

Summer 7-22-1943

Maine Campus July 22 1943

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The Maine Campus

Published Weekly by the Students of the University of Maine

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Orono, Maine, July 22, 1943

Number 5

Life In SATC A Far Cry From AST Routine

**Soldier-Students
Of World War I
Straggled To Class**

By Phil Russakoff

The bugler blew reveille in the morning. Several student-soldiers decided that they didn't feel like going to class that particular morning, so they cut. Don't get confused; this isn't happening today under the AST program here, but back in 1918 that's the way things went with the Student Army Training Corps, SATC. The campus didn't reverberate with the snappy cadence-counting of the soldiers as we have it today; outside of their drill, the only marching they did was from their dormitories or fraternity houses to the mess hall.

SATC TRAINED HERE

The SATC was organized in the summer of 1918. The first groups that came to Maine were vocational groups directly from the Army; these came in June, and there were about 300 men. Some were trained as gas engine mechanics, others as electricians, and the other soldiers were trained to be blacksmiths, carpenters, auto repairmen or machinists. Prof. Sweetser, deceased, had charge of the entire training, and Prof. Benjamin C. Kent, now head of the department of engineering drafting, had charge of the machinists.

Starting in October approximately 400 student soldiers started their training. This group was composed almost entirely of University of Maine students who were inducted into the Army and then left here to continue their courses just as they would have if they had remained civilians; the only additional work that they took consisted of intensive military training. Their lives were relatively unregulated, however, with no compulsory study hours, and with great freedom on campus.

DRILL BEFORE BREAKFAST

The men in the SATC were kept in classes from nine in the morning to four-thirty at night. They took their military either before breakfast, or after supper, and Prof. Kent says that it was a rather common thing to have the men come into the mess hall after a brisk hike to some point beyond Old Town, and back. The men all ate in Alumni gym which was a focal point of army activity.

While the soldiers were here, there were student Christian groups on campus, but there was no secretary, and no real organizations.

STRUCK BY FLU

Both Army and Navy groups were trained on the campus. The Navy men lived in Lambda Chi Alpha and Phi Kappa Sigma, and the Army occupied the other fraternity houses. The vocational soldiers who lived in the dormitories were better disciplined than the other men whose officers were recent graduates of Officers' Training Schools.

Like most other places Maine was struck hard by the flu epidemic. A medical detachment of the Army was stationed here to look after the soldiers. In spite of the seriousness of the epidemic, Prof. Kent recalls that the damage here was comparatively small.

ARMISTICE CELEBRATION

The Army erected a large wooden garage just back of Lord Hall. At the time of the signing of the Armistice, they were preparing to put up an immense wooden drill hall in back of Aubert. This building was to have been used for wintered drilling.

On Nov. 11, all classes were dismissed, and the soldiers were taken to Bangor by special street cars, where they participated in a big parade. The men were kept on here for about a month, and then most of them were discharged. A regular college year was started at the end of December, and by the end of June a full year's work had been completed.



TONIGHT, FRIDAY, SATURDAY—From left to right, Bob Ames, Florice Dunham, Roger Thurrill, Ruth Higgins, Betty Clough, and Bob Cool.

MCA Urges 'Every Student A Member' As Drive Progresses

The campaign to make "every Maine student a member of the MCA" has been under way since Monday and initial returns indicate that the goal will be reached when the drive ends on Monday.

The AST men are responding especially well to the drive. At a Monday meeting, the following volunteered to help in the canvassing: Fred Parsons, James MacMahon, Wayne Moffitt, Norman Greene, Jack Dimm, Carlton Ranks, Charles Phelan, Philip Robinson, Wilson Irey, Donald Smith, Donald Peterson, Olio Clements, William Engleth, Harold Levine, and Fred Seamans.

After a freshman rally the other day, seven men were selected to do the soliciting for Balentine: George Marsankis, Carleton Lutts, Roscoe Pike, Ronald Pike, James Strickland, Foster Jacobs, and Joseph Parkhurst.

The local MCA is affiliated with the National YM and YW organizations, so that membership includes affiliation privileges. The Little Theater Sunday morning services and other worship and social meetings are activities of the MCA. News letters to the undergraduates in the service, discussion groups, and musical programs are

also on the program. The MCA sponsors the Freshman Handbook and the freshman picnic in addition to its other activities. The success of these activities depends upon student cooperation and help.

Community Vesper Sing Sunday Night

There will be a Community Vesper Sing Sunday, July 25, between 6:30 and 7:30 p.m. at the University Oval (between Coburn and Fernald, directly opposite Alumni Hall) or in the Little Theatre in case of inclement weather.

The Sing is sponsored by the MCA and will be directed by James G. Selwood. The Chapel Choir and instrumental musicians will take part.

Estabrooke Party Friday For Women Of Summer Session

An entertainment for summer session students will be held on Friday, July 23, at 2:30 p.m. in South Estabrooke. Off-campus students planning to attend are asked to sign up on the posters provided for them in North and South Stevens and the Bookstore.

The first of the weekly entertainments for the women students of the summer session was held in South Estabrooke on Friday afternoon, July 16. Twenty-five guests enjoyed bridge or Chinese checkers. Prizes in contract were won by Miss Anna Gomer of Dubuque, Iowa, and Mrs. Philip Annas of Brunswick. Refreshments were served.

On Friday, July 30, the entertainment will consist of a talk on Mexico by Prof. Marion Buzzell. The talk will be illustrated with colored motion pictures and curios collected in Mexico, and will be given at 8:00 p.m. in 6 South Stevens.

All summer session students and faculty wives are cordially invited to attend this series of weekly parties.

'Out of the Frying Pan' Opens Masque Season

**Chaplain Newman
To Speak Sunday**

Dr. Herbert L. Newman, associate professor of religion and director of religious activities at Colby College, will be the guest speaker at the regular 10:45 service in the Little Theatre Sunday morning. Dr. Newman, better known to generations of Colby students as "Pop," is also Chaplain of the Air Force Cadet Unit stationed at Colby. The title of his sermon is "Life at Its Best."

Music on the program will be anthems sung by the Chapel Choir and Marion Korda's rendition on the violin of "Adoration" by Barowsky.

**C. K. Stanislavsky
Is Actors' Guide**

The Maine Masque Theater opens tonight at 8 o'clock with "Out of the Frying Pan," the first summer production in the history of the organization. Contrary to the usual run of Masque plays, "Out of the Frying Pan" is a comedy farce designed to present the audience with an evening of genuine laugh entertainment.

Unlike "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Thunder Rock," the current production is not elaborate in plot or action. The movement of the play centers around the story of six ambitious young actors and actresses who tackle the housing and money problem in a cooperative way. The young people eagerly seek to attract the attention of a big-time producer whose first love is the culinary art. How they succeed in this with the help of a corpse *pro tem*, two policemen, an irate father, a blank landlady, and Constantin Stanislavsky constitutes a play of unusual comedy situations.

Stanislavsky, the guiding genius of the six young actors, was the co-founder of the Moscow Art Theater. His theory of acting, which is to improvise, caused a great sensation when introduced to American theater groups. He wrote a book entitled *An Actor Prepares* which is frequently mentioned in the play.

The lack of veteran performers handicaps the Masque in its first summer production. An unusual amount of talent has been found in the members of the freshman class, however, although their inexperience forbids presentation of a heavy drama.

Playing the parts of the three leading women in the play are Masque veterans Betty Clough as Marge Benson, Isabel Ansell as Dottie Coburn and Florice Dunham as Kate Ault. Ruth Higgins will play Muriel Foster, a visiting friend from Boston.

Other members of the cast are Robert Cool as George Bodell, Robert Ames as Norman Reese, Roger Thurrill as Tony Dennison, Jean McKinney as Mrs. Garnet, John Ballou as Mr. Coburn, Don Dodge as Arthur Kenney, and Elmer Biggers and John Robinson as policemen.

The third summer session assembly will be held at 11:00 a.m. Monday, July 26, in the Little Theatre. This will take the place of fourth period classes for session students. The speaker will be Elmer B. Siebrecht of the New York University center for safety education, who will talk on "Critical War Time Needs in Safety Education."

Brevities . . .

An outing will be held at Villa Vaughn this Saturday afternoon for the MCA Cabinet. Miss Sadie Gregory of Boston, who is Program Secretary of the New England Christian Movement, and Dr. Herbert L. Newman of Colby, who will deliver the sermon in the Little Theatre on Sunday morning, will be guests.

Sophomore Don Stebbins emerged as winner of the men's tennis singles tournament Friday by defeating Joe Ingalls 6-1, 6-3 in a match made difficult by a strong wind.

In the semi-finals Ingalls edged Beaufrand in a close contest 6-4, 6-8, 6-1, and Stebbins won out over John Sumnby 3-6, 6-4, 6-1.

As the intramural softball schedule progresses, the Delt House Devils and the Phi Eta Bears, both undefeated, loom up as the teams to beat.

On July 15 the Devils seared the Orono Wildcats 21-11, and the Duck Lakers downed the Four Roses 17-3. On July 20 the Bears toppled Balentine's Body 14-7, and the Devils violated Purity 11-10.

Harlan L. Pease, senior in chemical engineering, William B. Ford, Jr., senior in mechanical engineering, and Philip Cope, junior in engineering physics, were initiated into Tau Beta Pi, honorary engineering fraternity, Sunday, in the radio room of Lord Hall.

Informal initiation took place during the week of July 11 when the pledges wore the traditional belt and sash.

Fellowship Forum Discusses Origins Of Freedom Sunday

A Sunday afternoon forum on the theme "Fountainheads of Freedom" is being presented by the Church of Universal Fellowship every Sunday afternoon from July 18 to August 22 at 4:30 in the church. Speakers so far announced are the Rev. David D. Rose, pastor of the church, Prof. Richard M. Brace and C. DeWitt Hardy, both of the department of history at the University.

The purpose of the forum series is to present for discussion the sources of the freedoms we are fighting for today. The series will attempt to explain these freedoms and where they came from, why they have endured, whether they should be modified, and why they are better than totalitarian ideas. The sponsors of these programs hope that they will prove interesting and valuable to servicemen, University students, and the people of Orono.

Each afternoon program will in-

clude a brief opening worship service, the address on the subject under discussion, an open forum for questions and discussion from the floor, refreshments, and time for further informal discussion with the speaker and adjournment in time for AST men to return to the University.

The first of the programs, presented July 18, was a discussion of "New Ideas in the Ancient World" by the Rev. Mr. Rose. The discussions scheduled for the following weeks are: July 25, "The Rebirth of Liberty—The Renaissance and Reformation" with Mr. Hardy as speaker; August 1, "The Roots of English Liberty" with Dr. Brace as speaker; August 8, "Enlightenment, Revolution and the New Freedom," speaker to be announced; August 15, "Freedom, Today and Tomorrow," a panel discussion; August 22, "Christian Liberty in the New Age" with Mr. Rose as speaker.

The Maine Campus

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There's A New Day Coming

Look back, soldier. Remember the soft, green grass and the fleecy, floating clouds up there where the town ended. There was a fine old tree, deep-rooted and staunch—and blossoming in the lazy, sunlit spring afternoon.

In peace... you went up there to dream your youthful dreams. Of great prairie acres rich with the grain of your growing. Of cities built by your hands. Of cargo ships on broad adventuresome seas. Of the mysteries of men and machines... and medicine and the law... and the miracle before you... of opportunity, and the sweetness of life.

All this, for the moment, you have set aside. The guns have spoken... and told you there is work to be done. And over the world... people have called you to come... to restore civilization... to carry the burden of war against tyranny, oppression and slavery.

None doubt your selfless devotion to this high cause. Nor that in the end—victory will reward you.

But what then, of the world you have won back to peace and freedom? How will you make use of victory? Will it be a world of progress toward the high goals you now fight and die for? And what will be your part—you who live?

Look forward, soldier. For youth will mold and fashion the shape of things to be. Upon youth rests our hope for a new life to be lived in freedom, justice and decency. Our hope of freedom from the horrors of future war.

Today you fight. Tomorrow—a war-racked, tired world will seek your vision and spirit... your adventurous courage... your power to restore light to a world that was dark.

Tomorrow... the miracle of opportunity yet unborn will rise to challenge and restore the hope and future of youth.

For the inevitable coming of that great day... keep those dreams alive.

By permission of *The Saturday Evening Post*

CORRESPONDENCE

"Measure for Measure"

Al Ehrenfried
Dear Sir,

As regards your column in the July 1 issue of the *Campus*, I find it difficult to conceive that the modern ensemble has made any contribution whatsoever to American music. The ensemble is not condemned because of its predestined nature. It is condemned because it has no truly melodious qualities.

Modern arrangers have taken just about anything they could lay their hands on in the line of melody, and have attempted to cover up this foul melody by intricate instrumentation. A good example of this is the greatly over-lauded trumpet player, Harry James. Mr. James takes "beautiful" melodies like "The Carnival of Venice," and fills them with worthless runs and frills, which appeal to the

common run of people, who, as a rule, know nothing about music.

You mentioned in scorn a "short-lived Beiderbecke, or a temperamental and decaying Berigan." Surely you cannot be in your right mind to speak of two of the greatest trumpet players that ever lived in such a manner. Can it be that you have never heard any of their works? I suggest that you better yourself as soon as possible. If you can't find any of "Bunny" or "Bix" lying around, try Louis Armstrong.

In a previous issue, you said that this was a low period for modern music. It is true that commercial trash is not as abundant as it once was. For this, we may thank our lucky stars. However, remember that the greater musicians, Pee-wee Russell, Rex Stuart, Pete Brown, Johnny Hodges, Louis Armstrong, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Lionel Hamp-

Down to Earth

My, my—Thith thudden elevation is just too, too much for my conthitution. How can I be down to earth from this lofty pinnacle. What blond freshman gal saw Hugh Brownlee meandering about with a six-week gal, and shouted, but lustily, "How's Hope, Hugh?" There's a Hope kid, but not for you. Nasty, ain't I?

Johnny Murphy was seen toting a bucket of coke from bookstore to Aubert—I've heard of bathtub gin, but never bucket coke.

That center Carl Dachs may be good at passes, but he can certainly play the field, too.

Hats off to the boys who made West Point.

The illustrious captain of the Estabrooke Boys' Club seems to be spending a good bit of his time warming the bench in Estabrooke's parlor. What team spirit that boy shows!

Noticed around campus: Margaret McCurdy and Buzz Tracy (gas rationing?)—B. Doore and B. Derby in training for the six-day bicycle race—Norma McKenney and Ross Hosmers together—constantly—Franny Dorr and Don Heiliger entreating entrance to the bookstore at 10 p.m., looking for cokes, no doubt—Nat Bartholomaei trying like h--- (whoops, I meant heck, anyway) to get usherettes for "Out of the Frying Pan"—Si Hulse minus his muffler—could it be the hot weather—next goes his long underwear—ASTP men utilizing Miss Oliver's lending library—Polly Dudley and Olie Clements biding time together—Norma Herzing and Harry Edmiston studying on Sunday afternoons—together if you please and it does please the Captain, I feel confident.

Nice work at the dance Saturday night, Ginny H.—he's cute. But don't mind me, I'm just a bug on the subject, or any other subject, if you wanna get technical.

I heard the Masque prop manager put profanity to good use the other night—it brought results, too.

Evening's falling (thump!) and I gotta glow.

—The Firefly.

Fill the Steins

—TO MAINE MEN
IN THE SERVICE—

Talbot "Icky" Crane writes from Camp Lee, Va., that he, Tom Clifford, and Roy Ladner are sweating under a hot Virginia sun as they work for their gold bars at the Quartermaster OCS there... Icky also reports that George Bearce, Carlton Brackett, and

ton, Jay C. Higginbotham, Barney Biguard, Ben Carter, and others too numerous to mention, are still going strong. Ellington has made one of the greatest contributions to music in this day and age.

The world would profit by the extermination of some of the "squares" who are treading good music under foot.

Yours truly,

D. Holmes

Reader Holmes does not realize we are saying that modern music is not passing through an unproductive era. That Beiderbecke was "short-lived," or that Berigan was "temperamental and decaying," is factual, not controversial. The above sweeping statement that all present-day ensembles have "no truly melodious qualities" is a good example of the blind pessimism with which we are taking issue.—Al



Footlights And Ether

By Ruth Higgins

Wasn't it Shakespeare who said "All's the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players"? Well, we heartily agree, for the whole campus has simply been seething with drama these last few days (both on and off the stage).

The Maine Masque is presenting its first summer production, "Out of the Frying Pan," tonight. The play is a farce and should provide some very hilarious entertainment.

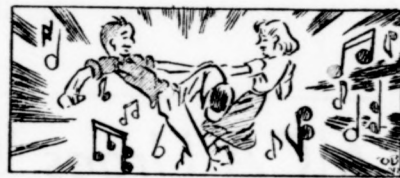
The campus is anticipating with great interest the soldiers' show, "The Army Comes To Maine." We've been kept pretty much in the dark about its exact nature, but last Saturday ten very determined soldiers came charging into the theatre armed to the teeth and looking very much as though they meant business.

Speaking of shows on campus, one of the tritest was staged by some of the sophomore Howls in front of the Bookstore last Thursday. It's the same old production that has been going on around the campus for years

and years, and it will probably continue for a good many more. You know the plot of girl & owl & freshmen & socks & authority & climax (the part the audience never sees but certainly hears about). Just wait until rules come off. The frosh will end up with the girl anyway—it never fails.

No one could deny that the Freshman Class isn't talented—not after last Friday, at least. Their acts ran from impersonations to pantomime, and they certainly held the attention of their audience very well—in fact, we'd say that they definitely stole the show.

The AST group is represented backstage in the production of "Out of the Frying Pan" by Pvt. Burton Sklar, a former student of Richard Wooster, an old Masque member. Pvt. Sklar has participated in shows at Horace Mann High School in New York City, in college, and in Army camps. Recently he worked on the lighting for the "Eve of St. Mark," which had 29 performances at Camp Ritchie, Va., and adjacent camps.



Measure For Measure

By Al Ehrenfried

In the wake of unorganized jam music, came a new jazz form, consisting of a combination of scored and improvised melody interpretations. The jazz band, with its harshly phrased and poorly blended saxes, its lack of depth because of absence of low melody instruments and improper chord voicing, its ear splitting, shrill brass, and plunky banjo rhythm, stands as a sturdy monument to the musicians of this crude "jazz-ensemble" era. Their work was a vital stepping-stone to the polished dance band of today.

When we consider this jazz band age, which started to flourish 15 to 20 years ago, we find ourselves on familiar ground, for the names Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Whiteman, Pollack, Dorsey, Beiderbecke, etc., are boldly inscribed on our imaginative "monument."

George Adams will receive their second lieutenants' commissions soon...

Pvt. Gene Schencher is stationed at the Rose Polytechnic Institute in Terre Haute, Ind. He writes, "Indiana has its good points, too. For one thing the girls in Terre Haute go around a lot further than they did at Maine. In fact, there is a date for everyone at any time. I might even add that Indiana girls can hold their own against any of the Georgia peaches or the Alabama belles." How about the Maine girls, Gene?...

Naval Aviation Cadet Robert Thompson, stationed at the Naval Air Training Center at Corpus Christi, Texas, will pin on his wings as a Naval Aviator and be commissioned as an Ensign in the Naval Reserve after completion of his present course. ...Tom Parmenter has been transferred from Fort Devons, Mass., to Fort Eustis, Va. ...A/C A. H. Moulton is now stationed at Maxwell Field, Alabama.

JAZZ SALESMAN

Although Paul Whiteman has been titled "The King of Jazz," he is not truly so. For in jazz, we must find improvisation as well as ensemble. However, let us not fail to credit Whiteman for his advances in large band techniques, and for his being "The King of Jazz Salesmen." The colored pioneers were the true jazz band promoters, but they sold their wares only to the jazz-educated listener. It was Whiteman who solicited the vast listening public from concert hall stages, with the new rhapsodies of Gershwin and other such contemporaries. Like an evangelist, this familiar fat man preached the gospel of his modern orchestrated music in the name of jazz, and sold shares and shares of it, like war bonds, to all who listened. Who cares whether it was the true jazz he was selling. He opened the eyes of millions to the coming modern ensemble, and for this alone, he deserves great praise.

PURE—NOT ON PAPER

Fletcher Henderson and later Duke Ellington were the purists. Theirs was the real jazz—free, interpretative, flowing—designed to fit, not obscure, the individual. Many of their ensemble ideas never existed on paper, but were conceived at rehearsal, agreed upon, and remembered. Such "arrangements" never sounded the same twice. From this can be seen the proximity of the ensemble and the individual in true jazz.

Whether it was the almost symphonic "Rhapsody in Blue" of Whiteman, or the relaxed, spontaneous, ensemble blues of Fletcher Henderson, music of the jazz era had reached a fork in the single lane of individualism. One branch continues on in the original direction, while the other leads to the final development of the ensemble. Modern music will reach its greatest achievement when these two roads have been made so parallel and so close together that they appear as one.

Juve

By Mar

Treworgy's Peg Chase's first game of series. The Wednesday e Field. It is mer session team to help one is intere they should board in the sessions are h and Friday a

The Thur sings are pro cess. Betty around the ne field house, ar by a marshma

Polly Dudl Monday's squ ous members bility which and arrangi Chase and served in th Dudley and I the next two

The Trave

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Juventa

By Mary Elizabeth Marble

Trewoy's Brunettes outscored Peg Chase's Waitresses 14-7 in the first game of the softball tournament series. The games are played each Wednesday evening at 6:45 on WAA Field. It is still hoped that the summer session students will organize a team to help the competition. If any one is interested in being on a team they should sign up on the bulletin board in the dormitories. Practice sessions are held Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons.

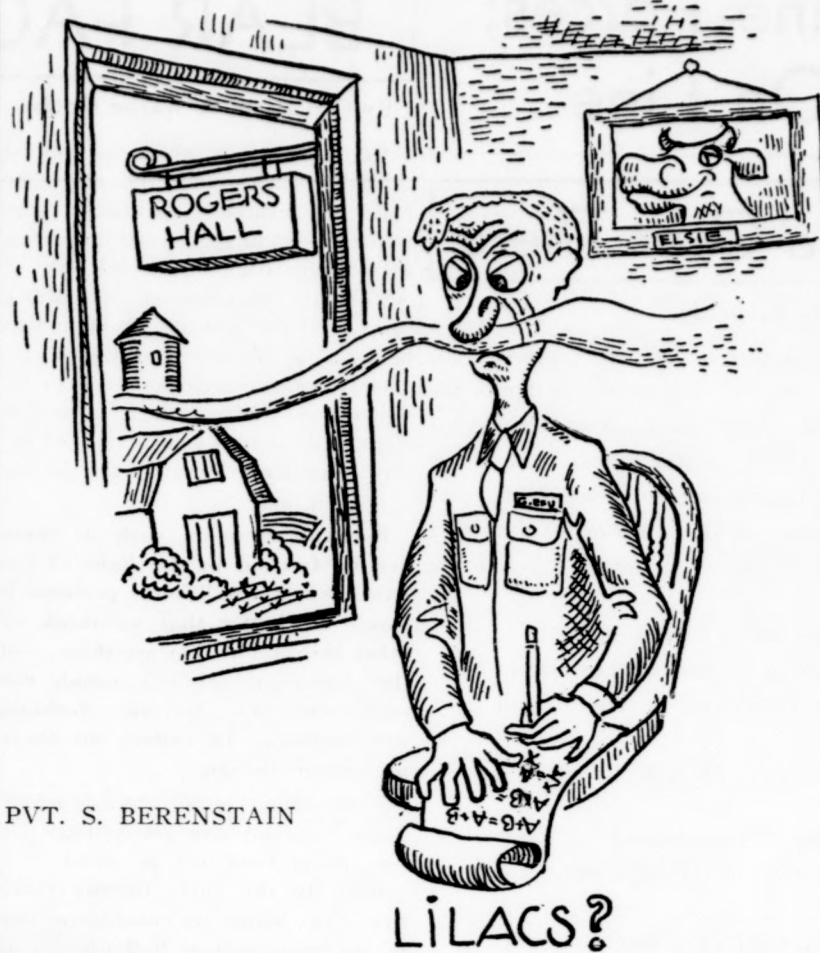
The Thursday evening campfire sings are proving to be a great success. Betty Jenkins leads the singing around the new fireplace by the girls' field house, and this is usually followed by a marshmallow roast.

Polly Dudley was in charge of last Monday's square dance meeting. Various members are having this responsibility which includes securing music and arranging refreshments. Peg Chase and Joyce Cook have also served in this capacity while Ruth Dudley and Imogene Ferris will plan the next two dances.

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H. W. Chapman, Prop.



PVT. S. BERENSTAIN

LILACS?

Seen From The Crow's Nest

The Crow remained aloof in his Eiffel Tower last week—the gloom and despair of the local lads and lasses were not to be antagonized. Basic training was compared pleasantly to courses at TORTURE TECH. Chief source of unhappiness came from the world of motion and falling bodies. Could it be that many were confused and pondered too long on curves instead of angles? Even the lads whose papers contained such answers as "see page nine" were destined to find that their answers did not crystalize with the professors. But enough for the sorrowful moaning. We have a fortnite of freedom before the Black Plague strikes again.

In lieu of these two weeks of stringent study the Crow would like to make a suggestion or three. Don't be like Di Giacomo who sat up all night to make reveille in three and one-half minutes and then slept all day in class to make up for it. Secondly, if you must sleep, don't sit in the front row. It is very disconcerting to the teacher and also very impolite. The word impolite might also apply to the co-operation in classes. SILENCE is golden.

DON'T BELIEVE 'EM

Contrary to popular belief, all of a soldier's time is not spent in study, especially in the immediate vicinity of the saluting and reaching process enacted once a month. Five minutes after said procedure, more of those green things change owners in such occupations as African hand ball and bridge than the bursar of this local nite club has seen in a decade. Ask Slachter, he gave away 43 of those G. Washingtons in less than fifteen minutes.

DATE-BREAKING—NO!

Many were the date-breaking phone calls directed to 476—seems some-

thing unexpected came up—the unexpected being four sevens in a row or a full house. This might in some way account for the measly male population at the Saturday nite dance or could it be that the conceited lovers preferred to keep their hair rather than their dates.

The inexpensive Sunday p.m. dates dispersed the usual number of lads and lasses off into the country side—contrary to the chamber of commerce, the most prominent meeting place was the old swimming hole—one the old innocent Crow fails to understand is the numerous applications that have been pouring in for jobs as locker boys at the GREEN TREE BATH HOUSES. Several of the less athletic—we can't say less aggressive—lovers preferred the rec room of the local female establishment. The black feather of the Crow drops in the form of an arrow to direct some slightly tilted characters to the confines of the rec room which is not room eight.

THREE MEN AND A DATE

Three men and a date situations are becoming numerous to the extent of open rebellion—might the Crow suggest that a VISITING RELATIVE'S scorebox be placed in the lobby so that the late comer would no longer ring for his favorite miss only to have her emerge with a BUDDY of his on each arm.

The play is the thing—so said Shakespeare and so says the Crow, especially when the play is "Out of the Frying Pan." The local aggregation of Kathryn Hepburns and Orson Welleses that have gathered nightly for the past thirty days have come up with a show full of wit, wisdom, and fun well worth the price of eleven cokes—Here's hoping the curtain raising at the Little Theatre attracts as large an audience as does the same procedure nightly at IT.

The shadow of the editor's whip casts itself across the keyboard so ye olde Crow must retire to his Eiffel Tower to sit in silence for another week. At the risk of his life the Crow pauses long enough to reply to numerous queries of his few readers: "YES, THE CROW PROUDLY WEARS KHAKI."

On the bulletin boards may be found posters about the outdoor badminton tournament for all women. It is hoped that all those interested in competing will sign up early so that the playing may begin as soon as the doubles tennis tourney is over.

CAMPUS MUSTS

We have in already our New Sweaters and Skirts,
All Wool in Beautiful Pastel Shades.
Perfect for your New Fall Wardrobe

Drop in and see our selection

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100% All Wool
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SKIRTS
—
JACKETS

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STRAND - Orono

Friday, July 23

Double Feature

"TONIGHT WE RAID
CALAIS"

Annabella, John Sutton

Plus

"HARRIGAN'S KID"

Bobby Readick, Frank Craven

Saturday, July 24

"BATAAN"

Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell

News—Cartoon

Sunday, July 25

"CRASH DIVE"

Tyrone Power, Ann Baxter
News

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Masque and Soldiers Combine Forces; Kessler's Army Production On Line

Soldiers, Students On Equal Basis

The Army took another step towards entrance into the University of Maine's extracurricular activities today with the announcement that official authorization had been made to incorporate ASTP's stage-minded soldiers into the Masque.

Herschel L. Bricker, director of the Maine Masque Theatre, made the announcement yesterday afternoon in the wake of concerted action to combine the two theatrical units prior to the forthcoming ASTP production, "The Army Comes to Maine."

Having voted to join forces, the Masque will handle all productions, and the soldier-theaters will be considered on an equal footing with Maine students in regard to scholastic standing.

TRACY ARMY ADVISER

Under the new setup, AST's students will have a representative committee working in conjunction with the Masque with Lt. Samuel Tracy as adviser.

It appears rather definite that the president and vice president of the Masque will come from the ranks of ASTP insofar as the campus theatrical group is now without either executive.

Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, members of the Masque and the soldiers' committee are slated to elect members of the executive committee, two members of which will be AST men.

ARMY SHOW JULY 31

In addition to the executive committee, co-technical, co-press, and co-ticket managers will be appointed according to the plans stated by Bricker.

As the Army show, appropriately entitled "The Army Comes to Maine," shapes up, Mr. Bricker named July 31 as the presentation date. As things stand, there will be two performances of the show on Saturday evening, and the cast will be all-Army with the exception of three faculty members.

Script and stage settings are under the supervision of Sanford "Doc" Kessler, recently termed the Orson Welles of ASTU 1145.

Church Services

CATHOLIC

St. Mary's Catholic Church, Orono
Masses: 8 and 10 a.m.

EPISCOPAL

Sunday Service—9:30, MCA
Holy Communion and brief address every Sunday

HILLEL FOUNDATION

Regular Friday service at 7 p.m., MCA.

FELLOWSHIP

Sunday—4:30
"Beginnings of Freedom"

UNION SERVICES

Sunday—10:30
Orono Methodist Church
Rev. David D. Rose

LITTLE THEATRE SERVICES

Sunday Service—10:45
Speaker—Prof. Herbert L. Newman of Colby College

SUNDAY DISCUSSION

"Is American Labor Patriotic?" is the subject for the Sunday afternoon Forum of the Maine Christian Association this Sunday at 4 o'clock in the MCA Building.

Leading the discussion will be Dr. Paul Fischer, member of the economics faculty and authority on labor problems.

Why are the coal miners striking? Is John L. Lewis a real friend of Labor or, as his enemies say, a would-be dictator? Was the recent drastic anti-strike legislation warranted? Is it a blow to the rights of organized labor?

What is the truth about union dues? excessive wage demands? gangster tactics of labor leaders? communism in labor's ranks, etc.?

These and other questions concerning the American labor movement are uppermost in the minds of citizens these days. All interested members of the faculty, student body, ASTP, and summer session are cordially invited to participate in this meeting.

Over Here--And Over There

By Pvt. Gladden F. Evans, Jr.

Perhaps it is odd that in this era of blazing conflict, the peoples of the world who are fighting together are somewhat divided on the matter of the United States of America. We on this side of the ocean can see nothing but hazy lines of undecided tax measures, new draft status rulings, and all the other misunderstood things that comprise the workings of a democratic government at war. The beaten, huddled slaves across the waves lift their eyes in mute hope that they will see in the skies the white star on a low-diving wing, blasting away at their enslavers.

All over the States one can hear remarks such as these:

"It's a shame! This gas situation, it's just another case of mismanagement in the government. I can't even drive to my golf any more—"

"No meat, how do you like that? A fine state of affairs I must say—"

"My son shouldn't be in the Army, he's too delicate—"

"I've got to get that priority rating, my business will fail if I don't—"

"They say that Washington is so muddled up that the departments themselves don't know just what they are doing—"

It seems that the civilians have taken over the old army habit—Griping. Complaints come in from all places, harassing already over-worked heads and chiefs of important bureaus, making additional headaches for men tired of endless routine who are going on because they have a job to do and are going to do it. We must try to get a long-range perspective on this business of waging war, and realize that these little odds and ends are merely the things that come in contact with our own little lives. We continually fail to see that everything that is being done is for just one purpose, to win the war as speedily as possible. We must stand ready at all times to back up our government in anything that comes along. *We must have faith in our leaders*, for without that faith, nothing is worth while.

There is entirely too much complaining about rules that happen to change our own personal relationships, like driving to Aunt Bertha's on Sundays, or having meat on the table every other day. These things have nothing to do with the winning of the war or the security of our boys over there. How do you think they feel when they hear of race riots, coal strikes, labor disputes? Back them up and they will give everything for you. Let them down and—well, it's not nice to think about. They need the courage that comes from knowing that "back home" everything is all right, and that the people will back them to the limit. Give them that courage.

The Germans can destroy governments, houses, tanks, and men. But they can never destroy hope. The conquered peoples have learned to wait patiently for the coming of the Yank. In their hearts there is a belief and faith in the American fighting man and factory, a belief that the American is capable of smashing the Nazi "Superman." They lift their heads with this thought, and are proud that they can take whatever the Nazi chooses to hand out, knowing that some day the ever-growing American machine of war will roll over the Swastika and bury it in the mire from whence it came. A burrheaded Indian calmly watches the antics of Yanks in the desert and laughs inside. The stolid-faced British are becoming accustomed to the horseplay of the Air Force stationed in England—the same boys that daily go into the sky with a grin on their lips and blast away at the beleaguered Nazis. A dark-skinned Free Frenchman stands at "Pattencion" next to a Yankee while a British general inspects the ranks, and when the general has passed turns gravely to the Yank and gives him a slow, demure wink. A gray-haired Russian officer watches amazedly as superbly trained U.S. soldiers load and fire shell after shell with startling speed and precision. A grimy-faced Cockney kid slowly sips fresh milk dispensed by a mobile American Canteen. A group of English soldiers gather around an American tank that has just returned from the desert and pat its dusty sides with loving care, knowing somehow that the tank is a representative of American craftsmanship and productive skill. Yes, the people over there know the American government, and deep inside of them is a warm glow of comforting knowledge and belief in the American people and their capabilities.

The government isn't an ogre, trying to rob the people of their pleasures; it's a machine winning the war. Working tirelessly and ceaselessly toward one end and one purpose, grinding away day after day for ideals and hopes. It is often misunderstood and attacked by individuals who find minute faults in the intricate machinery of the democratic way. Let us not be so shortsighted as to overlook the things that our government has done for us and our neighbors. Let us also look forward to the day when the government can turn its attention to the small things that will ease our own personal troubles and worries. Stand up, Americans, and justify the faith that the world has in you. Stand up and take your share of the hard knocks. Stand up, Americans, and be what the world wants you to be and what fate has scheduled you to be: LIBERATORS.

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BEAR FACTS

By Carl Dachs & Wayne Griffin

Every once in a while, the lads sit around in their rooms and sling "the bull," and invariably the chatter turns to the subject of sports, and the names, great and small. Although we of ASTP are conscious of the Maine spirit, and the glorious tradition that bespeaks it, we are, nevertheless, inclined to turn memories back to civilian days—and our thoughts usually concern those men who performed before us on the gridiron, in the garden, or on the ice.

Perhaps thoughts such as these are far-fetched in the light of existing world conditions; perhaps it would be better that we think of other things, but they are there, and the American soldier's mind, not regimented in Nazi-like fashion, will continue to reflect on these pleasanter things.

These things serve to comfort him, guide him, and give him courage for the greater tests that lie ahead.

Back in the early thirties there was a guy whom we consider as one of the most gallant ball players of all time, but who received little of the balleyhoo usually connected with the giants in the diamond game; nor did he hanker for such comment.

His name—no, it wasn't Ruth, Foxx, Dickey, or Terry, nor was it the great Lou Gehrig or Squarepants Hubbell. The ball player we have in mind is none other than diminutive Tony Lazzeri, one of the great second sackers of this decade, who, in his fourteen years as a member of the New York Yankees, proved his worth in several never-to-be forgotten ways.

Tony was never more than a mediocre second baseman. In fact, he is known more for his "clinch" hitting than any other reason. He was just a steady, easy-going kid who loved baseball, and tried to live up to the praise heaped upon the Bronx Bombers of that era.

On the Yank team of '27 which included the famed Murderers Row, Tony was a member, though not a very illustrious one, since he had to contend with men like Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Bob Meusel. Nevertheless, he was in there every day, cavorting around the keystone sack, cutting off throws from the outfield, nabbing too ambitious base runners, and in and out, doing a bang-up job.

The scribes like to remember him for his vital part in the infield machinery that brought blazes of glory, and even more pennants into the laps of the "bat-happy" Yankees. It was with pride that Manager Joe McCarthy often pointed to his great first sacker, the late Lou Gehrig, but with equal pride, he spoke of little "Push-Em-Up" Tony, who "helped develop this great combo."

Lazzeri, to our minds, can indeed be held as a perfect example of the type of leadership which is inspiring and courageous. During his playing days, he kept his club together, much as a gallant officer might keep his men plugging in a tight spot. The fact that he exhibited on the diamond what many a corporal and sergeant are exhibiting daily on the battle fronts of the world, ranks him a star in our regard.

Meantime the local picture looks somewhat different this week, where action of suicidal proportions is being daily evidenced on the sports front. Yep, the intramurals are drawing near the halfway stage, and in division two, it is Estabrooke under Housemother DelCotto leading the pack. The "co-eds" have amassed 85 markers to date, and it will be no "give-up" battle from here on in.

The SNAFU's have a tight hold on second place at the moment. It is interesting to note that Capt. Bonschock personally commented to Wally last week that competition in softball was noticeably lacking. In smart fashion, the WEFTS took up "Casey's" challenge, and slapped the SNAFU's ears back in fine style the next afternoon. So much for Mr. Bonschock!

The Redskins, definitely lacking in the pace-setting spirit that they produced earlier, are still in there fighting and bid fair to give the division leaders a run for their money in the home stretch.

In division one, the Crackers retain their leadership atop the pile with 70 points, and Capt. Ranks' 4-0 win last week ranks him as one of the top hurlers in the loop.

The Dodgers (they're in again) and the Morons are tied for second honors, and hot on their tails are the Hot Sox and the TS's. With a meagre five points to their credit, the MP combination is still bogged down in the cellar.

Students and Soldiers!

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