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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

2

Brunswick, Maine, November 21, 1947

No. 4

And Science Dean Coming To Annex

Joseph M. Murray, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, will be at the Brunswick Campus Wednesday, Dec. 3rd.

Mr. Murray will speak at the Student Union Building at 10:45 a. m. The regular assembly day will be followed.

Through his talk will be of prime importance to Arts and Science students, everyone is invited to attend. Those of you who are still undecided and perhaps plan to change from your present course to another will undoubtedly find Dean Murray's address of great interest. He will be speaking about changing from one course of study to another, for those who are interested; it will be possible to change at the beginning of the Spring semester if you feel that you will benefit by change. It is not possible to change in midsemester under any circumstances.

Work that you have done in your present course will be counted toward your graduation, but unless you change in another college subject which you have also completed, it will be counted for less as an elective and must fill the requirements of the college you enter before you graduate.

SELECTMEN THANK VOLUNTEERS

The following letter was just received from the Office of Selectmen of Hollis:

"The cooperation and help rendered by the students and members of the faculty in this town since the recent fire was greatly appreciated. Although we did not have sufficient men or leadership enough to patrol all busy, their patrolling line was more valuable to many of them realized. The residents of this town are deeply indebted to those who volunteered."

Yours truly, Lester I. Grant, D. Byron, W. K. Walker, and others.

FOOTER BUGS HOLD MEETING

The Camera Club held their meeting Monday evening in the conference room of the Administration Building.

National members were welcomed into the club bringing the enrollment to about 35. This was the last meeting at which new members will be accepted.

B. Oleson, faculty chairman of the club, conducted the meeting. Business transacted included that of electing Sid Folsom as treasurer and appointing Roy W. Nickerson as secretary. Richard Oates as a committee member to plan a Spring photo salon. A problem of dues was also discussed and it was decided that a fee of \$1.00 would be made for membership. This will be used to purchase chemicals for general use and other incidentals which may arise.

Richard Oates also presented a draft of a membership which will bear the membership photo and serve to identify members among various other organizations and photo dealers when they arise.

It was decided that later, when the meeting resumes, please turn to page 6.



BIG WHEELS OF PHI DELTA CHAPEAU. Officers of the Brunswick Campus' own fraternity are, front row 1 to r. Butch Noyes, 4th vice president; Joseph Godin, 2nd vice president; Clinton Fecteau, president; Alvin Mason, 1st vice president. Second row, Seymour Card, 3rd vice president; Dick Barney, secretary; John Borodko, assistant secretary; Les Leggett, treasurer.

COMMUTERS OBTAIN CLUB, STUDY ROOMS

The University of Maine Annex Commuters Club has accomplished its first aim after only a week of existence.

With the aid of Mr. Crouse, Mr. McGuire, and Mr. Curtis, Faculty chairmen of recreation, the club has obtained two rooms on the campus to be used exclusively by the commuters. These rooms are located on the second floor of the Administration building and are numbered 62 and 64. The representative committee has arranged to have these rooms equipped with desks, lockers, and easy chairs. Upon opening, one of these rooms will be set aside for study purposes. The other will be used by the commuters as a place to keep books, gym equipment, and the like. The second will also be used as a place in which they may spend their spare time while on campus.

The above is the first action of the Commuters Club toward its ultimate goal for bettering the position of the commuter in campus life.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE SHOWN AT ANNEX

Wednesday, at the Brunswick Annex there were two showings of the Russian movie "Ivan the Terrible". This movie was directed by Sergei Eisenstein. The music was written especially for the picture by the renowned Russian composer, Prokoviev.

History tells us that Ivan the Terrible was actually a tyrant, but the Russian Government has overlooked the fact and portrays him as some sort of a hero in order to bring to the Russian people a justification for their ambitions for an outlet to the sea, and their one man form of government.

This motion picture was the first in a series of foreign-made films which the English department hopes to bring to University students in order to study European motion pictures and to see both how they are used as a propaganda agent and to verify the historical facts. It is believed that the next one will be English.

What Price Higher Education?

By William Robertson

Not so very long ago, the twenty-ninth of September to be exact, I arrived on the campus. Ah, that was a joyous day, for with me were staunch friends as full of high hopes and expectations as I. All four were strong, healthy, alert young Americans: Sam Sospraguedvedtch, our potential physicist; Igor Borgveelski, historian; Vladimir Phlenestrovotch, psychologist of the lot; and lastly, Gustaphson Kelly, the future zoologist. Shortly after we arrived a meeting was held in my room, and over the usual flaming cauldron of trinitrotoluene we repeated our boyhood pledge. We would stick together through the tortuous years ahead no matter how tough the studies, steak or butt mooching.

That was then. They went their individual ways and I went mine. Through the following days and weeks I struggled valiantly to retain the old spirit of comradeship, but amoebas, Napoleon, phobias, and Einstein's Theory of Relativity have little in common.

So it was that the other morning as I wended my bleary-eyed way toward Bldg. 30 I looked up

in time to see Sam ambling across the road. Not having a chance to talk to him in a long while, I called out, and he waited while I caught up. As I drew nearer, I noticed that there was something odd about his general appearance. He had a far away gleam in his eye, and his clothes, which were usually meticulous, were now wrinkled and soiled as though he had slept in them for a considerable number of days. Appalled, I cried "Sospraugy, what's wrong, is your athlete's foot kicking up again?" I might as well have been talking to the rack of bones in 30-T.

Still with that awful gleam in his eye, he grabbed me by the arm and said in a hollow voice, "Bill old man, did you ever stop to think that if all the potato chips in this world were laid end to end, there would be a famine in the Rose Bowl?"

I backed away with a sickly grin and mumbled something to the effect that I was very sorry, but I had a class to make. I left him standing in the middle of the road with his slide rule out, reciting some gibberish that sounded

[Please Turn To Page 2]

Elections For Student Senate Close Monday

Proctors Hold Meetings To Elect Representatives From Each Dormitory; Senate To Commence Business Next Week

Monday, Nov. 24th, has been established as the deadline for the election of the senators to the Student Council.

On or before Monday each proctor will have held a meeting of his floor to explain the senatorial system and conduct an election of a senator.

If the off-campus students can be organized to make their election, the Senate will be complete by Monday.

Jonathan W. French, assistant

ABSENTEES PENALIZED

NOTICE!! Mr. French announced for the benefit of those who might be inclined to jump the gun on this vacation business, that there will be a drastic penalty for absences from 12 noon Tues., Nov. 25th, to 12 noon Wed., Nov. 26th, and all day Mon., Dec. 1. See "Information for Guidance of Students", page 9. You Have Been Warned!

Phi Delta Chapeau Elects High Officers

By John L. Borodko

Uga Uga Boo, Uga Boo Boo Uga. Monday evening, a meeting of the Phi Delta Chapeau's newly elected executive council was held. A candidate was put forward for the office of mayor of the campus and when the campaigning starts, the club is asked to support him whole-heartedly, (or else).

The first official meeting of the Frat was held last Friday night at a secret rendezvous that had been previously agreed upon by the members of the club. The names of the candidates for the various offices were put forward and they were elected unanimously. (The dissenters were quietly removed and order was restored.)

Elected were: Clinton N. Fecteau, President, Al Mason, First Vice President, Joe Godin, Second Vice President, Seymour Card, Third Vice President, Butch Noyes, Fourth Vice President, Dick Barney, Secretary, John L. Borodko, Assistant Secretary, Les Leggett, Treasurer, and Albert Bergeron, Assistant Treasurer. Also, two honorary members, Junior Gerry and Ed Smith, were elected. There were thirty-five members present at the meeting but the membership is expected to increase considerably in the next few weeks.

The meeting was opened with a speech by President Fecteau of 52 Weller Hall. In his speech Fecteau commended the football team for their fine playing and their sportsmanship. He also stated that this club, which is in its infant stages so far, can make this year an enjoyable one for its members. As there are practically no social activities here at the Brunswick Campus the Frat, (pardon me while I bow my head,) will do all it can to provide or create entertainment such as dances, a basketball team, and other things that will keep J. Q. Student from going nuts while he studies here at No-Woman's-Land. He also stated in his address, which was enthusiastically applauded, that if the club made a good showing this year

[Please Turn To Page 5]

to the director, wished to emphasize that though the first duty of the Senate will be to plan a Christmas Dance, the main function of that body is not a social one.

Your Student Senate is an extremely influential body and the greatest bridge between the gap separating the student body and the University administration. It also promotes general cooperation among the student body, aids in unifying college spirit and sponsors different student activities.

The members which you elect from your own dormitory will immediately hold a meeting and choose a president, vice president and a secretary-treasurer. An executive council will also be chosen, consisting of the president, vice president, secretary-treasurer and three additional members. This body acts when a matter comes up that cannot wait for a general meeting of all the senators.

Your student senate is a powerful and useful body. Give it a lot of thought and when it needs your support, give your best!

MANNICHE TO SPEAK

Dr. Peter Manniche, of the International Peoples College of Denmark, will speak Tues. evening, Nov. 25, at 8:15 at the Moulton Union, Bowdoin College.

His topic will concern international affairs and any Maine men who would like to hear him are invited to attend the talk.

YOUR ASSEMBLY DAY CLASS SCHEDULE

Many requests have come in that we publish the assembly day schedule so it could be cut out and tacked on your dorm wall.

Here it is:
Your 8:00 class meets at...8:00
Your 9:00 class meets at...8:55
Your 10:00 class meets at...9:50
Assembly at 10:45
Your 11:00 class meets at...11:40
Your 12:00 class meets at...12:35
Your 1:00 class meets at...1:30
Your 2:00 class meets at...2:25
Your 3:00 class meets at...3:20
Your 4:00 class meets at...4:15
Your 5:00 class meets at...5:10

Jackets Found

The Registrar's Office announced that they have three lovely jackets that have been left by students hither and yon. If you've lost a jacket, come over and see if yours is there. If they stay too long, they will be contributed to the Society for the Advancement of Civilization in Lower Slobovia. Maine winters approximate those in Lower Slobovia, though, so I suggest you double time it over to the office!

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THE EDITORS' DESK

When I first learned that the Editor-in-Chief of the Bangor Daily News has nothing to do except write that daily half-column editorial, I was inclined to doubt my informer. When I found that it really was the truth, I of course thought - that guy has it made!

Well, here I am, Editor-in-Chief of a paper - and I want to assure you that I have more to do than dash out this weekly filler! - and I have an editorial column to fill - not daily, but weekly. And I find myself stuck for a subject.

But one thing I would like to speak about, and that's all the bitching about the food. Yeah, I gripe about it too; I think it's just like the army chow I thought I had finished with last January. However, the point is - could you do any better cooking for 800 people?

You can't expect beef steak and chocolate eclairs on a schedule such as the U of M mess hall is forced to operate on. I'll admit, however, there are times when I think they could do a little better. Take soups for instance - I don't think the main part of the meal should be soup; there should be some solids. Then on Friday, why do we Protestants have to suffer, too? Can't they have hot dogs or something to take optionally, instead of fish in various and indescribable forms for the two main meals?

I have another suggestion - when I get going, they just keep coming! - about this 'seconds' business; in my opinion, if the hash slingers would be a little more moderate in their slinging, there would be more for the fellow that wants that extra portion. I always have to throw away half my vegetables, potatoes and four fifths of my macaroni, merely because I am given no choice in the amount I can receive. I mention this not because we should conserve food to feed our poor, starving "ex-" enemies in Germany, but because some fellows just do like seconds here in my own country!

Well, here it is! We have been begged, hounded, pleaded with, and just plain asked, to publish a picture of the Big Wheels in the staff of THE MAINE ANNEX. For the edification of all, below is our most recent picture. (If you don't believe that girl, just go look in the Registrar's Office!) R. W. N.

Higher Education

[Continued from Page 1]

ed uncomfortably like "If bread crumbs over an Ethiopian Gumwood Tree equals the square root of talcum powder, then..." Here I gained the sanctity of the door.

Upon leaving my class fifty minutes later, I stepped into the corridor only to be knocked flat by a human projectile that drag-

ged me half the length of the hall before coming to a complete stop. Extracting a foot from my mouth I looked up through the maze of books, notes, and revolving celestial bodies to find standing over me none other than Igor Borgveleski! "Iggy old pal..." Here I stopped short; he had the same look; that wild far away look in his eye. Oh no! not Iggy, not good old Iggy. I began to plead with him; "Don't you remember the good old days Iggy? The time we threw old Rubberlips Perkins out the third story window of the school? the time we..." At this point he placed his foot back in my beseeching oral cavity.

"Silence varlet, I must needs proceed to the library. Gotta find out what happened to all the little Louis the Fourteenth." With that he was off, leaving a door swinging wildly on one hinge. Picking small particles of sand and debris from the inner regions of my mouth, I rose slowly and went sadly on my way.

By noon I was sufficiently recovered from the nerve wracking episode of the morning to face whatever was being served for lunch. After wrangling for the usual half hour with the fellow at the little table by the tray rack, I finally convinced him that sixteen other lads had not come tripping through with the number 580, received my meal, and sat down. Glancing neither right nor left I began to eat. Suddenly from beside me I heard a deep tubercular cough, and turning slowly I found (as I knew I would) Gus Kelly seated beside me. The gleam was in his eye, and the food was on his plate; at a glance I saw that they were in their respective places to stay.

"Gus," I cried, "it's got you too!" His skeletal head swung slowly toward me, but his eyes looked far, far beyond. "Gus old comrade, it's me, Bill." Was I imagining, or were his eyes unfocusing, and refocusing on me? They were! Oh, the delirious-ecstasy of that moment. Gus would recover and between us we would nurse the others back to health. Then I looked closer. He was staring not at me, but far down my open, laughing mouth. His hand reached for the knife.

He began to intone, "Behind the esophagus lies the..." but by that time I was racing hysterically out of the building.

Shaking with sobs I crossed the street to the restaurant in the hope that a Coke would restore my reason. I ordered—forgetting in my pitiable state to make a caustic remark about the seven cents—and headed for a quiet booth where I could think this thing through. As I passed the crowded pinball machine an arm shot out and attached itself to my nose. A body followed shortly, and both pulled me into the telephone booth. It was Vladimir.

"Son," he said after closing the door, "I want to have a private talk with you. I've been noticing your condition more and more

lately, and it's bothered me. After careful study of your case I find that you have what we psychologists term as a nostricriothraxic phobia. Now tell me a little something of your childhood."

"For Gawdsake, Vlad, you know it just as well as I, you..."

"Silence wretch! Look deep into my eyes." There it was, the gleam. With a superhuman effort I summoned my will power, tore my eyes away from his, and with a shuddering scream I leaped through the window of the booth.

Stunned for a second I lay on the floor collecting what little was left of my wits, when suddenly I felt a friendly pair of hands lift me from the floor and set me on my feet. Opening my eyes I saw that it was a classroom acquaintance, Jim Smycklestroop. Good old Jim; good old sane Jim. Then I noticed that he was regarding me with a puzzled expression. "Bill, that look in your eye..."

Brushing aside his questions, I began patiently to explain: "Now look Jim, dangling particles may look well framed and on the wall, but in a short story of six to eight thousand words they resemble even more the coccyx between the 'Tale of Two Cities' and the thoracic region. Do you follow?"

With a sickly grin he backed off.

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Faculty Facts

By Dave Powers

I set out for 30 - 21 weeks of good intentions, but how well I know that Bruce Mazlich has been reading the newspapers?

Anyway, between our flaring interjections I did manage to pile some of the past history of an eminent scholar of history and psychology.

First of all, he was born in New York City. He attended Boys' School there and graduated with minimum required time.

He next took his Grand Tour of a small scale, centering in France. He then came back to Columbia University in 1940, where he majored in English Literature and History. His career was interrupted, however, with six months in the army, private stationed at Camp U Alabama. After his discharge Mazlich returned to Columbia where he completed his Bachelor of Arts requirements in 1944.

From June, 1944, to December of the same year, he served in the OSS (Office of Strategic Services) as a civilian holding rank equivalent of captain. His OSS service consisted of morale and propaganda duties. When he resigned his commission he went to work for the Washington Daily News sports editor.

In June, 1945, he and the [Please Turn To Page 3]

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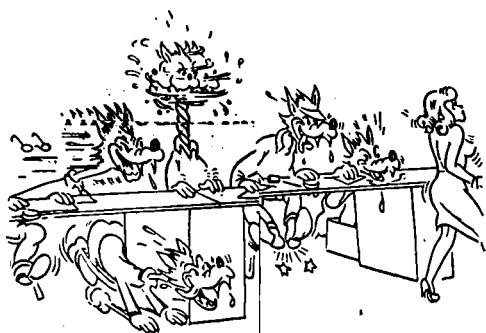
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NOW HEAR THIS!!

Here's some sad news for you who have been bothering Mr. Goud about the Veteran's Administration supplying you with everything from dictaphones to blonde secretaries. Upon consultation with the heads of all departments here on campus, it has been decided beyond a shadow of a doubt that these "machines", etc., are not necessary to a student in pursuing his college education. The only supplies at the VA will purchase for you are those essential to you in your particular curriculum, or those required by your respective teachers of the entire class. This includes all reference books, etc. In this same category, equipment that can be used after graduation from college, such as typewriters, clothing, pens, etc. Will be provided.

Mr. Goud would like to see all you public law boys next Monday, the 24th. He has some important news for you, so be sure to be there.

In case some of you haven't seen one of those important bulletins concerning insurance, which are on all campus bulletin boards, thought it would be a good idea to reprint it here so you'd be able to notice it. "Veterans attending school in New England, by having permanent residence outside this area, are urged to keep sending their national service life insurance premium payments to the VA branch office having jurisdiction over their permanent address. If a vet desires to be billed at his school address, he should note his temporary address on the flap of the premium notice envelope, VA Form 369, marking it-TEMPORARY ADDRESS ONLY. This will insure that records remaining at the VA office in his home area. If a vet should make a premium payment as a VA collection unit in New England, he is strongly urged to give his permanent address, so that the money will be forwarded to the correct branch office and that his insurance account will be properly credited."

That suggestion box is still in the cafeteria for you vets who have some questions answered by Mr. Goud and haven't time to see him on Mondays. Just write them down and drop them in.

Faculty Facts

[Continued From Page 2]

It had become Mrs. Mazlich, whom he had met while with the US, took a trip to Mexico. When he returned in the Fall of 1945, he accepted a position as history instructor at Colby Academy, a prep school in New York City. After a year there he finally succumbed to the lure of Maine and came to the Brunswick Campus in the Fall of 1946.

SUGGESTION BOX

Always thinking of something to eat! At least that's what I gather from the suggestions we receive in that box.

Says Robert Boothby of 45 Weller Hall: "Please explain present change in eating policy. I was told by the ticket examiner that no seconds are allowed. Everyone knows that appetites vary. If you are allowed to go thru the chow line only once, more allowance should be made for varying appetites."

"Just one more—please turn on the heat in the small gym between the chapel and the University store. Thanks."

Mr. McGuire replies: "The basic rules of the dining hall as they pertain to double meals and 'seconds' has not changed. They are being, however, more closely adhered to because of the marked increase in the price of meals, and the national drive to economize on food thru reduction in amount of food eaten."

"Student have never been allowed to eat double meals as a matter of course. Because of the steady increase in this practice, resulting in unnecessary wastage of unwanted portions, plus factors mentioned above, it has become necessary to stop it altogether. 'Seconds' are permitted on vegetables, bread, milk, soup, etc., but are not permitted on meats, butter, desserts, etc. until everyone has been served. This policy is also unchanged except that certain items are either added or removed from the list depending upon availability and price. It should be remembered that the price of food is very reasonable and that many schools have adopted, or have always used, the 'cash and carry' system. We try to provide you at all times with as much food as we can for the income we receive. We will not offer inferior quality in order to increase the amounts served."

The Business Manager also said he would see about the heating question.

Another suggestion, this time from A. Nonymous: "I propose that the teachers leave off lecturing when the bell rings, not two

minutes before the next class begins."

To which Mr. French, Assistant to the Director, replies: "The foregoing anonymous proposal implies that more than one teacher, constantly, or habitually, or often detains his students after the close of the hour. This is obviously contrary to University policy. If, however, the proposal is the result of one offense by a faculty member, may God and the students forgive him!"

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"POMES"

By I. B.

The summer night will soon be here and the dark clouds Assembled on the horizon and ready

To start their majestic procession Across the sky. Tarrying here and tarrying there, Contorting themselves in Countless shapes, but they start Rolling, ever rolling Across the summer sky. The moon, in a desperate effort To light the earth at night, Silently curses the billowy

Clouds; But clouds, who never Choose their paths, as those Who have no will, are just Rolling, ever rolling Across the summer sky...

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it, In a cabin both old and medieval. A woodsman espied her, and plied her with cider, And now she's the forest's prime evil.

(The above was the brain child of one of last year's ANNEX staff, but we liked it and thought it would bear repeating!)

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Short Subjects

SUN.-MON.-TUES. Nov. 23-24-25 "SONG OF LOVE"

with Katherine Hepburn Robert Walker also

Cartoon

WED.-THURS. Nov. 26-27 "WISTFUL WIDOW OF WAGON GAP"

with Bud Abbott Lou Costello also

Short Subjects

CAMPUS CURRENTS

By Dave Macken
 The Phi Delta Chapeau held its first "outing" last Friday night with a minimum of casualties, however, wakefulness did not seem to accompany the coming of the daylight hours for a few of the members. At the meeting the Honorable Richard Barney was knocked down to a position of secretary from his temporary post as second vice president. I suppose you heard about the plight of seven Colby rooters who were apprehended in their attempt to give the Bowdoin Bear a coat of blue paint the night before the Colby-Bowdoin game. The adventure-seeking youths marched complacently into court, but expressions changed quickly when the judge declared a penalty of a few months and a fine. It is believed that the judge rescinded his verdict to some extent and let the boys out on probation but not before he had reminded the belligerents of the huge cost of removing paint from masterpieces such as the bear. Maine has been working for the championship for a long time and they really proved their greatness this year by subduing the stubborn Bates eleven in the final game of the series. Ma Nature surely took care of the water from our recent deluge in a hurry, but not before a number of unfortunates got wet feet from lack of preparedness. Somewhere it says in effect that "damage to resident halls will be paid for by the culprit," yet those holes keep appearing in the walls. Don't be surprised when the administration begins to crack down. THOUGHTS WHILE SHOWERING: Wonder if our dorm mail carriers are going to unionize as many other public servants are today. Political undercurrents are already in evidence with the election of members to the Student Senate coming up soon. Some of those essays in "Current Thinking and Writing" about college should have been read by a lot of students while they were in high school. Considerable disillusionment could have been avoided in that way. Midsemester not far off, so it would be a good idea to bring those grades up while there is still time. One of those roommates that was mentioned earlier has abandoned "Ranch Romances" and now reads comic books exclusively. It's doubtful that he will ever be reformed. Amid the shuffle of impatient feet and clatter of falling trays in the chow line, you will always hear someone grumbling about the food. Maybe these individuals should be put in the place of hungry Europeans for awhile to see what poor food actually is. In case you ever wondered how many of your cohorts stay here over the weekends, there were about 260 for lunch last Sunday.

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 Bath Road

WORLD EVENTS ROUNDTABLE

One of the most controversial issues in America today is that of Universal Military Training—should there be peace time draft or not. We dug up two experts on our staff, both veterans, and here we have their opinions. Erroll Murphy takes the stand against it and Wen Hodgkins puts forth the good points for it.

Incidentally, if you have any suggestions for topics for this section of THE MAINE ANNEX, drop 'em in the suggestion box in the PX. Ed.

By E. E. Murphy
 A man doesn't want to become embroiled in any killings; therefore he rushes out and learns how to kill. So runs the argument of the Presidential Advisory Commission on Universal Military Training. It would be laughable if so many people hadn't swallowed whole this line of thinking. They start with the premise that U M T is a military necessity for "national security" and end with the statement that there is no security unless war is abolished. Somewhere the members of this commission have gotten their signals crossed because MILITARY training will not abolish war. On the contrary, it a step toward another armaments race and toward another war. Can anyone name one instance when militarism and armaments races have kept nations from war? The only manner by which nations can be kept as peace is by training their citizens, but not for war, for PEACE.

Some of the most prevalent beliefs fostered by this commission on military training are the following: The supporters of this commission state that it is necessary to have a huge mass of fighting men trained, equipped, and ready to go into action. Almost in the same breath they state that, due to the modern world of atomic warfare, these men must be dispersed and decentralized. How a mass can be decentralized, (and still remain a mass), I haven't yet learned. They state that a war will be "cataclysmic in its suddenness and in its destructiveness". They state that the first day "would result in the crippling or destruction of our largest cities, the elimination

of our most essential production facilities." What they do not mention is, if war will come so suddenly, if our largest cities are razed, if our facilities are destroyed, if a large part of our population is annihilated or demoralized, what will be the use of this huge unwieldy body of men. Granted that these men will realize the necessity of observing the niceties of military courtesy, that they will not salute with a cigarette in their right hand, that they can run over an obstacle course, that they can take apart an M1 or a BAR; but will that kill R-- (Excuse me, I almost slipped)--the enemy?

It is necessary to have a military force until the United Nations can keep lasting peace. This can be accomplished by a medium-sized (one million) standing army. Rather than make the armed services a dumping ground for the illiterate of a nation, they could be respectable and respected "ambassadors of good-will" wherever they go.

By Wendell Hodgkins
 "He didn't have a chance," said Mr. John Jones, when I called on him back in 1944 to relate the sad details of the death of his son, Fred. You see, Fred was in a Seabee outfit that landed on Pelileu Island with the First Marine Division on D day, H plus 12 hours. His training, which consisted of instruction in Naval law, signaling, air-craft recognition and ship routine, had been 10 weeks of Navy boot camp at Camp Peary, Virginia. This brief training was followed by a three week course of basic infantry maneuvers at Port Huenuene, California. The United States Navy had prepared Fred Jones, in 13 weeks, for full combat duty with the First Marine Division, an organization of well-trained, experienced jungle fighters. How well I saw the bitterness that had crept into Mr. Jones' heart, because he knew, as I did, that Fred should have been given a chance.

Signed Thomas Brown
 This little story told to a father about his son is only a small example, among thousands, of the needless waste of human life in

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CAMPUS CUTIES



CAMPUS CUTIE. Queen for the week is this lovely thing, Jane Littlefield of Kennebunk. Sorry, boys, she's spoken for!

No, it's not your imagination working overtime, she's real a goes under the name of Jane Littlefield, from Kennebunk, Maine. While staggering around the 1 floor in the right wing of Well Hall one night this week, my forward progress being seriously impeded by several recently acquired blisters a-la-basketball, I was introduced to this lovely vision, William Chase in room 25.

Here's some of the vital statistics on this week's doll. You buddies who haven't grown over five and a half feet better look elsewhere, for Jane is five feet ten inches tall. She is 19 years old and by just looking at her you could describe her with adjectives that you would use for your own girlfriends; for she comes the closest to being the most typical looking American girl than any I've seen for a long time.

At the present, Jane is in her first year at Gorham Teachers College, and is going into her eighth year of steady with Bill. By the way, if you want more proof of her natural endowment drop into Portland one of the days and take a look at the front of the Jackson and White Studio on Congress St. There you will see, advertising the studio's work another likeness of Jane which should make you realize that it really the subject who makes the picture and not the photographer. So, to pretty, blonde Jane Littlefield we award our title of "campus cutie" of the week.

Harbor only penetrated the outer skin of the United States. A stab in the back, to the heart, would be fatal!

To those who advocate the adoption of Universal Military Training, I say -- Let us turn about with well - trained, clear - minded, fighting men and prepare to face the opposition, if and when comes.

World War II. Only because the United States would not form some type of military training, prior to World War II, did many thousands of young American boys lose their lives. The need for Universal Training is now. The United States should remain strong, to protect its interests throughout the world.

To those who do not advocate the adoption of Universal Military Training, I say, you are falling back into the decade of isolationism. With the passing of the recent war, progressive people have come to realize that there is no isolationism, the world is too small.

To those who do not advocate the adoption of Universal Military Training, I say, you are bluffing yourself if you think war is impossible. Look about you—you let a man stand up and call you "war monger", "imperialist" and you say it's only words. Hitler used words at first!

The stab in the back at Pearl

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S P O R T S . .

OUTING CLUB DRIVE GET UNDERWAY

Maine Annex Outing Club in full swing after a slow start. The week after vacation an active membership drive will be under way. All students are urged to join this club. If you like to camp, hike, skate, or take part in any social events, then the Outing Club is the place for you. We earnestly urge you to bring your membership card after vacation, a nice crisp dollar bill to cover your membership.

The second official meeting of the Outing Club was held on Nov. 12, 1947. Mr. Curtis, who is Faculty Advisor for Recreation, was present at this meeting. Mr. Curtis presented to the club plans for the coming year. The idea of the club is to give everyone an ample opportunity to take part in outdoor activities consisting of skiing, camping, skating, and various social events. It was understood at the meeting that the members will have complete charge of the outings and the club itself.

Mr. Curtis said the faculty will superimpose in the running of the club, and that it would in no way be connected with athletic. An election of officers was held the following men were elected: Don Barbor, President; Robert Miot, Vice President; Frank Frantagh, Treasurer, and Vance Barbor, Secretary. A planning committee of the following were selected: Neil Bishop, Frank Miller, and George Morse.

A third meeting was held last night in the Conference Room of the Administration Building. It was decided that a campaign drive for members will start on November 3. The dues will be \$1 for the school year. The dues do not include the cost of various trips; however, there will be enough members to cover the cost slight. There will be no charge for canvas each year with tickets. The following will have tickets in his possession: Robert Miot, room 11, building 18; Don Barbor, room 21, building 18; Har- 20; Jim Elliot, room 29, building 25; John Paskalski, room 25; Carl Leidy, room 25; and Vance Barbor, room 80, building 25.

On December 7, the Outing Club will go on an outing to top off the year. All those who have tickets will be able to go. To the interest of you skiers, Deering School is considering the use of the Dike Mountain Ski Lodge in the Annex to be used when Deering High is not using it. Keep on the various bulletin board for more information on the Outing Club. There will be a time in store for all members and don't forget your dues.

The following announcement appeared in the society section of the prominent newspaper: "Mrs. Appendown and Mrs. Shudai performed a duet in church, 'The Lord is My Friend.'" "Why."

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MEET YOUR BASKETBALL COACH

By Barnaby McAuslin
This week basketball gets underway. We are proud to have as our basketball coach, the man who was responsible for Maine's terrific line, Coach Zabilski.

Coach Zabilski graduated from La Salle Academy of Providence. At this school he holds a various number of records. They are the shot put, discus, javelin, and the hammer. He also played on the football and basketball teams.

He graduated from Boston College where he played in the Cotton Bowl and the Sugar Bowl. In the Cotton Bowl, Boston College lost to Clemson 6 to 3, while they defeated Tennessee in the Sugar Bowl 19 to 13. In his freshman year at Boston College, he won here the track events which he had won at La Salle.

During the war, he served in the Naval Aviation program. He served aboard the converted carrier U.S.S. Bogue. This ship received the Presidential Citation for sinking more subs than any other ship in the war. In athletics during his stay in the Navy, he coached and played his football team to victory in the Lily Bowl in Bermuda.

At the present time he is working for his Master's Degree at the University of Maine. His Annex basketball team was undefeated last year, and he hopes that he can keep that record this year.

Last year several good basketball players were observed in inter-mural play. He urges that all fellows join an inter-mural team.

I believe that Coach Zabilski can keep his record clean, and I wish him the best of luck this year.

Phi Delta Chapeau

[Continued From Page 1]

they would attempt to carry it to the Maine Campus next year. He placed particular emphasis on the fact that this is not a drinking club, as is whispered by some of the lowlife, but a club with the highest ideals ever advocated.

Uga Uga Boo, Uga Boo Boo Uga.

Many of you fellows around campus may not realize it, but pool is also an athletic activity. A keen eye on the old cue stick has netted a nest egg of cash for such experts like Willie Hoppe. Any Hoppes in the crowd? A couple men I've asked with seem to think so!

SPORTS SIDELIGHTS

To all persons who are interested, the Rifle Range is now open to all Maine Annex and Bowdoin students for small target practice. All students are warned to approach this area from the road only and to remain away from the wooded area East of this section.

It looks like a great year for all the students who join the Outing Club. This will be your chance to enter the top club at the University of Maine. So tell your friends to join up the week after vacation.

There is a big dance in the making fellows! It will come shortly before Christmas vacation. We know all you hungry wolves will be there in flying colors. Keep posted for latest news.

Keep your eyes out on the "Maine Bums". We hear that we have a championship skier in our midst. All of you skiers who did not sign up for the "Bums" and who are interested, see Coach Raymond for more information.

We look for a hard long battle this year in the newly formed bowling league and basketball league. Building 25 should have a crack bowling team by looks of some of the students.

Congratulations to the University of Maine Bears for their well done football season. We at the Annex take our hats off to a great team. We should like to point with pride to some men who will no doubt be a great help to Coach Allen next year. Clyde Card, Les Leggett, Dick Jordan, Joe Pruitt, Dick Barney, Russell Noyes, Clint Fecteau, Frank Goodie, and Phil Dube to mention just a few.

While on the road with the Pirates, big Hank Greenberg sleeps best in Chicago, where the management has a seven foot bed available for the lanky Smoky City slugger.

Here is a tip for all you skiers. Base wax is sometimes burned into the running surface with a blow torch. Apply wax, then heat with the torch until bubbles appear. Wipe off the bubbles with a cloth and allow to dry. An old flatiron works well for this purpose, too.

Did you know that New Hampshire defeated Army several years ago? Also that Army once smacked Bowdoin by some odd 50 points?

MEN WANTED

The newly organized campus dance band is making another appeal for a piano player, bass player and sax player. If there are any fellows talented along these lines, Bob Smith would like to see you at 6:30, Monday night, Student Union. Let's make our dance band a success.

To end up our Sports Sidelights we depart with a joke. One afternoon the Chicago Cubs were getting trounced, and after two vicious drives nearly skulled shortstop Woody English, the Chicago infielders gathered around the rookie pitcher, a gent named Gink Fowler.

English was worried and said, "Listen Gink, for Pete's sake put something on that ball before we all get killed."

Fowler turned blandly to Woody and answered, "You jes' get back there and play sho'stop. Ah'm nearer them bats 'n you are."

The Bath-Brunswick Chapter, Reserve Officers Ass'n of the U. S., will meet at 7:30 p.m. Monday, Nov. 24, in the Moulton Union, Bowdoin College.

Major James McKeen, CAC Res., will present an illustrated lecture "History of the Development of Rockets and Guided Missiles."

Former officers of all the services are invited to attend the meeting.

FOOTBALL OUTLOOK

This week we have a barrel of predictions on the important games of the weekend and a couple for the following week. Without anything to lose here we go. Louisiana to take Alabama after a stiff uphill fight 7-0. Boston College will be out to hit the victory trail again. B. C. should take St. Marys 18-13. Boston University meets Colgate for the first time. We will stick to Colgate but look for an upset. California to spank a tough Stanford 20-6. Columbia meets Syracuse and should win going away 20-6. Dartmouth tackles Princeton in a standout game in New England. The Indians by an upset 7-6. North Carolina to down Duke after coming from behind 13-9. Holy Cross to take Fordham with ease 21-6. In the top game of New England, Yale should scuttle its ancient rival Harvard, by a score of 19-7. Michigan to ride over helpless Ohio State to the tune of 32-13. Minnesota takes on a powerful Wisconsin club, but we like the Golden Gophers to pull an upset by downing Wisconsin 7-0. Notre Dame tackles a potent Tulane club, but will roll to another victory to the tune of 26-6. Penn. State will also go undefeated by trouncing on helpless Pitt 21-0. To end our predictions, we like Southern California over U.

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Day Dreams . . .

By Alvan Mersky

Fully equipped with some programs, a blackjack, a mackinaw, and a good supply of school spirit, I arrived at the Bates football field last Saturday ready to initiate my career as an usher. I wouldn't say that the bleachers were in state of confusion, but if all the misplaced spectators at that game were grains of wheat, the world's food crisis would be solved. I always thought that all there was to ushering was making sure that the prettier girls got the better seats.

It was my unfortunate pleasure to get assigned to the section where the band decided to sit while playing their concert. So the people sitting in front of the trombones were a little uncomfortable at times! What could I do about it? Some big family was having a reunion in my sphere of influence. A lot of the seats were taken by a couple of brothers named Haig & Haig; some of the other seats were reserved by a nobleman named Calvert.

By the way, it's lucky for the University of Maine that school spirit isn't solely responsible for touchdowns, or our "Bears" would come out of their games owing points to their opponents. Except for a few scattered students with built-in megaphones, I don't think even several dozen well placed thumb tacks could have gotten a rise out of the crowd. It could be that they were hypnotized into silence by the very doll-like blonde cheerleader (for whom I am going to brush up on my Emily Post and Dale Carnegie in preparation for next year,) and ex-Lewistonite Paulie Marcous, who, true to all previous rumors, really has stars in her eyes.

In the meantime, 22 pair of shoulder pads were battering at each other. Vance Norton probably has all the gory details of the game in his chronicle on page 5,

but here's a little news which I dug up via sneak methods. The football shoes of Dumbkowski, Caulomb, and Lord were really roller skates equipped with cleats!!

Came the end of the fourth quarter, and the game was over-naturally. Maine won as usual, and next on the agenda was the besieging of the goal posts. Before the horrified eyes of the Bates co-eds, one upright and the crossbar fell into Maine hands, but the Bates manpower rushed to the defense of the second upright.

In spite of the rallying call of Walt St. Onge, of the Maine campus, twin brother of our own "Chuck" St. Onge, the blood, sweat, and tears expended on our numerous assaults proved useless. I tried to calm down the Maine warriors so as to work the onslaught out on paper, but they wouldn't listen to me. Little did they know that I had once read Caesar's "Gallic Wars."

However, that wasn't the limit of my fighting for dear ole Alma Mammy. On the way back, I, and my colleagues, spied a "Scalp Maine" poster hanging from the third floor of one of the Bates dorms. Thinking the sign would look well decorating the wall of Hotel Deyo, we decided to go after it. After stationing my cohorts in various strategic positions throughout the building, I found the right room and went after

the sign. When I almost had the last square knot unsquared, I glanced over my shoulder and saw a house in the form of a man with not a very happy look on his face; obviously the room's occupant. I wouldn't say this guy was rugged, but he had shoulders the width of my Cadillac's length. Caught!!!! With a fast "Does a kid named Nickerson live here"

for a cover up, I dived under the table, up on the other side with half a left knee out the door, down the corridor, down the stairs, (gathering my fellow conspirators while in flight), into my car, and homeward bound. Perhaps had that monster been as fast as he was big you readers would have been spared the reading of this crazy column. . . .

Camera Club

(Continued from Page

the members got to know other better, a president and secretary were elected.

Mr. Oleson completed the evening by explaining the use of exposure meter and demonstrating the operation of the Medalist.

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