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The Maine Annex

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## The Maine Annex, vol. 2, no. 2

The Maine Annex

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*University of Maine*

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## Authors

The Maine Annex, Alvan Mersky, Donald Povich, Dave Powers, Dave Macken, Roy W. Nickerson, William Robertson, John Borodko, Barnaby MacAusian, Hugh Lord, and Sid Folsom

# The Maine Annex

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

No. 2

Brunswick, Maine, November 7, 1947

No. 2

## STUDENTS COMMENT ON FIRST ISSUE

It appears that from comments received, "The Maine Annex" got to a good start with its first issue last week. Although most of the comments were favorable, ranging from excellent to mediocre, a few students felt that additions could be made. The valuable suggestions received will help us make a more complete periodical.

Here are a few comments on the first edition. (And our answer, if any.)

Stanley Ellsworth of 7 Dawson says:

"Needs a few pin-up pictures to take the place of the lack of work on the campus."

Your wish is our command, Stanley. Keep watch and you will not be disappointed.)

Dick Swanson of 16 Dawson suggests:

"How about a sports calendar?" Good suggestion. Vance Norton, sports editor, will have it in the next edition.)

George D. Hinckley of 9 Seitz says:

"Very successful for first edition."

Thank you, sir. The staff appreciates your confidence.)

Comment of Dick Chase of 44 Center Hall was:

"Let's have a little info about the students in the classroom."

Congratulations - Dick Chase, the originator of the title for the new column appearing in next issue's edition. Also see Faculty's acts!)

Carl Farnham of 23 Seitz Hall

realize that the paper was pushed under the pressure of time and feel that with enough

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## NEX CODE CLASS FOR NEWCOMERS

There's a note for all you literary types who idolize Flash Gordon's mess with a transmitter or Dick's unusual code receptive.

You too, can rescue your one from the clutches of the batman, or save your beauty the terrors which "Mumbles" tofhr.

There's the deal; Mr. Clifford, of our physics department, is organizing a class in code transmitting and receiving, so if you want your "ham" premiums, hurry to the second floor, room 201 in the Administration Building Monday at 7 p.m. We'll see there.

## CAMPUS DANCE BAND ORGANIZED

The first step has been taken towards the planning of our future affairs with the organization of a dance band here on campus. Smith and Carl Farnham, of the student body, got their men together and had their first precession last Monday, and, according to the two leaders, it was a turnout with listenable re-

However, what is a dance band without a pianist or a bass player? It is the trouble that the orchestra now faces, so if there are any student Duchins or Cavaliers in the crowd, or any bashful Safrancs, Haggerts on campus, let's get you down at the next rehearsal of the Student Union this Monday at 6:30 p.m.

## TRYOUTS HELD FOR MASQUE THEATRE

The Maine Masque Theatre of the Brunswick Annex this week held tryouts for their fall production, "State of the Union." "State of the Union" is a topical play with a recent successful Broadway run and has only this month been released by authors Lindsay and Crouse for general amateur production. Female parts will be played by girls from Brunswick and Bath.

Rehearsals are now being held in one of the rooms in the Administration Building, and the play will be presented one night only in the auditorium early in December for the students, faculty, and outside guests.

Anyone interested in the technical phase of the theatre work is asked to contact Mr. Hanson of the Speech Department. A play is only as good as its technical crew which means electricians, stage hands, stage manager, property crew, and make-up department. Remember, you do not have to be an actor to be an active member of the Maine Masque of the Brunswick Annex.

The Masque program for the year will include another full length production in the spring, and a series of student-directed one act plays.

## DEAN WEIMAN

Elton E. Weiman, Dean of Men for the University of Maine, will speak here at the Student Union Building Wednesday morning at 10:45. The regular assembly day schedule will be followed for classes.

## Bughouse And Bedlam Combine To Make Maine Annex Staff

By Donald Povich

If you hear a noisy clamor and see the roof of the Administration Building doing the shag while the walls are doing the shimmy, it's not Mighty Mouse battling with the cat or Superman saving Miss Lane, but the Maine Annex staff at work.

The base voice you hear over the din is that of our Editor-in-Chief, Roy W. Nickerson, making like Melchior with "La Ci Darem La Mano". (Whew!) In one hand he holds a telephone trying to do business with the Brunswick Record and the other a red pencil that will probably ruin this column. To back up his melody we have a chorus that sounds like a broken record saying, "We want by-lines"; this is the staff. The tall, dark, handsome man with one eye on the typewriter and the other on the Varga girl is Bill Robertson, our managing editor. He has two pencils; one to scratch out what I write and the other to put in his own ideas. If this last sentence doesn't appear you'll know he didn't like it.

In the corner sits Sid "Day Dreams" Folsom, the smiling boy from Deering, Bill Robertson's partner in crime. He often quotes the famous sage who said, "A thousand words are but a drop in the bucket." (In case you're wondering who that sage was, it's none other than the author of this masterpiece.)

That weird fellow hanging from the fluorescent light fixture, making like Tarzan, is Al Mersky, our news editor. He is screaming at the top of his lungs, "I want news,

## IT COULDA BEEN A LOT WORSE!!

By Alvan Mersky

That scraping noise which was coming from Building 30 during those study crammed nights of last week wasn't the plumbing, as you probably thought, but the members of the faculty filing down their teeth, sharpening their pitchforks, and practicing with their bullwhips in preparation for the prelims; and those aren't pine trees you see sprouting up along side of the road, but future pillars for bad little students who don't do their homework. The reason, of course, for standing room only at the library every night during the past five days, wasn't the latest issue of "Sunshine and Health," but the exams; ditto for the worried looks and half-closed eyes on most of the pedestrians hiking to sweatshops #19 and #30 those cold creamed-sausage filled mornings.

I had a few tough hours when I thought that a reinforced strait jacket was going to be necessary to quiet my nerves. It was mostly caused by the 2743 pages of lecture notes I had for Mr. Macomber's history class, and not knowing where to dig first. Don't worry, fellow history sufferers, I was going to order the "relaxers" in dozen lots.

Then there was Mr. Mazlish's current events class, where many of us wondered if he personally invented the first world war just to plague us with a couple hundred dates. But I had that sub-

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## Comdr. MacMillan Speaks Here Next Tuesday Eve

### Famed Arctic Explorer To Show Color Movies Of Latest Voyage To Northland Made This Summer

Commander Donald B. MacMillan, the famous Arctic explorer, will show color motion pictures at his lecture Tuesday evening for the students of the University of Maine.

Comdr. MacMillan returned from his latest voyage to the North less than two months ago, and his appearance at the Brunswick Campus will be one of his initial engagements of this latest of his many lecture tours throughout the country.

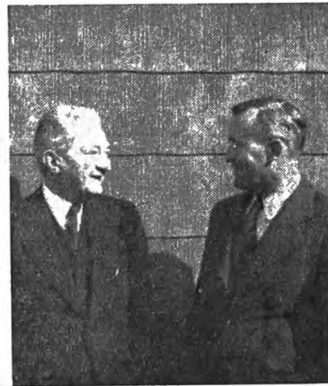


Photo by Nickerson

**ALEXANDER KERENSKY AND DIRECTOR CROUSE.** Dr. Kerensky, president of the short-lived provisional government in Russia after the overthrow of the Czars, speaks with Mr. Crouse at the Student Union after he had delivered a talk about Russian-American Relations last Friday.

## DORMS RECEIVE OFFICIAL NAMES

On Nov. 3rd, dormitories 17, 18, 20 and 25 became officially known as Weller, Dawson, Seitz and Deyo Halls respectively. The U of M is honoring these men who were instrumental in the leasing of the Navy property and equipment to the University.

Commodore G. A. Seitz was commander of naval air bases in the 1st Naval Dist. at the time the U of M first negotiated for, and obtained the lease to the Brunswick Naval Air Station. He persuaded the Navy Dept. to lease the station on a revocable permit basis and to provide all the equipment necessary for use of 800 students at no cost to the University. Bldg. 20 will be known as Seitz Hall in appreciation of his efforts.

Capt. O. A. Weller succeeded Seitz as commanding officer of Naval Air Bases on Nov. 1, 1946, and continued his friendly cooperation. Bldg. 17 bears Weller's name.

Commander W. L. Dawson, for whom Bldg. 18 is named, was the commanding officer here at the air station from Oct. 1, 1946 until the date of inactivation on Nov. 15th. He was the Navy's on-the-spot representative for the transfer.

Admiral M. L. Deyo is the commandant of the 1st Naval District and the official who gave the U of M possession of the base. Bldg. 25 was named for him.

MacMillan has been exploring the Arctic since the time he accompanied Peary in 1909 and since then his exploits have become as legendary as those of the man who started him out in his seafaring life.

The crew was made up mainly of students from various colleges of New England, and this expedition aboard the "Bowdoin" was the first attempt at sea life for most of them.

The ship left Boothbay Harbor on June 21st with a crew of 14, including the Commander and his wife, who served as official expedition photographer. They first went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, then north to Newfoundland. They proceeded along their chosen route up the coast of Labrador, over to Greenland and thru Baffin Bay.

For the most part, the ship was within sight of land, and they often put ashore for the college scientists to follow their studies. Their main interests were the minerals, birds and flower life and the Eskimos.

After traveling more than 8,000 miles and coming within nine degrees of the North Pole, they put in at Boothbay Harbor on September 15th.

## Here's The Calendar For Fall Semester

The following schedule has been released this week by the Director's office:

- Classes begin: Monday, Oct. 6.
- Freshman reports due: Friday, Nov. 7.
- Thanksgiving recess begins: Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 11:50 a.m.
- Instruction resumed: Monday, Dec. 1, at 8:00 a.m.
- Midsemester reports due: Tuesday, Dec. 9, before 5:00 p.m.
- Christmas recess begins: Saturday, Dec. 20, 11:50 a.m.
- Instruction resumed: Tuesday, Jan. 6, 8:00 a.m.
- Classes end: Saturday, Jan. 31, at 11:50 a.m.
- Final examinations begin: Monday, Feb. 2.
- Examinations end, semester ends: Saturday, Feb. 7.
- Registration: Wednesday, Feb. 11.
- Spring, 1948, semester begins: Thursday, Feb. 12, 8:00 a.m.

# THE MAINE ANNEX

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**Advertising Assistants** ..... Burton DeFrees, Les Decker  
**Faculty Advisor** ..... Charles A. Johnson

## THE EDITORS' DESK . . .

The first edition of THE MAINE ANNEX was received with mixed feelings by the student body — that's you — but we feel that for the most part, you appreciate our efforts, and provided that with each issue we learn from the mistakes of the last and make improvements accordingly, we'll be O.K. and in your good graces.

Just in case I'm patting us on the back too much, you know where that suggestion box is! East wall of the PX restaurant.

One of our stories was printed last week without a by-line. That in itself isn't anything too unusual, but Wendell Hodgkins' report of the Bar Harbor fire was supposed to have one, and this is one editor that believes in giving credit where it is due.

I want to correct an opinion that is currently popular about myself. I am not a communist. I never was, and hope I never will be.

It seems that last Friday several people had their doubts, though. It all started at Dr. Kerensky's address in the Student Union Building. Not half way thru, a message came for me that I was wanted on the telephone; I got up, all but asked Kerensky to step aside so I could get by, and went out the side door. After I had attended to the business, which incidentally, concerned this paper — they were having difficulties at the publishing plant — I returned via the same route. Needless to say, it was quite distracting.

The first thing after the talk, some Joe comes up to me and says "who the hell do you think you are? Were you trying to distract attention from the great Democratic Russian leader? You Communist!"

Well, all I can do is repeat what I've already said, The Party will have to get along without me!  
R. W. N.

The lights were low and the atmosphere tranquil as I settled even further in my easy chair and smiled back at the Varga Girls adorning the walls. From the radio came the strains of Wumpel-schlemer's "Fugue in Pistachio Sub-Minor", from my heart, a song of peace. Suddenly the night was rent by a scream from the radio which sent both me and the chair over backwards in a discordant heap.

"Gad," I thought even as I was in the process of doing my back one and a half, "the cymbalist must have caught the head of the cellist again."

Then, as the scream passed the endurance of human lungs (and after all, even the best of cellists can't scream with a wafer shaped head) and took on a smug tambre, the light dawned. "No, by George, it's an electric razor."

Untangling myself from the chair, I reached for my murderous Harbrace Handbook with one hand, my dissecting kit with the other, and started off down the corridor. I rocketed into the second wing, scooping up dust with

my shirt pocket as I gathered momentum — no soap, my man wasn't there.

Scraping myself off the end wall, I thundered down the stairs and into the lower floors. No dice in the first wing. Then, in the last wing I struck paydirt. From an open door on the right I heard the high pitched whine of the instrument of torture that has sent more music lovers to an early grave than "Chopsticks."

Removing my shoes to insure silence, and holding my nose to insure consciousness, I stole up to the door and peered in. There he was! Egad, at last I had him dead to rights. As I stood watching him grind his kisser in blissful ignorance of the tragedy in the rooms around him, something snapped between my ears and below my curly hair.

Whipping my plastic rule out of its sheath in the dissecting kit, I charged forward shrieking a curse to the sky. After stunning the fiend with a blow from the flat of my blade, I tore the razor from his hand and smashed it against the wall with every ounce of strength

## Faculty Facts . .

By Dave Powers

This week's presentation is that genial gentleman of wit and wisdom, Dr. Willard J. Martin head of the chemistry department. His instructive and ingenious lectures together with his ready knowledge of the Hotel Eagle's floor plan have already instilled him as a great favorite with his pupils.

Dr. Martin was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he was graduated from Edison High School in 1933. He then transferred his intellectual abilities to the good 'ole U of M (University of Minnesota that is) where he was graduated with a Bachelor of Chemistry degree in 1937. To obtain his Ph.D he next went to Cornell as a laboratory assistant. Upon completion of his graduate work in 1941 he emerged as a Doctor of Chemistry. It was while he was at Cornell that Dr. Martin was an active member of Gamma Alpha, a graduate fraternity there.

From Cornell Dr. Martin enlisted in the Navy as an ensign and was assigned to the Naval Proving Grounds in Dahlgren, Virginia. Here he worked in the ordinance department and was concerned mostly with the theory and production of three inch explosive projectiles. During the last six months of his service, Dr. Martin was sent to London, England, where he investigated the captured German ordinance documents. Five years later he was released from the Navy holding the rank of Lieutenant Commander.

Dr. Martin is now living with his wife, the girl he met at Cornell in 1942, in Bath. His prime interest include reading, motion picture photography, and, of course, his wife.

in me. In my rage I grabbed my trusty H. H. and beat the razor again and again until nothing remained but gears, coils, and a few scattered whiskers.

Finally satisfied that the deed was done, I collected my weapons, put on my shoes, released my nose, and headed back to my room — tired but happy.

The lights were low and the atmosphere tranquil as I settled even further in my easy chair and smiled back at the Varga Girls adorning the walls. From the radio came the strains of Gastrovaski's "Fifth Plutonian Nightmare", from my heart a song of peace. Suddenly the night was rent by a scream from the radio which sent both me and the chair over backwards in a discordant heap.

"Gad..." W. R.—

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## CAMPUS CURRENTS

By Dave Macken

You'll have to see it to believe it. If you haven't seen Art (the man with the toe) Blanchard perform, you've missed seeing the wispiest, shiftiest, most elusive backfield man in Maine college ranks. He's doing pretty well for a fellow that had to be satisfied with carrying the water bucket at Arlington, Mass., High School, huh? They told him that he was too small... Here's a note from the outside world. If prices would drop as fast as women's skirts have, all signs of greater inflation would disappear, but pronto... We're issuing the last call for you to join the newest campus fraternity, Phi Beta Chapeau. A narrow brimmed derby is the only qualification you need to become a member... An unauthentic survey shows that pinocle heads the popularity list of "mental stimulants."... Caution: don't wear your red hunting shirt around or people will accuse you of being a Communist... All that the boys in 25 need now is maid service; they already have exclusive items in private wash bowls... There's a rumor that one fellow chose Maine as his college for the electrifying reason that he preferred the "Stein Song" above all others. (Fine song, but slightly jumbled reasoning)... Our next assembly may feature

"Czar" Petrillo whose subject be "Why My Boys Won't Carry More Music"... Say, you fe have got to start curbing that garity; it just won't appear those co-eds when you begg bunk in Orono... Many of vets probably could have tall rifle apart and assembled it i folded; now, if you're taking logy, you have to do the thing with a frog... THOUGH WHILE SHOWERING. Hope Brunswick Transportation doesn't go bankrupt because are only 850 of us here. Qu letdown to them whereas the had some 3000 men to call fo service. (Maybe they're safe few years)... The Student fare Committee is looking int possibility of arranging a plan will enable Tech students to and sleep all in one day... janitor doesn't mind cleaning but he would appreciate it if would distribute just a amount of your waste in the kets for that purpose... It as though these five week are going to cause some repe sions in the home town... many of you could follow Dr. ensky's example and go to R to live for six years at the et which time you would gi speech in Russian before a g of Soviet students... Adios I bres.

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### NOW HEAR THIS!!

By Alvan Mersky

Tuesdays, Thursdays, or Fridays, Mr. Gould, head of the office here on campus, can be contacted at Bowdoin's Winthrop if any important emergency as which he might be able to lighten out. His telephone number there is 967.

If you have any questions concerning G. I. insurance; medical benefits, including hospitalization and out-patient services at government expense; dental treatment; disability compensations; or any other miscellaneous information having to do with anything except training, a VA representative will be here on Wednesdays to help you out. The Brunswick campus is currently being provided with a more thorough coverage by the VA than any other fine educational institution, excluding of course, the University of Grono. We can't say for sure, but it would seem as if the continuance of this would depend on the interest shown by our veterans in the service that has been provided. So don't fail to drop in on your friendly VA contact Officer—Room 4-1, the Administration Building, on the next Tuesday that you'd like a straight answer on veteran's benefits.

All hypochondriacs please note the following item!! If a vet asks he has any medical attention due to him that the government should pay for, he must get authorization from the VA office here on campus before going ahead with the treatment. His ailment must be service-connected if the VA is to consider underwriting the expense of the treatment. This applies only in the case of vets attending school under the G. I. Bill. If you are attending school under Public Law 16 and need any type of medical attention it will be taken care of by the VA regardless of being service connected or not. But you didn't know that if medical treatment is granted you at the VA, you may be treated by a dentist or doctor of your own choice if he is approved by the Associated Hospital Service of Maine. This doctor or dentist must, however, practice in the State of Maine if you apply for medical care while in school.

### CAMPUS CUTIES

By Alvan Mersky

Here's something that we're sure will interest all you proud possessors of pretty portraits. We're going to devote a column per week from now on to that girl that's waiting for you back home. Here's the way our "Campus Cuties" are going to decorate our future papers.

Every week, immediately prior to the publishing of our paper, our picked party of pulchritudinal perusers are going to canvas the respective rooms of each floor of each of the dormitory wings. They shall proceed to sort out the prettier female visions, which will probably prove to be a tough job if some of the beauties we have already seen are an example of what every room has to boast, and after careful consideration pick their "honey of the week". All the interesting info concerning this final choice (including address, telephone number, etc., etc.), together with her picture, will be published in that week's paper.

Near the end of the second semester, we shall print the pictures of all the weekly winners for you guys to see and study. You will then be able to vote for our "Queen of the Campus". After you have decided upon whom we shall bestow the great honor of being called Queen of the Univer-

sity of Maine Annex for the year 1947-48, you will vote for your choice in a general election.

So when some ragged looking individuals barge into your room one of these cold nights and request a look at your bashful beauty, don't throw them out! Who knows, maybe upon your locker or desk is resting the picture of our school's future sovereign. Good luck, gang.

### CAMERA CLUB MEETS

The Camera Club held its second meeting Wednesday evening informally in the dark room.

Fred Oleson, faculty director for the organization, accepted the applications of several new members and indoctrinated them in

the by-laws of the clubs and the use of the dark rooms.

Volunteers were placed in charge of the dark rooms for weekend use by members.

Judge: I find you guilty and fine you \$15.00 and costs.

Defendant: But, your honor, I'm a college man!

Judge: Ignorance is no excuse!

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MAINE GUIDE "REVERSIBLE"

\$20.00

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3/4 LENGTH SHEEP LINED COAT

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FRI.-SAT. Nov. 7-8

"SINGAPORE"

with

Fred MacMurray

Ava Gardner

also

News Short Subjects

SUN.-MON.-TUES. Nov. 9-10-11

"VARIETY GIRL"

with

Mary Hatcher

DeForest Kelley

also

News Short Subjects

WED.-THURS. Nov. 12-13

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with

Linda Darnell

Cornel Wilde

also

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### Library Notes . .

Special announcements: The Library will be open at 1:30 p.m. instead of 2:00 p.m. on Sundays in the future.

Reserve books must be read in the library during library hours, but may be taken out for overnight use when the library closes provided the books are returned before 8:00 a.m. the next morning. Off campus students may make special arrangements. Other books may be taken out for two weeks and should be returned in time or renewed for another two week period.

### Student Comment

[Continued from Page 1]

careful preparation, the succeeding copies will turn out more satisfactorily."

(We hope we can please you and other students.)

Brad Shaw of Weller Hall gives our first issue a split grade of "olets over orchids." That is a title better than Decker's "onions over horse radish," but every artist to his own opinion, we always say!!!

Many other suggestions and disapprovals have been received, both directly and indirectly, by "The Maine Annex" staff and all will be taken into consideration.

## VETS' VIGNETTES

By John Borodko

The tall white stone buildings with a foreground of blue sea and a background of somber mountains are the first things one sees upon entering Havana, Cuba, or Habana, as it is called by the natives.

The waters surrounding the harbor entrance turn into a muddy brown and are littered with all kinds of floating malolorous garbage that creates a feeling of nausea. Approaching closer one sees Morro Castle, which is situated on the left side of the harbor. On the right side, a few hundred feet in, is the monument to the Maine with two guns mounted on either side of the statue salvaged from the wreck of that ill-fated battleship.

Inside the harbor countless sightseeing boats run to and fro looking like tiny toys in comparison to the U. S. Man o'War. San Francisco Pier, the largest pier in Habana is usually allocated to the larger ships. The dock is surrounded by a high wire fence to keep the curious people out and the curious sailors in. Police in their blue-grey uniforms patrol the pier in a somewhat lackadaisical manner which is characteristic of the peoples south of the border. This laziness in manner should, by no means, be trifled with for they are forever looking for a chance to blast someone. In other words, trigger happy.

After leaving the ship and the high wire fence, the sailor finds himself in a street filled with children asking for Americano cigarettes and candy. Cab after cab line up in the street waiting for customers. Customers in this case being sailors fresh from a six week cruise and carrying sacks of shekels. What Navy is this? American, of course. In Habana every sailor can afford a cab, from the lowest seaman to the top of the caste-ladder of rate and rank. Four men can hire a cab for ten hours and at the expense of only two dollars each.

Now for a word of advice. Pick one good cabby and stick with him because to get rid of one is quite impossible. The first thing one sees in Habana are the historical sights such as the Presidential Palace, National Cathedral, and, of course, Sloppy Joe's. Souvenir shops in the course of the afternoon are visited by hundreds of sailors who buy everything that can be carried or dragged. But when evening comes only two or three streets are exploited by the white-clad boys and there is no need to mention why.

## POMES

The Lament of a Disgruntled Suitor

O ghost of Harvard  
Breathe on me  
And write my name  
Eternity!  
I shall not breach  
Thine ivy'd walls,  
I shall not tread  
Thy marbled halls!

## Are You A Good Roommate? This Quiz Grades You As A Hermit — Or Ideal Dorm Companion

One of the most important college courses isn't listed in any catalogue — but it might be called "Living With A Roommate." Just in case your roomie is too polite to tell, though we doubt that he is, better give yourself a quick check-up.

Answer "yes" or "no" to these Varsity Magazine questions. If you answer "no" to at least 11, you're a pretty good roommate: 13 to 17 means you're wonderful; more than 17 indicates that you're too good to be true. If, on the other hand, your "No's" are below nine, we suggest that you become a hermit.

1. Do you lose your temper easily?
2. Do you sulk?
3. Do you talk too much?
4. Do you read out loud?
5. Do you gossip?
6. Do you fail to consider his (or her) likes and dislikes?
7. Do you expect to be included in his invitations?

A tear for me,  
O Autocrat!  
My father was  
A democrat!

By Errol Murphy, with apologies to who ever originated it.

### She Loves Me Not

"Go to father," she said,  
When I asked her to wed.  
And she knew that I knew  
Her father was dead;  
And she knew that I knew  
The sort of life he had led,  
So she knew that I knew  
What she meant when she said,  
"Go to father."

My candle burns at both ends,  
It will not last all night,  
But oh my foes and ah my friends,  
It gives a lovely light!

### THE CLOUD

By I. B.

The night was warm.  
Stars were out.  
A cloud, trailed by  
Straggling bits peacefully  
Set its course for  
One endless horizon.

Then from out the west  
There came a cloud,  
Heavy and foreboding.  
Covered the sky  
And left darkness  
Deafening in its silence . . .

One of our better known students was pinched for going one a three-quarters in excess to the Brunswick speed limit.

Says the officer: "Where are you from?"

"The U. of M.!"

"Well," said the Brunswick cop, "it's about time I got one of you. I've been arresting Bowdoin men left and right; you're the first Maine man I've been able to get!"

8. Do you brag about your work, friends or social position?
9. Do you rely on your roommate for amusement? Huh?
10. Do you talk too much about your heart interests?
11. Do you always talk about your troubles?
12. Do you try to be the boss?
13. Do you ask questions about personal matters?
14. Do you share his interests?
15. Do you lack respect for your roommate's privacy?
16. Do you play the radio continuously?
17. Do you take the best drawers and hog the closet space?
18. Do you litter the room?
19. Do you neglect cleaning up after a party?
20. Do you forget to pay half of mutual expenses?

## SHORE ROAD

By Ivan Bopodka

(Ako vi govorit po Ruski, vi znaitch kdo psao to!)

The roar of the pounding surf  
Has a greatness all its own.  
On a misty night the booming  
Is greatly exaggerated.  
The surf, the gleaming surf,  
The phosphorous surf,  
Comes into the shore with  
A thunderous roar.  
The night air is filled  
With a salty spray.  
Hovering there for just one moment

And then back, back into the  
Sea that foams and froths.  
Again and again it returns to  
The rocky shore, reaching with its  
Watery limbs, attempting to fasten  
Itself to the multitude of rocks.  
But liquid hands that will never hold  
Reluctantly flow away in the darkness.  
And in the night is the roar of  
the sea,  
Roaring and pounding with all its  
might,  
Roaring and pounding throughout  
the night.

Pass the word around! If one of your buddies is a commuter, let him know that he can get his copy of THE MAINE ANNEX in the library late every Friday afternoon.

### Mouths of Babes

The lady of the house was entertaining her bridge club friends when the pattering of tiny feet was heard on the stairs. She raised her hand for silence.

"Hush," she cooed softly, "the children are about to deliver their goodnight message. It always give me such a humble feeling to hear them . . . Listen!"  
There was a moment of silence — then shyly:  
"Mamma, Willie found a bed-bug!"

## HASH DEPARTMENT

I'm having a little trouble getting down to the business of writing this story.

You see, my desk is so arranged that I am looking directly at one of our office walls. On that wall is one of Mr. Varga's anatomical studies. As if that weren't distracting enough, there's one of those new fangled neon lights hanging from the ceiling above it, and it's slightly used up. It flickers!

Well, the light blinks and that Varga girl seems to, well . . . you know how it is!

After twenty years, I've finally landed where I thought I never would, or in fact, ever cared to. I remember that most of my life a college man was about as old as the man in the moon. Yet, here I am, starting the highest degree of education we have.

Remember all those pre-war college movies? Dick Powell sang to save the dear ol' Alma Mater from the boogy man, and Jane Withers lived in the dorm across the way. House parties, dances, all sorts of shundigs! But, where are they? (Don't tell me, let me guess!)

Seriously, this isn't quite what I thought college life would be. We have our classes, dorms, teams, everything but co-eds. The fact remains, however, that if it weren't for the Brunswick Campus, about 850 of us wouldn't be able to go to college. The social side of college life we expected before the war isn't the most important thing in life.

We came to the U of M to learn, to prepare ourselves to become businessmen and citizens of the world. In a few years, we'll be taking the place of those whom we now look to as leaders, those

## It Coulda Been

(Continued From Page 1)

ject figured down pat; I disclosed there were eighteen important dates in all pertaining to the development question we were to be asked—of the eight, three ended with a 9, three with a 6, six ended with a 7, ended with an 8, three in a 9, three in a 0. Now all I had to do was memorize them in chronological order, add the sum and divide by Bismark, and cross multiply by the Fashoda Incident (all the time drinking a glass Schlitz and eating a Sky-cheeseburger, of course) and troubles were over. But it didn't work out!! I'm dropping out of events next week. . .

After chewing up a wordy handful of fingers trying to figure out Mr. Halkyard's problems, "Rube Goldberg" diagrams, the best I could get down on paper was a very indignant note explaining that no one told me I was going to be an exam, and testing that I wasn't properly prepared. I'm to appear before the faculty next week!!! I've got nothing to worry about, however, because "Protoplasm" Zalco promised to be my defense attorney and "Scoop" Povich pledged his support in getting me a job at the Morse High newspaper if worst happens.

Well, it's all over now but shouting and a few screams from Weller Hall. Don't worry, though I got the inside story—these limbs don't really count, it's just a big practical joke that faculty was playing on us.

whom we now take for granted. We think that there will always be men like General Marshall, President Truman, Senator Brewster Cecil B. DeMille, Henry Ford

[ Please Turn To Page 6 ]

# DANCING

WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS  
BATH COMMUNITY CENTER—186 FRONT STREET  
Saturday, November 8  
CLAUDE NOEL'S 13 Piece Band  
Return Date  
Wednesday, November 12th  
PHIP YOUNG AND HIS BOWDOIN POLAR BEARS  
Saturday, November 15th  
JOE AVERY AND HIS BAND

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# SPORTS

## C. I. TRIPS MAINE ANNEX

The M. C. I. football squad, conceding its undefeated season at the expense of the Maine Annex, won, at Pittsfield Friday night, a 6-0 score. The M. C. I. squad moved into top position of the Schools because of its victory.

In the scoring took place in the first half. M. C. I. was first score in the first quarter as Parker went for 15 yards to the 10. The try for the extra point was good with Dugas receiving a pass from Mott.

In the second period Mott and Parker combined again to score a 28-yard pass. Poicus plunged over the line to give M. C. I. a 10-0 lead. The Annex scored in this as Joe Pruett bucked over the line from the 12 yards out score. As in the game with Bowdoin, the try for the extra point failed.

In the last period, both clubs held scoreless.

Lineups:  
M. C. I. (14) Maine Annex (6)  
Jordan  
Card  
Godin  
Dube  
Fecteau  
Barney  
Green  
Roy  
Pruett  
Leggett  
Noyes

Score by periods:  
M. C. I. 7 7 0 0  
Maine Annex 0 6 0 0

Substitutions: M. C. I.—Holmes, Ireland, Mosko; Maine Annex—Noyes, Besson, Franchatti, Rich, Butler, A. Brown, B. Kelsey, Cummings, Goode, Mahoney, Green, Sawyer, etc.

Touchdowns: M. C. I.—Walker, Points after touchdown; as, Poicus. Maine Annex—itt.

## Basketball Schedule

The Maine Annex Basketball schedule was announced early week by Coach Raymond. Mr. Hasky, who has been doing a zealous job as line coach for University of Maine football, by giving Maine the best in the state, will report to the Annex to take over the coaching duties on the 17 of this month. Practice will officially begin the next day. The schedule follows:

- 6 Bates J. V. Away
- 10 Colby J. V. home
- 13 Bowdoin J. V. away
- 7 Washington State home
- 10 Maine J. V. home
- 13 Hebron away
- 20 Bridgton home
- 27 M. C. I. away
- 30 Farmington away
- 7 Portland Junior home
- 11 Bowdoin J. V. home
- 14 Maine J. V. away
- 21 Hebron home
- 28 Colby away

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This month, Rural Free Delivery service embarks on its fifty-second year of service to rural America. Rural mail carriers, 32,189 of them, travel 1,441,994 miles each. They serve 29,641,722 patrons along their routes.

## MEET YOUR COACH

By Hal Look

Meet the brains behind this year's edition of the Annex Black Bears, Coach Raymond. Mr. Raymond is now commencing his second consecutive year as head of the Annex athletic department. Previously, he had coached at Harwich High School, in Massachusetts, and at the Garland Street Junior High School, in Bangor. During the war he served several years in Naval Aviation, before coming to the Annex last year. The coach received his early experience at the position of tackle for Agawam High School in Agawam, Massachusetts. Upon graduation, he entered Springfield College where he completed his training.

This year Coach Raymond's charges have split in their last two engagements, winning over Bowdoin and losing to M. C. I. The coach thinks that the ball club is a potentially powerful club, and that they should demonstrate this power as the season draws to a close. He points out that the club was a green one at the start of the season, but thinks they are coming along very well in consideration of the short time in which they have played as a unit. He also stated that the experience gained through Annex sports, is beneficial to all who are endeavoring to carry on at Orono next year was unquestionable. He urged all men to participate in competitive recreation. As far as his views on the State Series picture, Coach Raymond looks for a dark picture for the foes of the powerful Black Bears of Orono. He predicated that the powerful Maine line and fleet backfield will spell "Championship" for the University of Maine. The author is inclined to agree. Place your bets please.

## CROSS COUNTRY TEAM STRONG

By Hugh Lord

After having won their first three meets, the Maine Annex cross country team will journey to Farmington for their next encounter on Thursday, Nov. 6. Four days after this six of our best runners, with the addition of one freshman runner from the Orono campus, will be in Boston for the New England Freshman Championship run. Then, on Nov. 13, the last meet of the season will take place when Farmington's team will be entertained here.

From a group of thirteen candidates, Coach Hamm has produced a team which will rank favorably with any in the state. Standouts are Irving Kane and Bob Eastman who have placed up among the first runners consistently. These stellar performers are very capably supported by the remainder of the squad which consists of the following men: G. Reed, R. Bradford, M. Hardy, R. Bailey, H. Hersey, R. Pinkham, R. Becker, K. Dudley, Robinson, G. Whalen, R. LeClair.

Looking upon past performances as an example of what his boys can do, Coach Hamm appears confident that our cross country team might finish the season undefeated. If they continue to burn up the ground as in their first three runs, we think they'll do it.

## SPORTSIDELIGHTS

Did you know that . . .

The highest batting average ever compiled by a major-league team was the .341 mark put together by the Phillies way back in 1894. Greyhound racing is older than horse racing by at least a thousand years. Bowling originated in Europe, probably in Germany or the Low Countries.

The Army's basketball team did not allow a single goal when the Lacets beat St. John's University or Brooklyn in a basketball game played in 1922. Ken Williams slammed out ten home runs in the first 20 games of the 1922 baseball season. Joe DiMaggio played 425 consecutive ball games before being caught stealing a base.

Jim Corbett fought in the ring for 18 years and never had a black eye or a bloody nose. The first no-hit game in record was hurled by Joe McClory Mann of Princeton against Yale at New Haven, May 29, 1875. Eddie Cuthbert of Philadelphia was the first player to steal a bag by sliding into a bag in 1865.

The heavyweight boxing title has changed hands five times since 1932, always in the month of June. Crew racing, 95 years old this last season, is America's oldest collegiate sport. The longest game in major league history remains the 26-inning, 1-1 tie between Boston and Brooklyn of the National League, played on May 1, 1920. Joe Oeschger of Boston and Brooklyn's Leon Cadore pitched all the way before the game was called because of darkness. Well, its getting dark here too, so we will call this off.

This Saturday at Bowdoin's Pickard Field, the Maine Annex faces the Maine Maritime Academy eleven at 9:00 in the morning. Both teams have suffered one defeat at the hands of a powerful M. C. I. team from Pittsfield, and they have both defeated the Bowdoin J. V. This game will be the highlight of the football season. A large crowd for all sections of the state are planning to see this game. The game will receive complete coverage in next weeks paper, and we hope to bring you at least one picture of the game at that time.

Basketball will be getting under way on the 18 of this month. The Annex should have a crack team by the looks of the talent around the Annex. Under the able guidance of Coach Zabilisky, the student body should spend many an enjoyable evening watching the team in action.

While on the subject of basketball, why not give option to the foul shooter to try for one point from the conventional 15 foot foul line, or shoot for two points from the 21 foot rear circle?

Your Annex Cross Country Team will send six men to the New England meet to be held in Boston. They take on a large responsibility there, but we are sure that they can handle the situation.

A ski team is in the making, so keep your eyes peeled on the bulletin board at the Auditorium.

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## OUTING CLUB DRIVE ANNOUNCED

By Barnaby MacAuslan

At long last, the news that students have been waiting for is about to be announced. The drive for members to join the Outing Club will begin next week, Monday, November 10. Due to the fires and the preliminary examination it has been postponed. All students are urged to join who are interested. Mr. Curtis is the advisor, and there are various students who are on the membership committee. Posters will be placed on the various bulletin boards, and the committee is planning to pay each student a personal call. This organization is strongly recommended by the faculty and various students alike. Already arrangements are being made for recreational areas. If you are interested in hiking, skiing, camping, tobogganing or any other outdoor or social are urged to join the Outing Club. Let's make this drive a success.

## Football Outlook

Last week we muffed two predictions, but we did get seven right. This week, however, we hope to bat 1,000, so without further to do will try again. Maine faces its traditional foe Saturday, when the Bowdoin clashes with the Black Bears at Orono. Bowdoin is still full of fight and could stage an upset here. The University of Maine should, however, down the Bear's by a score of 18-6. It looks like another rough day for the Colby Mules. The Bates Bobcats will claw their way to their second State Series victory of this year. Bates by an easy margin 21-6. The Annex Club goes into action against a powerful Maine Maritime Academy club at Pickard Field and should provide the football attraction in this part of the state. This will be the hardest game to predict this weekend. We look for a close game with one or two points giving the victor it's margin. We will stick along with the Annex, but don't be surprised if it should go the other way, 13-12. We look for Duke to top Navy, and Notre Dame to get quite a tussle from Army, but they should come through to win 20-14.

For a Quick Bite . . .  
and a Good Bite  
Meet me at

## SKY-WAY SANDWICH BAR

U of M Campus Entrance

Open 5 P.M. to 1 A.M.

## FLYING CLUB ORGANIZED

Here it is! All you flying fans now have a chance to carry on aeronautical activities. The Brunswick Air Service, here on the campus, is organizing a University Flying Club. Membership dues have been estimated at \$5 monthly, and hourly flying rates will be proportionate to the club membership. A plane and instruction will be available to the members at all times. All interested candidates must contact Mr. Erswell at the air service office immediately. The club is anxious to get activity underway. It is surely a worthwhile opportunity; be sure to take advantage of it if you are harboring a secret ambition of obtaining a pilot's license.

## University Mobile Radio Unit

Last weekend, during the fire emergency, three U. of M. radio amateurs and two members of the physics department aided the threatened towns of Richmond and Hollis Center. With the consent of the First District Naval Reserve Commander in Boston, and the University authorities, the five men set up their station wagon unit in Richmond. They handled messages from Portland Red Cross Headquarters on Friday night. From that work they gained experience and proved worthy of their responsibility. Then, on Saturday and Sunday, the unit, still under the supervision of Mr. Oleson and Mr. Little, moved to Clark's Mills in Hollis. There they maintained direct communication with Portland. They used the University call letters, W1QHA, and were a definite asset to the fire areas in which they were stationed.

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# Day Dreams . . .

By Sid Folsom

While I was home last weekend, I happened to drop in on an old friend of mine. We hadn't seen each other for three or four years, so we had a lot to talk over. We talked about school, and all the kids we had known, and then the conversation shifted around to the recent fires. Cousin Eddie, as we used to call him, said that it reminded him of a fellow he knew in the ETO who was sort of a fire-bug. The fellow was quiet, unassuming, and rather sensitive . . . hardly the worldly type. He was married to a noted model and cover girl back in the States. He explained that they had been childhood sweethearts, and in spite of her good fortune, the girl still loved him. She wrote him weekly, telling him all the news that he could possibly be interested in, and in short, seemed just the kind of girl any guy would like to have waiting for him.

This fellow was the first of the outfit to go home, and when Eddie returned, a few months later, he looked the little guy up. He found him at his house, half drunk, and surrounded by what had once been a home. It was now filled with empty bottles, was run down, and obviously lacked a woman's touch. In his joy, the little guy sobered up somewhat, and Eddie was able to draw his story out, bit by bit. It seems that the fellow had arrived home to find that his wife's parents had taken her home to live with them. He joined his family, and everything was fine for a while. In a short time, they moved back to their own home. But something was different. Before long, he saw that living with her parents had spoiled his wife. In their joy over her success, they had pampered her until she was no longer the sweet girl he had left a few years before. She now talked of divorces, and of running home to her Mother. Something certainly had to be done, the little guy decided, but he never would have suspected the way his chance was going to come.

Away from home on business, he happened to pass through the town where his mother-in-law lived. Realizing this, he stopped to see if he could pick up any local gossip on the situation. At a local bar, he found a bartender willing

to ply him with drinks, but information was scarce. As the evening wore on and on the drinks began to take effect, he began to think more and more of his wife. She had been so sweet before. And now everything was wrong. It was those damned parents of hers! They were the cause of all the trouble. If they were only out of the way, everything would be fine. This awful nightmare would be over. He staggered to his feet, and lurched out the door to his car. He managed to start it, and before long he had reached his mother-in-law's house, on the outskirts of town. He carried a box of matches and a quart of gasoline. His head had cleared now, and he strode onward in his fury, one thought uppermost in his mind. After this, everything would be fine. Oh, how he loved her! Those damned parents of hers! Just a little longer now, and everything would be taken care of. He would have his wife all to himself. No more mother-in-law, no more talk of divorces . . . Ah, this was the house. A little gas, a match, and now run for it. The house was burning, and the best place for him was home.

He arrived there just as dawn was breaking. Rather than wake his wife, he fixed his own breakfast, and then headed upstairs. His step was light, and he was thinking that it would be nice to see his wife after that awful night. He paused at the telephone stand. There was a note in his wife's writing. It read something like this: "Jim dear, I've been thinking about the way I've been treating you, and I'm truly sorry. I'm going to have a talk with Mother so she'll leave us alone, and then we'll be able to live just the way we did before. Oh, Jim, I can hardly wait. When you get home tomorrow, drive out to my mother's house to pick me up. I'll be staying there overnight."

## Hash Department

[ Continued from Page 4 ]

Ernest Hemingway, all those men who are leaders in their particular fields. They belong to the generation before us. Today they are our leaders. Tomorrow they will be gone, gone with Lincoln and Roosevelt. We are the ones who

will remain. The world will be ours, and it will be run as our abilities dictate. Think that over for a while, men!

Therefore, just be glad there is such a thing as the Brunswick Campus. Maybe it does look like the armed forces many of us thought we just finished. We're lucky to have it, and to have the

capable staff that is here to advise us and teach us. The life is coming next year. It's a thing to look forward to, a doubt it will be broadening personalities. But take what you have now and like it. Don't complain because it's milt tooth!

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