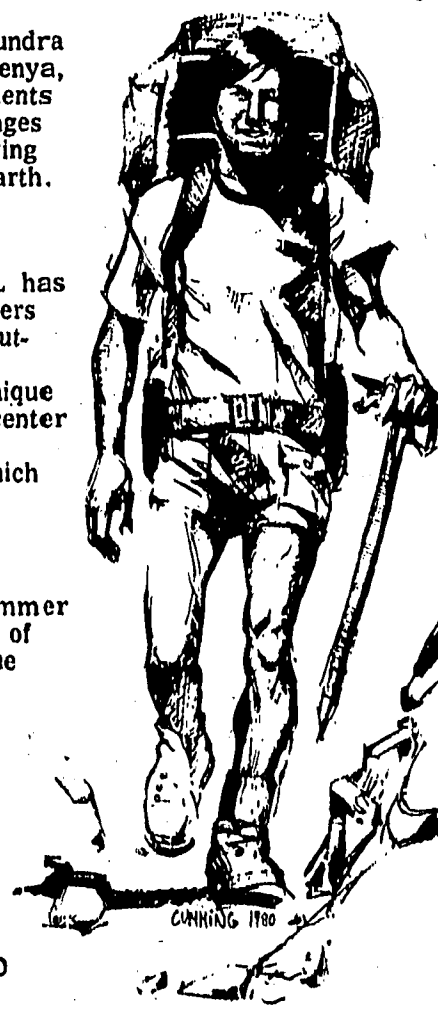
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NOLS

Calculators for English majors

by Mellow Bellow

Texas Instruments yesterday unveiled their latest addition to the world of electronic wizardry: a calculator for English majors.

The unit has several functions. If a student punches in an idea for a paper, the calculator will list out ten possible thesis formulations. Picking one of these the student can then enter a code to which the calculator responds with an outline for the development of the particular thesis.

The unit is also blessed with a "Variable Scramble Sysethetic Dissipator" which assures that no two

outlines will ever be the same, eliminating the need for students to worry about their professors being suspicious of their creativity.

An interview with Sue Beth Bookgangster revealed that Texas Instruments has also released a special Colby version of their exciting new gadget. Naming it the "Charlie Bassett-hound Autograph Model," this unit has been programmed with Professor Bassethound's notorious grammar correction sheet.

When a student makes a grammatical error while using the calculator, alarms are immediately triggered. If the student makes the

same mistake twice, a tape comes on in Professor Bassethound's voice saying: "No, you silly toad. No!!"

Bookgangster also stated that the bookstore will carry calculators which specialize in specific areas of the literary arts. In stock so far is the Shakespeare model, which recites profound lines and passages from the most notable plays. Some of these lines include:

"Readiness is all" — Hamlet

"Ripeness is all" — Lear

"All is all" — Othello

"All" — Macbeth

There is also a British

fiction model which is known for its Void function: that part of the gadgetry which puzzles out the essential nonrealities of the existential wavelength.

Bookstore personnel noted that these particular models have met with some overheating problems. It seems further, that Texas Instruments voids the warranty when they find their gadgets have been asked questions about Virginia Woolf.

A spokesman for the Chemistry department said he felt the new calculator would improve faculty relations. Said he: "Any move closer to the world of digits is a move closer to reality in general."

Lecture Notes

MYSCLESIAN Communities of Enzo-Gladiomorphitopic Xenophobic Supercillious Gyzadrenic Bisexual Phosphates in Lake Erie is the subject of the monthly biology dept. lecture to be delivered by eminent Husson professor G. Ima Teriyaki on Thursday night, at the hour when amoeba split, in the Arey Zoo.

SHORTCOMINGS of the best-selling textbook in the world of academia, *The Dick, Jane and Spot Reader*, will be debated by the English dept. every waking minute next week in the old nursery.

COLBY Gay Straight Deniance will host Dr. Renee Bitchards at a lecture to be held in Roberts Loft on Friday night. The subject is "Gay Birth Control Methods."

A **LECTURE** on how to avoid the coming nuclear stand-off will be given by visiting delegates of the New England Academic Treaty Organization (NEATO) on Sunday night in the new Runnels Arsenal. Featured host will be ultra-conservative Prof. Robert Winespout.

KDR perturbed with frat ratings

According to a survey conducted early last week, the majority of Colby's fraternities have improved their image this semester.

The **MUCKRAKER** poll questioned 235 non-fraternity students about their opinions of the frats. People polled were asked to rate the frats from one (lowest or worst) to ten (highest or best).

Last year, a similar survey was discontinued after 1362 people rated the fraternities in negative numbers, some as low as Absolute Zero. This May, for the first time in 38 years, only three fraternities received a sub-zero rating.

Brain McBeer's-son, IFC president and Saw Delta Fly, said that the IFC's new role as pre-school babysitters and nursing home volunteers, has increased the campus awareness of the "good side of fraternities."

"We also had a lot of good parties this year," McBeer's-son continued. "We consumed more kegs than Bowdoin and Bates combined. And less people passed out and threw up

than last year." LCA ex-president Menace "Dingo" Ding was unimpressed with his frat's increase in popularity. "Absolute zero to negative 272?" he said. "Big fxxking deal!"

DKE and KDR were not too thrilled with their rating. "I guess we muffed up," said a DKE sheepishly. A representative from KDR was quoted as saying, "BURRP!!"

Participants in the survey rated the frats on a variety of attributes including social services, intelligence, looks, sports ability, "cute buns," kindness to animals and ability to drive a jitney. The scores were combined and are shown in the chart below.

ATO -- 3

DU -- 2.9
PDT -- 3.8

ADP -- 10
ZETE -- 1.3
DKE -- -48
TDP -- -8.7
PLP -- -6.5
KDR -- -131
LCA -- -272

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Did you know that after six to eight drinks you can have a really good time? One a day might be good for apples and vitamins but drinking must be done in quantity to obtain the full effect.

Drinking is most enjoyable when supplemented with physical and sensual experiences, such as walking or driving. A little sex is also a good way to heighten your drinkinking pleasure and fulfill every drunken minute.

Remember, drinking is fun when done right, so don't spoil the experience by doing it halfway.

Results of Jitney study

Football players do make better Jitney drivers

by O.Y. Not

"Let's face it, football players are better prepared both mentally and physically for the pressures of professional jitney driving," said noted Harvard Professor Ron Rockhard in a presentation Monday.

Rockard, who has studied the problem for several years and was the organizer of Harvard's "Alcohol Express" bus to Boston bars, is considered the world's leading expert on jitneys.

"You're driving continuously," Rockhard said,

"sometimes two, four hours at a time with as many as ten or fifteen people in the van. The average human being would buckle under the strain."

Football players, though, according to Rockhard, are used to pressure. "They're trained for stamina and endurance. They don't let their minds interfere with their physical actions."

"They're trained for timing, too," he continued. "They know how to make that split-second pass and react to those signals."

Football players are also disciplined, Rockhard said. "Look at Staubach. He

could never have been a jitney driver after three years in the Navy. He was a pansy until Tom Landry broke his ass."

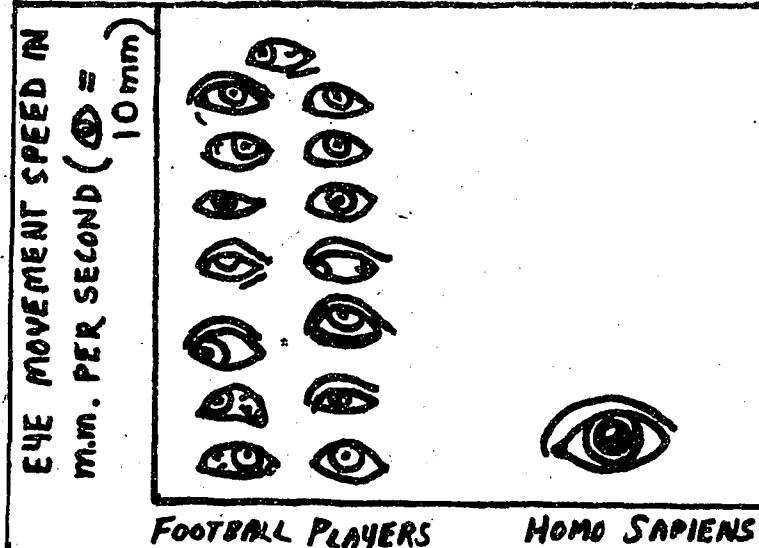
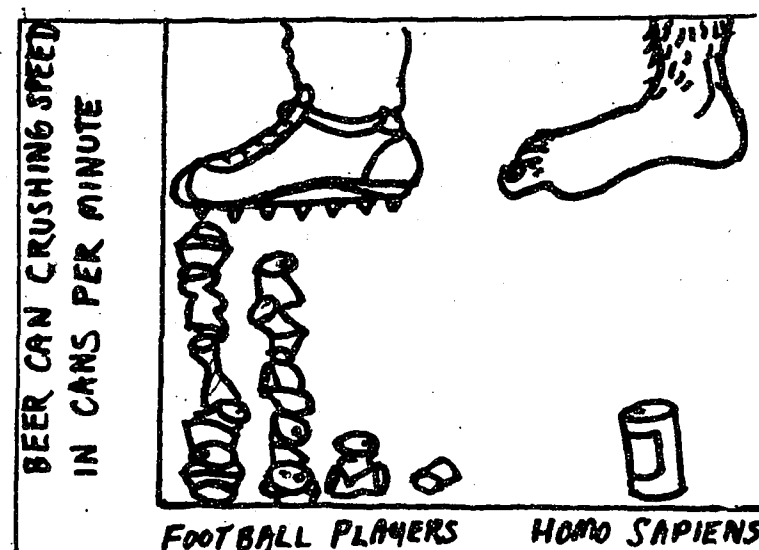
In a test of thirty professional football players and thirty New York City residents selected randomly off the Bowery, Rockhard found that the athletes scored higher in all cases.

"In the strength test, we found football players could crush an average of 25 beer cans more than their counterparts," he said. "They also did better in the foot reflexes test, kicking out ground-floor windows an average of 1.6 seconds faster than the lesser men."

Eye movement, speed, and finger dexterity were other important categories in which football players were found superior.

"We repeated the tests all across the country and the results were the same no matter where we went," said Rockhard. The only groups scoring more than football players were "Ballerinas and quality prostitutes. But let's face it, they're just not that easy to find," he added.

"All in all," Rockhard concluded, "Football players are the best and most practical source of jitney drivers."



Library construction halted in favor of new pool

by Lois Lane

Colby's Dean Shitslinger announced today that construction of the new Library addition will be halted indefinitely due to lack of funds. Shitslinger was quite resolved about the issue, commenting, "Well, you win some, you lose some."

President William Kotter, however, offered further reasons for the construction standstill. "The Board of Trustees just racked up too many Colby Eights on their Spa Bill, and we had to cut back somewhere."

The Colby administration is looking into ways of utilizing the several large holes which have now appeared in the middle of the Quad. A pool complex is in the works, and will be

funded by members of the Quad, with freshmen living in singles paying most of the cost.

As Shitslinger put it, "If those little goons were lucky enough to get rooms in the Quad, they'll have to pay for the privilege." The pool complex is expected to open soon, perhaps, Kotter guessed, as early as 1985.

In related news, some members of the Library staff are now wondering just what to do about those books they will no longer be able to store. One librarian offered the suggestion that the extra books be burned, commenting, "Start with those poetry books that nobody reads anyway. They're just stuck up there behind that glass case—who'll miss them?" Colby's poet-in-residence, Ima

Sadist, and lecturer Steve Devour, protested this move and offered to take the books themselves. The two writers were told, however, that this "was not Colby Policy."

Although construction in the Quad has now stopped, Dean Shitslinger offered one cautionary word to the Quad residents. "Don't try to go out there and dig for water," she told a group of students who had descended upon her office with soap, shampoo and blowdryers in tow, demanding showers.

"We are in the process of forming a committee to examine this water problem, and we hope to have the matter settled soon," Shitslinger promised, in fact, that water would be distributed "as fairly as possible." She hinted that a

lottery system, similar to the room-draw procedure, may be introduced, with second-semester seniors able to receive the most water between the key hours of 7 and 1 a.m.

Search committee sought

The search committee to find persons they feel capable of being on the nomination committee for the task-oriented search committee is searching for some new members.

The search committee began last week and is expected to be interviewing candidates for the position for the next three years.

Windy Maisel, associate professor of Harvard Alumni Relations, explained, "Only 394 of the 400 prospective candidates have advanced degrees from Harvard. We are naturally disappointed with such a low percentage."

Dean Molestme pointed out, "We feel it is worth the time and effort necessary to establish a good committee to decide on sound members for the nomination committee who in turn nominate persons for the task-oriented search committee. The seven years required to do a proper job of finding a new college physician will be worth waiting."

Fowl Bruce of the acting department represented the common faculty student response with his insightful comment, "

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Life with the Kotters: a documentary

President Kotter is the most important man at Colby College, but many students do not know what his actual duties entail. In order to provide a better understanding of Kotter's role, the Muckraker reporter, D. Bag joined him in his daily routine and produced the following composite of a typical day.

"I just love the way
their pantyhose bag."

7:00 a.m. Tuesday- I and Muckraker photographer I.M. Horny arrive at the Kotter's household. The Kotter's with their two children Horshack and

leather upholstered desk. Stroking it gently, he said "I just love this desk, it's so leathery."

He straightened out reports, pitchers and paperclips on his desk.

8:05- He began the day's major work. He straightened out reports, pitchers and paper clips on his desk. When asked if this was all he did, he answered "Oh no, sometimes I clip coupons from the paper. Last week I got a half-price one on Vaseline. I just love Vaseline."

8:30- He rearranged reports, pitchers and paper

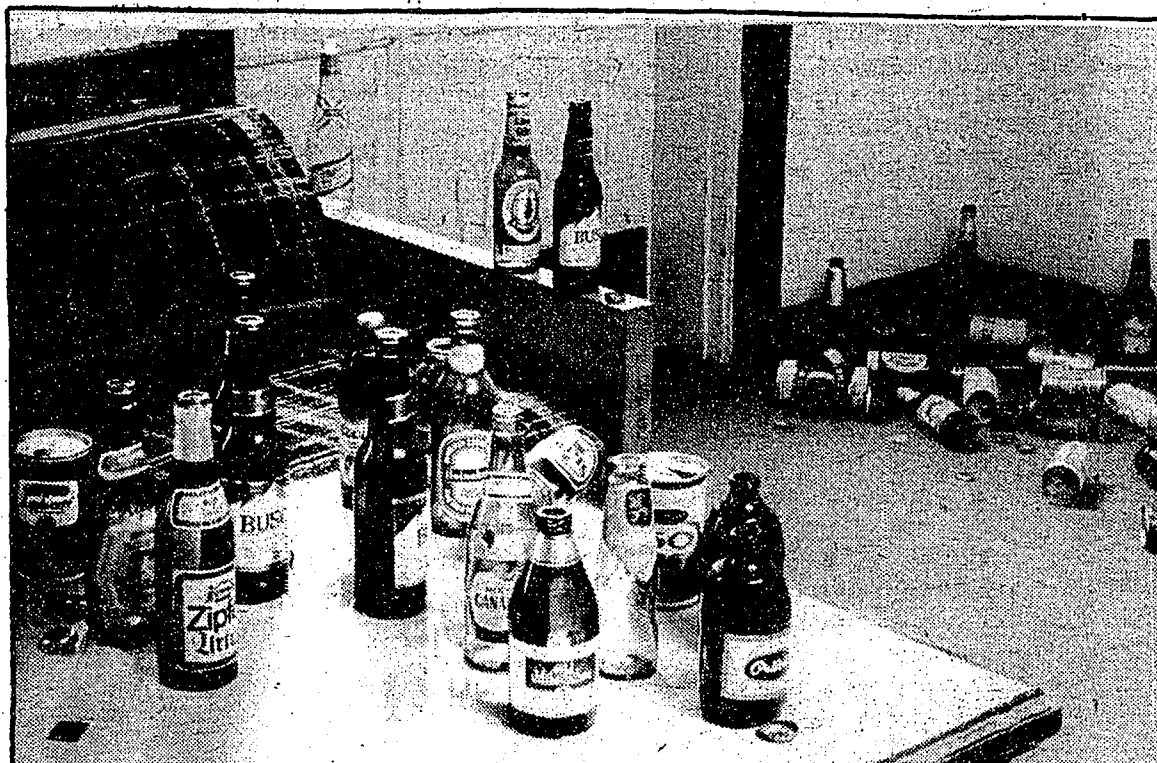
10:53- His Mickey Mouse phone rang. It was the travel agency making plans for his next trip to the Carribean. "It's a recruiting drive," he explained. "We hope to bring more Rastamens to Colby. Aren't their haircuts just divine?"

10:57- He yawned.

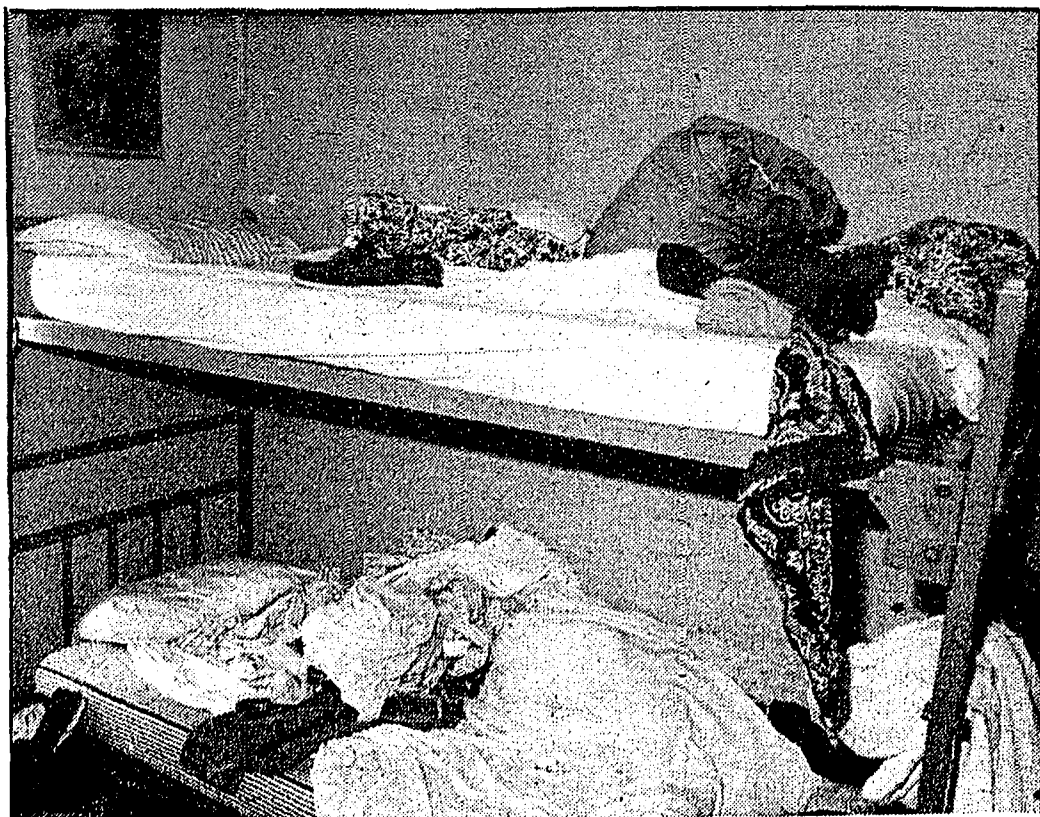
11:00- He closed his door and told Tillie, his secretary, that he had an important phone call to

10:57 He yawns.

make. He pulled out a small television from his desk and said, "You know, I watch 'Phil Donahue' every



The Kotters' living room after "Fantasy Island."



President and Mrs. Kotter's bedroom before the maid arrives.

Vinny, were sitting down to a wholesome breakfast of Fruit Loops and Coke. After declining their invitation to join them, we walked with the President and his kids to the bus stop. "I love little kids" Kotter said kissing the little tykes good-bye.

7:45- We strolled the short distance from the bus stop to the Useless Administration Building. On the way, Kotter noticed the increasing number of dogs on campus. "The only dog I really love is Daisy. She reminds me of my first girlfriend," he said wiping his shoe on the curb.

8:00 We arrived in his spacious black velvet and red-laced office on the third floor. After he put the mirror back on the wall and rearranged the furniture, Kotter sat behind his large,

clips. Then he opened the paper to the comic section. Laughing, he said, "Boy that 'Nancy' is always funny."

"I don't know what I like best... watching Tatoo run around or watching the little kiddies."

10:00- Kotter leaned back in his chair and said "you know what I like best about this job?" Getting a negative answer he continued, "It's not the money, or prestige. It's the secretaries. I just love the way their pantyhose bag. And the Deans aren't bad either. Janice Shitslinger is just the right height."

day and they still haven't caught me. The silly ninies. Phil's my fave," Kotter raved.

12:02- We took a leisurely stroll back to Kotter's house. Passing Mary Low Hall he said, "Gee, I wish B & G would clean the windows better." Mrs.

"...and they still haven't caught me. The silly ninies."

Kotter greeted us at the door and guided us into the kitchen where she had prepared a delicious lunch of Buds and Doritos. "They're my speciality," Mrs. Kotter said. "You have to chill the Buds at just the right temperature."

continued on page 7



President Kotter shares an intimate moment with his "fave" confidante.

of a normal, dull, banal, family

1:33- Mrs Kotter reminded him that he has to take their daughter to Girl Scouts. "No problem," he said "I had to do a few errands anyway, and besides I just love Girl Scouts. I always wanted to be one but I couldn't find a uniform that fit."

... a delicious lunch of Buds and Doritos.

1:53- Having dropped off his daughter, we continued on to downtown Waterville. "I'll be a second," he said.

running into the Pleasure Chest Two. After returning he said, "I didn't know which oil to get. My wife likes sesame and I like Crisco, so I ended up getting both."

2:17- We arrived back in his office where Deans Shitslinger and Hose were awaiting him. It was a private affair which I was not allowed to sit in on. I waited outside.

4:55 They emerged from the meeting looking tired and haggard. "It was a very fruitful meeting."

Kotter said. Dean Hose added, "We got a lot straightened out."

5:03- When we arrived back at his house, Mrs. Kotter had already prepared a meal of cherry Jello and gin. "It's my fave" Kotter said. Mrs. Kotter asked if he got the sesame oil. "Yes" he replied "but I still think it dries quicker on leather than Crisco does."

7:00- Kotter gathered his entire family in the living room to watch "Tic-Tac-Toe" followed by "Gilligan's Island." After these



Kotters economize with communal bathroom.



Kotter displays his favorite collections—brews, Bee Gees and Bauer's best sellers.

programs, he sent his kids engaged I.M. and me in a to bed saying "Television is a great educational tool but their sleep is more important. He returned to the T.V. to watch "The Love Boat," "Fantasy Island" and "Zoom." "I don't know what I like best," he said. "Watching Tatoo run around or watching the little kiddies."

Throughout the evening, in order to alleviate the boredom of frequent commercials, the Kotters

engaged I.M. and me in a vicious game of martini pong with the loser having to chug a trashcan of vodka martinis. The Kotters were remarkably good at "hitting" on every shot. Then Mrs. Kotter served a delectable snack tray of frozen gin cubes and beer nuts.

This gave us a chance to check out their bathroom, seven times. A quick spot check of the medicine cabinet revealed massive

quantities of valium, Super No-Doz, Chi-O Jelly and Alka-Ueltzer. Explained the Kotters, "We're just storing them for the Health Center."

11:05- As the Kotters prepared to go to bed, they invited us to join them. I politely declined while I.M. quickly accepted. "Lock the door behind you. We don't want any silly little burglars interrupting us. Do we?" Kotter said.



The library after the Kotters finish with T.V. Guide's challenging crosswords.

Kotter after sucking on a lemon



Pulitzer winner named Crooke Wins Lovejoy

Washington Post reporter Janet Crooke was named the 1981 winner of the prestigious Elijah Parish Lovejoy Award, President Kotter announced yesterday.

Crooke's "integrity, craftsmanship, character, intelligence, and courage as a reporter exemplifies Colby and Lovejoy stand for," Kotter said. Lovejoy, an 1826 graduate of Colby, was the first martyr to freedom of the press.

Although Crooke is "the best damned reporter to come out of Washington since Woodward and Bernstein, it was her brilliant piece on the 8 year-old heroin addict that clinched the judges' decision," Kotter said.

Crooke was ecstatic when she learned that she would receive the award. "Wow, this is the greatest thing that's happened to me since I got my M.A. from Vassar," she said. "By the way, what's a Lovejoy?"

When asked to compare her feelings about the Lovejoy Award and her Pulitzer Prize, Crooke said, "Pulitzer? Oh, yeah, I almost forgot about that. That could never compare to a Lovejoy anyway."

Boston Loeb Editor Thomas Winshit confided, "Crooke was actually my second choice. Personally, I thought Chuckles Nimrod of the Mayflower Muckraker showed a greater amount of audacity than any reporter I've ever seen. Anyone who would dare have such stuff associated with his name deserves an award for courage."

Post Editor Benjamin Bradley was excited about his writer's achievement, declaring, "So what?"

According to Crooke, she was born in a log cabin in Kentucky, covered in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. "You see," she said, "There was no room for my mother at the local Holiday Inn."

"I grew up with all kinds of heroes," she continued. "From my earliest history lessons in the one room schoolhouse, I've always thought Benedict Arnold was misunderstood. I was

inspired by Machiavelli. But beyond these two, I'd have to say my greatest admiration is reserved for Joe McCarthy and Richard Nixon."

"Some people say that McCarthy was just a ruthless opportunist who

would lie to gain attention. What's wrong with that?" she said.

"Also, I think Watergate was really misrepresented by the press. To read what the papers wrote, you'd think Nixon was the bad guy!" she exclaimed. When

reminded that her fellow Post employees Woodward and Bernstein were the ones who exposed the scandal, she said, "Really? I didn't know that."

Crooke will fly to Waterville to receive her award next Thursday. She will speak on "Truth and Integrity in Journalism."

An old dog learns new tricks: real journalist joins Muckraker

by Liv Toregretit

"Even when you reach the top, you don't know everything," said Waterville Mental Publisher Bob Lesshead. "I intend to accept a position as an intern with the Muckraker with a slight cut in pay, to get back in touch with my journalist roots."

"As a media hound in college," said Lesshead, "I had the best time of my life."

Once you get into the serious business, Stu-A funding, libel, misquotes and made-up sources

aren't allowed. I want to re-learn the old tricks and liven up Waterville a little."

Lesshead publishes the Central Maine Morning Mental, the area's fastest growing newspaper. Circulation shot up by four in the first five months of 1981.

The Mental is only one of a chain of Maine papers owned by the Gain-it Corporation. Others include the Portland Pressed Wrinkle, the Midnight Express the Send-itback Journal and the Bangor—Daily Loser.

According to Muckraker editor Nag Bistinksky

several candidates were considered for the position, but Lesshead was local and agreed to babysit the photo typesetter, claiming he had had some previous experience. Other hopefuls were Alfred Riley, of the Pressed Wrinkle and Tomcat Winshit from the Boston Loeb. "The most fun part of this adventure," said Lesshead, "Will be printing everything that prominent citizens have told me off the record. Take for instance Bill Blotter's attendance at the Dunham's break or Security guard Chuck Mantiels van parked overnight down by the...."

God, are these guys ignorant

The Outing Club purchased Baxter State Park for \$25 million with a stolen purchase order last week.

When asked why they purchased the huge tract of land in northern Maine, club official said, "We just wanted to have our own little place to drive our new van to."

Stu-A treasurer Bucky Badger, found unsuccessfully attempting to slit her wrists with a Seiler's Knife, cried out, "Oh no, that's more money than Stu-A will get for the next 2,000 years!" But since she has already signed the document, the college is bound to honor it.

President Bill Kotter commented, "The price of that park is equal to the capital campaign we haven't even started yet."

Until we raise enough money, we'll have to mortgage the entire campus."

In addition, Kotter noted that next year tuition and fees will increase to at least \$50,000 per student per year.

"We've got to ask for more than a paltry 9 or 10,000 dollars."

One method for paying for the park presently being discussed is to sell the science complex and move the departments to the park where, according to Dean of Faculty Sonya Hose, "they can be real scientists."

Kotter feels that the English Department should be moved as well. "Charlie Bassetthound's zoo English class should be learning Hemingway's survival code the hard way by doing it," he said.

Cartoonist canned Canuck gets call

President Kotter announced yesterday that Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau will replace cartoonist Gary Trudeau as Commencement speaker for the 160th graduation

ceremony.

Trudeau (P.) arrived at the Air New England terminal of the Waterville Airport last Wednesday night, shaken but alive. The Canadian official was welcomed by President Kotter and his wife, and was then taken to a room in Howard Johnson's. Trudeau (P.) will spend the next two weeks in Waterville, where he will prepare the notes for his speech and tour the city.

When asked about the recent switch in commencement speakers, Kotter revealed the true story in the Trudeau-Trudeau mix-up. "Pierre called up and said thanks for the invitation to speak at Colby. He had always wanted to see Waterville and said he'd be down as soon as he could get his shipments cleared with customs."

"How could I refuse him?" Kotter said. "We have investments in Ottawa. Gary Trudeau is a hack, anyway."

Student response to the last-minute switch has been varied. Melbatoast Houseperson, a student who has studied in Canada, said, "Pierre, that swinebuckler! He didn't tell me he was coming!"

Other students reacted to the news with, "Who's he?" or "Who cares?" But Kotter thinks he made the right decision.

"It'll be a good vacation for Pierre," Kotter explained. "It's always so cold in Canada, even in May. And besides, he's bringing me his entire collection of Maggie Trudeau centerfolds!"

Men's Week schedule hard to beat

Wed. 20
8 p.m. Panel discussion: Competing Jobs and the Changing Role of Men at Colby, with Diane Sadist and Nicky Boreman. Roberts Loft. Sponsored by KDR.

Thurs. 21
5:30 p.m. Lecture: "Perspectives of Men and Prostitution," with Hugh Hung, male prostitute and exotic dancer from Boston. Given Auditorium. (A show will follow.)

Fri. 22
5:30 p.m. Annual Men's Hosing Race. 1 and 3 women attempts. Preregister in DKE or day of race. Chi-O room, Runnals Union.

7:00 p.m. Lecture: "20th Century American Men in the Kitchen," with Betty Crocker. Robbins room.

9:00 p.m. Men's performances, demonstrations and exhibits. Weight room, Fieldhouse.

Sat. 23
9:00 a.m. Naked women's tennis tournament. Run by Bobby Riggs. Fieldhouse.

1:00-3:00. New Hampshire Chauvinist Pig

Collective-Workshop. "How to Repress Women in Three Easy Steps."

4:00 p.m. Demonstration-Workshop using 19th century brewing techniques with Thurston Drinker. Limited to 200. Sign up LCA.

8:00 Contact Dance.

Sun. 24

9:00 a.m. Lecture with Danish Professor B. J. LeRoi. "The Use of Dykes in Holland."

11:00 Knitting and Crocheting Workshop with Bosh Jurns. DU lounge.

5:00 p.m. Beer-be-que, sponsored by PU. Pick up plastic bags beforehand. Roberts lawn.

WMHB-Featuring Dean Martin's music ALL WEEK!!!!

A special thanks to all the people who helped to make Men's Week possible: Diane Sadist, Phyllis Macaroni, Jane Ickland, Lucy I. Ostanickel, Jane Shorts, Debbie McBowel, Betty Crocker, Phyllis Schafly, Bobby Riggs, Renee Richards, and Rod Stewart.



It's now here!!

The east coast premiere of ...

THE MYSTERE THEATER MOVIE

Friday 5/15 & Saturday 5/16

7:00 & midnight L100



Words of wisdom

"Some of my best friends are women." - President Bill Kotter, when asked if he had anything to do with Colby's inability to get more female professors.

"They're all pregnant." - Dr. Dore, on his recent visit to Biafra.

Career Watch

BE A PILOT. Air New England has immediate openings for positions of senior pilot and pilot and co-pilot. No experience necessary. No insurance benefits. Must pass breathalyzer test. Applications being accepted on a daily basis. Apply to : ANE Personnel Augusta State Hospital, Augusta.

BE A MODEL BUILDER. Air New England desperately needs competent mechanics. Anyone able to construct Revell model airplane kit designed for 8-12 year-olds is eligible. Must be willing to work overtime. Apply to above address.

CAREERS IN RUMFORD. The spring career section of the Rumford Times has been received by Career Planning. Take note, paper mill drone types.

TELEVISION OPPORTUNITIES. Anchorpersons, sportscasters, weatherpersons and camera crews are desperately needed by all Maine T.V. stations. Applicants must be able to read two sentences without stumbling at a period or point a camera at the news subject. Apply channels 2,5,6,7,8,10,13. please.

TEMPORARY SCAPEGOAT. City of Waterville needs a fill-in mayor while Paul Laverdiere undergoes detoxification period at Long Beach Hospital, Calif. Apply inebriated at next DKE I.F.C. party. No government professors need apply.

CAREERS IN PROSTITUTION. Chi Omega and Sigma Kappa will hold a wide-open forum for all females interested in a life of degradation, Saturday night on the KDR ledge.

BE A MISTRESS or look just like one. Any girl wishing to recoup some of that \$9000 you all shell out to Colby yearly, should apply for a spot with Kotter's Angels. Nice job benefits. No uniform required. Apply in leathers to Work Study office, Eustis.

PROSPECTIVE TERRORISTS. Seiler's of Weehawken has immediate openings for chefs and food servers. Good training for germ warfare tactics too. KGB accredited. Apply incognito to any Colby dining hall.

Classified

For Sale, Blue Dasher. 122 thousand miles. Still runs when you smile sweetly at it. Full of memories. \$3,000. John x544. Book of secret ceremonies that make it run, \$1,000 extra.

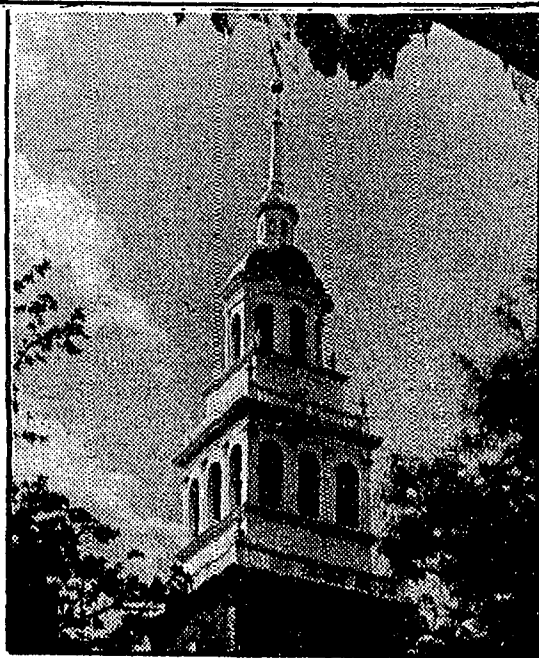
Volunteer as a Campus Tourguide! Applications for campus guide positions for next fall may be picked up in the admissions office. Forms should be completed by Friday, May 22. For further information, contact Jane Venman, Admissions Office, extension 372.

Hahvahd

The nation's oldest summer session today blends traditional elitism with Hahvahd Square's unique blend of condescension and degradation. The varied curriculum offered by the Summer School encompasses all the knowledge known to man. Quite a claim? Not when you consider that the advancement of Western culture and Hahvahd are inseparable. The Summer School's international student body has access to the University's outstanding resources. But it doesn't come cheap.

We know, though, that you don't care about the cost, otherwise you wouldn't have read down this far. During the course of either the four or eight week programs you will come to realize why 1) You never got accepted here 2) Why your transfer potential is futile, and 3) Why you will further demean your useless existence by telling people you could only hack one lousy summer at Hahvahd.

So send for information on Hahvahd! Summer School and learn your place in society. Choose from courses in Arts and Sciences and ground maintenance. The Hahvahd Summer School. Because you're a sucker. For further information:

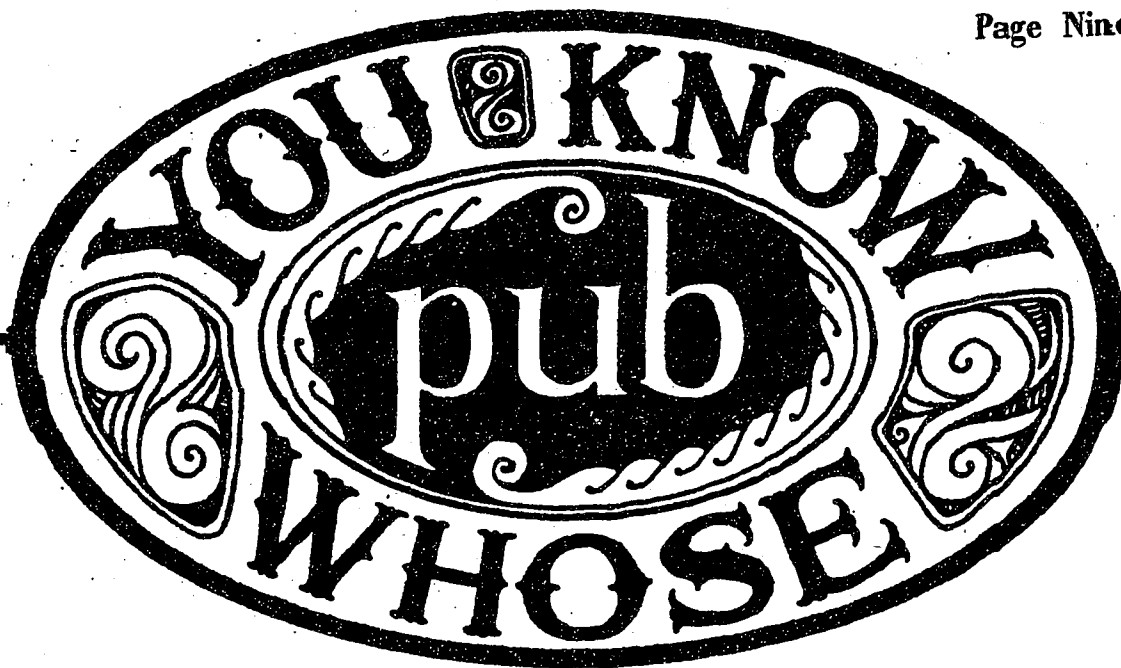


Because you're a sucker

1. With draw a load of money from your bank account.
2. Mail it to Hahvahd, care of Derek Bok, Elsie's, Cambridge, MA.
3. Burn insense
4. Giveup

Hahvahd Summer School
of Arts and Sciences and Education

THE RECORD CONNECTION
AT 254 MAIN STREET WISHES
EVERYONE AT COLBY GOOD LUCK
ON FINALS AND A GREAT SUMMER.
IF YOU NEED EXTRA CASH BEFORE
YOU LEAVE—SELL YOUR UNWANTED
USED RECORDS. P.S. GOOD LUCK
PROF. ON THE ROAD...AGAIN HUNT!



SUNDAY BRUNCH

INCLUDES:

**BLOODY MARY OR CHAMPAGNE
OMELETS-EGGS BENEDICT-CREPES
ALL THE COFFEE YOU CAN DRINK**

11:30A.M.—2:00P.M.

**NO ORDERS TAKEN FROM REGULAR MENU DURING
THE SPECIAL SUNDAY BRUNCH.**



THE CONCOURSE
WATERVILLE
873-5255

Commentary

Prospective students' opinion of wild, wonderful Waterville: Try it, you'll like it

by The Wanderer

Recently, I was privileged enough to join 50 other prospective Colby students on a weekend odyssey that seemed to last a lot longer. Our adventure pitted us against the gleaming paper mill-belt metropolis of Waterville, Maine, and all of us agreed that we had never experienced a more exciting place.

There is so much to see and do around Waterville that it boggles the mind. It took us a full three hours to take in everything this city had to offer. We started out exploring Waterville's sprawling downtown. First, there is Main St., which is central Maine's Fifth Ave. and Champs-Elysees rolled into one.

Along this avenue are distinguished culinary stores such as the Food Depot, which is famous around the world for the amount of caviar and soap detergent it sells. Other famous stores include such high-fashion hangouts as Butler's Dept. Store and McLellan's, full of well-heeled, well-fed Winslow matrons.

Then there is Dunham's, where people have been known to smash windows in their eagerness to shop there. But the flagship of Main St. shopping, larger and more stunning than Harrods, Bloomingdale's, Macy's and the Bangor J.C. Penny put together, is Stern's Department Store.

This ninth wonder of the world has three floors of expensive merchandise, replete with everything one could possibly need. If you're looking for underwear, galoshes or even a set of matching plastic luggage, then Stern's is a

must. The downtown is also home to a shopping complex that puts Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills to shame. "La Concourse" is home to such retailing legends as Zayre, which recently underwent a complete \$10.00 remodeling job, and Cotter's Shop and Save which is the ultimate "grocery" in America.

However, downtown Waterville offers much more than just shopping. Our group had great fun watching the traffic lights change. When we figured out the pattern it followed, we made friends with native pedestrians, betting them on which color the light would change to next.

They, in turn, showed us the thrill of watching the grass grow on a warm, summer day on the town common. This conceivably, could have kept us occupied for a whole summer, but we let sleeping dogs lie and took in the town's major tourist attractions.

First stop was the huge Scott Paper and Perfume Co. in Winslow. Looking at their sampling of coated paper board was fun, but whiffing their number one selling perfume "Midnight Paper Pulp" was a real treat. The perfume is famous around the world along with such legendary fragrances as "Evening in Rumford" or "Rive Gauche du Route 95 au Westbrook," we were told.

Then we checked out Bernie's Car Wash. It was truly fascinating to watch the decrepit banged-up filthy old rustbuckets drive in and emerge as decrepit, banged-up CLEAN old rustbuckets. Several members of our group

decided right there to dedicate their lives to this noble pursuit.

Then we went to the bowling alley and casino above the old Stately Furniture Co. Ten lanes. No waiting. But the back room crap games and roulette tables were even more fun. Half of us blew away a year's worth of financial aid there, but not to worry, since we found out

that Treasurer Karl Brokeser ran the operation on behalf of Colby endowment fund.

Our daytime activities included brown water rafting down the Mess-along and watching the aircraft activity at Guy La Fleumtercounty Airport. It was our lucky day as Scarlew England and Jar Harb had a spectacular mid-air collision right over

our heads. We ended the afternoon putting body pieces in baggies and counting cars on Kennedy Drive.

But the nighttime is when Waterville really comes alive. Our group split up to sample the "haute-cuisine" that the city is famous for, dining at such gourmet palaces as Chez Rakers (known to tourists as Monsieur le Donut), Villa

Antonio's, May Cum Now (great Chinese pork), the Underarm Tavern, Wendy's Hot n' Juicy, Donkey Donuts, McDonald's or Bob's Kitchen.

After that, we picked up a local delicacy - live escargots - and a couple kegs of Dom Perignon 1969 at Hemline's and went cruising. First we checked out the town's lady of the evening, who was hotly soliciting Greyhound passengers on Silver St.

Then we checked out the action at a local college, Thomas, but there was none. So we proceeded to the Rear End Cafe and started a rumble that trashed the place.

Then we drove up to Party U. - Colby College. Here there was no lack of excitement. We found a hidden S.O.W.H.O. (Student Organization of White High-class Oppressors) party in some dorm basement. The theme there was disco and dips which explained why it was hidden. Our next stop was the I.F.C. party at some frat - they all look

the same. The theme was "Puke Your Brains Out." After that we went and drowned some drunken students in Johnson Pond, a prank you can always get away with, and proceeded to go on a road trip, to Fairfield, or was it China? Or East Vasselneburrow? (Why is it all the towns in Maine look and smell alike?)

Anyway, we engaged in Maine's premier night sport: cow-tipping. You won't know how much fun this is until you spend a weekend in Waterville. Some of our group even had a cow-pie fight, but then Farmer Seiler fired some buckshot at us for destroying his hamburger crop. (Hint: We aren't talking cows now.)

We ended our weekend in the style of New York's latenight partygoers by stopping off in an all-night spot for coffee. After-hours in Waterville, the jet-set can be found enjoying a carton of eggs and a phosphate cream doughnut at Raker's.

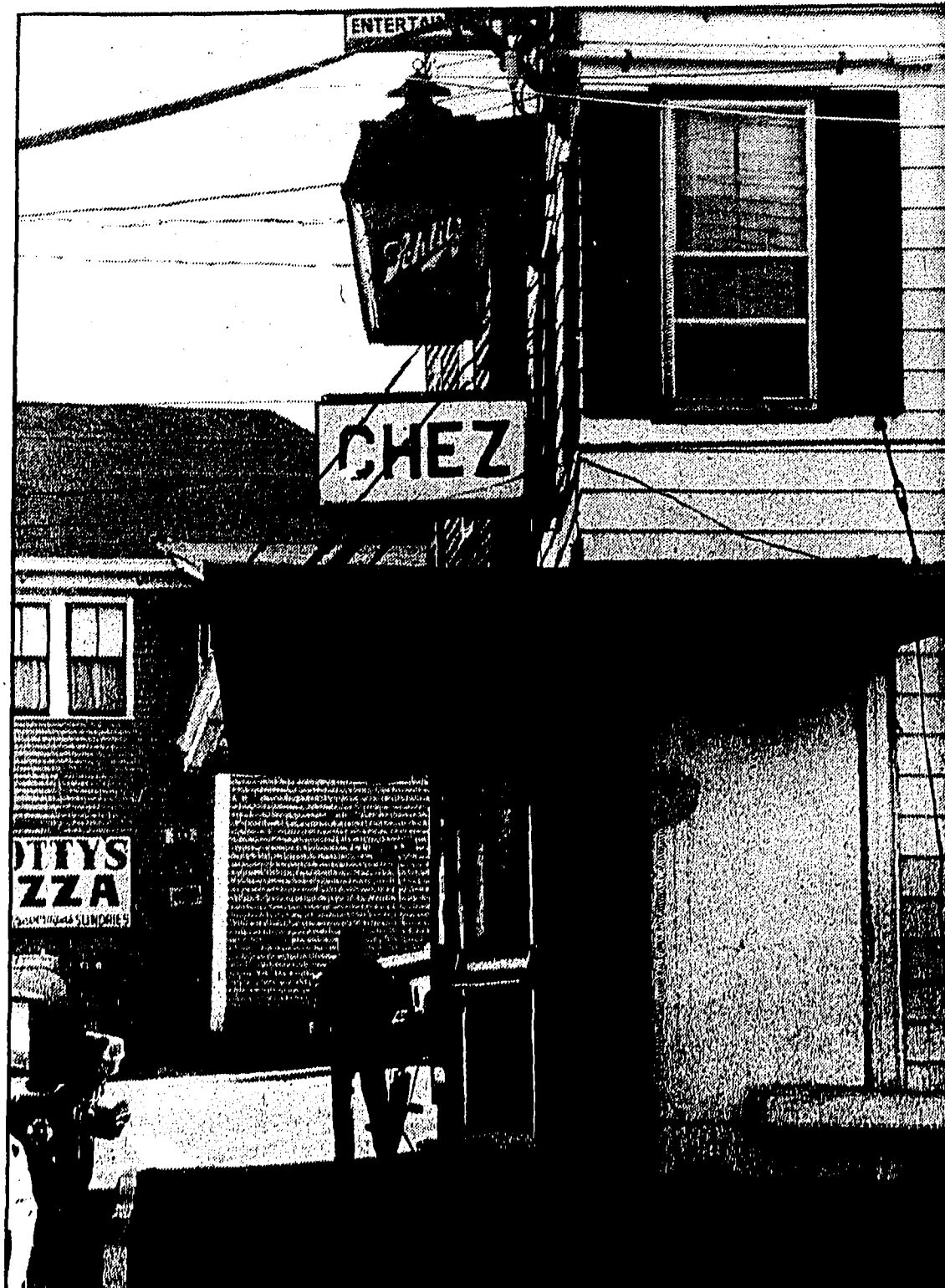
Upon arrival we found the place awash with green and orange tuxedoed couples stopping off from a Messanonskee Prom, a paper-workers' ball or a performance of the Met at the Opera House. After watching them eat, we could barely hold down our coffee.

Exhausted, we returned to our rooms in such fine hotels as the Sharethefun Mary Low, Howards' Johnson, the Ever-ill Inn or the Bonghit Regency Foss.

Our entire group concurred this weekend was not to be missed, and if we survived Sunday's hangovers and our planned excursion to the Lewiston-Auburn megalopolis, we vowed to return and maybe enroll. Our hosts, Mr. Kotter and the Eustis Sweathogs, were pleased.



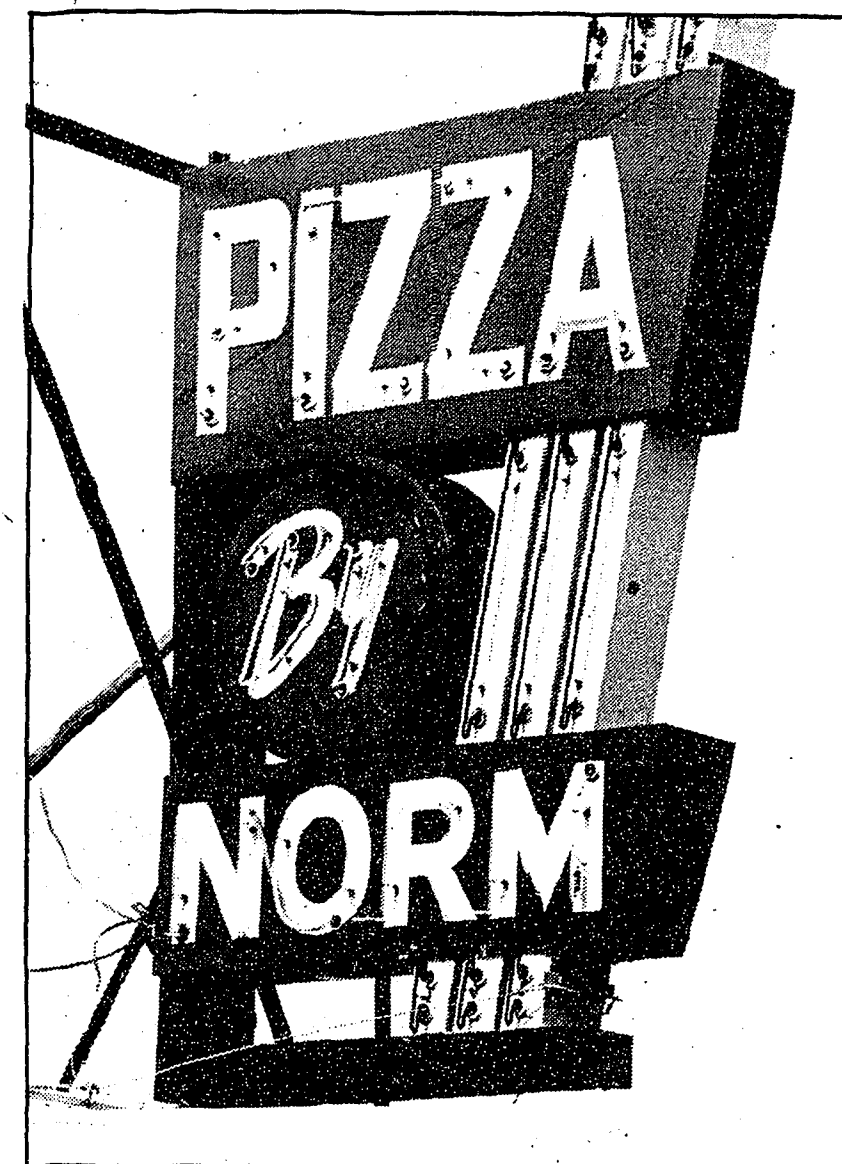
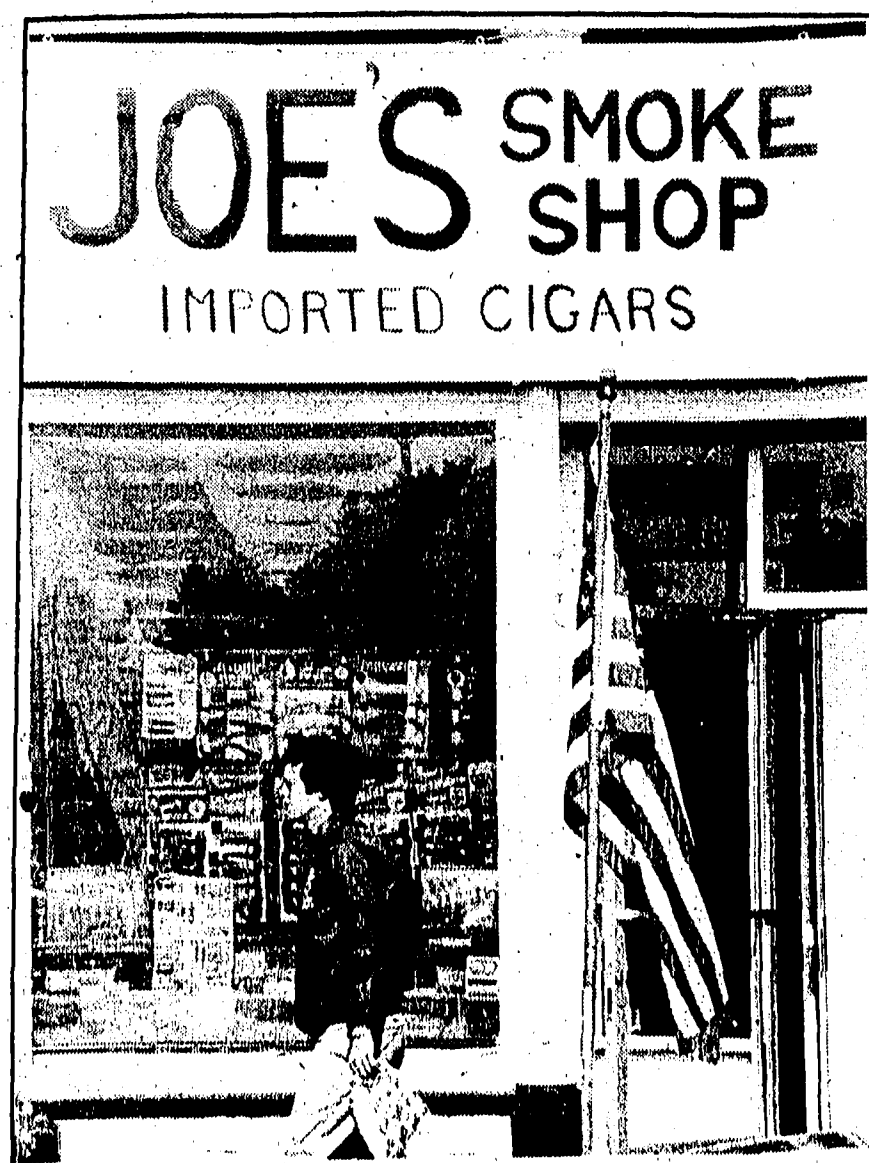
Flagship store of 'La Concourse': Zayre (pronounced Za-yuh)



Sign faded, city jaded. Only the fabled "Hollywood" sign in California is recognized by more people.



One of Waterville's many architectural treasures-- a depression era mansion.



Modesty becomes them-- Winslow society types leaving Butler's conceal expensive purchases.



Arts

Row stages art fest

by Joy to the World

The first annual Frat Row Arts Festival started on Frat green last Sunday afternoon. The residents of Colby's most outreaching creative center organized an exhibit, a volume of creative work, and an afternoon of extraordinarily wonderful entertainment. The attenders were quite eager to start their weekend's studying, but few could tear themselves away from the exciting fun. The festival lasted for three days.

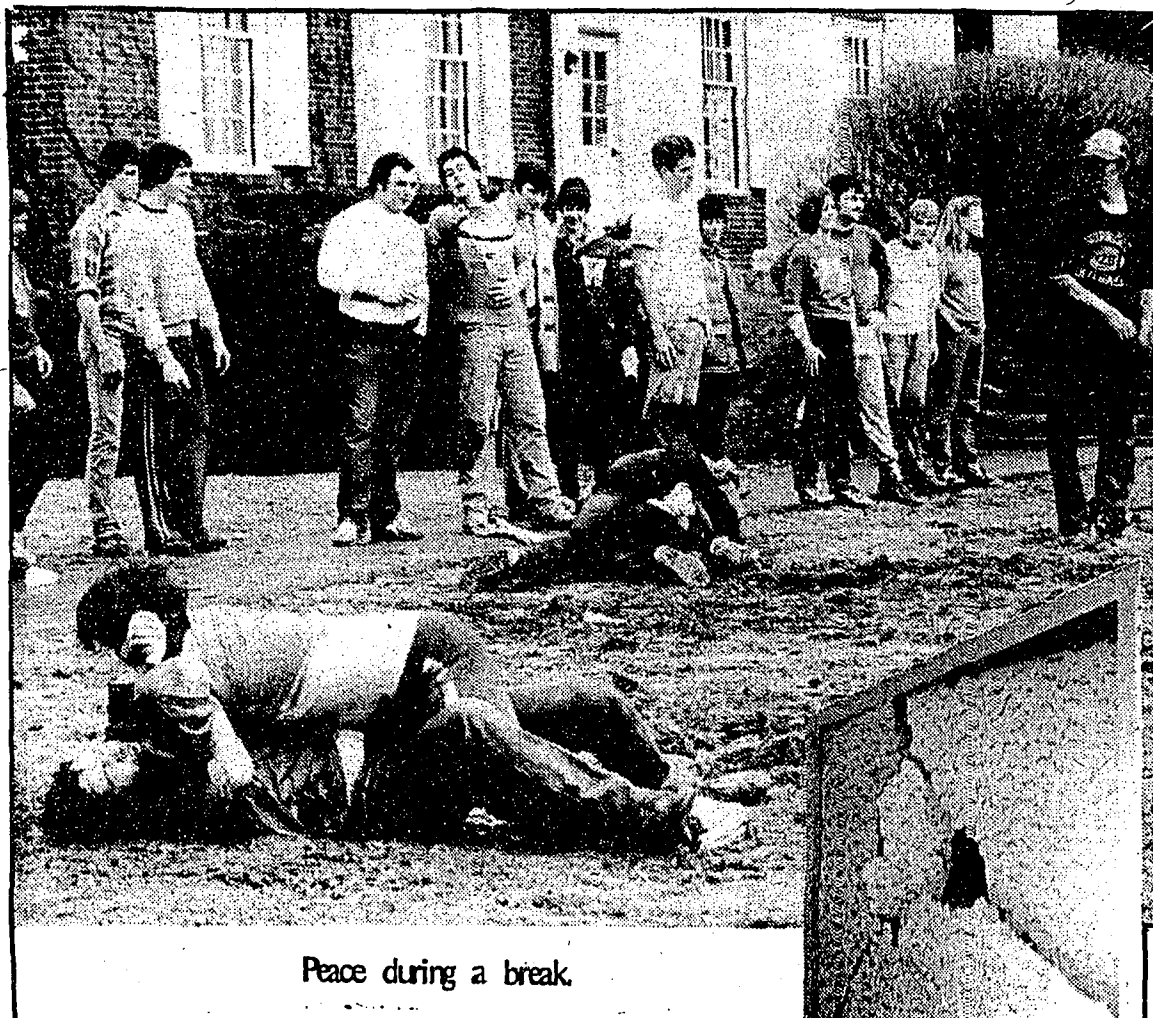
Fraternity performers included the Deke ewes, the large dumb animal quartet, and the TNDC black tape box that spewed an Unappreciated Life Medley. The at-home wheat children lead an anti-draft sing along.

The Rakers follies, depicting after-4-p.m. adventures, starred the Katy Lieds. The Hoppers sang "If Only I Could Read." Buttons were passed around during intermission stating "Our GPA is higher."

After the break the Zipperheads sang the old favorite, "How Fast Can We Go," and the Down to Earth Union recited a poem "Why Rocks are Bad."

A ph lipped classical guitarist played selections from the Vandenburg vs. hard-liquor-at-parties concerts. The last performance which lasted close to eight minutes was the gospel music of band "God, Felt and Dealt."

The (sm)artwork in Roberts was absolutely fabulous. Those



Peace during a break.

imaginative students' artwork certainly displayed force.

Especially noteworthy pieces included a three-dimensional work, "Cracked Pattern on Wall" by T. Weakins, a collage, "Laundry From Eight Weeks Ago," by Joe Sheen, an assemblage sculpture, "The Couch After Falling Three Stories With House Trash, Overflow," and a modeled imitation of the "Schwill Palasades," by Soof, rabj and hj.

The frat guys revealed school spirit in their arrangement for passing out Frat Row Creative volumes. A mule stood at the door and held

copies between its teeth. No apathy here.

The authors in the Frat Row Creative Volume dedicatedly wrote poems about "birds," "sun minus classes," "privacy in a goldfish bowl" and "living loving and watching TV." Commentaries on "Fila Sportswear Care" and "The Horror of Hunting and Stalking Innocents For Brotherly Attention," were extremely well written.

The attitudes of the people who attended the

festival certainly produced a beautiful day in the fraternity neighborhood. The spirit of sharing provided for a high time...well I know. That warmth originated in lots of other places besides in the sun.



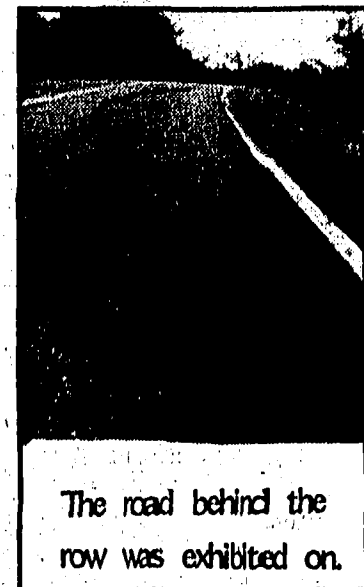
Productivity at the Frat Fest.



Poetry recitation.

Thanks must be given to Festival organizers Jed (from Tennessee), Arne Marie, Stella and Prophet Blue, Deal Cassidy, and Red Grenadine.

Thanks also to each outstanding individual who "parked theyh cah in the laht," who contributed to (pre)parations and productivity of the whole wonderful day; and like we, the creative, progressive, flexible, hardworking and achieving, always say: "Nuke the dorms."



The road behind the row was exhibited on.



Shy frat guys watching the festivities from in weeds.



Self portrait with Bark the Dog.



Someone even exhibited his sister.



Group project.



French Canadians attempting to get ahold of Preppie Dana woman?

Nothing about the Colby Echo

by Fifi LaLune

It's always a pleasure to review good theater, and someday I hope to do it. Right now, though, it's time to review Chowder 'n Pig's latest production, *Much Ado About Nothing*, or *The Story of the Colby Echo*. This production opened last weekend after weeks of boundless apathy and many hours of procrastination, and despite the rather unusual choice of theater (the unisex bathroom on 3rd floor Roberts,) everyone who went was there.

Much Ado was directed by Colby legend Yawn Foster and his assistant, Dave Worse-for-wear, and starred veteran Colby actors Drugged Mears and Valiant Talland in the roles of The Editor and The Young-but-talented-and-incredibly-idealistic Reporter.

Much Ado's plot has been described as "surreal," but most of the audience seemed to prefer adjectives such as "murkey." The main plot device concerns the Reporter who finds William Shakespeare having a Colby Eight in the Spa and asks his advice about his struggling newspaper. The Reporter shows some of the newspaper's editorials to William, who promptly falls asleep and can only be awakened by having a fraternity charter set aflame and waved under his nose. Since this is impossible, the play has no

action whatsoever, despite being over four hours long.

The production was marked by the appearance of several real reporters and editors in key roles. Lisa Whoopie played the role of The Editor and her performance was marked by lines and some moving around on the stage. Frantic Mullin played another reporter who tries to write a "Personality of The Week" about Hamlet's ghost. "Legs" Bystrynski played the only editor who realizes the imminent danger and tries to have everyone removed for safety.

In a particularly tragic moment, "Legs" stood on a sink and gave an imposing monologue about the dangers of burning fraternity charters in an enclosed space. Unfortunately, "Legs" fell into the sink at the end of his speech, causing an awed janitor to comment, "My God, I'll have to clean that damn thing again!"

Mention must be made of the extremely realistic sets for *Much Ado*. Constructed by Waterville Junior High's "Fun with Paper Mache and Old Juice Cans" class, the set consisted of long strips of toilet paper hung from the ceiling pipes. It uncannily resembled long strips of toilet paper hanging from ceiling pipes—another triumph for "realism" in the theater.

Much Ado had all the elements of a good French

by Bert N. Eye

As the lights come up on "Down East Story," the preps are enjoying "self-abuse" and paddle on their turf, the cellar of PU. Decked out in Alligator Shirts, docksiders wrapped in athletic tape and Chinos (get it), the group is schilling intensely in anticipation of one of Sam "Glad Hands" Visor's blow-outs in Dana.

Staggering across campus, the bros. Geoffrey Vote, David R. Gooney, III, and "Mouth" Rogers try out a couple dance routines for a group of chipmunks in front of Lovejoy.

At the dance, townies had taken over the PU's table. Francois Wirmuce, Stuart LeBabbitt, Jean Cologne, Gregoire LeWalshe, and Davide Bolget have ventured out of the Rear End Cafe to see for themselves if the rumor that college students do not listen to country-western is true. Biff, the leader of the preppies, gracious welcome is answered in incomprehensible jibberish. French major, Mona Dore, unable to translate, runs for Doc in the mailroom.

"They want to know where you bought those Chinos," says Doc. Before Biff gets "Brooks" out, Sam "Glad hands" Visor cuts in: "This is the Big Guy and my dances are the nads..." "Your parties are just

plain bad," says a prep, wincing. Geoffrey Vote, struck by the similarity between this scene and one he thought he starred in several weeks ago blurts out: "We have no arguments, Nardo."

Perplexed, Biff stared at Vote, but Mainers waited on the unsuspecting Geoffrey. Officer Chuckie cant-tell jumps on stage and silences the crowd with a quick rendition of "I feel pretty." During the applause that

follows, the PU's sneak out the back door.

This is but a sample of the plot. Interspersed at the most obnoxious moments are several cute songs. Among them are "The Prep Song," "Officer Chuckie," and "I like to be in Waterville."

The orchestra, though, was by far the most noticeable aspect of the production.

The dancing was an amazing change of pace. This reporter tried to in-

terview the choreographer, but she was teaching Biff some new steps in the dressing room and could not be disturbed.

All in all, the production is a credit to the cast. They persevered despite directors Jean Forestier and Dave Worestier's attempts to make them sick. If Power and Dig breeds any more maniacal directors they should attempt a production of the same magnitude again as soon as possible. Maybe it will kill them next time.

Styx are the nads

Besides Foreigner, REO, Journey, and Dirt Band, there are not many bands around today that one could call truly talented. But, let's not forget Styx. Styx has recently developed into one of the foreigners of power, big sale rock.

The key to its success lies in its message — harder lyrics and intricate, interesting melodies. Listening to Styx one can find: encouragement; "...get up, get back on your feet—you're the one they can't beat," advice; "...take time to smell the roses" and

hope; "There could be so many worlds and mountains we could climb-together the two of us tonight."

Styx's increase in popularity is marked by the instrumental enlargement of the band. In *The Grand Illusion*, Styx used only 2 guitars, vocals, and synthesizers to compose their music. Recently with the release of *Cornerstone*, the band's instruments have been enlarged to include an autoharp and a mandolin. Surely this increase in the band's instruments marks an internal diversification within each song by Styx

since the release of *The Grand Illusion*. Styx's popularity reflects the stringent and complex requirements the U.S. listening audience places on today's rock stars. It is such stringent tastes that make a group like Styx reach the top of the charts.

Next issue I will deal with another classic group; REO Speedwagon. Specifically I'll be dealing with the question: "Is Neil Sedaka really the lead singer for REO??..." I heard it from a friend, who, heard it from a friend...

Razor Blades-Sharp talent

by Peter the Wolf

Fresh(?) off the streets of "the city" come Joanie and the Razor Blades, scheduled to appear at Colby on May 32 at 12:00 noon. The group features the wailing sounds of pseudo-vocalist Joanie Icepick, the chairsaw guitars of Kid Rancid, and the beating of Ayatolah Qualude on drums.

The group have played such renowned "clubs" as Lou's Gas in Flapper, New Jersey, The Dumpage Depot in Stokely, USA, and Lepar's Alley in Forest Hills, New York.

Along with their crazy sound, they bring with them a very interesting stage show, to say the least. For starters, they usually throw razor blades, with Joanie's picture printed on them, into the audience. They draw blood from themselves with blades for an aesthetic sense. They are also well-known for their practice of playing with their backs to the audience.

Probably the group's most spectacular show was when ex-blade "Squeaky" Fromme actually committed suicide during their Mar. 30 performance at Club Happy

Too Bad by slitting her wrists a bit too far with razor blades.

The band recently put out an album on Shaved Music Records entitled *Razor Pudding*. The best cuts include "My Cat is Ugly," "Suicide in the Bathroom," and "Wicked All Over."

The lyrics from the opening cut "Life Sucks" probably best expresses in words where the band is at:

"Hey Babe, come over here; My black leathers nothin' to fear; I hate life, so should you, don't ask why, just do."

Lead singer Joanie Icepick, born with three vocal chords, always hated to sing. When asked why she joined the Blades, she replied that she had no talent for anything. Besides, she said, "My boyfriend swore he'd take away my whip if I didn't join so I did not think twice about the action."

Kid Rancid, who only learned to play guitar three weeks ago, raises broad leaf weeds on his farm for a hobby. He was raised as a child by a pack of wild dogs in the South Bronx because his parents abandoned him—too ugly. When asked why the band acts the way they



Blades: Joannie, Ayatolah & Kid-R

do on stage, he replied that the music is so boring that they must do something to keep themselves aroused.

Ayatolah Qualude had a frontal lobotomy at age eight because he buried his kid sister and her two friends in a sandbox. Rumor has it that he has been working on Ronald Reagan's cabinet. He goes under the name of Alexander Haig. When asked about his plans for

the future, he replied, "Tonight we are going to eat dinner at the Bob-Inn. Afterwards we plan to go bowling."

The band was asked why they decided to come to Colby. Joanie replied, "We could not get into Dartmouth." When asked what inspires their music, they replied with total certainty, "Yes." Catch this cutting show.

Air Notes

GRANOLA TASTING SESSION, Wed. May 20th, 7:30 PM, Fort Weird.

CONCERT, "Stick Music," Sun. May 17th, 2:00 PM, on Runnels Hill. Sticks will be acquired from the Arboretum.

EXHIBIT - "Beer caps - Collection of the freshman class." Exhibit will be open for viewing at Bixler May 15th-22nd. The collection represents a wide variety of brands.

LECTURE, "The Diversity of Programs and People at Colby," Mon. May 18th, 3:00 PM, in the Janitors closet - 3rd floor Mudd.

COFFEE - The Colby Good teacher and student encourager department is holding a welcome back coffee for Prof. Harry, May 21st, 7:00 PM in the Rude Lounge, Arey attic.

CUCUMBER COUNTY CIVIL CENTRE - Upcoming events. May 15th-25th. Nard accent control clinic; hairstyling workshop for 60's left-overs; annual most Attractive Maine City Award presentation - this year award goes to our very own Waterville (May 23rd.) **CONCERT** - The Greatful Dead May 22nd 8 PM, Cross country concerts (only kidding).

6 Exciting Theatres Under One Roof A NEW DIMENSION IN CINEMA LUXURY

The final act is murder.

THE FAN

Donald Sutherland • Mary Tyler Moore
Directed by Robert Redford

Some films you watch,
others you feel.

Ordinary People

The terror continues...

FRIDAY THE 13TH

Six of the most bizarre murders you will ever see.

Happy Birthday to me

LA CAGE AUX POLLES II

...the relationship continues

Forged by a god,
Foretold by a wizard,
Found by a King.

EXCALIBUR

Cinema Center

KENNEDY MEMORIAL DRIVE, PHONE 873-1300
WATERVILLE FREE PARKING



Is this a joke?

photos by Don Gallo



Audience reviewed

by Brigitte Raquet

After having reviewed several play performances for the Echo I thought it only appropriate that I switch tactics for a change, and review the audience.

The opening night bunch is the most differentiated. Spectators jam into the theatre, vying for the center row, center aisle seats like so many peasants swarming to watch an execution. The moral support bunch usually sits in the front row.

Its members beam with encouragement at the performers, whistle and stamp at the end and at all the funny parts.

The obnoxious observers sit in the back row or the balcony, laughing and snorting when something goes awry on stage. Often, they mysteriously disappear

during intermission, much to everyone's relief especially the frontrowers. Notice the stocky ticket collectors and thug-like ushers-they look very smug after such disappearances.

The second night crowd is lethargic in comparison. Half of them are high and leave at intermission to find pizza and cigarettes. Most of the good lines are lost on the second night crowd, and, as a result, the actors become disconcerted and nervous. The play often falls apart. There is a polite spattering of applause at the end but not much more. The actors want to kill themselves but the thought of closing night (and the cast party) keeps them alive.

On closing night, the air is charged with excitement. A standing ovation at the finish is given. Sometimes, there are flowers. The audience is psyched to see this great extravaganza they've heard so much about (or this devastating flop which can be equally as entertaining). The cast gets psyched, too, and usually delivers its finest performance.

Meanwhile, the reviewer scribbles across her program, squinting like a mole and developing eyes like one. There must be an easier way to take notes in dark theatre. I wonder what Walter Kerr does?

continued from page 13
farce, even though it wasn't written by a French person and wasn't even set in France. It was confusing, it had a lot of characters who didn't seem to have anything to do, and it made everyone in the audience close their eyes and make strange growly noises with their throats. This overwhelming reaction caused Yawn Foster to hold the cast party in the Colby infirmary, where everyone OD'd on Ny-Quil and slept for days. Only Dave Worse-for-Wear missed the fun, remarking, "Production? What production? Do I have to do tickets?"

All in all, Much Ado brought the Colby theater season to an end. As a bit player, Fidget Away (she played the Young-but-talented-and-incredibly-idealistic-Reviewer), commented, "The play was extremely subtle, and the message was never forced. All of the actors were neat, and if they hadn't had those brown paper bags over their heads, I would have really liked to have gotten to know them." Much Ado may not go down in history as one of Yawn Foster's most well-known efforts, but as Yawn himself commented, "With my luck, someone besides the janitor saw it." So, always, hope springs eternal in the theater world.

Aesthetic Air

by Wiedersheim Martha

Art is beauty; and beauty is art. Art is expressive — is this clear so far? Art is clear too. Nature is beautiful; therefore it follows that nature is art. Nature is clear expression in art, and I'm sure we would all agree that that is beautiful.

Form follows function, function follows form and follows form function. Isn't art wonderful? Which brings me to my next point. Beauty is wonderful and so is the picturesque — wonderful that is. Cows can be wonderful as well as picturesque. Cows can be art too.

Might these words of your creator sink into your heart:

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have committed abominable deeds; there is no one that does good."

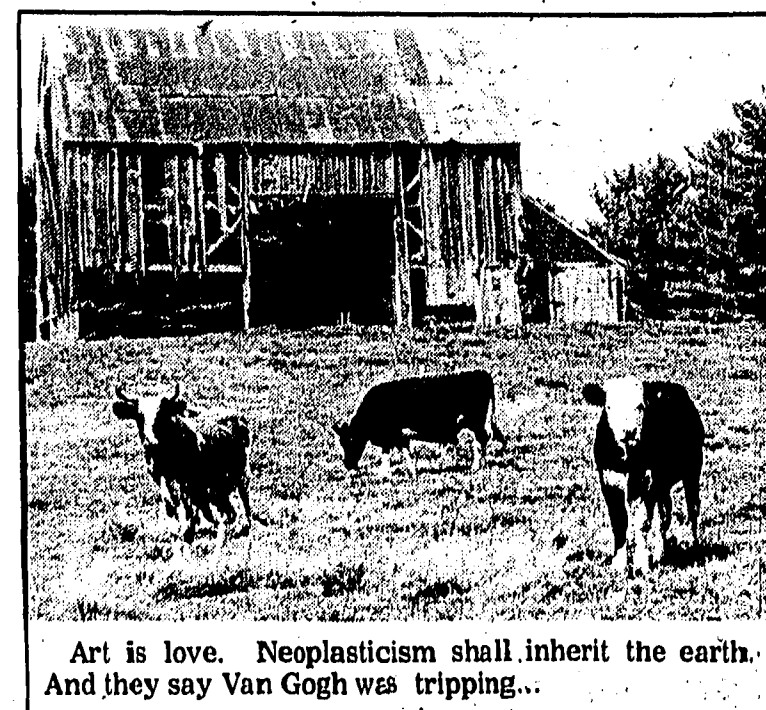
Psalms 14:1

"Fools mock at sin."

Proverbs 14:9

The One who made the worlds and made you loved you enough to die for you. Are you running from Him? If you want to find God, read the Bible.

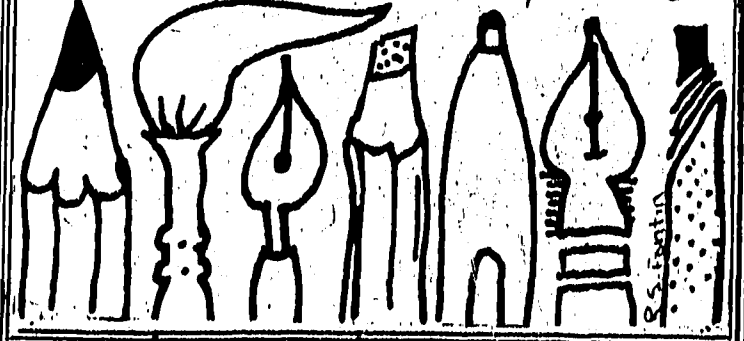
Maine Missionary Society, RFD Box 35, Dresden, Maine



Art is love. Neoplasticism shall inherit the earth. And they say Van Gogh was tripping...

BERRY'S stationers

74 Main St. Waterville, Maine

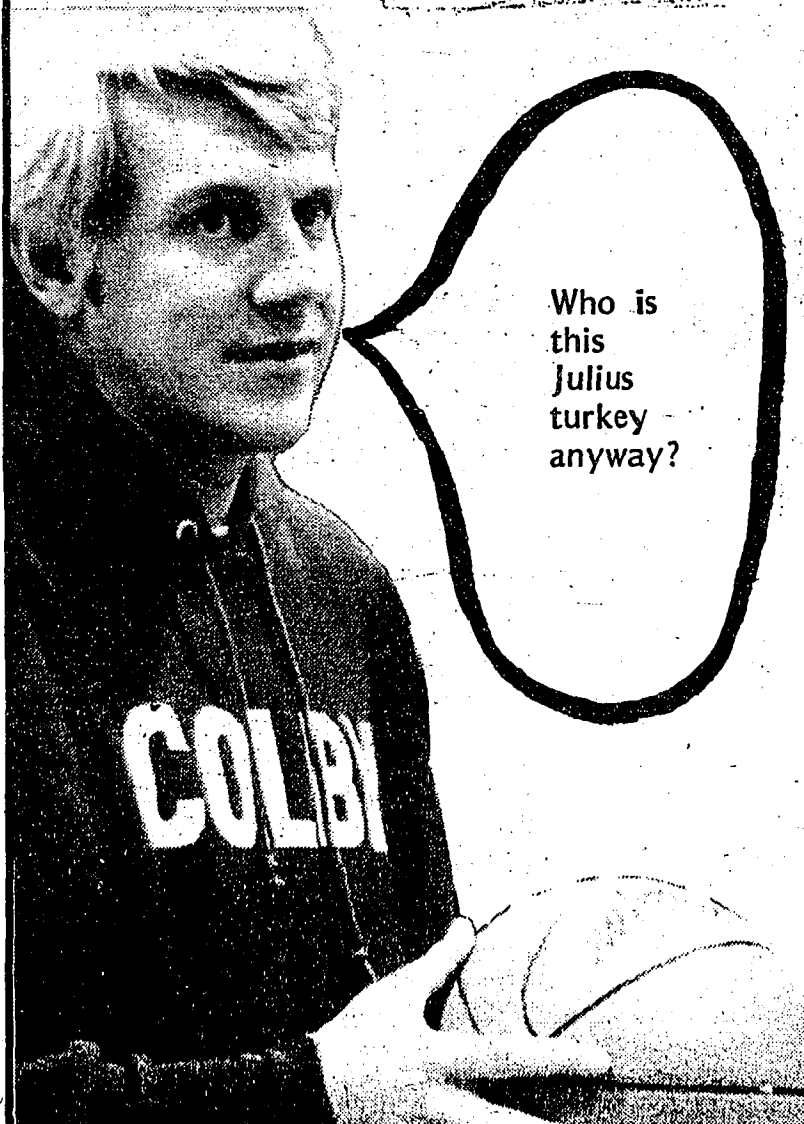


Sports

The Doctah will coach at Colby

by Brent Musberger

Julius Erving, 1981 NBA Most Valuable Player and former leader of the Philadelphia 76'ers, announced yesterday that he is quitting professional basketball to accept a lucrative coaching offer at Colby College. Taking the nation by complete surprise, Erving told



Shitmore out . . .

reporters at a press conference in Bangor yesterday that he was bowing out of the Sixers' organization. Dr. J., perhaps at the very peak of his career, will assume the Colby post next season.

"I had to make a move," said the Doctah in a telephone interview last night. "I wasn't going anywhere with Philly. They're a bunch of losers and choke artists."

Erving was undoubtedly referring to the Eastern Conference championship series, in which Philly blew a 3-1 lead and lost to the Boston Celtics in seven games. The basketball wizard attributed the loss to "everybody except me."

Erving, who hopes to visit the campus this summer, has already started drawing up plans for Colby's basketball future. He promises to bring the Mules into the Division III playoffs in '81-'82, "even if I have to go to school and play myself."

Erving insists that every member of the team will be able to make one of his patented one-handed, twisting, bending, reverse lay-ups, and will attain his wide repertoire of slam dunks - one-handed, two-handed, etc. When informed that the tallest player on the team was only 6'2", and that only two of the Mules could palm the ball, Erving mumbled something about the Spanish Inquisition, the rack, and "stretching the most out of each man's potential."

Dr. J. has lots of other ideas for improving the Colby basketball program, such as "raising ticket prices and offering the players higher salaries."

Erving will be replacing veteran coach Dick Shitmore, one of the more successful coaches here at Colby over the years. Shitmore, who was Maine Coach of the Year this past winter, was irate at the news, breaking into a fit of uncontrollable rage and screaming repeatedly: "Who is this Julius turkey, anyway?"

Athletic Director Lick MyKnee admitted that it was a low blow to relieve Shitmore without notice, but added "tough shit... Colby is a sports-oriented school, and we're out to win basketball games... Besides, Dick still has the golf team." When told of Erving's plans to charge for tickets and offer the players salaries, MyKnee answered: "Whatever the Doctah wants, the Doctah gets."

Erving is real excited about coming to Colby, stating that he's "never been out of the country before, and it should be an enlightening experience for me."

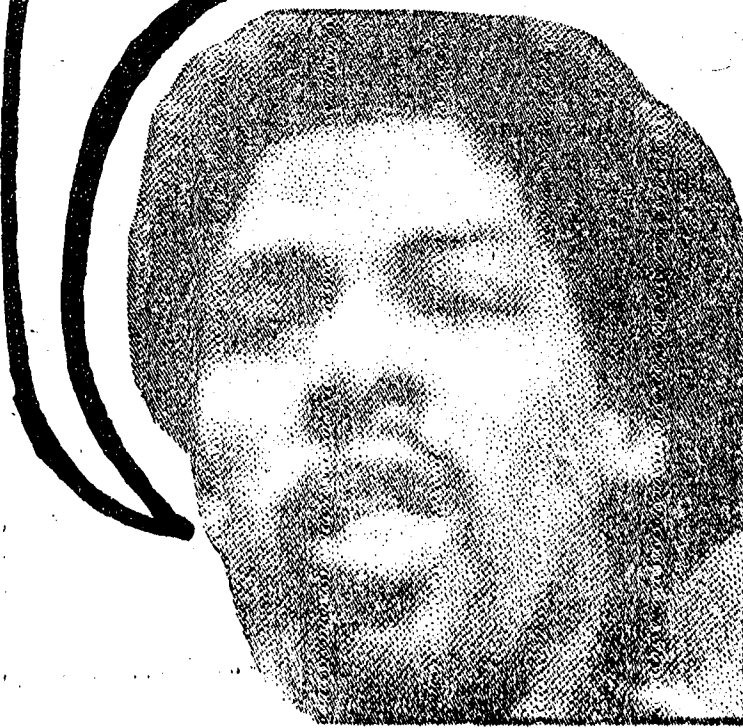
Around the Colby community, people seem to share Dr. J.'s excitement. President Kotter noted that Erving will "help enhance the cultural diversity of the campus"

and "show those ivy league Harvard bastards we mean business."

Associate Dean of Students Janice Shitslinger exclaimed "Oh...he's soooo tall..." And, the players themselves are looking forward to the new coach. Said next year's captain Bob Restless, jumping up and down and clapping his hands: "Wow! I'm psyched."

Erving in . . .

I've never been out of the country before!



Colby drops out of NESCAC

by Clint Eastwood

"Enough is enough!" screamed MyKnee. "They

He was mad as hell, and he wasn't going to take it anymore. An irked Athletic Director Lick MyKnee MyKnee made the



We are a sports-oriented school.

We are here to win.



announced last week that Colby College is dropping out of the NESCAC athletic decision after the NESCAC announced a few new regulations for the next academic year. Included in

the new regulations was a "no practice clause," which stated that no member of the NESCAC conference can spend any time practicing, except for fifteen minutes before a game or meet. The rule, designed to "reduce conflicts between athletics and academics," was termed "a little overboard by MyKnee."

Other new NESCAC rules are: 1) no athletic contests will be scored because "it's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game;" 2) no postseason play at all; and 3) all players must maintain a 3.5 cumulative average or better, must have taken Calc IV, and must wear horn-rimmed glasses.

After announcing Colby's

withdrawal, MyKnee confirmed that the college is changing its athletic image.

"We are now a sports-oriented college. We are here to win."

In conjunction with the move, MyKnee announced that an athletic scholarship fund is well underway, as well as plans for all-new athletic facilities and a revamp of the entire coaching staff.

Colby is the only NESCAC school to drop out as a result of the new rules, but several are expected to follow. President Kotter expressed support for the move, saying his staunch academic beliefs were "just a facade."

"I'm a jock at heart," he said.



My Knee: changing image

Plunger traded

by Jerry Kapstein

In a shocking move announced today by Colby White Mules co-owner Lick "Haywood" MyKnee, star Colby shortstop Paul Plunger was traded to the Bowdoin Polar Bears. In return for the slugging co-captain the White Mules received a third string designated hitter.

Unconfirmed reports have it that Bowdoin will also throw in a player to be named later, rumored to be a recruit who will graduate from high school in 1983.

In explaining the obviously lopsided transaction MyKnee said "I feel that we made an excellent trade and I'm very pleased with the manner that the front office handled the whole situation."

The flubber deal is the third of its kind from the Colby front office this year.

Earlier in 1981 MyKnee and co-owner Carl "Buddy" LeNelson, Colby's trainer, agreed to swap speedy all-league centerfielder Tom McGillipuppy and third base freshman sensation George Harrington to the

Bates Bobcats for an injured senior bullpen catcher and two aluminum bats.



Plunger
to Bowdoin

The move irked many White Mules season ticket holders and was met with scattered violence at times.

"This is a very competitive business," commented LeNelson. "Dick and I are doing our best to keep the winning tradition here at Colby."

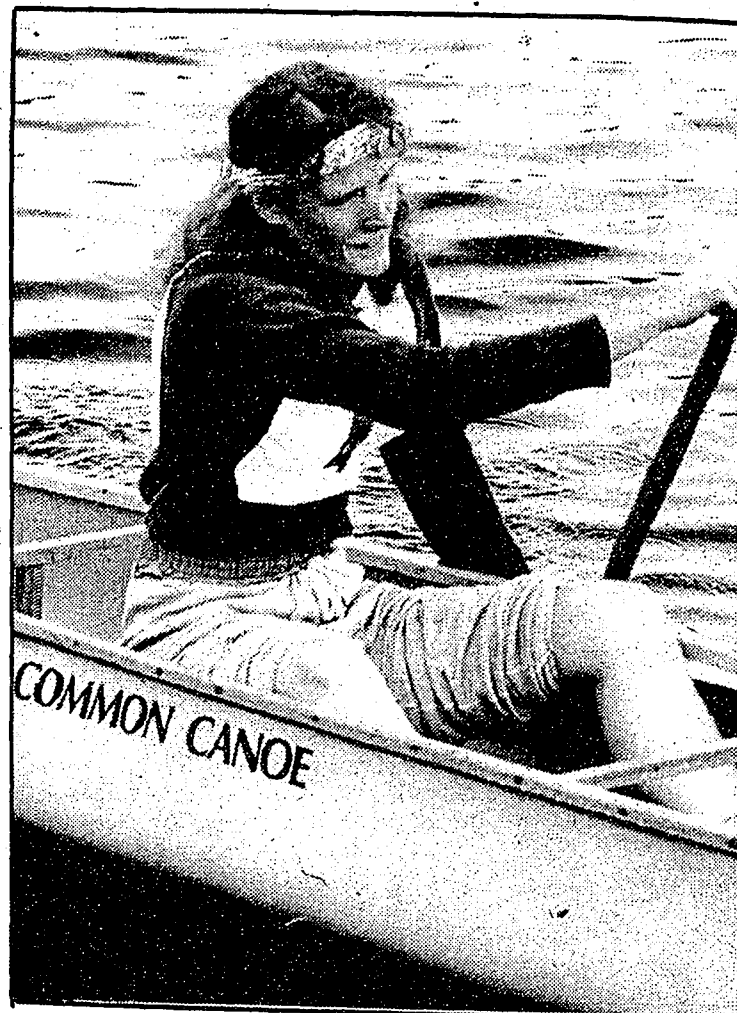
Perhaps the most unpopular move of all came a couple of months ago when

star catcher Riff Paradise slipped away to Thomas College after an apparent memory lapse from the front office. Because his 1980 varsity letter was mailed to him two days after the official mailing deadline for all athletic certificates the sophomore catcher had the right to talk with other teams. After a lengthy bidding war Paradise decided to accept the Thomas offer.

"I love and cherish my Colby playing days," said the power-hitting backstop, "but the Mules management is so messed I just had to leave Colby. Their offer wasn't even close."

When asked for comment on the Plunger trade, Colby Head Coach Waldough Gotohell responded, "All the deals blow. I'm pissed. The stupid owners gave away the core of my team and I got nothing but youngsters to fill the positions. Then there's no one to back them up. Ticket sales will plummet and we'll lose all our fans. You watch, Paradise will come in here (Coombs Field) and blast one out of the park and beat us."

Colby crew coming



It's been a long time in coming, but at last Athletic Director Lick Myknee has announced that, starting next fall, Colby will have a varsity crew team.

Funds have been allocated, equipment has been purchased, and all systems are reportedly "go." Home meets will take place on Johnson Pond. Away meets include trips to Harvard, B.U., and Yale.

Students have been hollering for a crew team for years, insisting that Colby "couldn't be a bonafide preppy school without one." Already several Colby athletes have said they will convert to crew next year, including half of the varsity football team, and several members of the new women's rugby squad.

Said Myknee: "Colby is a sports-oriented school. We are here to win crew meets."

New semester in Florida

by Apple Juice

Baseball coach Waldough Gotohell announced yesterday that next year the baseball team would extend its spring tour of Florida to

include all of the spring semester. The Mules will depart in February and play a 69 game schedule before coming north to play Bates and Bowdoin at the end of the season.

"If we want to become a true baseball power, we have to play a major league schedule," said Gotohell. "Our current one week spring tour only gives us a brief sensation of playing baseball before we have to return to frigid Maine, where we're playing in snowstorms!"

Athletic Director Lick MyKnee agrees with the coach's assessment of the situation and endorses the imaginative plan. "I know the team plays better when their fans are darker and they can go to the beach every day. That's a true baseball picture, just look at the Major Leagues," state MyKnee.

Gotohell hopes that not only will the warm weather help the team, but that the games he has scheduled against some of the Major League baseball teams will also be beneficial. He hopes his players will see what it takes to be a Major Leaguer and learn to act like a superstar like Reggie Jackson does.

"The whole team will learn to act like 'professionals'; they will be able to calculate their batting averages after each at bat, and they will learn to dog it on flyballs and easy grounders. I know talking to Billy Martin and Earl Weaver and watching them abuse umpires will help my performance" said Gotohell.

Credit will be given to the players for classes taken while in Florida. The Semester plan entitled "Baseball in Florida" or "Beach Baseball" will be patterned after the science department's geology semester plan in Bermuda. The classes will count for seven credits while the actual playing time or "field experience" will count for eleven credits. Classes offered to the ball players will be American Baseball History, Baseball Psychology, Physics in Baseball and an economics class entitled "Negotiating a large contract or Holding out."

A player will be allowed to receive credit for the "field experience" only if he hits for an average of .275 or wins four games. The "field experience" is Pass-Fail with honors available if the student can find an academic topic from his playing experiences.

Sign-up for the program will be held during the regular class scheduling period next fall and the student must have the permission of the instructor, Coach Gotohell. In conjunction with the Spring tour the Foreign Language department will be offering a class on "Southern Lingo" to help those students when they travel south.

The Mules will be playing all kinds of college baseball powerhouses but they will still be at a disadvantage because of N.E.S.C.A.C. rules. Colby can only play baseball eight hours a day and the school must balance its playing time with time in the "Classroom."



New QB

T.D. Chucker makes the jump from kindergarten to college ball

by Wally Beaver

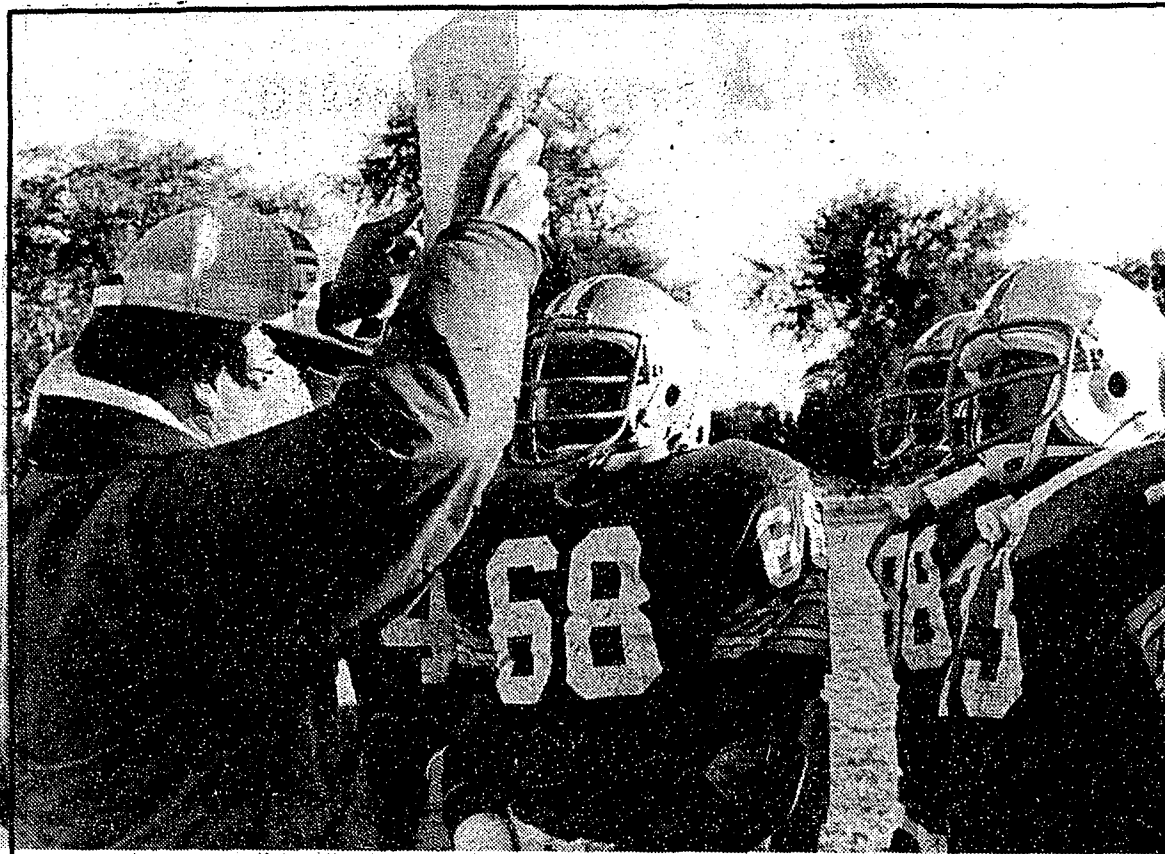
Tom Flop's quarterback problems are over, folks. At a news conference last week the veteran Colby football coach announced the acquisition of a bright young QB sensation. T. D. Chucker, pictured here, has overlooked offers from Bowdoin, USC, Michigan State, and the New England Patriots to come and play for Colby.

"When I heard they were dropping out of that icky NESCAC and when Tom offered me wicked neat stuff, I decided to come here," related Chucker.

Flop pulled a lot of strings to hook this big fish for the Mules. He was in constant contact with the admissions office, the financial aid office, and Baskin Robbins while making the deal. For each year, Chucker will receive a free ride here at Colby, all the matchboxes he wants, and an "open bar" at Baskin Robbins ice cream parlor downtown.

Flop insists that even this is "a small price to pay" for such an awesome young talent. Chucker has amassed impressive statistics at Hilltop Kindergarten School. In two years of recesses, the 4' 5", 83-pound ball of fire threw for 23 touchdowns, ran for 11 others, and was the school champion on the swings.

According to Flop, Chucker will move into the first string slot, ahead of Tom Conehead and Dan Blowman, who Flop says are "good, but nothing like this kid." When asked whether he thought the jump from kindergarten play to college ball would be too much for the little tiger, Flop replied: "N. F. W.!!!"



This, is a football . . .

Souffle to be replaced

by Serge LeSlapshot

In a surprise move this week, Colby athletic director Lick MyKnee named a replacement for men's hockey coach Sticky Souffle, saving the veteran Canuck was "just too damn cheap with his players." The new coach is former Japanese national team director, Li Cmi Hoki.

Many Colby insiders feel the move has been too long in coming. They point to the exodus of quality players to other teams where talent counts. The general campus feeling is that hockey has been ignored for too long. Students point to Bowdoin, which is consistently in the top four finishers in the

Division, and feel the Mules should be able to do the same.

Coach Hoki has several ideas to bring Colby back from the second division. Reached by phone on a recruiting trip in Moose Jaw, he said his first priority is to recruit foreign players. As he stated, "There's no room at Colby for American hockey players. After all, the college is in Maine."

Furthermore, Hoki has plans for some personnel changes. He hopes to be able to phase out New England all-star goalie Paul Molive. Crucial in his decision is the fact that Molive started this year as third-string goaltender. He states, "Although he got

Colby into the playoffs almost singlehandedly last year, he does not have a role in next year's plans. The fact he was the best goalie in the East is irrelevant."

Also in the workings is a lesser role for three-letter manager, Billy Boy. Hoki feels three-years of thankless, back-breaking work has been too good for Boy. He hopes to be able to recruit a freshman manager whom he can brainwash to his liking. As for Boy, Hoki states "he'll get over it."

Athletic Director Lick MyKnee is quite excited about the new coach, commenting "Colby is a sports-oriented school. We are here to win

The cheerleaders return

Rah, Rah, Siscombah! They're back! After over a decade without them, Athletic Director Lick MyKnee has announced that cheerleaders will return to Colby College next fall.

Did you miss the spirited chants? The smiling faces? The megaphones? The short skirts and bobby socks? Fear not! It's all coming back. Myknee said

that "due to unbearable pressure from alumni, trustees, and very big football players," he has decided to reestablish the institution of cheerleading on Mayflower Hill.

He commented that the move should increase school spirit, athletic support and attendance, and "reveal some pretty nice legs."

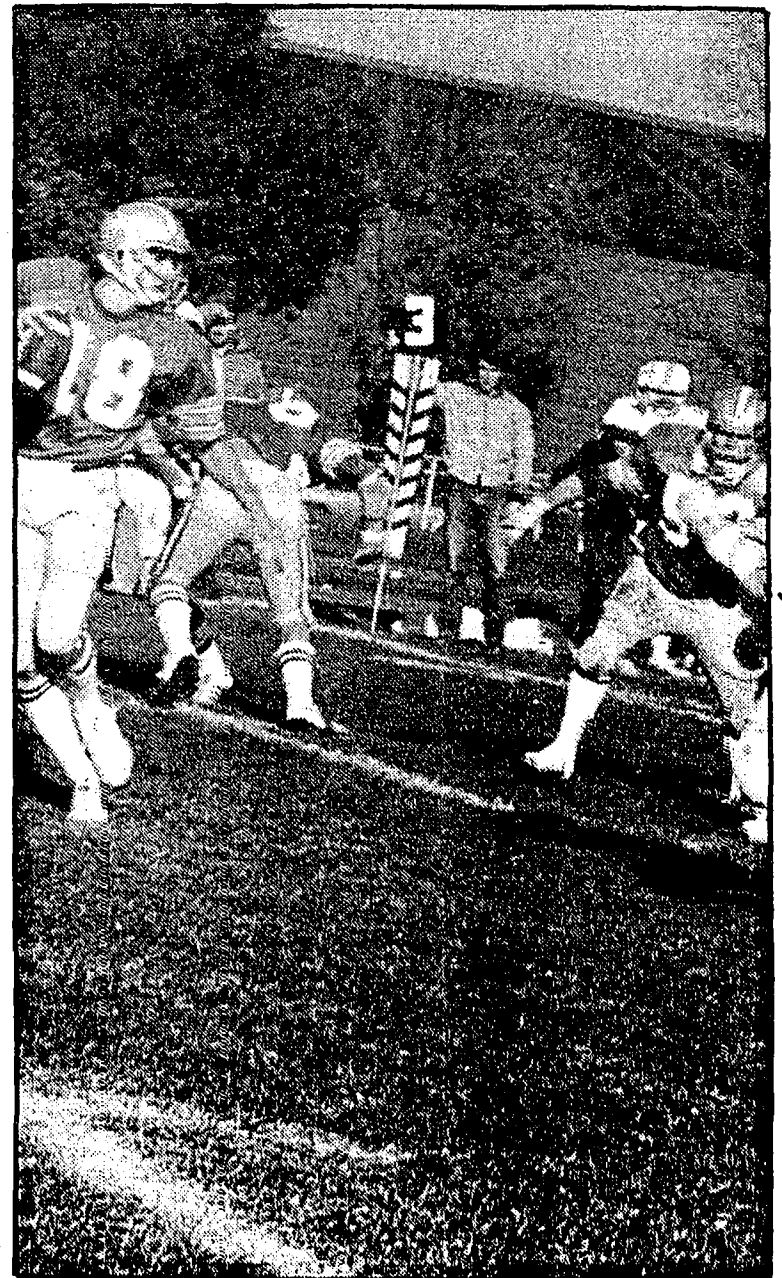
Myknee has assured, however, that the new Colby cheerleaders will not be clad in risque, low-cut blouses and skin tight, clinging leotards - Dallas Cowboy Cheerleader style.

"There will be none on 'There will be none of that sexist garbage at this institution," declared Myknee.

Instead, the Colby cheerers will have their

choice between two more conservative outfits, displayed here by two potential squad members.

First, we have the Colby sweater with mini skirt, white bobby socks, and saddle shoes. The megaphone, of course, is a must. In colder weather (i.e. most of the time) the mini-skirt can be traded for a pair of painter's pants.



Explosions leave Seaverns disheveled

As might have been expected, the constant construction and frequent explosions on Mayflower Hill have left the Colby College football field in permanent disarray. Seavern's Field, once a somewhat flat athletic playing surface, is now inclined at a 45 degree angle, forever. The incline begins at the fence on the Roberts Union side and proceeds steadily downward to the tennis courts.

Football coach Tom Flop called an emergency practice of the team yesterday afternoon in order to examine the implications of the new playing surface. After observing the two hour workout, Flop concluded that the tragedy "won't be so bad after all."

Flop has proposed several "home-rules" which he thinks will make home games much easier for the Mules this season, on their new field. Most notable the Colby mentor stated that "There will be no switching of ends between quarters. The Mules will always work downhill; their opponents will always work uphill."

When asked for a comment, Athletic Director Lick Myknee said, "Sounds good to me. Colby is a sports-oriented school. We are here to win football games."



Manageterial

Proletariats speak out at Muckraker

WE THE PEOPLE of the circulation department, in order to disturb the mundane tranquility of the campus, to free ourselves of oppression at the hands of gutless editors and managers, to annoy as many people as possible, to abuse those worthy of abuse (e.g. frats, granolas, intellectuals, faculty, administrators, burnouts, sororities, preppies, jitney drivers, short people, dorm staff, food services, journalists, Chinese restaurant managers, pinko Russian majors, crisp ethetes, radio spies, Eric-seekers and certain individuals we refuse to name out of our desire to live to ripe old ages, (YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE, RILEY)), and, of course, to reveal our penchant for run-on sentences, do hereby assume the roles of Editor-in-Chief and Head Lackey. Oppression and falsehood have gone on long enough! We feel it an obligation to assert our freedom and instill in this rag the courage to abuse.

Long have we, the circulation manager and his faithful assistant, struggled against oppression. Long have we watched as newsprint blackened our fingers. We have had enough of trying to keep quiet as Advertising Czars try to write papers. We have had enough of secretly copping expensive layout paper to wrap the newspapers, in mortal fear that the Business Oppressor will discover us and order our names be printed in smaller type. We have had enough of dealing with shifty characters who cannot look us straight in the eyes. We therefore, demand and require that the former establishment of this publication, as penance for oppression done, agree to the following demands:

1. Be truthful in reporting.

Sorry about this drivell. We'll have these two sedated and back in their cages soon. Meanwhile, ignore them.

Love, The Editor

2. Give the little people a chance (not you Lisa!). Put the Proofreaders, Typists, Artists, Photographers and Layers-out names in bolder print.

3. Label your own papers!
4. Fire Chuckles Nimrod.

5. Send a lifetime subscription of the paper to Palo Alto, CA.

We must admit, although it does not excuse their dictatorial behavior, that this "journalistic" group has produced a few mediocre successes. To their credit, they have never misquoted anyone (ask any dean), they have always gotten all sides of the issues (ask the Outing Club), that their captions have always been accurate (just ask Uncle Bill and his wife Pat), and those front page headlines have always been right on (especially the Acid Rain story).

But, obviously, these moderately positive successes of the oppressors is by far outweighed by the neglect of their moral duty to abuse those who need abuse, and their total lack of guts in exposing the truth about campus problems: The people of the college itself. This issue of the paper is an attempt by us, the Circulation Manager's Front, to rectify these problems. Those supporting us in this cause may express their support by sending cocaine, ludes, twenty dollar bills or quarters for Battle Zone to Box 817 or 1644. Help let everyone on campus know what tools they really are! Support the CMF and vote Scrolly and Yates for Head Jitney Driver and Dining Hall Manager in '84.

Letters from the Editor

Get Lost!

To Charles Tenny:

We at the ECHO admire your courage to openly admit your sexual perversion. However, we are worried about you. Didn't your mother ever tell you that doing that would make you blind, give you warts and hair on your palms? Or even, that it will fall off?!

Love,
Ed.

P.S. Where did you get that sweater!

Get Lost!

To Michael Cronin:

Quick feet, fast reactions, and good hands are also the attributes of a good secretary. How's your shorthand, big boy? The prosecution rests.

Love,
Ed.

P.S. You'd make a lousy lawyer.

Get Lost!

To Sam Weiser:

So, you're mad as hell because the Deans wouldn't let you have a party. If you had your way, the whole campus would do nothing but party.

Where do you think you are, UMass?

Love,
Ed.

P.S. Have you tried Sure?

Get Lost!

To Brian McPherson:

Okay, so frats get better grades. All that means is that you have better files, you're better cheaters, or you take alot of Gilly courses. We're not impressed.

If you guys are so damn smart, why couldn't you figure out the wording of the frat guidelines the first time around instead of on the third draft?

Love,
Ed.

P.S. Have you tried Head and Shoulders?

Get Lost!

To Adam Bolonsky:

What the hell does a kid sticking her head out of a car window have to do with a review of Macbeth? Beyond that, who the hell cares? Who made you the theatrical expert?

When the Times hires you as a reviewer come and see me about publishing your opinions where they count-on the Arts pages not the letters page. Until then, you should be hung by your thumbs.

Love,
Ed.

P.S. Your feet smell.

Get Lost!

To Bev Nalbandian:

Don't knock it. Drinking can be fun, and it's a good way to recover from aerobics class.

Love, Ed

P.S. Relax-degrade yourself a little.

Mayflower Muckraker

Lisa A. Holy
Editor-in-Brief

Nag Bistinsky
Head Lackey

Arvid MacFarmland
Jason 307 Editor

Steve Pelletier
Spurts Editor

Photography Editor

Dick Sucker
Business Manager

Lucy I. Costanickel
Non-Producing Manager

John Blades
Circumcision Manager

Bran Muffin
Features Editor

Straight Zippermann
Air Editor

Doo-bee Finetouch
Late-Out Editor

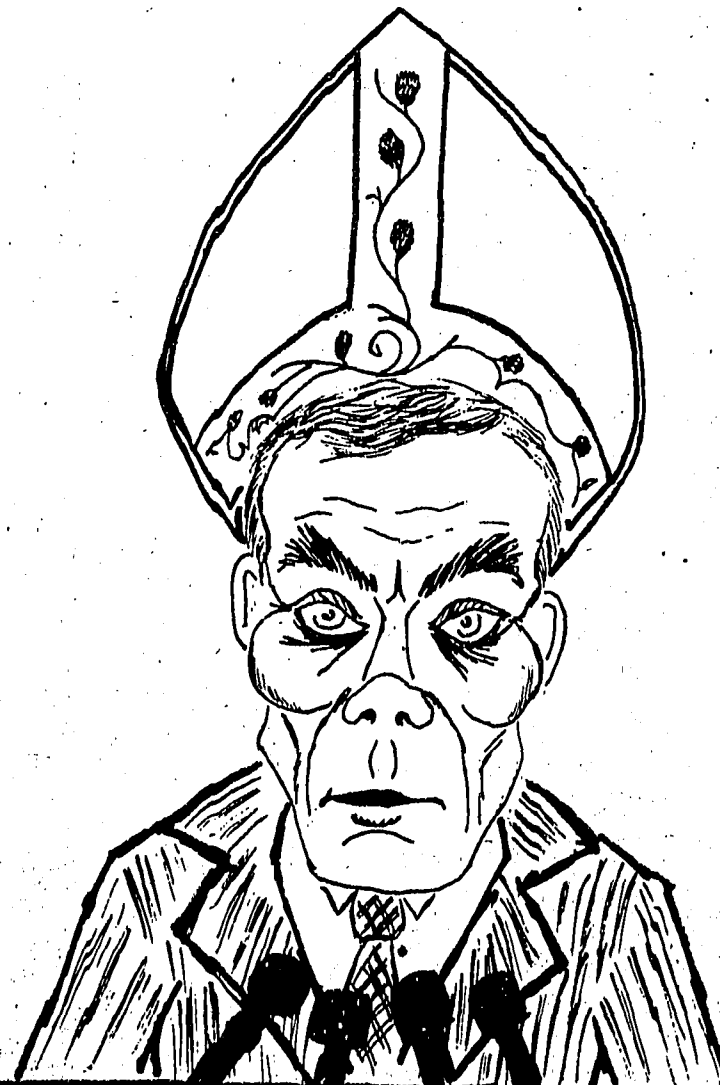
Willie Malleable
Advertising Manager

Jenny Batman
(alias Bruce Wayne)
Still-Producing Manager

Always Diggin
Copy Saver

Scrolly K.
Assistant Circumcisor

The content of this newspaper is entirely the responsibility of the Bowdoin orient (so get off our backs). Any complaints or legal matters should be addressed to The Mayflower Muckraker, Moulton Union, Bowdoin College. Compliments and monetary donations should be redirected to the Colby Echo, Roberts Union, Waterville, ME.



Secretary of State

Constitutionally, gentlemen, you have the Pope, the Archbishop, and the Secretary of State, in that order. As of now, I am in control here, in the Vatican, pending the return of the Arch-bishop.

Letters to the Editor



Damn he's good

To the Editor:

It occurred to me one day, while reading Letters to the Editor, that Colby's most outstanding senior would soon be graduating. With all the good this upstanding senior has brought to mankind, the thought of not writing a tribute to him was more than I could humanly stand.

So Jay "Y-Ball" Vote-this Otis, my hat is off to you! You, who served with so little acclaim, during your Stu-A committee days. You, who had the base humility to be elected Stu-A chairman with the campaign slogan of "How Could I Possibly wrong Anyone?" You, who shaved off your moustache just to please your dear old mom up in sleazy Veazie (or was it because it made you look too much like Hitler?). You, who unselfishly told a subway car of people on New York's I.R.T. all about your pastoral Easter baskets in Veazie after a little bit of sangria. (How could you?) Why, you even vaulted an unknown freshman to the heights of notoriety with a single, laudatory letter! Thought you could get away with it too?

Jay, everyone at Colby plans to donate 10 cents to get you a "Damn I'm Good" I.D. bracelet because someone should always keep reminding you. We only hope you won't forget us as you go off to the big city of Portland to become a shyster.

And Jay, like the Otis elevators they named after you, may you always go through life getting the shaft!

So sincerely it's not,

Who's Chuckling Now?

All right Windy

To the Editor:

All right, Windy Maisel. We know you went to Harvard. We know about

the Obey Commission. Cool it, O.K.? Relax. Woah.

Yours truly,
Every Government Major

Harass me

Dear Editor:

What's all this uproar about this harassment of girls on campus? What's wrong with it I ask? Let me tell you, it's too damned wimpy! Harassment such as this should be pursued much more vigorously. God knows these feminists deserved it, with all their bitching and moaning. Why don't they all go back to Katie Gibbs or, better yet, the kitchen where they belong?

It was a nice try guys but I will be expecting better next year. Good Luck.

Sincerely,
B.S. Molto

That run down Jitney feeling

Editor:

I'd like to report an incident that happened to me when riding the Jitney last Tuesday. When I got off it ran me over. Now I know that driving isn't easy, when you're worrying about whether or not you're going to flunk out of school, but I

think treating passengers like so many lines on the road is a little extreme.

The drivers are basically nice guys, even if they do all look like refrigerators with ears and T-shirts, but maybe they should be required to have licenses.

Intensively Caring,
Susie Tire Cheese

Veggieland heard from

To the Editor:

We the members of the OCFGS (Off Campus Fruits and Gardens Society) feel that it is time the football field be put to constructive use. That field, the precious pasture of the football department, L.C.A., and all the silly good-ol-boys who

drag their crusty asses up here once a fall, is only used for 3 or 4 games a year! This is because the football team only plays 7 games, and half of them are away.

What a waste of the best field on campus! We feel that Colby would be much better off if they used the field as a garden. Oh, you know, Cukes on the 50, carrots on the 30, squash on the 20 etc. Such agricultural efforts would help considerably with Colby's food costs, and also

help to balance out some of Seiler's (yes, we also hate Seilers) nuclear nastiness.

Every fall homecoming weekend could be a harvest celebration. We could kick the whole traditum off next year by burning in effigy the green monster, (the press box), that monument to the football dynasty.

Yours in Veggieland,
Roots McGowen, President
OCFGS

I was here

To the Editor:

I was here, or so I thought. But indeed I was unsure if I were here. For how could I prove to myself that I was here? I was confused. But then I thought, like it or not I must be here. For if I weren't, where was I? Huh?

Yours Truly,
Dr. Major Cathode Ray
Tube
Dana Professor of
Philosophy

Wow! Why?

To the Editor:

Realistically, we are out of contention! Wow. Why, then, have we spent upwards of four years and \$25,000 here?

Sincerely,
The Bulk of the Senior Class

Singing Dean's Excuses Cheap

Is the academic pressure on? Are weekend plan pressures stronger? Think you might not get that "A" or "B" or "C" or "D" either? Then go get a "G!" Dean Gilles Espee's office, long the leader in making any excuse sound legitimate, now offers a new, exciting way to send an excuse to your least favorite professor. . . a Singing Lie. Just imagine a teary-eyed proxy brown-nosing up to your professor and singing something like—
(sung to the tune of "Blue Bayou")

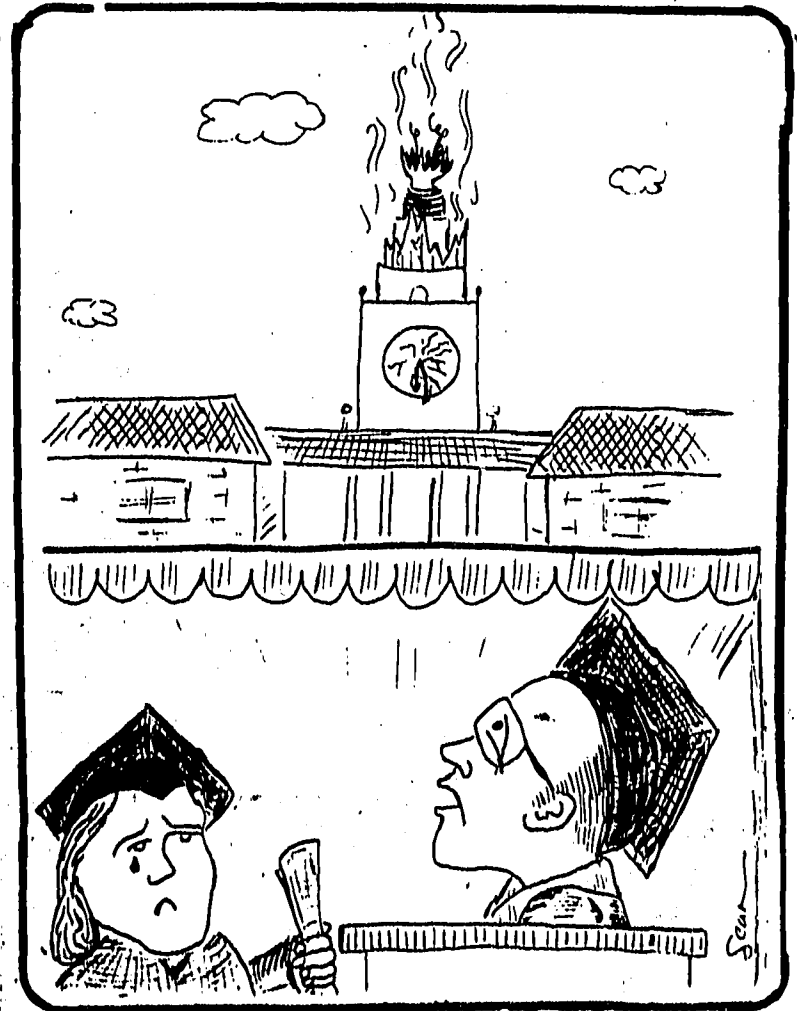
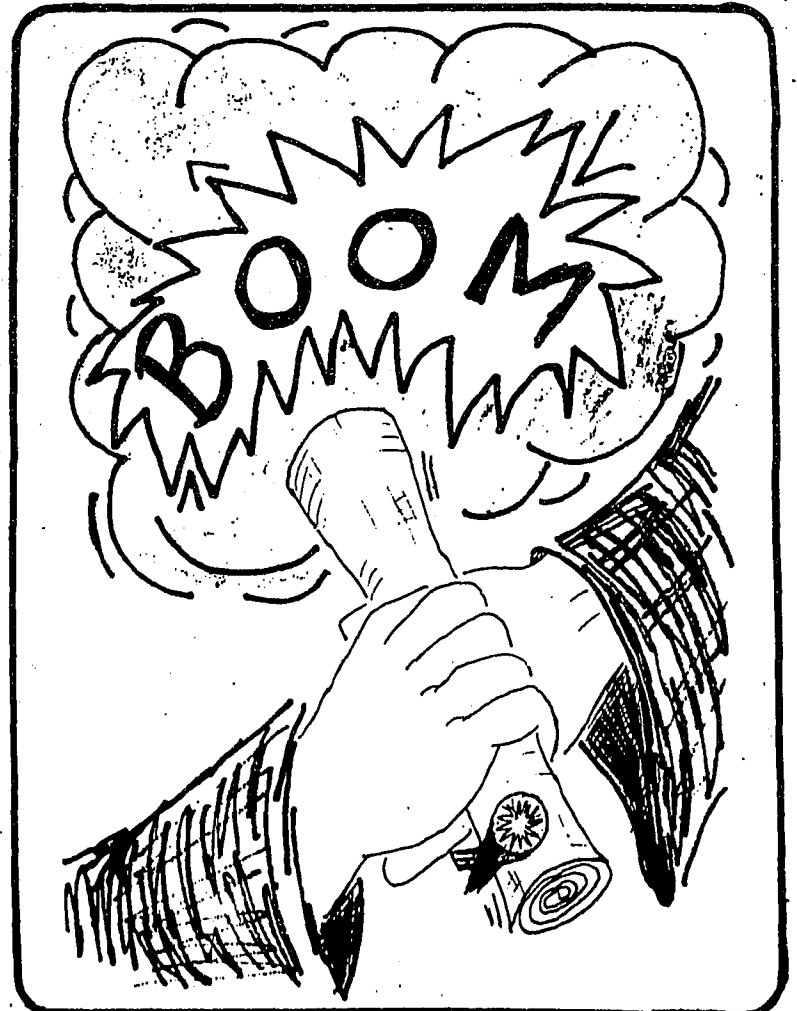
I been so sad I got a worried mind,
I'm so studious all the time,
since I left my third grandma behind in Timbuktu. . .

Writing down notes, reading books
while she's being raped by crooks.
Attending class while they give her the hook in Timbuktu.

I'm going back today, come what may to Timbuktu.
Where I hope she's fine, let me go you swine, to Timbuktu,
And if you don't think this excuse is true,
you know what you can do.
So have a heart guys, before she dies and let me go free. . .

Come down and compose your excuse today!

Remember, finals are almost here!



Taste Testers rate Seiler's

"We're through being ridiculed," said Colby Food Service Director J. Poor O'Bladder at the unveiling of the new menu, entitled "Sanitation Delight", which will be introduced in the dining halls this week.

"We're not going to be laughed at any more," continued O'Bladder. "If the students want to call the neals garbage, garbage is what we're going to give them."

The menu introduces a variety of new dishes, including Dumpster Delight and French fried feces. In addition, O'Bladder said, "We're keeping our old

favorites—just in a different form. Hamburgers will be ground from a combination of paper trash and leftovers from the KDR table, and we expect pizza puke and rancid ravioli to be popular Italian dishes."

The new menu will force the Food Service to hire a new floor sweeper-chef for each of the three campus kitchens, however. "We really feel we need a sanitation expert in ther," aid O'Bladder. "It's the only way we'll get proper quality control."

Despite the new employees, the plan is viewed as an economizing move. O'Bladder expects the

biggest savings on "the purchase of meat," with "vegetables" running a close second.

"We thought we'd use the extra money to build an employee bowling alley," O'Bladder said. "This way, the cooks will have something to do during the day. Besides, a healthy worker is a happy worker."

O'Bladder feels the new menu is "a real culinary breakthrough. It's the first attempt that's ever been made to extend recycling to the kitchen."

Dana cafeteria chef Ed "spit in the food" Agan concurred. "It'll be a lot of fun for us in the kitchen—no more having to wash your hands every time you piss or wipe your moth every time you drool."

"It's great," added cook Tom Collins. "I think it's the best thing to happen since Julia Child invented cooking sherry."



In another Taste Testers Review, the Muckraker culinary team visited Dana Dining Hall to sample some delightful dishes from the new Seiler's menu.

When we arrived, we found a smorgasbord of tastebud-tintillating dishes awaiting us.

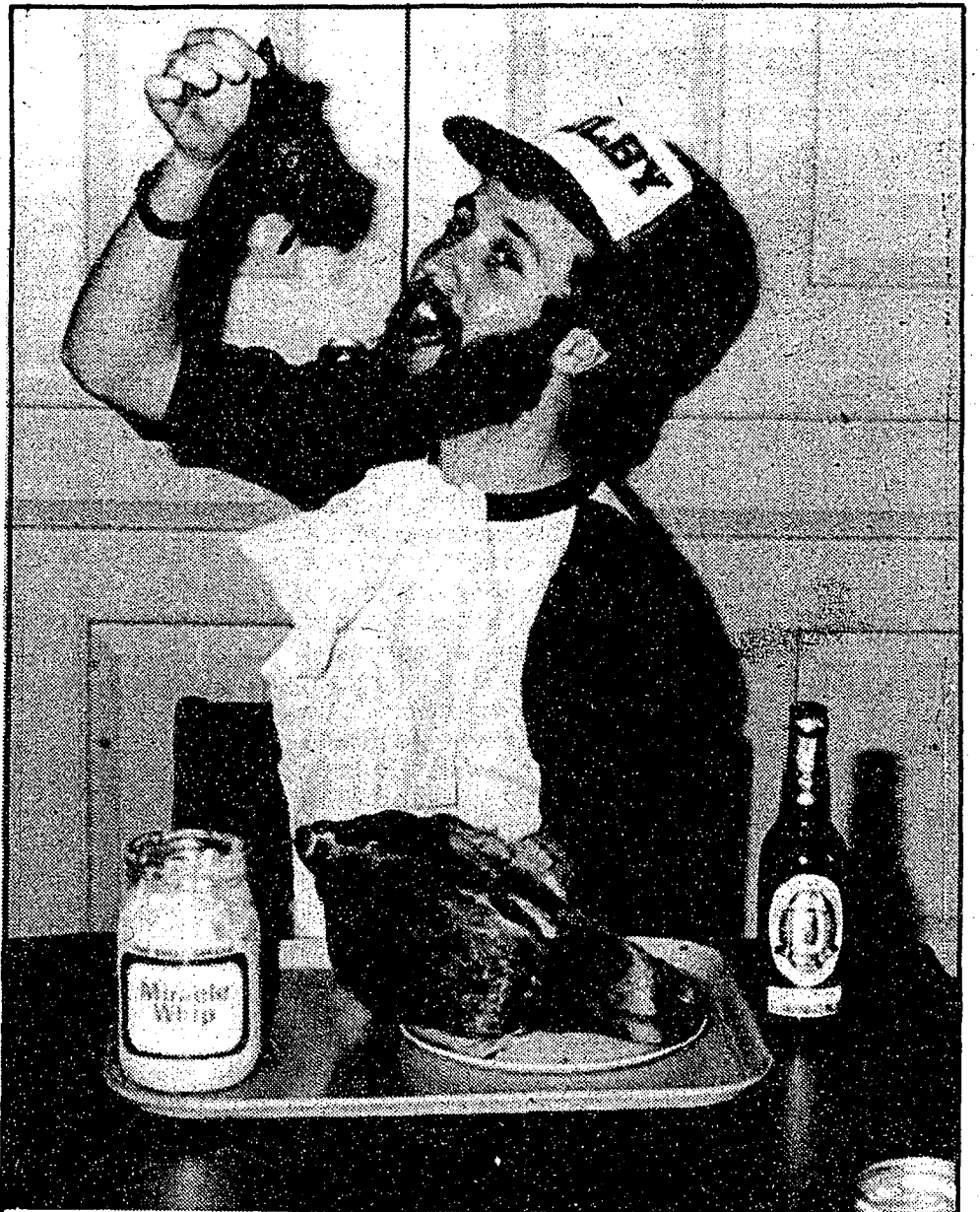
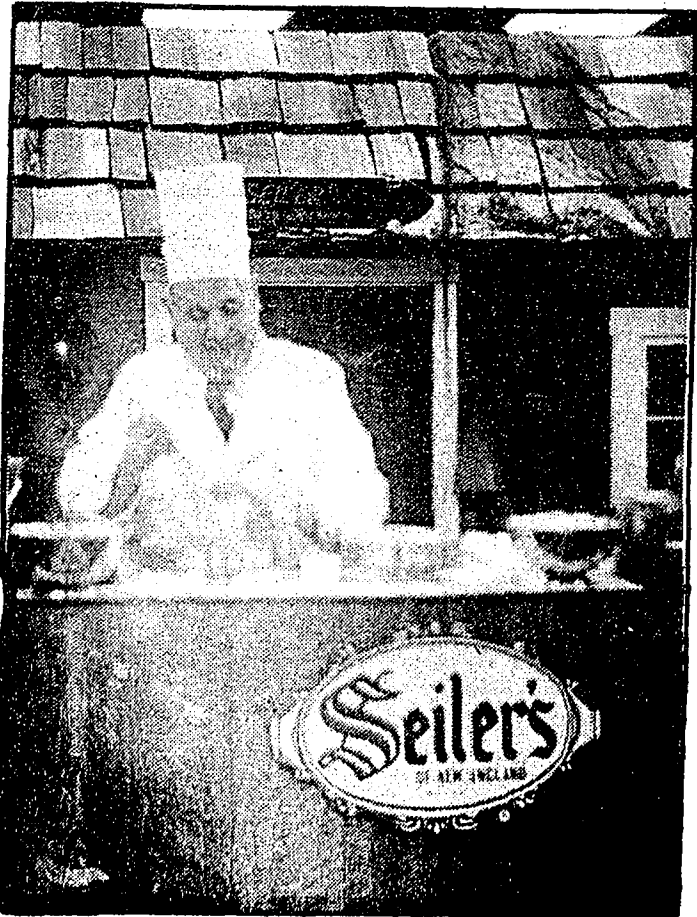
The appetizer was a scrumptious fruitcup, featuring mandarin orange peels and MacIntosh apple cores, with just a hint of bread mold to add that special yeasty flavor.

Next, we awaited the soup (creme du menthe) with eager anticipation. Although a tad on the cool side, it retained a pleasant bouquet reminiscent of the old French style, rarely found this side of Caen. The texture was superb, combining the proper proportions of broth to stock.

The main course, fresh Maine venison, followed. It was a bit on the bloody side, but still in an enticing state of decomposition. The side order of crow's head was just as good, if not better, although somewhat tough from an advanced case of rigormortis. The main order and side dish were complimented well by the finely-aged Buck Beer.

Although quite full, we were allured to eat futher by the cherry-pits jubilee, served flambe by the chef himself. We were astounded when the flames reached six feet in height, and inquired what type of brandy had been used. "Oh no, it's not brandy—it's gasohol," the chef told us.

All in all, we came away very satisfied, especially following after dinner cocktails with the salad ladies. If this is an indication of the culinary concoctions we can expect from the new food service menu, meals will indeed be something to look forward to.



Let 'em eat crow!



Unwilling hamburger ingredient protests his abduction

