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The Maine Annex

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

12

Brunswick, Maine, January 16, 1948

No. 8

3 Cadets Receive Promotions In ROTC

Sergeant and Corporal Cadet Ratings Became Effective January 6th

By Maynard Miller

Effective Jan. 6th, Capt. Stephen E. Andrews, Jr., commanding officer of the Reserve Officers Training Corps, Brunswick Campus, announced that twenty-three men were promoted to cadet ranks.

Student Senate Backs March Of Dimes

By Robert Cormier

Here it is fellows! Some entertainment at last (this is not a slam on the play that was held here recently). The Student Senate is going to have a Variety Show sometime next week. Do you know anyone who has talent, or otherwise? If you do contact Bob Macri, the man with the cokes, and he will sign you up for a try out. I get out that pet act and start lining it up! Here's the best of it; the proceeds from this show will be given to the MARCH OF DIMES campaign. Good going! Please don't run to the auditorium the night of the performance! By the by, how about a try-act? I hear that there is a lot of talent among the whippersnappers.

Have you noticed anything added to the evening meals? If you haven't you should have. They started to serve coffee at these meals, good news to all of you caffeine fiends.

There is some more good news, something that I've been waiting for. I bet quite a few of you have attended those informal meetings that you go to watch for have finally red. The first one will be held on exams, February 18 (here's a piece to do some talk about those tests that you hope you don't get). The speaker hasn't been chosen as yet, but knowing Mr. DeFrees I can assure you that it will be interesting and well worth your while to attend.

Thirty pages, just think of it. Thirty whole pages about the Maine text, including pictures of just about everyone, will appear in the ISM (if you don't know what ISM is by now you never will). I'm sure all of you will want to own one and all you have to do is sign a little white card stating (you will allow Mr. Harry Gordon) (the man with all our money) (add six-fifty to your second semester bill. Every Senator has a charge card for you, so get on the list and try to make it a hundred percent. This is one of the Senators.) (Continued on page three)

Firefighters' Checks Ready At Topsham

If you smoke eaters that haven't received your pay for fire fighting last October, in the Topsham office, can get your checks now at the Selectmen's Office in Topsham. They have been ready for over a week and it would be appreciated if you would pick them up soon.

The Freshmen at the Annex are unique in being able to get promotions, as at the Orono Campus, and at other colleges where there are upper classmen who are made the leaders among EM.

Promoted to cadet sergeant were: Beach, Elwood M.; Blanchard, Benjamin S.; Bond, Vernon L.; Card, Clifford A.; Hammond, Lester W.; Marci, Bruno J.; Perkins, Charles S.; Prouty, Jordan S.; Walk, Donald C.; and Wight, Willard T.

The following men were promoted to corporal: Armstrong, Richard H.; Blake, Robert W.; Bolduc, Florian A.; Cobb, Lawrence S.; Cole, Geo. A.; La Londe, Geo. R.; Loubier, William A.; Ludden, Joseph E.; Mahoney, Ralph P.; Merrow, Harvey R.; Peabody, Lawrence C.; and Thompson, Woodbury D.

PRISM Subscription Deadline Jan. 25th

By now, most everyone has probably noticed that the artistic talents of Roger Briggs have been put to use again. Those of you who have gotten close enough to the posters have seen that they say something about a "Prism". Now the next question seems to be "What in hell is the 'Prism'?"

Here's the answer:

Each year the Junior class of the University of Maine publishes a yearbook which has been called "The Prism". Fundamentally it is a book of pictures. Pictures of your college life from the beginning to the end. It's about the best reminder of college life a person could have.

This year the staff of the "Prism" has realized that we fellows down here at Brunswick are interested more in what goes on at the ANNEX than at Orono. Consequently, they have set aside a section of over 30 pages which will be devoted to the goings-on around here: full page pics of our campus, write-ups and pics of our athletic groups and other organizations, PLUS plenty of informal shots of the "Annex" through the year.

The drive for subscriptions will continue until Jan. 25. It has to end then since the cost of the "Prism", \$6.50, is to be put on the next semester's bill of those fellows who sign up for a copy. So, everybody, sign up now. See your senators—they have the pledge cards. Make sure you get a copy of this excellent yearbook which really plays-up the "Annex".

Rep. Smith Sees Subsistence Increase

Murphy Makes Report of Washington Trip for Veterans' Committee

Erroll E. Murphy, Student Senate President, ANNEX staff reporter and chosen representative of the veteran trainees at the U of M Brunswick Campus to the Washington meeting to increase the subsistence allowance, gave a report of his trip.

Murphy was in Washington, D. C., as the Annex representative to the National Association of Veteran Trainees on December 18th and 19th. While there he was elected to two committees, the Policy Committee and the committee to raise the limit that a veteran trainee can earn outside of school. This last one was later killed because it was learned a provision was already in the Rogers Bill for this.

The first day of the meetings it was decided to keep the interim officers in their positions, three committees were appointed, the above and one to get the facts on the subsistence allowance.

Later in the day he called on Representative Margaret Chase Smith and talked with her for some time. Among other things, he asked her the possibility of the passing of the Rogers Bill, and she replied that she was in favor of it and she believed that it would be passed during this session of Congress.

On the second day, reports were submitted to the Association, permanent officers were installed, electing Jack Maughan of a Utah university as president.

Approximately 75 representatives were at the meeting, coming from 17 states of the Union.

Their purpose was to find the facts on the situation and to support the Rogers Bill, which was introduced some time ago but temporarily shelved. It provides, among other things, that single vets receive \$90.00 subsistence allowance, and married men \$125.00 plus \$15.00 for the first child and \$10.00 for each additional one.

As you remember, the veterans at the Campus met the week before vacation and voted to send Murphy as our representative. Each vet gave twenty-five cents to defray costs of the trip. Oddly enough, he almost made both ends meet!

Official Inspection Of ROTC Held

An official inspection of the ROTC was held Thurs., Jan. 8. The inspecting officers were Maj. Lawrence A. Laliberte and Maj. James D. Green, who had been designated to conduct the inspection by the commanding general of the First Army.

At the present time there are 580 U. of M. men in the ROTC, 300 of which are here at the Brunswick Campus under the command of Capt. Stephen E. Andrews, Jr.

The inspection was one in a series being conducted by the Army during this year. The inspecting officers are checking all training facilities, including class rooms, instructions, administration and supplies.

Notice

A big variety show will be held Wednesday evening starting at 7:30 in the gymnasium. There will be acts featuring men from each floor and wing of every barracks. For the benefit of the March Dimes, admission is 30 cents. Don't miss it!



PICTURED ABOVE ARE THE STUDENTS WHO RECEIVED PROMOTIONS OF CADET SERGEANT IN THE ROTC—First row, l to r: Blanchard, Hammond, Prouty, Beach and Wark. Second row: Card, Perkins, Bond, Brown and Macri. Last two: Wight, and Capt. Stephen E. Andrews, officer in charge, and 1st Sgt. Rodgers. (Photo by Norton.)

Bums Hold First Outing At Andover

If you see any Joes around the campus with particularly ruddy healthy-looking complexions, especially after a week-end, the chances are pretty good that they are members of the BUMS.

Organized a few weeks before Christmas recess, the BUMS (Brunswick University of Maine Skiers), and more formally known as the Brunswick U. of M. Freshman Ski Team, are headed by Emil Winter, president; Lee Prince, secretary; Paul Beaudry, treasurer; Robert Cormier, manager; and Stator R. Curtis, faculty advisor.

The team, the members of which now number 22, has its organization nearly completed, and has set up a workshop in the Gymnasium Building, where the members may work the various magic charms they have in store which are guaranteed to make their skis carry the team to high honors. A schedule of meets has also been nearly completed, and to date reads as follows:

Jan. 3-4 Holderness School, Plymouth, N. H.
Jan. 30-31 U. of M. Varsity at Orono.

Feb. 7 Hebron Academy at Hebron
Feb. 13-14 Orono Varsity at Dartmouth Carnival; any competent members of the BUMS will accompany the Varsity.

Feb. 20-21 I. S. U. Meet (same conditions as above).
Feb. 28-29 Bowdoin JV at Bridgton.

With the able assistance of Bill Cummings, in charge of transportation, and Paul Beaudry, food supplier. (Continued on page two)

Petition Needed For Russian Class

Considerable interest has been shown in the Russian class proposed in our last issue.

Mrs. Gordon has been kind enough to say that if such a class were permitted by the proper officials at Orono, she would be glad to be the instructor. However, she adds, she herself can do nothing about getting the class instituted herself.

Mrs. Gordon explained that the proper procedure to have a class organized in a university and have credits given for it is through the means of petition.

Burt DeFrees has been one of the most active persons in having the class started and he has agreed to be responsible for the petition. He requests that everyone who would take the class next semester, if it is possible to get it authorized, to come to see him. His address is Building 18, room 19.

This should be done immediately, as the semester is about over and there's a lot of red tape to slash through!

Director Crouse Attends Convention

Director Crouse will return to the Brunswick Campus tomorrow, Sat., Jan. 17th, after spending a week in Cincinnati, where he attended the annual meeting of the Association of American Colleges.

Director Crouse left a week ago, to be present at the Netherland Plaza Hotel, where the meetings were held, on Jan. 12th through to the 14th.

The Maine Annex

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THE EDITOR'S DESK . . .

We are living, so it seems, in an era of investigation. The daily papers are crowded with state and federal government and even newspaper reports on investigations into wartime contracts, lobbying, and un-American activities. Everybody's doing it. And so this week, we of the ANNEX Editorial Staff, perhaps hoping that we would find an issue which we might attack and, in any case, hoping to learn the facts, decided to undertake a little investigation of our own.

All five of us on the editorial staff had heard a great many unconfirmed reports to such various effects as, "The dining hall is run by a private concern, and has nothing to do with the University." "They make a killing" when only half of the student body goes to breakfast, or when we go away for week-ends." And in addition to other such reports, we all have heard complaints about the quality and quantity of the food. We also know that administrative officials have received numerous suggestions and critical letters. Therefore, we made the administration of the dining hall the subject of our investigation, and the report of our investigation is the subject of this editorial.

The administrative chain of command for the mess hall is as follows: President Hauck; the Business Manager at Orono; Mr. Maguire, the Business Manager here at the Annex; and the chief of the dining hall, Mr. Cole. We were able to learn all the facts that we needed by interviewing (WE were cross-examined) Mr. Maguire and Mr. Cole.

In the first place, we learned that the dining hall is definitely not operated by a private concern. It is as much a part of the University, from a business standpoint, as your English class.

As for the University's making a 'killing' in the dining hall, (it'd be as much a crime there as in any other place) Mr. Maguire had this to say: "There would be no point in our making a profit. Unlike the dining hall of a private school such as Bowdoin, which must realize a profit, our dining hall is self-supporting. That is to say, it only has to operate on a policy stringent enough to prevent us from going into the red, and not to make a profit.

"Disregarding our honesty," he said, "if we did make a profit it would be very unwise and equally impossible for us to pocket it. The state auditors go over our books with a fine tooth comb. They spent three weeks here last year. Furthermore, since the University is tax supported, do you think that your parents would be willing to take a tax increase so that we might make a profit?"

Satisfied with the answer to his first question, our interviewing reporter continued his examination of Mr. Maguire by asking him about the quality of the food, and informing Mr. Maguire that it is generally believed that the quality has decreased.

"I have talked with the Business Administrators of several other schools and have seen the quality and quantity of food served in the dining halls of several other schools, and I have found that the quality and quantity of food that we serve here is by far superior. Rising prices have, of course, affected the quality."

The food, incidentally, is bought wherever the best 'buy' is to be had within the limits of New England. If the best bargain is in Boston, then the purchase is made there.

"Some of the students," the reporter said to the Business Manager, "don't understand how the University can help from making a profit when only about half of the students eat breakfast or when they go away for a week-end. Furthermore, they don't consider it a good business principle to pay for something they don't receive."

"It is completely left to the individual as to whether he wants to

(Continued on page four)

CAMPUS CURRENTS

By Dave Macken

And it came to pass in the city of Brunswick that nights of gaily, days of slumber and all dissipation came to an end. Yes, it's back to the books after a couple reckless weeks . . . Some of the late arrivals must have had a job to find their barracks, which were nestled behind banks of new fallen snow, when they got back here last week . . . Say, our Orono cousins took a little wind out of the sails with that last period drive the other night. Coach Zablski took the loss well, but omnipresent, sultry Robert Raymond wasn't reached for comment . . . The English department really pounces on those electrifying adjectives and expressions that they refer to as "not being exact" don't they? . . . You should try to get over to Bowdoin sometime to see Merrow when there is a swimming meet. He really makes time in the water with those smooth powerful strokes . . . Now that hockey has gotten underway, all that the boys can do is hope for a few good breaks from the weather which just don't come here in Maine . . . Vociferous John Fortunato may shout a bit, but you know what the foul is anyway. Maybe a few more of the gents in the striped shirts should make their decisions known . . .

Thoughts While Showering: Be on the lookout for political unrest hereabouts as soon as the mayor of the campus campaigns get in full swing . . . Those late hour poker games provide about the only activity in this area Saturday nights . . . Maine held Rhody the other night to quite a low score, but what will be the results when Keaney brings his prized Rams to Orono later on? . . . You can also be on the lookout for a hike in expenses next semester. Any hikes though, and it will be the end for some of the boys. They've tapped the reserve already . . . Not such a long chow line now sometimes. Could it be that the boys are a little wary of Old Man Winter with his sharp, biting breath . . . Some mighty attractive calendars around signifying the presence of the new year . . . Except to see some-body try to take a short cut up over that huge pile of snow in the parking lot with his car pretty soon . . . Along the political trail, I imagine you saw that Stassen is going to speak at Bowdoin the last of January. If you are taking Arts and Sciences it would be well for you to try to hear him. It would surely help in a social science or history class . . . Some of the fellows must be studying conscious because the gym hasn't been filled to capacity yet for a game. Plenty of standing room around the sides . . . Couldn't imagine what one of the professors was doing a dance for the other day until it was found that he was battling a little patch of glare ice.

ROLAND and ANDY'S
 Fried Clams
 French Fries
 55 Maine Street
 Brunswick, Maine

FACULTY FACTS

By Wendell Hodgkins

This week as guest reporter for "Faculty Facts", I had the pleasure of interviewing a woman member of the faculty.

Miss Nancy D. Libby of the English Department started on her career by graduating from Cony High School. She attended Colby College from which she received her Bachelor of Arts degree. (She wouldn't tell me the year of graduation, but confidentially it was 1936. Reference: U of M Bulletin 1947:48.) While at college she was a member of Khi Omega sorority and the "Cap and Gown".

Miss Libby taught English in the secondary schools of South Berwick and Kittery after her graduation. She received her Master of Arts degree from Columbia University in 1942.

On June 5, 1943 Miss Libby enlisted as a U. S. Naval "cadette" and received her officer's training at Smith College from which she received her commission as Ensign. Her naval service was spent in Washington, D. C., where she held the capacity of Navy Station Development Officer, and handled all requisitions for construction, over \$20,000, on experimental and developmental naval air stations.

Miss Libby was separated from the Navy as a Lieutenant (j.g.) in March of 1946. After a short trip to Mexico during her terminal leave, she came to the U of M Annex. This is Miss Libby's second year here on the campus.

At sometime in the future she hopes to use her G. I. Bill of Rights for the preparation needed for her doctor's degree.

Music Appreciation

On every Friday evening there is no conflicting event of importance. Mr. Happ of the E department plays selected recordings and conducts an informal discussion on the works are chosen for the evening Conference Room on the second floor of the Administration building at seven o'clock.

Selections are taken from collections of Mr. Happ and Wence. Happ has already played "Harold In Italy" by Beethoven and Brahms' "Piano Concerto 2" with program notes. As other surpassing pieces, he is to present in a future program beautiful music of "Romeo and Juliet". Happ extends a cordial invitation to everyone to attend programs which usually last a one hour.

BUMS HOLD FIRST—

(Continued from page one) plies, the club was able to make practice trip last Sunday to E Mountain Ski Slope at Andd Maine. Thirteen candidates for team made the trip, and in spite unfavorable conditions, notably biting wind, time trials were run for an open slalom run. The suits of these and later time trials are to be used in selecting the team to represent the club at meets. On the completion of last Sunday trials, President Winter said as far as he could see, the club has among its numbers at least four men who should stack up favorably with just about anything that the other schools have to offer.

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ON YOUR CAMPUS . . .

UNIVERSITY STORE CO., INC.

CAMPUS CUTIES



I've gotten many a rap on the knuckles in the past in disapproval of my chosen bits of beauty, but this week's dolly should bring nothing but "ah's" and "ah's" from even my most expert critics.

My vision for this week is tagged Virginia Reynolds, a 21 year old bean from Mt. Kisco, New York. She's the future wife (a la next Thanksgiving) of Colby Swan, master of ceremonies in Room 19 of Dawson Hall. Cupid hit this couple with an axe in one of Mt. Kisco's grocery shops, where friend Colby was looking for a rare kind of apple on dowdy whilst visiting from his nearby hometown of Bedford Hills. Gorgorous Ginny is built from ground up through 135 lbs of glorious interesting dimensions to feet 7 3-4 inches of amazon loveliness. Nature has also endowed her with very green eyes and very brown hair—a very rare combination for a very lucky Mr. Swan.

In case any of you coke boozers are a few handy nickels (we hear the Senate's working for a reason, the five cent coke—so what, coffee right go up to a dime), ring Mt. Kisco on the "Ameche" and you will hear Ginny's delicate voice, as she works on the local telephone exchange.

But don't go away—she has beautiful! Colby's roommates humbly endorsed Virginia's bi-monthly packaged donations of toll house goodies, chocolate fluffies, etc., to Room 19. The tasty tidbits usually arrive on a Thursday—just getting in line on Wednesday night. Don't forget to bring your beverage schlitz sops, although you probably won't be the least bit giggly after one of our ultra-nutritious feeds a la mess hall.

For a Quick Bit . . .
and a Good Bite

Meet me at
SKY-WAY
SANDWICH BAR
J of M Campus Entrance
Open 5 P. M. to 1 A. M.

POMES

JUST NONSENSE

By Edwin T. Carter

I

As I sit alone in silence
And the hour is three in the morn,
I think of the hours that seem
like weeks
From darkness until dawn.
I think of the movements I've
wasted,
Of the hours I've sat here in vain;
I think of the work I could do
within
When, outside there is nothing but
rain.
But I seem to be making no progress

Just sitting here thinking in vain,
So I'll end all this that I've started
And start all over again.

II

Now with my thoughts gathered
newly
And the power to fight 'till I win,
I'll try to write what I'm thinking
And fill it with vigor and vim.
I'd like to write about poetry,
But poetry's no good in itself;
It's like nailing up the brackets,
But forgetting to put up the shelf.
I could write a short short story,
But I'm sure that wouldn't do;
It's like buying some sturdy shoe-
strings,
But forgetting to buy the shoe.

III

So since I'm just sitting here think-
ing,
And thinking seems so in vain;
I'll put on my clothes and NO rain.
coat,
And go walking in the rain.
And when I have finished my walk-
ing
I'll undress and get ready for bed,
I'll lay with my head at the foot
end
And rest with my feet at the head.
And since what I've written this
morning
Doesn't seem to make any sense,
It's like putting a dow out to pas-
ture,
But forgetting to put up the fence.

IT'S TRUE, BY GOSH! HAUNTS!

By Don Povich

Peace and quiet reigned in the ANNEX office last Monday night when out of the blue it happened.
The wind was howling outside and the mercury was going down, down, down. As Harry Percival was making his way to the chem lab he happened to glance at the stars shiing over the Adm. build-
ing. Not long after (about three seconds) he came screaming into the ANNEX crying, "He's up there."
"Up where? What up where?" we asked.
"That guy is up there and I saw him."

Again we replied, "What is up where?"
"That fool Indian, I thought you guys made that story up."
"Oh!" we answered, "Of course he's up there. He's on the roof almost every night."
Harry countered with, "I asked Miss Libby and she told he was just a brainstorm student who spends all of his time writing that would-be paper."
"Well, you tell Miss Libby and anyone else who asks that the ANNEX staff officially proclaims that Injun Joe, as we like to call him, does exist and that we went to a lot of trouble to prove it and we

Student Senate

(Continued from page one)
ate's pet projects. Lets help them out, what do you say? Attention vets, here's bad news. You don't get this under the G.I. Bill. Sorry.
There's something big coming up. There must be, because there is going to be a Senate investigation pretty soon. Just think of it, a Senate investigation all our own. Washington has nothing on us.
defy anyone to prove otherwise. Furthermore, if anyone proves that Brunswick is not haunted by a lost tribe of Indians we will guarantee that he gets free, absolutely free, a copy of the MAINE ANNEX each and every week."

OUTFITTERS TO COLLEGE MEN

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OUT OF THE PAST

— with —
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Jane Greer

News Short Subjects

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BODY AND SOUL

— with —
John Garfield
Lilli Palmer

News Short Subject

Wed.-Thurs. Jan. 21-22

BLACK GOLD

— with —
Anthony Quinn
Katherine DeMille

NEWS MARCH OF TIME

.. DANCING ..

Bath Community Center - 186 Front Street
FRIDAY, JAN. 16th — OLD TIMERS' NIGHT
SAT., JAN. 17th — Don Spear's Orchestra of Portland
VED., JAN. 21st—Wayne Drinkwater's 12-piece Orchestra
return by popular demand

THE EDITOR'S DESK . . .

(Continued from page two)

eat every meal or not. However, we know that there would always be some who wouldn't eat every meal for which they have paid, and therefore those meals served to a smaller number than usual are considered in determining the necessary cost of board for the individual. If every student ate every meal for which he has paid, the cost would be far in excess of what it now is. "The cost of board for one week is now ten dollars. If the saving from meals which are not eaten were not considered, the cost would be twelve dollars or more.

"As for paying cash at each meal, in what restaurant can you pay cash, and then be given seconds on anything, even if they are on hand, without increasing the price of your meal? Whenever we can give seconds on anything to the boys, we are glad to do it."

It may be of interest to the reader to know that it was unnecessary to check one meal ticket here last year because the number of students who went to every meal was always less than the number of meal tickets that had been purchased. This year, however, the number of men who went through the chow line was greater at every meal than the number of tickets that had been bought, until ticket-checking was started.

If time and space permitted, we would like to express our opinion—since that is what an editorial is for—about perennial 'gripers'. cursorily, we would like to opine that any food tastes better when one doesn't eat it while sitting next to someone who is continually complaining.

Although we will not relax our vigil, we are convinced that if we would find any corruption we can attack, we will have, to look a little farther away from home. E. L. G.

Tragedy In 30 N

By William Robertson

As he stepped to the front of the room, Hubert Weeknees felt the tension mounting in the classroom. His throat was dry; his breath came in quivering gasps; the class was a sea of swimming faces. This was no ordinary speech, this was the final—the hair that divides the true and the false.

Hubert's mouth opened, and immediately closed with a low moan. Once again the quivering lips parted, giving vent to a rush of concentrated gibberish. At long last the gibberish slowed to an unintelligible string of monosyllables, and Weeknees was launched into his speech.

Everything ran smoothly for two minutes; Weeknees no longer faced the class. In his ungauces stood a fiery voiced combination of Cicero, Churchill, and Mazlish. The words seethed about the audience, carressing, compelling, driving. The tempo quickened, and the listeners found themselves raised to a fever pitch. Each man felt the blood pounding at his temples; each fought the wild desire to leap from his seat and cheer—that is, all but one.

The crucial moment was at hand. Weeknees realized that now was the time: he had the audience softened, putty to be molded as he wished. Taking a deep breath, Hubert threw himself into his final master-stroke. Suddenly his resonant voice trailed off into a high strangled gargle; his lower jaw swung helplessly to and fro; his eyes became strangely goitrous. With his gaze fastened hypnotically on the seat directly behind the teacher, Hubert's head was undulating slowly from side to side. There, in the seat, sat a small, dark haired individual calmly sewing. That in itself was not so strange; the odd factor was that the fellow had no thread; in fact, he had no needle. It is doubtful if that alone would

have caused the complete collapse that Weeknees underwent, but the final straw was that the character was intent upon sewing his hand to his forehead, running the stitches through his hand, into his brow, and so out the back of his head.

Mustering inhuman strength, Hubert tore his eyes away from the fiend in the rear, fastened them on the floor, and began anew. In the middle of the now useless punch line he could stand it no longer. Glancing up, he was again staggered by the sight that met his gaze. The dwarf was now slumped deep in his chair, reading a comic book, and picking his teeth with a zoology scalpel. Hubert's collapse this time was terrible to behold. He crumbled mentally and physically, and the final effect was not unlike that of a wet dishrag supported by two pipe cleaners.

However, and this act of courage will go down in the annals of history, Weeknees once more pulled himself together. White-faced, trembling, and sweating profusely, he began—his eyes riveted on the ceiling. He might just as well have gone back to his seat. With the second word his eyes were drawn back to the fatal corner, and there the demon was serenely doing a soft-shoe dance on the seat of his chair. The inevitable happened; the monster had done his work well. With a high, hysterical laugh Hubert fell writhing to the floor.

However, this story has a happy ending; Weeknees got his revenge. And that is why, my friends, the little imp may be seen skipping nimbly about the base sporting a brand new shiner.

(Editor's Note: Any resemblance between an actual person and the above character is not a coincidence!)

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Mess Hall Memoirs

By Dave "Rag" Powers

Mess Hall Memories sounds like a good name for a column doesn't it; well, Mersly thought so, so that's the name.

Well, it was certainly a great feeling to get back to the ole' college "campus" after the holiday vacation; these stately, majestic, and historic buildings are certainly impressive—all thirty of them. I got out of the car, slung my sea bag over my right shoulder, balnaced two suitcases with one hand, and started toward my cell in block 17. Expecting a royal welcome, I barged into my room; but what did I find—my room-mate, Bob Tarry, slouched over in a chair, resting after a two weeks' spree. The thing that struck me most, though, was the fact that my room has been re-decorated; it's a two tone job now—light and nauseating—the color, guess what? Beautiful battleship gray. Well, enough of this is too much so let's get down to the business at hand.

The first thing to get off my chest—small as it may be, the chest, I mean—concerns the College Book Store. Of late it seems that that place has a tremendous attractive force for my meager financial assets. When I had to pay 40c for a thin cardboard theme folder, I almost dropped in my tracks. The pay-off, though, came when I reluctantly submitted to the payment of \$2.60 for about twenty-five sheets of drawing paper—man, I'd almost rather use toilet paper instead, but then again, I don't think Mr. Nason would approve.

The latest word from the Annex at Orono has it that the fraternities up there are trembling in their tracks in expectation of the arrival of Clint Fecteau and his Chapeaux; it is said that the competition this new organization will induce will have a decided bearing on the fraternity enrollments next year. Clint, as you probably know, is the "High Hat" of the Phi Deltas, and when asked to comment on this situation, his only words were, "We'll have a short meeting at 7:30". That Clint is a versatile fellow is a well known fact, not only is he active in fraternity activities, but also he is active in the Student Senate, but fame has not gone to his head and to his friends he is still Senator Fecteau, Great Gusto, to his intimate boys.

I saw quite a few of our prominent scholars at the highoe-down at Brunswick Friday last. Among those attending the swell square dance sponsored by the Congregational Church were Burt DeFrees,

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WORLD EVENTS ROUNDTABLE

By Erroll E. Murphy

At the recent conference in Washington of the National Association of Veterans Trainees, two main issues or problems were faced. One was the immediate problem of getting more subsistence; the other was the long range problem of forming an organization of college students to work together on any future needs of college veterans.

On the immediate problem of a greater amount of subsistence, the Association decided to back the bill introduced by Massachusetts' Rep. Edith Nurse Rogers, chairman of the Veterans Affairs Committee. This bill provides \$90 for single men; \$125 for married men, with \$15 for the first child, and \$10 for each additional child. The fact that the Association is backing the bill by no means assures its passage. There is another bill, the Mead bill, in Congress which provides for a flat \$10 increase in all veterans' subsistence. The Mead bill has been through the Senate and is now in the House committee. Rep. Rogers brought the Mead bill out on the floor for unanimous approval just before Christmas vacation. A bill that is brought up for unanimous approval can be defeated by only one vote. That vote was supplied by Rep. Rich (Rep.) of Pennsylvania. He gave as his reason for voting against the bill, the fact that that session of Congress was meeting to provide interim aid to Europe and nothing else.

There is little doubt that a bill raising subsistence will be passed during this session of Congress. This is election year. Besides, Congress realizes that the present amount of subsistence is inadequate. The main problem is to get one of these bills out of committee and on the floor. This can only be done by a letter campaign to your representatives and to the Speaker of the House.

Probably neither of these bills will go through Congress as it is now. The Mead bill will probably be amended to incorporate in it some of the details of the Rogers bill.

A person would have thought two weeks ago that veterans subsistence would be one of the first things on the agenda of Congress; now it looks as though Congress may hold the bill up till the last moment and then pass it just before election in

Ted Stackhouse, Joe Evens, Elwood Beach and the biggest square of them all, a physics instructor named Cliff Little.

the fall "to do something for the veterans".

The second problem at the conference was solved by the continuance of the National Association of Veteran Trainees to act as a coordinating agency for college veterans.

The organization split the country into four regions of twelve states each and each region elected a regional coordinator. The regional coordinator will keep college delegates informed of any legislation concerning veterans.

The organization split the country into four regions of twelve states each and each region elected a regional coordinator. The regional coordinator will keep college delegates informed of any legislation concerning veterans.

A national president was elected whose duties are to direct the affairs of the whole Association and to call meetings when he deems it necessary.

None of the officers will have any salary. It was voted to assess each state \$5, payable to the president at the next meeting. At that time the president will make a report of all his expenses.

Each state or college may send as many delegates as it wishes, but each state has only two votes. The voting delegates are chosen by ballot from individuals from each college.

Those were the main points of the meeting. I will be at the regular meeting of the Computers Club on Monday, January 19, at 7 o'clock, Building 19D. I will report again on my recent trip to Washington. All veterans are invited to attend.

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.. S P O R T S ..

Maine JV's Hand Annex First Defeat 60 To 57

By Hugh Lord
A last period drive by the Maine JV's proved too much for the Annex basketball team as the JV's collected 60-57 win. With one minute and twenty seconds to go the score was tied at 55-55. Guardsman Larry Mahaney put the Annex ahead 57-55 with a counter from the side, only to have Freddy Thurlow of the JV's tie it up a few seconds later with a neatly tapped in rebound. The pace became blistering at this point, and with thirty-five seconds to go Frank McCormick sank a 12 ft shot to put the flashy quintet from Orono in the lead 58-57. Then Bob Kelly of the JV's clinched the game with a few seconds to go by sinking a long one to make it 60-57, the final score.

The game started out as just another Annex victory with the boys from Brunswick leading 23-16 at the quarter, 39-27 at the half, and 42 at the three quarter mark. In the final stanza the Orono five changed the picture by starting a spirited drive which didn't let up until the final whistle had blown and the game was won.

The scoring was evenly divided between both clubs with ten Annex players sinking counters while nine JV's contributed to their final 60. In Kelsey dropped in 12 points to lead the Annex five and Bob Kelly, forward, was high man for the JV's with 13.

Highlights of the game: The JV's went wild when Mahaney's shot from the side swished through the Annex in the lead momentarily. Ed Gott was a threat to the JV's as he continually checked their shots and gathered in rebounds off the defensive backboard. Both teams displayed good passing attacks. The Annex forwards scored time after time by driving under the hoop with fast dribbling. Coach Zabilisky and Coach Raymond will be out to revenge this defeat in the return match with the JV's.

Maine J. V.'s (60)			
Name	fg	ft	tp
Thurlow, f	3	1	7
McCormick, f	1	4	6
Kelly, f	3	7	13
Cormack, f	2	4	8
Winsworth, f	1	0	2
Thurard, c	1	2	4
Ed, c	3	0	6
Th, c	0	0	0
Chelder, g	0	0	0
Johnson, g	0	0	0
Bech, g	4	3	11
Mahaney, g	1	1	3
Totals	19	22	60

Maine Annex (57)			
Name	fg	ft	tp
Small, g	2	0	4
Woodbury, g	1	0	2
Kelsey, g	0	1	1
Mahaney, g	3	1	7
Totals	6	2	14

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Annex Downs

Hebron 60 To 43

The Maine Annex jumped back into the victory column with a hard earned victory over Hebron Academy 60-43.

Coming back fast after their defeat Saturday night, the quintet started slowly, but soon began a scoring drive that the Hebron five could not match.

Immediately after the tap, Mahaney dropped one through. The plays were very fast, but little scoring was done by either team. Both teams made several very bad passes, and the period ended with the Annex leading 10-8.

Scoring was slow in the second period. Goodie scored two quick baskets for the Annex, but Hebron jumped back into the game, making it a tense see-saw battle. The score was tied for a while 18-18, but then Hebron moved ahead, and just before half time Kelsey tied it up with a one hand push shot. The half ended with the teams in a 20-20 deadlock.

After the half Kelsey and Adams started a scoring drive that caught Hebron with neither belt nor suspenders, although Meberber and Bradley worried the Annex five for a time. The Annex held a 36-33 lead at the three-quarters mark.

The whole Annex team scored in the last period. Small scored the first basket, followed by Adams' two, and a pair by Kelsey. A stand-out shot was made by Morrell from mid-court; Kelsey was high scorer with 17, Adams had 11, and Mahaney had 8. Three men, Webber, Bradley, and Kupper scored 37 of Hebron's 43 points.

Annex			
Name	fg	ft	tp
Adams	10	2	22
Leet	4	1	9
Dentremont	3	3	9
Goodie	2	1	5
Kelsey	4	0	8
Small	0	2	2
Goot	0	1	1
Morell	0	0	0
Mahaney	2	0	4
Jewett	5	0	10
Plummer	0	0	0
Chase	1	0	2
Totals	31	10	72

Washington State			
Name	fg	ft	tp
Graham	5	4	14
Alley	0	2	2
Longfellow	1	0	2
Estabrook	2	3	7
Reynolds	6	0	12
Gardner	2	0	4
Small	0	2	2
Elkhorn	1	1	3
Sawyer	4	0	8
Totals	21	12	54

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Sport Sidelights

This week we will give you the won and loss records of the Western Maine basketball teams in class L. This record includes only the games played against Maine teams. It also does not include the records of the games played against Prep schools, etc.

Portland	4	0
Biddeford	3	0
Morse	4	1
Rockland	6	2
S. Portland	4	2
Deering	4	2
Cheverus	3	1
Thornton	3	1
Westbrook	4	3
Lewiston	3	3
Edward Little	2	4
Rumford	1	3
Brunswick	0	5

Now we will stick our neck out to bring you our tournament teams. Portland, Biddeford, Morse, South Portland, Cheverus, Westbrook, Deering, and Rockland.

The Annex squad had their best trip Tuesday when they played Hebron Academy. They had a scrumptious dinner, and after the game they went for a swim in the swimming pool (indoors of course). Tuesday night the Annex tackles Bridgton and should win this one. In February we look for the Annex to revenge the defeat handed them by the Maine J. V.'s.

The Annex Ski Bums have another new date to be added to their schedule. On Feb. 21, they have a meet with Edward Little of Auburn.

The top sport of the campus has been overlooked and that is the pin-

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Coach Raymond

Announces Schedule

The following schedule for the use of the Ice Hockey Rink has been announced by Coach Raymond.

Week Days	
Monday	
4:30-5:30	Informal hockey
6:30-8:00	Varsity hockey
8:00-9:30	Recreational skating
Tuesday, same as Monday.	
Wednesday, same as Monday.	
Thursday, same as Monday.	
Friday, same as Monday.	
Weekends	
Saturday	
9:00-12:00	Reserved hockey
12:00-4:00	Recreational hockey
4:00-8:00	Informal hockey
8:00-9:30	Recreational
Sunday	
9:00-12:00	Recreational skating
Afternoon and evening will be the same as for Saturday.	

- General Notes**
- During the periods reserved for recreational skating there must not be any playing of hockey.
 - The hours during which the rink is not scheduled are for maintenance.
 - Periods of recreational skating will include any of your friends in and around Brunswick as well as students.

ball machine. This seems to attract more attention than any other sport.

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DAY DREAMS . . .

By Sid Folsom

Ah, the joys of being a Christmas mailman! The thrill of approaching a cheerily lighted home with a parcel of joyous Christmas greetings! And the hustle and bustle of Christmas, the spirit of giving, and Christmas greetings everywhere, possibly accompanied by hot coffee and doughnuts at the more hospitable homes along the mail route! Such were the thoughts that filled my mind a few months ago. It seemed that something was calling me to take part in this human representation of the spirit of giving, and all that is Christmas. Then my mind was made up. I would resist the temptations offered by ski trips and continuous dates, and plunge myself body and soul into Christmas.

I knew well that there would be much in the classification of red tape to be cut in the realization of my noble ambition, but I was ready. I filled out application after application, assuring whoever reads those applications that I had once been born, and at the time of writing had in my possession brown hair and two eyes. Then I returned home to await notification. In a short time I received a letter telling me where, when, and why to report.

In the course of time I had been sworn in, given instructions, and assigned a definite time to report for work. At last, I thought, I was well on the way to becoming one of those wonderful people known as Christmas mailmen. Little did I know! It's been said that ignorance is bliss. I guess that's why I was so happy.

Arriving at the Post Office at the ungodly hour of 7 A. M. the next Saturday morning, I waited for my assignment. Time passed. Had they forgotten me? It seemed that there were several of us there in the same predicament. More time passed, and still no assignment. Then the word came. Due to a slackening of business, there would be no work for us. Alas! And I

had waited so long. My dreams were shattered. But perhaps I might receive some consolation by immediately engaging in some form of social activity. Quickly I consulted The Little Black Book, and before long, thoughts of Christmas work were far from my mind, and in their place were visions of a beautiful girl, a car, and a swell time. I dug a nickel from my pocket to finance a phone call. Suddenly a voice boomed at me. Had I signed up for Christmas work? The answer could be nothing but "Yes!" Did I want to work? I started to reply negatively, but first I sneaked a quick look at my billfold. Empty! My heart sickened. No money! No date! My chances to work fading rapidly before my eyes! As a drowning man clings to anything that floats, I answered my interrogator with a desperate "Yes!"

And so it was that I went to work on an outlying route of a branch Post Office. To set the keynote of my work, I started things-off by taking the wrong bus that morning. After riding many miles in the wrong direction, I came to my senses and climbed off the bus. Financially embarrassed, I walked to work that morning. My deliveries were begun 3 hours later than scheduled. As it was Saturday, we made short runs, and the day was rather a short one. All in all, I hadn't put in a very hard day when I punched the time clock that afternoon. I returned home, joyous in my new occupation, and undaunted by thoughts that harder days and heavier loads were yet to come. I was at peace with the world, and I made ready for a gay and carefree weekend.

I took a dimmer view of matters, however, on Monday morning when I arose at 5:30 A. M. in order to be at work by seven. At 7:10 I was walking my route, barking back at all the little dogs that challenged me in the pre-dawn darkness. I wonder what the neighbors thought. After walking my route 3 times that day and wishing everybody a Merry Christmas 3 times, I met those same little dogs again, near the end of my route, a little after 5 P. M. We barked another greeting and remarked to each other upon the fact that it got dark very early those days.

The next two days, Tuesday and

Wednesday, passed rather uneventfully, and I grew accustomed to the cold winds, the early hours, long walks, and envelopes too big for the slot. As I left work Wednesday for a wonderful Christmas, I was informed that I would work on the following Friday. Things were brightening up, I thought. Perhaps I might earn a little more than my Christmas expenses amounted to. Friday morning, however, found

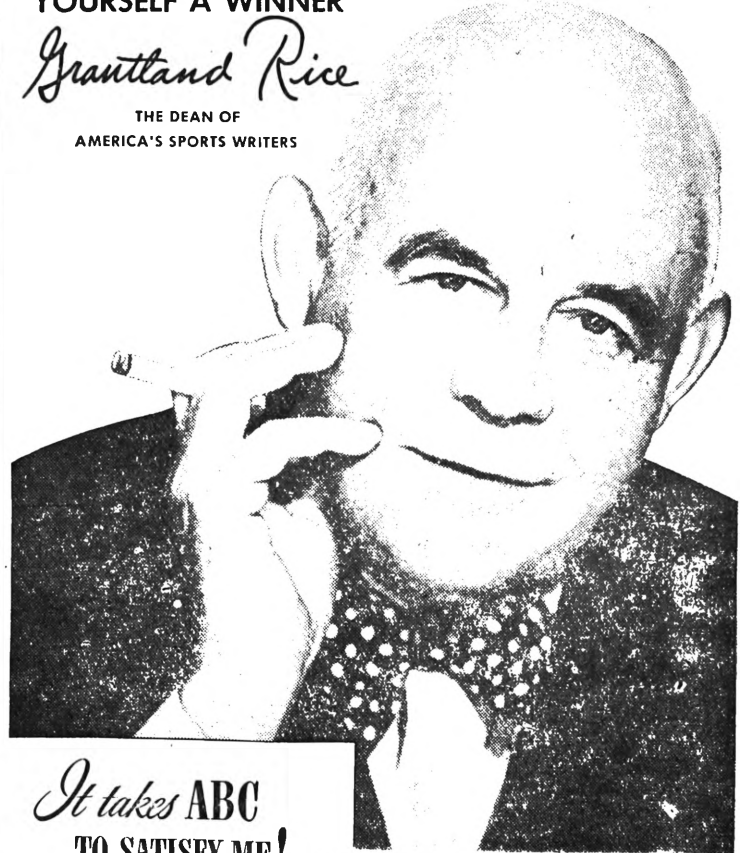
me in another frame of mind. After all-night Christmas celebrations, followed by 2 hours of sleep, I was in no condition to deliver mail. In the course of the day I fell asleep 6 times, missing my bus stop twice, and not getting much work done. I was too sleepy to notice anything, even the unusually heavy load of mail. At 6 P. M. I punched out, said good-bye to everyone, and staggered home, tired and thoroughly

disillusioned. A few days later, still disillusioned, I stopped by the Post Office to collect my pay check. I looked at the amount in amazement, and then walked away quickly. If they wanted to pay me that much for the work I'd done, I sure wasn't going to argue with them. I cashed the check, and as I tucked the money safely away in my billfold, I decided that it hadn't been such a strenuous Christmas after all.

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