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University of Maine Class of 1938

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Led by red-headed Jonny Gowell, the yearling tracksters opened the spring season with a driving 94½-31½ victory over Deering High Tracksters. Mr Gowell personally introduced 15 points into the credit side of the ledger to cop high scoring honors with firsts in both hurdles and the broad jump. Personal honors were numerous as Boettcher swept both dashes, Hurwitz ran the 440 field into the dirt, and Kelly, in spite of an injured ankle, captured the discussion. But it was the all-around power of the freshman team that was the father in Coach Jenkins’ hat. The yearlings scored in all events, Sweeping the discuss, javelin shot-put, and broad jump and dropping firsts in the mile and hammers only. The feature race of the afternoon was Bob Fuller driving 880, which nipped Haggerty’s bid for a win by inches. Fuller is the former Derring captain. Sherry, another former Derring ace led home two of his team mates in the javelin. Hardison marked himself as of varsity calibre, sweeping the pole vault with little competition. Drake led home the shot-putters with his season’s best of fort of 46’ 3½”.

Summary:
100-yard low hurdle, won by Gowell, Maine: 2nd Allen, Derring: 3rd Smart, Maine: Time 13 1-5 sec. 100 yard dash won by Boettcher, Maine: 2nd Pettengill, Maine: 3rd Dyer Derring. Time 10 4-5 sec. Mile run won by Potter, Derring 2nd Miller, Derring 3rd Clifford Maine Time 4 min. 45 4-5 sec. 440 yard dash won by herwitz Maine 2nd Gammon Derring 3rd Shorry Maine. Time 53 3-5 sec. 100 yard low hurdles won by Gowell Maine 2nd Allen, Derring 3rd Lund derring. Time 112-5 sec. cont’d on Spotts Page........

FRESHMAN DANCE AND BANQUET
A BIG SUCCESS
The innovation of having the Freshman class banquet on campus proved to be a big success. The banquet got underway at six-thirty o'clock, After the meal the speakers were introduced by the toastmaster, John Gowell. The first speaker on the program was James Moreland, eminent newspaper man about the campus. He rendered one of his best speeches for the benefit of the Freshman and assembled guests. The next one on the program was Prof. Paddy Huddleston who was royally received by the Fresh. President Hauck was then called on for a speech. A short musical interlude was then enjoyed with Anjelo Politto on the flute and Robert Parker accompanying on the piano. Readings were then given by Mr. William E. Davies of the Bangor Theological Seminary. More entertainment was enjoyed during the evening with a dance act put on by Miss Bodyn Spencer.

Among the guests were Pres. and Mrs. Arthur Hauck, Dean and Mrs. L.S. Corbett, Prof. and Mrs. J.H. Huddleston, Mr. and Mrs. James Moreland, Prof. and Mrs. Stanley Wallace, Major and Mrs. S.S. Eberle, Dean Edith G. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Pierce, Miss Ruth Harding, President Al Maine Women, and the Senior Skulls, Maurice Goddard, William Cole, Kenneth Black, and George Cobb. Dancing was enjoyed afterwards in the new gym. The floor was in very good condition and the gym was lit up very good by colored lights. Music was furnished during the banquet and dance by the Maine Beards. Those on the banquet are chairman, Wallace Gleason, Alice G. Collins, Philip W. Rogers, Frederick S. Sturgis, and Elizabeth B. Drummond.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman’s will.
Laugh and be fat!
As Professor Middleton said, it does seem as tho the class of '38 is dodging convention with some constructive bits of reform. No longer will the freshmen be subjected to the degrading indignity of shedding their clothing in physical combat in the pakama parade. Never again (we trust) will physical violence feature the so-called freshman-sophomore song. And a good thing it is, too. In addition to the harmful publicity attendant upon such activities, they cultivate a false idea of class spirit and initiate a useless rivalry between the classes.

But all work and no play was never meant for a group of college people, so—"Maine Day", the Freshman Banquet, and, we hope, other interesting class and college functions of the same high caliber.

If we do not support these efforts to provide entertainment, however, they must fail, but it will not be their failure, it will be ours. So, on May I, let's get out and make the paint and dirt fly.

There seems to be a rumor flying about to the effect that the activities to schedule "Maine Day" are a bit sissified. That were to be given a posy, a teaspoon, best wishes of the faculty, and are then to be sent forth to plant our posy, give our love and kisses to the sophomores, and then return home like good little girls and boys to have a pink tea, Phooey, come out and see: In the morning we are going to make the dirt and paint fly— and dispute word to the contrary, we're going to have a good time.

In the afternoon, the two classes will compete in various games, such as baseball and track. It is rumored that the members of the faculty will run races against each other! Fancy seeing a Ph.D. make the mile in 4:05,—yeh, just fancy! And at night we dance—free. Also, we're gonna be treated to a high-class show: The faculty is going to present a play! From the looks of the cast, it's worth seeing.

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The Freshman

The Freshman is published on Mondays during the college year by members of the class of 1938 of the University of Maine.

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EDITORIAL

Hypocritical Arts students mention them in an undertone; Tech men chant "If you can't go to college, take Aggie"; Professors with that supercilious indulgent smile say, "Oh, you're in the Aggie College." But the poor innocents are twenty years arrears, they're living with their grandfathers. The Art Graduate who lands a filling station job is the class hero; the clerk in Woolworth's is the local girl who made good. Balance the scales with the fact that every Forestry Senior has been offered a salary job on graduation. Eighty per cent of the Home Ec bachelors move into paying spots soon after June. In taunting us, yes I'm a rube, you pitifully call attention to your inadequacies. Aggie, Tech, Arts, we are three cogs in the machine, inseparable. Why not pull the same way.
Kelley stole my track story and I retaliated: Mary Wright was elected Treasurer of Women Student Government at the recent elections.

Adverse weather and lowering skies kept Coach Jenkins' Freshman Baseballers in the cage during the past week. The only touch of Spring warmth felt drifted in through the cage door left open by the groundskeeper. Battery practice only was on slate Thursday and Friday. As things line up in this early season, Riedman and Fox look like the number one battery with pitchers Cary and Additon and Catchers Veague and Grodinsky close in line. Relative batting prowess may decide the starting catcher, as all look smart handling the pitchers. All three moundsmen look to be of starting caliber. There is a flight royal over the first base job between Tommy Looe and Don Adams and here again batting power may determine the starter. The second base play has narrowed down to Butler and Timson with Timson having the apparent edge in fielding. The left side of the diamond looks strong with Elliott, Adams, Lord and Ward fighting it out for starting spots. Rod Elliott's arm and clever fielding give him a slight edge in the short-stop berth, while third appears a toss-up. The outfielders will be called when the team goes out-doors, which should be some time this week, weather permitting.

Dick Ireland swept his two-hundred odd pounds over the pole-vault bar like a nymph.
House of Henry

He was climbing the trees back of Maples. Said he was going to prune. Next week we’re going to prune.

Sherry, the fair-haired lad, has served notice that there are six beautiful damsels that could bring out the Tarzan in him. Discretion forbids names. Flashing lights have been noted between Balentine and Kappa Sig. Last night she confessed and requested that Lambda Chi flash out. Have they forgotten the code Midge? Jim Bean has been good this week. Willey ably supplemented the Banquet speakers with a little skit. The Chatonau and Society have drawn talent from the Freshman Lassies. Girls, can’t we supply everything? Alice is an awful flirt, but that can be corrected with practice. And she does love to dance with tall men. Kolley is a butterfly lover. With nets and stuff, you know. Gleason swings Betty just the way he does the hammer. Adolphine claims that she isn’t engaged. The Dormitory fried eggs should be turned over, turned over to the Museum of Natural History. Dazzy won’t home to get his own Chicken this last week-end. A fourth floor South man is saying too much, both for his own and for a Balantine girl’s good. Says the girl. Balantinitoites took an oath to Banquet and return on masse, but fact and fancy varied. We know. Lucy cobb warmed up the river with a plunge, today. You’re number one, but we refuse to be pinned down as to number one what. Barb’s has the instinct of a reformer. At least, she let George meander her home. We notted that the Cute Little Vague boy picked a seat near tantalizing Peg. "She has beautiful lips." Quote the sport writer. How long has that come under the heading of Sports, Don? Lol and Page has got to the stop where he blushed at waiters red-headed ones. We venture that it won’t be long now. Helene Diehl slipped Saturday night. Well, a slide in time sometimes saves a fall. Chauffer Fuller that all was delightfully improper after the ball. Look to Susie for details. Bill Thompson, Ward, and Elliott all laid their hearts at the foot of Madgo Thompson—and she walked right over them. Van Gundy just couldn’t make up Georgia’s mind. Is the hairdresser local talent, Vorna? And how about your’s, Mary? Alice Collins asked Roadman for a dance. No! Zippy sure can swing that thing on a dance floor, move over Gleason. A paper slipped under our door contained the note; Betty has never been kissed—well. We don’t know Betty, but the Staff always tries to oblige. Scotty has found a new use for old razor blades. He shaves with them. Refer all insulting criticism for this sheet not to Editor Kelley, but to Henry through Don. Good night.