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

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STUDENTS COMMENT ON FIRST ISSUE

The Maine Annex

Brunswick, Maine, November 7, 1947

No. 2

TRYOUTS HELD FOR MASQUE THEATRE

The Maine Masque Theatre of the Brunswick Annex this week was again trying for their fall production, "State of the Union." "State of the Union" will open with a recent successful Broadway run and is only this month's "State of the Union" was released. It is hoped that this play will be played by girls from Brunswick and Bath.

This year all plays are now being held in one of the rooms in the Administration Building, and the play will be held on the auditorium early in December for the students, faculty, and out-

genuinely interested. Anyone interested in the techni-

cal phase of the theatre work is

asked to contact Mr. Hanson of the Speech Department. A play is only as good as its technical crew which means electricians, stage bands, stage manager, property, and make-up department.

Remember, you do not have to be an actor to be an active member of the Maine Masque of the Brunswick Annex.

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

DEAN WEIMAN

Mr. R. E. Weiman, Dean of Men for the University of Maine, will speak here at the Administration Building Wednesday morning at 10:45. The program will be open to all students and the audience will be followed for class.

Bughouse and Bedlam Combine

To Make Maine Annex Staff

By Donald Povich

If you hear a noisy clamor and see the roof of the Administration Building shag the shrill, while the walls are doing the shrill, it's not Mighty Mouse battling Shredders, but the famous 8-mm film playing Miss Lane, but the Maine Annex staff is at work.

The base voice you hear over the tin is that of our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Melchior with "La Ci Darem La Maoi". (Where's he?) In one hand he holds a telephone trying to get business with the Brunswick Record and the other red pencil that will probably ruin this column. To back up my melody I have a choral phrase from the record song saying, "We want by-lines;" this song is the work of a hard-driven man with one eye on the typewriter and the other on the poster. The man who is responsible for this girl is Mr. Robertson, our managing editor. He has two pen

He is one of the men who can write and the other to put in his own ideas. If this last sentence doesn't sound like you'll know he didn't like it.

In the corner sits Sid "Day" Dickenson, a sailor boy from Deering, Bill Robertson's distant cousin, who is responsible for our famous "Sid" column. "A thousand words are but a drop in the ocean," he says. "The fact that I am writing who that sage was, it's none other than the author of this masterpiece."

That weird fellow hanging from the fluorescent light fixture, making faces on the Maine Annex, our news editor. He is screaming at the top of his lungs, "I want news, dammit, more news, I don't care where you get it, just get it."

The other fellow in the corner, sharing wide-eyed at the same time, are the news reporters and feature writers, each with a pencil behind his ear while he mentally notes down line, "Do you still think I ask you a few questions?" It doesn't matter if you'reḲ bored, they're there to help you along. They're there to tip you off to any news you how you feel about putting subways on the campus. Every hour on the half hour they come forth with, "We want a by-line."

The big desk by the door used to belong to Burt Defrees, who recently resigned, but now belongs to Son Jack by the name of L. J. Remar, who says, "I can't fill Burt's shoes;" but Nickels should grow, or they will shrink; anyway you're busier than that.

The boy standing on his head with his toes and taking pictures with his hands is Vance Norton, our sports editor, who says, "I hope you can manage any time, all by myself." (By the way, he did it last week, while his staff was in picnick.)

After all the work is done there is a small corner where the fellows with their hands in Vance Norton's, our sports editor, who says, "I hope you can manage any time, all by myself." (By the way, he did it last week, while his staff was in picnicking.)

All the work is done there is a small corner where the fellows with their hands in Jack's, our art editor, and a small group of people who say, "I hope you can manage any time, all by myself." (By the way, he did it last week, while his staff was in picnicking.)

Admiral M. L. Dejope is the com-

mandant of the 1st Naval District and the official who gave the U.S. a position of the base. Blag was named for him.

Condr. MacMillan Speaks Here Next Tuesday Eve

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

Commander Donald B. MacMillan, the famous Arctic explor-

er, will show color motion pictures at his lecture Tuesday evening

for the students of the University of Maine.

Condr. MacMillan returned from his latest voyage to the North less than two months ago, and his appearance at the University of Maine is the first time he has been here since his return.

His trip left Boothbay Harbor on June 21st with a crew of 14, including the Commander and his wife. The boat was an official expedition. They first traveled to the north coast of Greenland, then to the east coast of Greenland, south to the coast of Labrador, then to Greenland and then to Boothbay Harbor.

For the most part, the ship was within sight of land, and they often put ashore for the college town of Boothbay, where their main interest was the minerals, birds and flower life and the Eskimos.

After traveling more than 8,000 miles and coming within nine de-

grees of the North Pole, they put in at Boothbay Harbor on Sep-

tember 15th.

Here's The Calendar

For Fall Semester

The following schedule has been released this week by the Direc-

tor's office.

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

MacMillan has been exploring the Arctic since the time he accom-

panied Polk in 1929 and since then his exploits have become as leg-

endary as those of the man who started him out in his seafaring life.

The crew was made up mainly of students from various colleges of New England, and this exped-

ition will be the student's first attempt at sea life for most of them.

A ship left Boothbay Harbor on June 21st with a crew of 14, including the Commander and his wife. The boat was an official expedi-

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tember 15th.
The Editers’ Desk

The first edition of THE MAINE ANNEX was received with mixed feelings by the student body — that you — but we feel that for the most part, you were pleased with our efforts and accorded with that each issue we learn from the mistakes of the last and make improvements accordingly, we'll be O.K. and in your good graces. Just in case I'm putting on the back too much you know where that old fashioned editor is in his office. One of our stories was printed last week without a by-line. In that story, the warden, W. E. Baldwell, reported the Bar Harbor fire was supposed to have one, and this is one editor that believes in giving credit where it is due. That is an opinion that is currently popular about myself. I am not a communist, I never was, and hope I never will be. Several people had their doubts, too. It all started at Dr. Kerensky’s address in the Student Union Building. Not that I’m dwelling over a message came for me that I was to answer a call on the telephone; I got up, all but asked Kerensky to step aside so I could get to the side door. After I had addressed the business, which incidentally concerned this paper — they were having difficulties at the publishing plant — I returned via the same route. Needless to say, it was quite distracting.

The first thing after the talk, some Joe comes up to me and says “Are you trying to distract me? Were you trying the last call for attention from the great Democratic Russian leader? You Communist!”

R. W. N.

The lights were low and the atmosphere tranquil as I settled even further in my easy chair and smiled back at the Varga Girls adorning the walls. From the radio came the strains of Wimpeldienst's “Fugue in Fatiado Sub-Minor”, from my heart, a song of my soul, the night was rent by a scream from the radio which sent both me and the chair off balance. The scream was at once the voice of the cellist again.

Then, as the scream passed the ear, there came the words, “껄, the cellist again” after all, even the best of cellists can’t scream with a waver shaped head, and took on a smug terrene, the light dwelled. “No, by George, it’s an electric razor.”

Untangling myself from the chair, I reached for my murderous Harbrace Handbook with one hand, my dissecting kit with the other, and started off down the corridor. I rocketed into the second wing, scooping up dust with my shirt pocket as I gathered momentum — no soap, my man wasn’t there.

Scooping off the self end, I thundered down the stairs and into the lower floors. No dice in the first wing. Then, in the last wing I struck paydirt. From an open door on the right I heard a high pitched whine of the instrument of torture that has sent more men lower than an early grave than “Chopsticks.”

Removing my shoes to insure silence, and bolting my noise to insure consciousness, I stole up to the door and inside. The door was open. It was Egdal, at last I had him right to me. As I stood watching him grind his clavier in blissful ignorance of the tragedy in the rooms around him, something snapped between my ears and below my curly hair.

Whipping my plastic rule out of its sheath in the dissecting kit, I charged forward skewering a curious creature to the sky. After humming the fiedl with a slow from the flat of my blade, I tore the razor from the hand and smashed it against the wall with every ounce of strength in me. In my rage I grabbed my trusty H. B. and beat the razor again and again. I smashed but goars, coils, and a few scattered whiskers.

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

The room was low and the atmosphere tranquil as I settled even further in my easy chair and smiled back at the Varga Girls adorning the walls. From the radio came the strains of Wimpeldienst’s “Fifth Plutonian Nightmare”, from my heart, a song of my soul, the night was rent by a scream from the radio which sent both me and the chair off balance. After all, even the best of cellists can’t scream with a waver shaped head, and took on a smug terrene, the light dwelled. “No, by George, it’s an electric razor.”

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BARBER SHOP

Located at the University Store
Open daily from 7:30 to 5:00
Saturday until 1:00
We appreciate your patronage.

CAMPUS CURRENTS

By Dave Mackon

You’ll have to see it to believe it. If you haven’t seen Art (the man with the toe) Blanchard perform, you’ve missed seeing the wisiest, shiftiest, most elusive backfield man in Maine college ranks. He’s doing pretty well for a fellow that had to be satisfied with carrying the ball at Arlington, Mass., High School. hub? They told him that he was too small... Here’s a note from the outside world. It prices would drop as fast as they went up, and it looked as if we have, all signs of greater inflation would disappear, but pronto... We’re issuing our freshman class invites to join you to the newest campus fraternity, Phi Betta Chappy. Enough of our narrow brimmed derby is the only qualification you need to become a member... An unauthentic survey shows that pinnacle heads the popularity list of ‘mental stimulants’... Caution: don’t wear your red hunting shirt around people or accuse you of being a Communist... All that the boys in 25 next are now in mail service; they already have exclusive items in private wash bowls... There’s a rumor that one fellow chose Maine as his college for the electrifying reason (that he preferred the “Stein Song”)... Our next assembly may feature...
library Notes . . .

special announcement: The Li-
sery will be open at 1:30 p.m.
ate to 2:30 p.m. on Saturdays.
reserve books must be read in
library during library hours, but may be taken out for
night use when the library
is closed before 8:00 a.m. the
next morning. Off campus students
may make special arrangements.
Other books may be taken out
for two weeks and should be
in time or renewed for an-
other two week period.

Student Comment [Continued from Page 1]

eful preparation, the succeed-
chances will turn out more satis-
factory."

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

Brad Shaw of Weller Hall gives
his first issue a split grade of
blots over orchids." That is a
little better than Declerq's "onions
or horse radish," but every artic-
to his own opinion, we always
will.

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

Outfitters to College Men

A MAINE WINTER
Isn’t Fig Leaf Weather

In our years of keeping store for Maine men—we've yet to see a winter—but it didn't have its share of cold weather—and with the price of fuel this year is going to be especially
rough—But all isn't lost—for Benoit's (it had better be a cold winter) has just the kind of
warm-jacket or coat—you'll need. Plenty of 'em at the right prices. Here are a few

MAINE GUIDE "REVERSIBLE"
$20.00
SHEEP LINED JACKET
$25.00
SHEEP LINED COAT
$39.50
3/4 LENGTH SHEEP LINED COAT
$44.50
PILE LINED WOOL GABARDINE
$79.50

Heavy - All Wool Argyles

All right—go without a hat if you insist—but try getting without stockings—So since you're going to
wear them—why not the best looking—and warm-
est you can buy.

British Imports Fine Domestics
$3.75 $2.00 and $2.50

Benoit's
Senter Building
Brunswick

Cumberland Theatre
Brunswick, Maine
FRI.-SAT.
Nov. 7-8
"SINGAPORE"
Fred MacMurray Ava Gardner
News Short Subjects
SUN.-MON.-TUES.
Nov. 9-10-11
"VARIETY GIRL"
with Mary Hatcher DeForest Kelley
News Short Subjects
WED.-THURS.
Nov. 12-13
"FOREVER AMBER"
with Linda Darnell Cornél Wilde
also News

You'll Find a
Friendly Helpfulness
here when you come in to talk over
PRINTING
ASK THE EDITORS OF "THE ANNEX"
We're interested in helping you with any piece of printing which you are planning.
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The Record Press
75-77 Maine Street Phone:
Brunswick Brunswick 1 or 3
**VETS' VIGNETTES**

By John Borowski

The tall white stone buildings with their towers and turrets and a backdrop of somber mountains just up the hill, make a scene upon entering Havana, Cuba, or Habana, as it is called by the na-

The waters surrounding the harbor entrance turn into a muddy green, and are littered with all kinds of floating marvelous gar-

That creates a feeling of nau-

Somewhere, the sound of a seagull is heard, the waters seem to reflect it. Morro Castle, which is situated on the left side of the harbor. On the right side, a few hundred feet ahead, is the monument to the Maine war, two guns mounted on either side of the statue salvaged from the wreck of that ill-fated battle-

ship.

Inside the harbor countless sightseeing boats run up and down looking like tiny toys in compar-

son to the U.S. Man O'War. San Francisco Pier, the largest pier in Habana is usually allocated to the larger ships. The dock is sur-

rounded by a high wire fence. In the cur-

the curious point people out and the curious sailors in. Police in uniform patrol the pier in a somewhat lackadaisical manner, but the distinctive character of the peoples south of the border. That naivness in manner should, by no means, be taken as a sign that they are forever looking for a chance to blast someone. In other words, trigger-happy.

After leaving the ship and the high wire fence, the sailor finds himself on a street filled with chil-

ren asking for American cigarettes and candy. Cab after cab line the street waiting for customers. Customers in this case being sailors who return from a week cruise and carrying sacks of shee-

kels. What Navy this is? Ameri-

can, of course. In Habana, a sailor can afford a cab, from the lower deck to the top of the caste-ladder of rate and rank. Four men can hire a cab for ten hours and at the expense of only two dollars each.

For a word of advice. Pick one good, bad, or indifferent, and you will begin to get rid of one is quite im-

possible. The first thing one should do is to stop off and see the sights such as, the Presidential Palace, National Cathedral and, of course, Cindy Lou's. Souvenir shops in the course of the after-

noon are open to the view of the sailors who buy everything that can be carried or dragged. But when leaving Habana only two or three streets are exploited by the white-clad boys and there is no need to mention why.

**POEMS**

The Lament of a Disgruntled Sailor

C. K. Weller

Breathe on me

And write my name

I shall not breathe

This world of yours

I shall not tread

Thy marbled halls!

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

One of the most important col-

level courses to take in any cat-

gue — but it might be called "Living With A Roommate." Just in case your roommate is too polite to tell you, I'll go ahead and tell him that he should give yourself a quick check-

up. Answer "yes" or "no" to these Varsity Magazine questions. If you answer "no" to at least 11, you're a pretty good roommate: 13 to 17 means you're wonderful; more than 17 indicates that you're going to be. If, on the other hand, your "No's" are be-

low nine, we suggest you check-

are interested in. The others, I believe, are only for the sake of your roommate's privacy.

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

ed in his invitations?
8. A tear for me, O Autocrat!
   My father was
   A democrat!

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

She Leaves Me Not

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

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

By J. B.

The night was warm.
Stars in the sky.
A cloud, trailed by St. John's breeze, carelessly
Set its course for
One endless horizon.

From then out the west
There came a cloud,
Heavy and foreboding.
Covered the sky
And left darkness
Drowsing in its silence . . .

One of our better known stu-

ents was punched for going one a two-rupee bet against the Brunswick speed limit.

Says the officer: "Where are you from?"

"The U. of M."

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

**DANCING**

**HENEDAYS AND SATURDAYS**

BATH COMMUNITY CENTER—186 FRONT STREET

Bath, Maine

Saturday, November 8

CLAUDE DELOXE AND PIECE BAND

RETURN DATE

Wednesday, November 12th

PHIP YOUNG AND HIS POLAR BORNS

Saturday, November 15th

JOE AVERY AND HIS BAND

**STANWOOD'S GULF SERVICE**

Expert Lubrication

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**CARL'S DRUG STORE**

"Bath's most modern drug store"

Carl C. Anderson

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**HOME COOKED FOODS**

Mayflower Tea Room

and Restaurant

45 Center Street

Bath, Maine

Phone 130

L. S. LEWIS

Watchmaker and Jeweler

170 New Street

Bath, Maine

**ROLAND AND ANDY'S**

Fried Clams

55 Main Street

Brunswick, Maine

Meals and Quick Lunches

or a place to meet your friends

AGAWAM DINER

Bath Road

**J. E. DAVIDCO**

Birthdays

Gas - Oil - Lubrication

Tire Repairing and Vulcanizing

65 Maine Street

Brunswick, Maine

Phone 347

**IT COULD BEEN**

(Continued From Page 1)

-ect figured down pat; I dissed

ed there were eighteen trips

dates in all pertaining to the ve-

dgement question we were

ers to the two. If you think

the third ended with a 9, the 3

4, six ended with a 7, seven en-

there in a 0. Now all I had

was nothing to do with legal-

ge, add the sum di-

Bismark, and cross-

by the Fladsho Indi-

all the time drinking a plau-

Schlitz and eating a Sky-

sheen, of course) and

were over. But it did

out next week . . .

After chasing up a whole

hailstorm of papers to try it

Mr. Haliday's problems

"Rube Goldberg" diagrams,

best I could get down on

a very indignant note . . . planning that no one told me I

was going to be an exam, and

that I wasn't prepared. I'm going to be

the faculty next week!!! I

nothing to worry about, how-

because "Protoplasm" Zald

promised to be my defense at

10. Do you talk too much about your heart interests?
11. Do you always talk about your troubles?
12. Do you try to be the boss?
13. Do you ask questions about personal matters?
14. Do you share your interests?
15. Do you lack respect for your roommate's privacy?
16. Do you play the radio continuously?
17. Do you take the best drawings and hog the closet space?
18. Do you litter the room?
19. Do you neglect cleaning up after a party?
20. Do you forget to pay half of mutual expenses?"
SPORTS

MEET YOUR COACH

By Hal Look

Meet the brains behind this mighty bunch of Beals Blackbeards, Coach Raymond. Mr. Ray-
mond is not only a splendid, creative, and resourceful head of the Beals Blackbeard an-
tic athletic department, but he also serves as athletic director at Harwich High School, in Massa-
chusetts. Coach Raymond graduated from Garland High School, in Damariscotta. During the war he served as a colonel in the United States Aviation before coming to the Beals Blackbeard school. The coach received his early experience as a football coach in a small school in New England.

This year Coach Raymond’s charges have split in their last two engagements, winning over Bowdoin and lossing to M. C. 3. The coach thinks the Beals Blackbeards, as a whole, are perhaps the best team in the state of Maine. They are certainly very well considered in the short time in which they have been played as a unit.

The last engagement was played through Annex sports, in which the Beals Blackbeards had prospects to participate in a competitive recreation. As far as this view is concerned, the Beals Blackbeards look for a dark picture for the foes of the powerful Blackbeards of Orono. He predicates that the powerful Maine line and field backfield will be a real “knockout” for the University of Maine. The author is inclined to agree. Please your bet.

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM STRONG

By Hugh Lord

After having won their first three meets this fall, the Orono High school cross country barriers will journey to Farming-
dale, for a regional meet, on Wednesday, on Thursday, Nov. 6. Four days after this six of our best runners, with the addition of our field freshman run-
ner from the Orono campus, will try out for the New England Freshman Championship. Then, on Nov. 13, the last meet of the season will take place when Farmington’s team will enter this event.

From a group of thirteen candidates, Coach Hammon has produced a team which will rank favorable with any in the state. Standouts include Irving Kave and Bob Eastman, men who rank among the first runners consistently. These stellar performers are very capable supported by the remain-
er of the squad which consists of running men R. B. Read, M. Hardy, R. Bailey, H. Macek, H. L. Fischer, K. Dudley, Robinson, G. Whal-
en, R. LaClair. Look for more past performances as an example of what this team is capable of doing. Coach Hammon appears confident that our cross country team might finish the season with a victory in the league. They have run very well in their first three races, they think they’ll do it.

OUTING CLUB DRIVE ANNOUNCED

By MacAshe

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

Football Outlook

Last week we mulled two predica-
tions, but we did get seven predictions. This week, however, we hope to be 1-0, so without further ado, here they are.

Maine faces its traditional foe for Saturday, when the Bowdoin clash with the Bears this season. Although, Bowdoin is still full of fight and could stage an upset here. The Univer-
sity of Maine should, however, sound the death knell of Maine’s season.

While the Bandwagon will not play a second game before being stea by a bag sliding into a bag in 1965.

The Lightweight boxing title in Maine will be decided in the Maine State Series picture. Coach Raymond looks for a dark picture for the foes of the powerful Blackbeards of Orono. He predicates that the powerful Maine line and field backfield will be a real "knockout" for the University of Maine. The author is inclined to agree. Please your bet.

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

Football Outlook

Last week we mulled two predica-
tions, but we did get seven predictions. This week, however, we hope to be 1-0, so without further ado, here they are.

Maine faces its traditional foe for Saturday, when the Bowdoin clash with the Bears this season. Although, Bowdoin is still full of fight and could stage an upset here. The Univer-
sity of Maine should, however, sound the death knell of Maine’s season.

While the Bandwagon will not play a second game before being stea by a bag sliding into a bag in 1965.

The Lightweight boxing title in Maine will be decided in the Maine State Series picture. Coach Raymond looks for a dark picture for the foes of the powerful Blackbeards of Orono. He predicates that the powerful Maine line and field backfield will be a real "knockout" for the University of Maine. The author is inclined to agree. Please your bet.

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM STRONG

By Hugh Lord

After having won their first three meets this fall, the Orono High school cross country barriers will journey to Farming-
dale, for a regional meet, on Wednesday, on Thursday, Nov. 6. Four days after this six of our best runners, with the addition of our field freshman run-
ner from the Orono campus, will try out for the New England Freshman Championship. Then, on Nov. 13, the last meet of the season will take place when Farmington’s team will enter this event.

From a group of thirteen candidates, Coach Hammon has produced a team which will rank favorable with any in the state. Standouts include Irving Kave and Bob Eastman, men who rank among the first runners consistently. These stellar performers are very capable supported by the remain-
er of the squad which consists of running men R. B. Read, M. Hardy, R. Bailey, H. Macek, H. L. Fischer, K. Dudley, Robinson, G. Whal-
en, R. LaClair. Look for more past performances as an example of what this team is capable of doing. Coach Hammon appears confident that our cross country team might finish the season with a victory in the league. They have run very well in their first three races, they think they’ll do it.

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Day Dreams... 

By Sid Folsom

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

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

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

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

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Hash Department 
(Continued from Page 4)

Ernest Hemingway, all those men who are leaders in their particular fields. They belong to the generation before us. Today they are our leaders. Tomorrow they will be gone, gone with Lincoln and Roosevelt. We are the ones who will remain. The world will be ours, and it will be run as our abilities dictate. Think that over for a while, men!

Therefore, just be glad there is such a thing as the Brunswick Campus. Maybe it does look like the armed forces, many of us thought we just finished. We’re lucky to have it, and to have the capable staff that is here to serve us and teach us. The life is coming next year. It’s a thing to look forward to, a doubt it will be broadening personalities. But take it we have now and like it. Don’t hold your mouth on the campus complain because it’s not as you think it should be—just look in the back of your mind tomorrow and think of it, for it will just be a dated memory then. Now that you know it is coming home.

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