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The Maine Annex

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The Maine Annex

Published by the students of the University of Maine at the Brunswick Campus

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Brunswick, Maine, June 6, 1947

No. 13

BOYD RAE BURN HERE FOR "LOST WEEKEND"

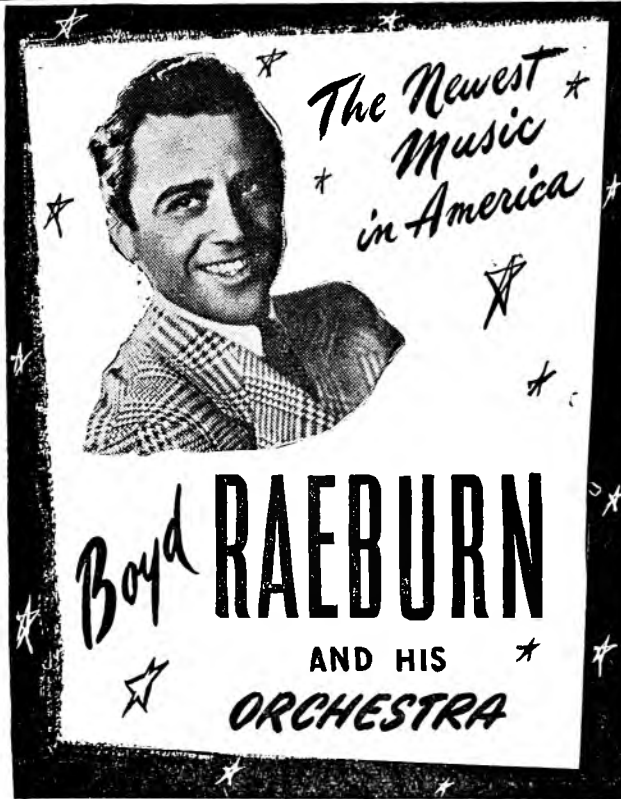
By "The Light"

Boyd Raeburn, the creator of the music for a modern world, his band will highlight "The Weekend" which gets off to a flying start with next Friday's hero. Raeburn and his group will be coming here direct from New York City's Paramount theater when the Maestro has completed a three week's tour. In the Raeburn line-up are pianist Ginnie Powell, better known to Boyd as the Missus, and Candy — trumpet whiz, and Ed DeFrance — Down Beat Magazine Award winner for clarinetists, and other stars who command their talents to earn Esquire's Band of the Year award for their organization.

A year or so ago, Boyd had the audacity to form a band that would play the type of music that he liked, regardless of what people thought. As a result of this adventure, Boyd stunned musicians, music critics, and audiences when he made his first appearance on the West Coast bands. Since that time, his outings more or less gone through a mill and what you will see might be termed the final product. Some of the rarely used instruments in modern music organizations are soprano sax, bass sax, alto clarinet, bass clarinet, flute, oboe, English horn, and bassoon. The Raeburn band carries all these instruments and the drummer's tympani, bass drum, and tom toms. With such instruments, instrumentalists, and Johnny Richard's style, the Raeburn aggregation has to be regarded as the newest and most unusual band in the mess today — a band which has a cross between jazz and modern classical.

Boyd has much experience to show for his present position. He covered June Christy and Hal Hines, both top vocalists, and the famous instrumentalists who have played with Raeburn are Johnny Bothwell, Oscar Brown, Trummy Young, Dizzy Gillespie, and Roy Eldridge. The bandings, Man With The Horn (best this one), Boyd Meets Swinsky, Yerxa, Dalvatore Salter, and March Of The Bands, point to the best in music. Ginnie Powell is no novice in the field of popular music. She has done previous vocal work with Charlie Barnet, Jerry Wald, Gene Krupa, and Harry James. Pete Adolphi, who was with Woody Herman until the latter's troupe broke up, is the trumpet man who will be heard on Herman's recordings of Wildroot, Northwest Passage, Blowing Up A Storm, and others. He is renowned for the notes that he can reach on the trumpet. Buddy DeFrance's name is derived in part from On Sunny Side Of The Street, an Opus Number One which he recorded when he was playing with Tommy Dorsey. With all this background and experience in mind, we can look forward to a night of nights when Boyd Raeburn and his orchestra do their bit for the Maine Annex shortly after the sun has dipped below the horizon.

Concerning the "Lost Weekend": membership cards are now available and will be available for about six or six more days. Don't forget this is a limited club membership. Don't get left out. Off campus students and faculty may obtain tickets at the Housing Manager's office. If you have a date, don't forget to sign up in your room. This also can be accomplished at the Housing Manager's office. See you the 13th — beginning of The Lost Week-



BOYD RAE BURN AND HIS ORCHESTRA who will highlight the "Lost Weekend" to be held June 13, 14, 15.

SIX MEN ELECTED TO THE MAINE MASQUE SOPHOMORE OWLS

Of the combined Orono-Brunswick freshmen enrollment, twenty students of the class of '50 were chosen to membership in the Sophomore Owls, non-scholastic honor society. Six of the new Owls are from this campus; all have participated in a variety of activities.

The men honored are as follows: Harold Peasley, class-president and member of the golf and basketball teams.

Don Barron, proctor, Dean's List student, and football player. Don is also a member of the Masque.

Richard Haney, also Dean's List, has been active in the Masque and Student Senate. Dick is also chairman of the Friday night dances.

William Hopkins, president of the Student Senate, is a member of the forum.

James Taylor, class treasurer, was a member of the basketball team.

Mark Shedd is a member of the Student Senate.

These six students were all active in the Union Building Drive.

CHICKEN LITTLE

We would join the writer of "Chicken" most wholeheartedly in praise of the victory dance. It was excellent. Great credit is due the student committee which so efficiently managed every detail of this social activity. It was the product of much thoughtful planning and even more hard work.

When a part of the committee worked out its plans for dormitory supervision with the administration, the personal safety of the occupants was not overlooked. Since the doors were not locked from the inside, they were considered safe exits. Probably the lack of advance notice to the occupants that these doors would be locked on the outside for the occasion constituted the focal point for the misunderstanding.

Neither the committee nor the administration was responsible for the presence of state policemen. It is assumed that theirs was another mission which unfortunately coincided with the dance.

THE MAINE MASQUE

On Tuesday, June 3, the Maine Masque put on an evening of three one act plays in the auditorium. The audience was well pleased with the excellent performances given and the plays were a success. Chief of Production for these plays was Toby F. Nason. The three plays presented were Pack Up Your Troubles, If Men Played Cards As Women Do, and Write Me A Love Scene.

The actors in Pack Up Your Troubles were L. A. Crosby, Robert Rupp, John R. Martineau, Ernest A. Lowell, and Francis McCormack. The play was directed by John R. Martineau.

The cast of If Men Played Cards As Women Do included Francis Wall, Toby F. Nason, Harlan J. Witham, and Richard Worrick. This play was directed by Francis Wall.

The parts in Write Me A Love Scene were acted by Francis McCormack, Lorraine Gamache, Alex Somerville, and Irene Champion. Toby F. Nason served as director for this play.

Misses Gamache and Champion are students at the Brunswick High School and deserve much credit for their parts in the play.

FINALS SCHEDULE

- Monday, June 16
8:30-10:30 Ps 1, Ps 2.
1:30-3:00 My 2, Fy 2.
3:30-5:30 Ms 1.
- Tuesday, June 17
8:30-10:30 Gm 1, Gm 2, Sp 2, Fr 2, Fr 4.
1:00-3:00 Hy 6, Agr 2.
3:30-5:30 Sh 2, Sh 4.
- Wednesday, June 18
8:30-10:30 As 10, An 3.
1:00-3:00 Ch 1, Ch 2, Pe 12.
3:30-5:30 Sh 8, Sh 10.
- Thursday, June 19
8:30-10:30 Ht 2, Hy 4.
1:00-3:00 Zo 2, Zo 4, Bt 2.
3:30-5:30 Ms 3, Ms 10.
- Friday, June 20
8:30-10:30 Eh 1, Eh 2.
1:00-3:00 Ms 4.
- Places of the various examinations to be announced. Please report any exam conflict to Mr. Crouse immediately.

First Year Of Operation Brunswick Nears End

Class Of '50 To Migrate To Orono In September As Class Of '51 Invades Annex

By James McNiff

As the "Annex" presses roll for a final issue, the first year of Operation Brunswick draws to a close. To each of us, this year has had a variety of meanings for the future. The greater part of the class will move to Orono next September. Some will leave to take up studies at other schools and colleges. A few have tasted the fruits of higher education and found them not to their liking. But whatever the coming year portends, each of us can look back with a feeling of pride on our share in making the Brunswick Campus a success.

October 15th now seems only a vague memory out of the dim past, but I think most of us can recall our grave doubts upon first arriving at the "Campus." Drab, gray, Navy buildings, airstrips, the sounds of taps and reveille; none of these things helped to create an atmosphere to inspire one seeking an education. But as the year progressed, the majority of the students showed that they needed no inspiration other than their own desire to buckle down and get the most out of their work. Tradition, ivy-covered walls, coeds; these things proved not to be indispensable. There was a faculty, textbooks, and a willing student body, so the year began to roll ahead slowly.

As events settled into an ordered routine, interest in forming extra-curricular activities began to arise. Clubs have been formed in most of the major fields of student interest, and have attracted many members. The Maine Masque took over the dramatic field, and performed nobly. They have presented us with several evenings of fine entertainment, with still more in prospect when the final play is presented during



AND SHE SINGS TOO! Ginnie Powell, Boyd Raeburn's vocalist.

COKE BOTTLES ON THE WANE

The most popular game of the campus today seems to be "Bottle, bottle, who's got the bottle" — and that's coke bottles, boys. We have authoritative reports from an official source that the Coca-Cola company is not looking on this new-found sport with a favorable eye.

Granted that it's a lot of fun to take empty coke bottles and a softball and coke-bowl in these long dormitory corridors, there is

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the "Lost Weekend." A pressing need for social activity soon became manifest, and the dance committees worked long and hard to present several large dances and vic dances in the Annex. Through the efforts of the administration, we've had a variety of interesting speakers in assemblies, who brought us both information and entertainment. Our athletic teams have all compiled superb records of which they can well be proud. All this came from a start with nothing, so you can see the great wealth of accomplishment.

I think we all owe a vote of thanks to the University Store, which has done a fine job of catering to many of the needs of the students. Books, supplies, lunches, haircuts; hardly anything proved beyond its scope.

Though I realize I brave a storm of protest, I feel that, all things considered, meals in the dining hall have been adequate. Of course, there have been a couple of minor instances, which caused sudden departures from classrooms, and mysterious midnight scrambles to the washrooms, but no one has as yet succumbed to malnutrition. In fact, an occupant of Room 63, Building 17, has been overheard to say: "I never had it so good. Love that chow."

The year has progressed with not too many serious difficulties. Of course, athletics in the dorms as well as the playing fields became a common occurrence. Fall football games at midnight in the corridors and rooms gave way to the rattle of bones (not Lockart) as the long, cold winter set in. With the coming of spring, many characters seemed to develop aspirations to become firemen, and baseball broke forth with the resounding crash of falling glass. The buildings and rooms look more patched and battered than they did in October, but they seem to have weathered the storm in fairly good shape.

But with all these distractions, not to mention blaring radios, all night bull-sessions and beer parties, a sizeable number of students attained the coveted honor of making the semester Dean's List, proving that life here is not all play. So perhaps the capable faculty can look on the year with some slight satisfaction, feeling that they might possibly have instilled some small pearls of wisdom in the minds of a few students. Together with the administration officials, they've worked to attain a success which I think they can regard with satisfaction.

So, with all its shares of joy, sorrow, failure, discouragement, and occasionally success, our year at the Brunswick Campus draws to a close. Ours has been the initial, the hardest effort, as any new project is bound to demand. But problems have been created and ironed out. Difficulties have been found and overcome as best they could. We may all have grievances, and everything hasn't always been to our liking; but in all fairness, I believe we can call the year a worthwhile accomplishment.

For better or for worse, we hand the campus over to the class of '51. May they profit by our mistakes and never get caught, and carry on the tradition of our beloved "Stein Song:" "Drink!" To them go my best wishes, and a parting word, "You can have it, Jack."

THE MAINE ANNEX

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ORCHIDS

Last January 10, 1947, in the first issue of "The Maine Annex" there appeared an editorial likening the new born "Annex" to a baby boy and asking everyone's assistance in getting the tottering infant adjusted to the complexities of life and the Brunswick Campus.

A great number of men did come forward to help the babe-in-arms. Students volunteered as reporters, advertising men, circulation men, photographers, feature writers, editors — and copy boys. Other students who were not actually attached to the staff contributed articles, and still others helped tremendously in their suggestions and letters to the editors.

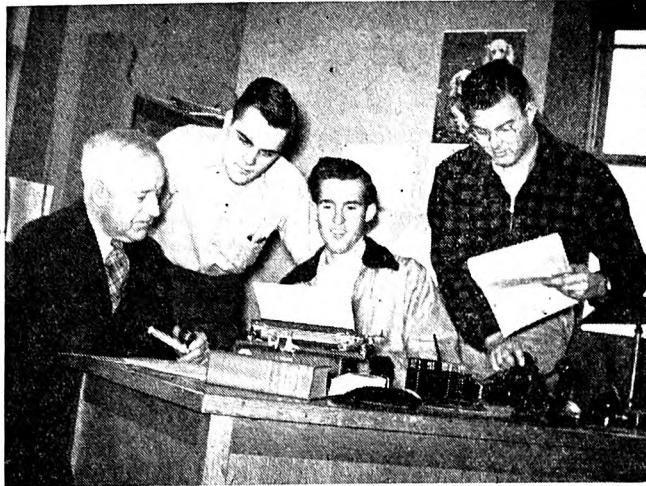
Members of the faculty and of the administrative staff also gave a helping hand. Aside from our faculty advisor, Charlie Johnson, we wish to give a vote of thanks to Mr. Crouse, who has been continually helpful in supplying us with news items and extremely patient with some of our eccentric doings; to Mr. Gordon who has assisted our Business Staff with the ever-complex problem of where the greenbacks come from and where they go to; to Mr. McGuire, who also helped the Business Staff; to Mr. Linscott, Housing Manager; to Mr. Smith of the V. A.; to Mr. Anderson, Postmaster, and to all the others in the Administration Building who were always ready to offer a helping hand.

The Record Press also comes in for a pat on the back — and particularly Jerry Wilkes, Bill Hadley, Charlie Leavitt, Bob Fahey, Stan Kosalka, Earl Merrill and Mrs. Robina Hedges. All these men have closed their eyes to our laymen mistakes and set us straight on the complicated process of printing.

To our advertisers we owe our existence. They have been extremely generous, and we appreciate it. We know that all the students on this campus also appreciate it.

So we have handed out the orchids. We have tried to publish a chronicle of your freshman year at the Annex. We like to think we have succeeded, in part at least. We have had a lot of headaches and a lot of laughs. "The Annex" is now five months old and like every other five-month old baby needs a "change"

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THE "ANNEX STAFF" AT WORK. Top left: Johnson, Pinkham, R. Nisbet, W. Nisbet. Top right: Seated: Klein; Standing: Mercer, Robbins, Lawrence, Leclerc, McNiff. Lower left: Seated: Pearsall, Mercer, Connolly; Standing: Priest, Martin, Littlehale. Lower right: Insert: Haley. Seated: McAvoy, Lutes. Standing: O'Toole, Thorndike, Duggan. Photo by Robert G. Nisbet

THE PLOTTERS

by Larry Pinkham

When I heard the chief say he wanted some one to do a write-up on the "Annex" staff, I sez to myself, Pinkham, this is it. You been lookin' for a chance like this all year, an' here it is. You can write a little somethin' about these other guys and give yourself a real build up.

So I sidied up to the chief and got the job right away on account of all the rest of the guys on this staff are modest and didn't want the job. Then I secluded myself from the rest of the mob and started concentratin'.

The whole deal started last December when some guys on the present staff decided it would be a good thing to have somethin' to write besides letters. They found out that a fund had been set aside for a campus paper and was just waitin' to be tapped. And there are no better tappers of funds than the chief an' his boys. Determined to get their clams on this dough, they pressed further and started organizin' the whole deal.

Charlie Johnson, co-chairman of the Mechanical Drawin' Department, was made Faculty Advisor on account of he was a big wheel on the Peekskill Evening Star, and if there was anythin' this staff needed it was somebody with prestige. But that wasn't enough. The boys got their heads together an' figured they ought'a have an office. Mr. Crouse

now and then. "The Annex" is due for that change next fall, a change of staff, and perhaps a change of appearance and of policy. Whatever next year's paper may be, we like to think that we laid the groundwork.

In this, the last issue of "The Maine Annex" this term, we wish good luck to all the students here; and to next year's Annex students and next year's "Annex" staff we say "Bon Voyage."

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came through again, and gave us a nice layout in the A. Builidin', desks an' all. The first time I saw the place, I knew it was ours, 'cause there were seven desks an' they all had names on 'em.

Earl Mercer had his advertising boys, Schlitz Littlehale, Bryce Priest, and Dave Pearsall, in one corner issuing blackjacks to 'em and sayin' "Don't take NO for an answer." Doc Page and Earl Packard were out somewhere tryin' to get a picture of Doc Barden's skeleton.

Jim Connelly, Business Manager, and his assistant, Norm Martin, were workin' a slide rule tryin' to figger out what their cut would be. Olie Mercier was tryin' to pinch a few stamps; Dick Dillon was rasslin' with Kilroy; and our noble feature writers, Milt Klein, John Angis, Lover Shaughnessy, Bob Rupp, John Lawrence, Leo Leclerc, and Jim McNiff were on their prayer handles shootin' crap. Elbert G. Bates was holdin' the money. Bob Thorndike, Cartoonist, was drawin' shapely women on the frosty windows. Sportwriters George Gray, Mike O'Toole, and Cliff Lutes were discussin' the possibility of a waitress in Phil's with "Scoop" McAvoy, their department editor. Bill Duggan, Drama Editor, was asleep on his desk, sayin' "No, No, I won't marry her, I won't." Chief Bob Nisbet and Photo Editor Bill Nisbet were arguin' about whose old man could chin himself the most times.

The minute I saw the situation I knew things was off to a good start, and sure enuf, I wuz right. Everythin' ran along smooth un-

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TWO 8-ROUNDERS Tony Ouellette Maine Heavyweight Champion vs. Roger Bisson also Al Marquis vs. Phil Roderick BRUNSWICK TOWN HALL FRIDAY, JUNE 6 - 8:30 P.M. General Admission \$1.20 Ringside Seats \$1.50 and \$2.00

Your Faculty



By Olof Mercier

For the last issue of the Maine Annex, "Your Faculty" has selected Dr. Martin Knopf.

Doctor Knopf was born on December 6, 1887 in Solau, Germany, about eighty miles from Berlin. He remained in Solau until he was thirteen when he left for Berlin to attend the equivalent of our high school. At the age of nineteen, he entered the University of Munich. At this period in German history there was enormous interest in science; therefore his teachers were among the best in the world. He studied physics under Roentgen, the discoverer of what we know as the X-Ray, and chemistry under Baryer.

After he had completed his courses at the University of Munich and received the equivalent of our Bachelor of Science, he entered the University of Berlin. The school system in Europe differs from the United States system in that there are no regular classes. A professor acts more or

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less as a consultant. When Knopf feels that he is ready to pass an exam, he takes it. You pass two tests to receive a Master of Science degree, and both of them you must have a perfect paper. After you have passed both tests you are to work for a Doctor of Philosophy degree. The only recognition for outstanding work that might receive is a diploma that states you are graduating "Laude." The Europeans do not use our system of A, B's or Prelims do not exist for the

All of Dr. Knopf's graduate work was accomplished at the University of Berlin. He received his Doctor of Philosophy degree in 1912, and was retained as a teacher of Chemistry and chemistry. To teach at the University of Berlin you must do research. It was at this time that Dr. Knopf made extensive research concerning nuclear fission. His work in this field was mentioned in the Journal of Biological Chemistry and also by P. A. Levene a member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research

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Cumberland Theatre Brunswick, Maine

Fri.-Sat. June 7-8

THE LOCKET

with Laraine Day Brian Aherne also

Sun.-Mon.-Tues. June 8-10

SINBAD THE SAILOR

with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Maureen O'Hara also

Wed.-Thurs. June 11-12

THAT WAY WITH WOMEN

with Sidney Greenstreet Martha Vickers also

News Short Subject

Portrait Of A Fool

By Arthur Hatch

His story has been selected from those submitted to the English department during the year. It has been chosen by the editors of "The Annex" as representative of the many fine stories submitted. We are sorry we haven't the space to print more.

I am a damned fool! To look at you wouldn't think so, for I would that I look quite intelligent. But nevertheless, I am. Not for what I have done, but for what I have done, but for writing this expose of my character. I don't know why I am writing this, or to whom I am writing it, but I just feel as if I must write it in order to get it off my mind. A few minutes ago, I asked my nurse for a little thing—(see what I mean about being a fool?) for a pen and some paper. She brought me the things to me, and I, in a spirit of truthfulness, wrote, "I am a damned fool!"

My home is in St. Louis, Missouri, but at present, I am in Managua, Nicaragua. I have been here for more than six months, but that has not been long enough for me to get out of one hell of a mess, and end up in the local hospital with a slug in my guts. Here is the whole story.

As I said before, I am a St. Louis boy—that is, I was born in St. Louis, but I was educated, more or less formally at Colorado School Mines in Golden, and definitely formally in the U. S. Army. I don't know what the Army can do to a good kid. I had been around the penitentiary in college—after all, these Denver girls were really something—but in the Army I was a hog-wild. Liquor and women: men and liquor! Both of them give a bad taste in your mouth. When I was discharged from the service and went home to Mama and the Wagner Electric Corporation, where I worked as a mineral chemist. I had always disliked chemistry at "Mines," but at Wagner I hated it. And I was getting tired of playing the gay Lothario to the benefit of half the broads in St. Louis, so when a telegram arrived from my old home town, I signed Bill Just, I was all ears. Bill is a small wheel at the American Embassy in Managua, had got behind a deal that he thought would interest me. A gold mine in Nicaragua needed a mining engineer to the tune of eight thousand dollars a year. Being a bug for mining anyway, and needing eight thousand dollars a year in Nicaragua a hell of a lot more than twenty-seven hundred a year in St. Louis, I accepted. Drying my mother's eyes, and untying her apron strings from around my waist, I boarded a Pan American jetter bound for Managua.

Honestly, it was like coming home when I stepped off the clipper at Las Mercedes Airport and found Bill waiting for me. Men are more sentimental than women anyway, I rationalized, when my arm bunched up into a big knot and Bill gripped my hand. Good old Bill! We went immediately to the Gran Hotel where I signed for a room while Bill went over to a table and ordered drinks. We talked old times—Remember this? Remember that? Didn't we have one of a good time together?—and forth. Soon we were joined by three men. One was Alex Hurtado, owner of the Campana Azul gold mine where I was to work. He is a large, dark, impressive Latin who spoke English quite clearly but with a decided Spanish accent. Another one of the men was Jim Mathews, chief engineer at the mine. He was the man I was to assist. I liked Jim immediately, and he seemed to be well pleased with me. He was an American, about forty years old, slightly portly, and stockily built; his most appealing feature was the laughter line about his eyes. He looked like a regular guy. The third member of the party was a friendly gentleman of about fifty who had a very distinguished air about him. He was well built, slightly gray of hair, but with plenty of it, and he walked with the lithe grace of the well-exer-

cised gentleman. He was Charles Stevens, or as he wished to be called, General Charles Stevens, an American advisor to Somoza's Guardia Nacional. He didn't appear to be the type of person that Jim Mathews would associate with as he gave the impression of being a snob. Later, I found out that he was Alex Hurtado's favorite golf partner—Alex could beat him consistently. We had a few drinks while chatting affably, when the general insisted that we go to his casa and drink some good liquor. I didn't want to go but what chance did I have?

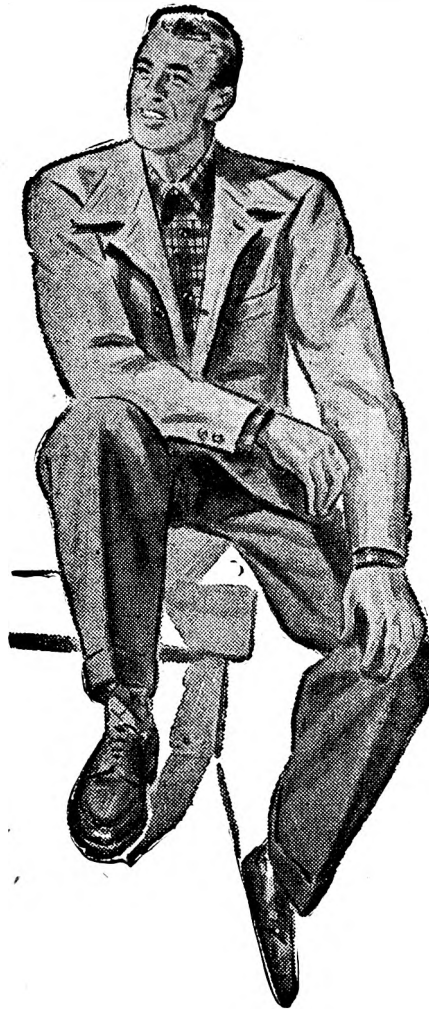
I entered "Stunker" Stevens' casa (he was "Stunker" to me) a few minutes after I had met him with my mouth agape. "Casa didn't do justice to his palace. It really was beautiful, but not nearly as beautiful or awe inspiring as that little bundle of love he had waiting for him. And when I say "bundle of love," I mean just that. She was sitting on the patio with cool composure and torrid exposure. She was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen in my life. She was young, about twenty-three or four, with brown eyes that seemed to be as big as fists, a figure that would stop a Buiova, and that certain something that some women have that spells S.E.X. It's something that a man can't put his finger on, but would give five of them to be able to. The general performed the honors, and for the first time he seemed human, as he said, "This is Mrs. Stevens." But, he regained his snobbish air immediately when Mrs. Stevens, in a low throaty voice slightly flavored with Spanish, said that I could call her Alycia as all her friends did—accent on friends, mind you. The maid brought the general's good liquor, and we five talked while Alycia just sat in her chair and looked beautiful. She disturbed me quite a bit, as she seemed to be looking at me more than was good for my health. With the true spirit of the conceited young ass, I thought that the general wasn't making her as happy as I could—and by God, her eyes seemed to confirm my belief. A couple of hours later Jim said that he and I better leave, as we had to be on the early morning plane for the mine. Alycia saw us to the door, and with a long soulful look said that she liked me and was sure that we would be friends—accent on friends again, but I was beginning to like it by that time. I took a gulp of air, muttered something, and Jim and I left.

The following morning we took off for the mine, and for the next five months I was busy earning my eight thousand per. It was interesting work, but I didn't like having to boss the gooks, as I soon learned to call them. They were as nice and pleasant as they could be to my face with, "Si Señor!" and "No Señor!" but behind my back I could hear mumbles of, "Cuerco," and "Gringo." So it isn't hard to realize that I was quite happy when, on the eve of my sixth month at that remote spot, Jim told me that I'd have to go to Managua for a while to receive a shipment of mining machinery.

I had just returned to my room from dinner the second night after my arrival in Managua when my telephone rang. (The Gran Hotel where I was staying is famous all over the country for the modern design of its telephones). A low, throaty voice that caused my stomach to jump asked for Senor Steele. "Hello Alycia," I said; just that and nothing more, but even that was a mistake, for she replied, "Why Johnny, you remembered me!" She tried to sound surprised, but it didn't work. She knew damned well that I wouldn't forget her. It was I who was genuinely

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Riffs and Midriff

By "The Light"

Kenton may reorganize before his three months vacation is over. Raeburn putting on good show at the Paramount in N.Y.C. T. Dorsey and crew back together again. The band is new at the Dorsey Brothers' ntery, Casino Gardens, in Ocean Park, Calif. Trumpet impresario, Charlie Shavers, is featured with the band and Stuart Foster is in his old spot nanding the vocals. Randy Brooks is still wowing them at the Pennys and sounds better by the day. Jan August records are selling like mad. Jan should use a bit of variation in his numbers; otherwise, the turning public might pigeonhole another pianist. Harry James is drawing large crowds as he tours the country with his band.

Disc Ties:
 Charlie Barnet's **Bunny and Atlantic Jump** are the latest Barnet releases. Atlantic proves to be the better of the two, features high and fine trumpet work and super sax by Charlie. Glen Gray's **No Name Jive** has been re-issued by Decca. **Bucket Got Hole In It**, part of new Kid Ory album is above par. Note the typical growling tram in this one. Duke Ellington has just come out with another delux album which is composed of **Overture To A Jam Session (Parts 1 & 2), Sultury Sunset, Minnehaha, Hiawatha, Flippant Flurry, J a m-A-Ditty, Goteau Feather, Trumpet No End, and It Shouldn't Happen To A Dream.** Randy Brooks is in his prime on **Man With A Horn.** Elliott Lawrence has just recorded another top tune which goes by the name of **Willie.** Both the vocals and the instrumentalism should make this a best seller for the Lawrence crew. **Riding On A Sunday Afternoon** and **Buttered Roll** feature good trombone and instrumental by the Bobby Byrne ensemble. Slim Gaillard is as good as ever on **Arabian Boogie.** Two numbers which should provide much comment are **Louis Jordan's Jack You're Dead and Baby, I Know What You're Putting Down.** I doubt very much if the latter will ever be played on the air lanes, because this one reaches the height in suggestive lyrics. **Sandstorm,** a Latin-Americanized instrumental by Ray McKinley seems to be lacking something. Bobby Sherwood's **There's Them That Do And Them That Don't** and **Tex Beneke's My Heart Is A Hobo** are top notchers in the swing-vocal field. Ray McKinley's **Jimmy Crickets** should also be included in the top brackets. This is about "it" for now. I'll see you around the local dance spots this summer

YOUR FACULTY

[Continued from Page 2]

who wrote a monograph on this subject.

From 1916-18 he was a Lieutenant in the German Army on the French front. After the war when Germany was in an economic chaos, he realized that he would have to combine science with economics. This combination eventually led to an interest in agriculture. During the years of 1930 and 1931, he was elected by the leading farmers of the Province of Silesia as the organizer of an association for the improvement of the production and marketing within the Silasian dairy economy. He succeeded in building up this organization, which represented some 40,000 dairy farmer's and utilized the work of one hundred chemists.

In 1933 when Hitler came into power, he retired from his position. Many of the noted men of that time felt that Hitler would

PORTRAIT OF A FOOL

[Continued from Page 3]

surprised, for she had called me, "Johnny"—but I liked it nevertheless. She said that she was having a party the next evening and asked me if I would come. She mentioned the fact that her friends had heard about her "handsome American friend" and wanted to meet me. I told her that flattery would get her nowhere—but she knew well enough that I was lying. I accepted her invitation, and consequently spent that night tossing and turning in my bed, thinking of her, wondering how she'd act toward me, and trying to figure out how she knew that I was in town. But most of all I was willing to sacrifice five of my fingers.

The next morning, I was down in the railroad yards checking the mining machinery, but neither my mind nor my heart was in it. Alycia was getting a grip on me. That night I ate hurriedly, rented a car from a local sharpie, and started for the general's shack with my heart pounding like mad.

I knocked hard on the door, but the sound it made was not nearly as loud as the throbbing in my chest. And then she opened the door. She was standing there in one of those "less" gowns—strapless and backless—even more beautiful than I had remembered. I didn't have to ask her what kept her strapless gown from falling—it was obvious. She appeared to be surprised when she saw me, and at the time I thought it was genuine. Then she laughed as if the joke was on me, and asked me in. There was no one else about, but she explained this discrepancy quite logically, and I, the damned fool that I am, believed her. She said that her husband

last only three to ten years. This retirement lasted until 1934 when he was arrested by the Gestapo and put in the Dachau Concentration Camp. This is reputed to be one of the most horrible in Germany. Dr. Knopf's only comment on his imprisonment of eighteen months was that Al Capone and Dillenger are sissies compared with the Gestapo. He managed to buy his way out and escaped to Cuba. He left Germany penniless; so in Cuba, while waiting for a visa to the United States, he earned his living as a consulting chemist for the farmers of that area. In the spring of 1941, he entered the United States at Miami, Florida. He went to New York City because he thought that this would be the best place to become acquainted with the language and customs of the United States. Dr. Knopf spent the next year learning to speak our language. After he acquired enough of our language to teach, he applied for a position with the University of Brooklyn, one of the four Colleges in New York City. He was employed as a chemistry teacher. The climate of New York was very disagreeable, and one of his friends in Cuba had told him of the wonderful climate of Maine; so when he heard of the need for teachers at the Brunswick Campus, he applied for a position here. On July 25, 1946 Dr. Knopf became a citizen of the United States. He hopes that this fall his son who is an economist in Sweden will also come to the United States.

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had left unexpectedly that morning to supervise the field maneuvers of the Guardia National. But when she said that he'd be gone for a month, my eyebrows raised two inches, for she seemed happy about the whole idea. She claimed that she had called all her expected guests, explained what had happened, and apologized for having to call the party off—and the fact that I had been invited had slipped her mind. Evidently my chin must have dropped when she mentioned forgetting about me, for she smiled and asked me to stay for a drink anyway. With those soul-searching, beautiful brown eyes beseeching me to stay, what else could I do? She took my hand and led me to the bar where she had made the drinks. I was conscious of her closeness every second, and she didn't help things any by brushing her arm against me and pressing her body closer to mine every time she reached across in front of me. She mixed four drinks which she put on a tray with a dish of ice, so I knew that she didn't intend for me to leave too soon. I picked up the tray and followed her, watching the swing of her shapely hips and wondering what it would be like to make love to her. She sat on the divan, waited for me to set the tray down on the cocktail table, and then patted the cushion next to her.

I was feeling "heady" before I had even touched my drink; just sitting beside her caused my chest to tighten up, and made me afraid to talk for fear my voice would break. For quite a few minutes we sat there beside each other, sipping our drinks, looking into each other's eyes, and saying nothing. Damn, but I wanted to take her in my arms and crush her to me. Thoughts of making love to her kept running through my mind; yet I kept my head and refused to let myself think of it. But these thoughts kept coming back, coming back, coming back

Suddenly—so sudden that it startled me—she jumped up, turned the radio on, smiled at me as the station came in clearly with American music, and said that she wanted me to dance with her. My head was throbbing—from the drinks, I told myself—as I set my glass down, arose, and took her in my arms. She snuggled close in the curve of my body as if she belonged there, and we began to dance. I knew

that it was a mistake to have her so close to me, but I couldn't help myself; and the music was not helping me either, as it was soft, sweet, and sentimental. We danced well together, though I don't know how we could have; she was pressed so close to me that keeping with the music was the least of my worries. Then, as we floated across the floor together, I felt her arm tighten on the back of my neck; she stopped dancing, took her other hand from mine and putting it too around my neck drawing herself closer to me murmuring, "Mi amor, mi amor." I'm no linguist, but I knew damned well that that didn't mean she disliked me. Abruptly my reserve broke, and I crushed her to me. She then loosened her arms and drew her head back to look at me. My God, she was lovely! Her eyes were glazed and shining, and her beestung lower lip was quivering. I was a goner—and she knew it as well as I did. If she had asked me at that moment to sell my soul, I would have done it gladly. "She clung to me for what seemed to be delicious hours; then I carried the beautiful Alycia to her room.

It was wrong, and I knew at the time that it was wrong, but I couldn't help myself. Shouldn't a slug in the guts be full payment for my weakness? Why do I have to be haunted with this gnawing doubt too? I'd take another slug to match the one I had, if I could know for sure whether or not "Stinker" Stevens came home that night.

The schoolboy, after profound thought, wrote this definition of the word "spine," at his teacher's request.

"A spine is a long, limber bone. Your head sets on one end and you set on the other."

COKE BOTTLES

[Continued From Page 1]

still the explanation to many of the Coca-Cola company forcing bottles.

The bookstore has been extremely generous all year in allowing students to take color at five cents a bottle; but students have not been quite generous in returning the bottles. Every week the bookstore finds itself short of coke 1—about twenty-five cases—This is a sizable amount of money, but money is not the drawback. The Coca-Cola company must have all empty bottles in order to keep their stock of coke coming.

If you can't return the bottles to the bookstore personally, about setting them out in dormitory halls where someone can pick them up. The bookstore and the Coca-Cola company will be much happier then.

The slow suitor asked:
 "Elizabeth, would you like to have a puppy?"
 "Oh, Edward," the girl gazed how delightfully humble oft Yes, dearest, I accept."

The philosopher calmly defined the exact difference between sex and love:

"Life is just one fool thing; another: love is just two things after each other."

A patient complained to the doctor that his hair was coming out.
 "Won't you give me some to keep it in?" he begged.
 "Take this," the doctor kindly, and he handed the patient a pill box.

Betty (after flash of lightning)
 "Count quickly, Johnny! Make as far away as you possibly

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Brunswick Campus

.. S P O R T S ..

Annex Teams Win 42 Out Of 45 Matches

Basketball, Baseball, Tennis, And Track Teams Boast Undefeated Season

The Brunswick Campus started with a bang-up year. All sports in all sports came out on all the way. The football team lost only one game, and the basketball team lost only two. The baseball, tennis, baseball, and track teams finished their respective seasons undefeated. Now for a resume of all the team activities.

Football

The team bowed only once during the entire season. This was the Maine Maritime Academy. Score was Academy 27, and Annex 0. The Annex won their first three battles.

Basketball

This team ended their season with a perfect record. Only once was the team in a close finish. The MCI boys from Pittsfield were the tough gang that night, but the Annex came out at the end with a 51 to 50 victory. Only one player was injured on the team. Hank Peasley was the sufferer. Fifteen straight wins look good on any man's scorebook.

Baseball

Their record speaks for itself. All straight wins are on their scorebooks. It has been an undefeated season. The team was up against only one really tough opponent. But the Annex took the Bowdoin JV's 1 to 0. This game was Pitcher Johnson's no-hitter.

Track

Another team undefeated. We use this word "undefeated" but it doesn't sound too monotonous; it's love to use it. The Track team participated in four meets and won them all. The big event was the five-way meet between Edward Little, Portland, Irving, and Cheverus. The Annex grabbed off 10 wins out of 15 events.

Tennis

Another undefeated team. Only one team to give the Annex much trouble was the Bowdoin JV club. The scores for both the matches were 5-4, 5-4. Brown was the last duel for the Annex. The team played eight matches.

Golf

As usual, Bowdoin kept the Annex members on the go. The Annex members lost to Bowdoin 9 to 0. The Annex also lost to the Maine team from Orono. But in the rematch the Annex came out on top with a 5 to 4 victory. The Annex Team won four out of six matches.

Coaches

Let's not forget that it takes good coaches to make good teams. Here is the coach line-up for respective clubs. Football; Bob Raymond, Joe Zabilski, and Neal Skyrand. Basketball; Bob Raymond and Joe Zabilski. Baseball; Bob Raymond. Track; Joe Zabilski and Phil Hamm. Tennis; Cliff

STARS OF THE YEAR

By Mike O'Toole

From the final touchdowns of last fall by "Blackie" Turmelle to the lost solid bingle by "Joltin'" Joe Nickless the other day, the Maine Annex athletic teams have been victorious with monotonous regularity. We have almost forgotten how it feels to lose any athletic contest.—Even our Golf team, which had the hardest luck to date, has produced in Eugene McNabb, a top-notch par breaker who backs seats to no one. We're all very proud of these boys, and prouder still to know that they are members of our Annex teams.

There's no need to go into the records here for all of us should be familiar with them. Let it suffice to say that any teams that shall represent the Annex in future years have their job well cut out for them. Credit too must go to both Joe Zabiliski and Bob Raymond whose coaching and ability to spot superior talent is a credit to them and a break for us at the Annex. Both coaches deserves a rousing cheer from the entire student body.

Every sports department, usually, at the end of the year picks its favorite player, and nominates him as the player of the year. I honestly don't think our sports department could single out any one man and nominate him for the player of the year as far as the Annex is concerned. We have too many good ones. For the records,

ball in the line.

The basketball team was loaded with great players; all of them are too numerous to mention here. Perhaps the most spectacular was Smiling Hank Peasley, Jumping Lowell Osgood and Bob Taylor with the cool, steady hand.

On the baseball diamond, Ernie Johnson's pitching, Ray Lord's fine hitting and Bob Redman's excellence in the fielding department stand out in our minds.

Thoits, Edes, and Harvey led the Annexmen through a successful tennis season with plenty of help from Frank Potenzo, Bob Nisbet, and Begin.

Gene McNabb and Hank Peasley played good steady golf to give the Annex a good record in one of the minor sports here at the Brunswick Campus.

Much interest in intramural baseball, basketball, and softball has been shown and adequate facilities have been provided for these sports.

Again we would like to thank the Athletic department and all the students who have helped us in the publication of this column.

Little. Golf; Carl Kallock. The Annex did have a couple of hockey games lined up for the season, but because of the lousy weather last winter, it was impossible for the hockey team to get any practice on their rink. Dave Cates was to be the coach. Joe Zabilski coached spring football.

Farewell

Just a line to say so-long to a great gang of sportsmen, and we hope that we have a chance to write a lot more about you men next year when we are all up on the Orono Campus. It's been a great year for the Annex, and we know that all the names that have appeared in "The Maine Annex" will also appear in "The Maine Campus" next year, and for a few years after that—till 1950, shall we say. So-long, Gang.

Sport Sidelights

By Cliff and Mac

Since early last January when this column was first started, it has been our intention to bring to the sports-minded students the highlights and sidelights of as many athletic events as possible. Due to conflicting classes and other interferences, we have not always been able to do this as well as we would have liked to. Our job has been simplified, however, by the cooperation of all the coaches and many of the participants in these athletic events. Many hearty thanks to them!

The Brunswick Campus has compiled a truly great athletic record—one that probably is unequalled by any other college freshman aggregation in the country. Three major sports teams boast undefeated records of which they can justly be proud. Looking back at these great seasons, we can be proud also of the stars that this campus has produced.

Reggie Lord and Harlan Smith sparked the Annex backfield on the gridiron while David Cates, Louis Oddie, Red Robinson, and Ran Adams played good defensive

however, let's go down through the list and spot a few that even among such standouts stood out.

Football: "King-Kong Blacky" Turmelle—big, likeable, aggressive, hard running back who was "hell" itself on the field. Don Barron—How can we forget him? This tremendous kid is a sure starter next year at Orono and in fact did a lot of starting for the Regular Varsity eleven last year. "Bull" Hallsey—This mammoth individual, who like Barron, saw action with the regular Bear team last year can be labelled another sure starter at Orono next year. Quite a ball-player. Louis Oddie—This mass of muscles besides playing a hard game in the line, is a standing member of the Dean's List. Who said that in order to be an athlete you must be dumb—No Sir! Not on the Maine Annex Campus. Scholars all—well almost all.

Basketball: This is a tough one: Rather than go out on the proverbial limb we'll spot all the players on that great Five—Choose you're own favorite.

Baseball: Joe Nickless—The bigger of the "DiMags" of the Maine Campus is a big, slugging outfielder who plays a lot of good baseball. His hitting has really been on the sensational side. I know we'll be seeing more of Joe next year on the Varsity Nine. Then we have the Dominic of the combination who goes under the name of Bob Nickless—Joe's kid brother, while not the slugger his namesake is, does a bit of all-right for himself—Plenty of hustle. "Ozzie" Osgood—a clever Basketball player also—No-Hit-No-Run Cliff Johnson, ace fireballer who is a comer and George, Annex Sport Dept., Gray (we claim no prejudices) who really belts a ball; all spell VICTORY for our team.

Golf: Eugene McNabb—the Ben Hogan of the Annex mashie wielders, Hank (Mr. Personality) Peasley (another of our Basketball greats) and Andy Widdoes, the diminutive shot-maker, and others who have done okay on the links.

Tennis: Two, especially, stand head and shoulders above the rest. Glenn Harvey and Bob Thoits—These two lads have been the Maine reason why the Tennis team sports an undefeated season thus far. No offense, however, to the other members who have done well, and may well be proud of their efforts. Remember fellas, it takes cooperation and not individualism to make great teams.

Track: "Jerry" Cates, "Scotty"

Webster, Ray Humes, Ed Simmons, Bob Redmond, and "Berry" Leach are a few of the main cogs that make our track machine a running and winning combination—These boys can really strut.

That's it. We could go on for volumes naming other standouts, but time must take over. Just remember these lads this summer while sipping that "Brew." They all deserve a big toast. Pause then for a moment and remember that these boys have done what no other Maine Freshman Team has done, and for that matter no Maine Varsity team has done with such a consistent regularity—win.

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PERSONALITIES

By John Lawrence

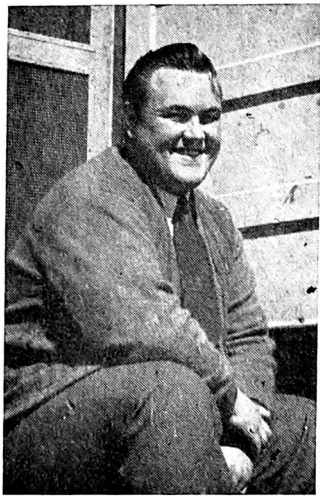


Photo by Robbins

Robert P. Fletcher

Perhaps the best known man on the Brunswick Campus is Bob Fletcher — our largest asset. Those few who do not know Bob personally will remember him by his campaign for the title of Campus Mayor. When I entered Bob's room, I found him in the sack — face down. It seems he had just finished a practice session with the football squad. Since it was necessary to get up in order to eat chow, Bob gave up the idea of eating. The fact that about two dozen friends had "checked" him for chow shows his popularity.

Bob Fletcher attended Milo High School. He served three years on the student council there and spent four years as manager of basketball. Then Bob joined the forces of the Navy. He served two years, attached to the Armed Guard and to Naval Aviation. After being discharged he returned to his native state to become employed by various organizations, including the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad and the Fay and Scott Company of Dexter.

Tiny will tell you he was undecided about college until October 16 practically stared him in the face, it being four days before that date when he made a definite decision to attend the University of Maine. As an Arts and Science student, he plans to major in Economics and to go into Sales later.

Bob has also found time aside from his studies to serve on several of our dance committees, to run for Campus Mayor, and to serve as a formidable center

THE PLOTTERS

[Continued from Page 2]

til Dick Dillon left us, and then the chief decided to reorganize. He reorganized everythin' 'cept his own job. He's still Editor-in-Chief. He made Bill Nisbet one Managin' Editor; and after several heady brews and a little talk from me, he made me the other Managin' Editor. Boy was Maw'n Paw proud of me. Milt Klein became News Editor, Bob Robbins came in as Photo Editor, and Hal Haley came on to do a piece of swell writin' in each issue.

Then we started blastin' everythin'. We downed wor'n, profs., local food, cooks, the administration, and even accused trees of

on our football squad.

Being a man who enjoys hunting and fishing, he spends much of his summer off-hours at his father's camp. I quote Bob in a statement which discloses only a bit of his fine sportsmanship. "I didn't mind losing the race for Campus Mayor to Artie Tsomides. He did a fine job of campaigning; he's a good man and deserves the title."

You deserve a title too, Bob — shall we say *Little Mayor*? It's evident that you might bear weight on the campus.

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not growin' here. We naturally didn't say nothin' bout ourselves 'cause whatever we said would'n been true. A couple times we thought we'd murder a janitor or somethin' to get a story, but we always ended up tellin' about Chemistry lectures or some other excitin' stuff. We nearly burned up a printin' press at the Brun-

wick Record 'cause we figgered the pressman was doin' his work all wrong.

When space was plentiful we ran crummy jokes, put in pictures of our friends (Yeah, we got some), and even complimented people like teachers, cooks, 'n stuff. Yup, we were really desperate at times, but the gang al-

ways pitched in whole h'd got the paper out. Yupp worked hard an' long, and this deal really pan out. E afraid I can't say the same myself, or I wouldn't be like this.

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