

Spring 3-24-1932

# Maine Campus March 24 1932

Maine Campus Staff

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*(Continued on Page Four)*

# The Maine Dampus



## GET THEE BEHIND ME SATAN

The *Maine Dampus* board which has been responsible for all issues produced during the past year retired after the issue last week amid loud salvos of cheer from one and all. Shortly before they retired a new staff was chosen, and the names placed in sealed envelopes, which are not to be opened until 2½ minutes after the opening of the Easter recess. The new board will pick up the scattered remains of the old *Dampus* and put out something the week after the students return.

Meanwhile the alleged newspaper goes spontaneously on its way, untroubled by the absence of guiding hands. Persistent rumors to the effect that the administration has something to do with editing this issue are vigorously denied by the office parrot. It has been pointed out that the administration may know how to run a University, but why give them credit for a paper like this?

Realizing that everything must have an origin somewhere, campus snoops searched diligently around the *Campus* office in an effort to find from what this rag germinated. It was finally discovered that certain mysterious objects laying unused in one corner of the room were egg shells, and from this evidence the hypothesis was drawn that the "Dampus" sprang spontaneously from serpents' eggs, carelessly left behind when they dropped from the hip pocket of Old Nick on one of his periodic visits to the office of the *Campus*, with which (as most people probably guessed) he has long been affiliated.

We are very glad to be able to furnish such a clear explanation of the origin of this paper. In case anyone should have any complaints to make regarding it, they should be made to Old Nick, who is really responsible for it. He still resides in his traditional home, so if you have any objections—go there.

## WHOOPI! I'M JUST CRAZY ABOUT FAIRY SOAP

All thinking students about the campus have become alarmed recently at the unprecedented spread of that pernicious habit, parting the hair in the middle. While the "Dampus" feels that it should not embarrass victims of this degrading habit by publicly broadcasting their names, we do feel, nevertheless, it is time something should be done about the matter.

Why should students part their hair in the middle? Did you ever see a dog with hair parted in the middle? No, of course not! And isn't dog man's best friend? Even your best friend won't tell you, but why embarrass the canines. Go to the dogs, thou dullard, and get help to yourself.

And another thing, children cry for it. For what, you ask? We don't know. It must be hair. If children cry for it, why part it? Parting is such sweet sorrow! And there we are, back on the mail train (pardon us, the main trail), as neat as you please!

Now to get on with the sorrow, let's not split hairs. That brings up an interesting point. If a man parts his hair in the middle, and a hair is growing in the middle, what happens? Does he leave the hair erect? Certainly not—his hat would not stay on. Does he split hairs? Assuredly not! We have already warned against that. So there you are—DON'T PART YOUR HAIR IN THE MIDDLE.

He whose ire is aroused by the columns of this august and respectable journal is to be considered by all persons aware of that fact as a fool, idiot, simpleton, donkey, ass, ninny, block, dolt, chucklehead, dunderhead, goose, booby, nincompop, gaby, badaud, oaf, lout, loon, stick, blockhead, mutton-head, numskull, lunkhead, lummo, gawk, rube, dunce, and several other things. Remember variety is the spice of life, and a rolling stone is worth two in the bush.

## PRISON NOTICE

Prison pictures will be taken this week. Be sure to wear your number. They will be taken according to the following schedule:

### Sunday, August 43

- 1:30 Grub
- 1:45 More Grub
- 1:50 Dessert
- 1:55 Clean Up
- 2:00 Work in Yard
- 2:05 Stone Cracking
- 2:30 Cigarette Time
- 2:45 Afternoon Tea
- 3:00 Back to Cells
- 3:15 Wash up
- 3:30 Safe Cracking Group
- 3:35 Larceny Group
- 3:45 Sashweight Artists
- 4:00 Lights Out
- 5:00 Grub
- 5:15 Bedtime Stories
- 5:30 Devotional Services
- 7:00 Drinks Served
- 7:15 More Drinks Served
- 10:00 Bed

The Book Store announces a special sale of postage stamps. Thirteen can be purchased for a cent and a quarter.

## LIQUOR RECIPE

Professor E. O. Von Applesauce told his class in animal biology this week that next month will be the best time of the year for the making of cauliflower wine, because the cauliflowers will be in bloom then. The professor's recipe, given in confidence to his students, thirty of whom handed us the same formula is as follows: From three bouquets of cauliflowers pluck the stems and dispose of them either by throwing them in the waste can or by giving them to the Student Loan Fund Committee. Next take the remaining flowers and boil them for several hours in a solution of three gallons of Scotch whiskey, one gallon of XXXXX, two gallons of bacardi, and a gallon and a half of good-natured alcohol. At the end of this time drain off the solution and save it. Place the cauliflowers in a garbage can or throw them at your roommate. Then, after the boiling solution has cooled, bottle it and drink not more than ten quarts at a time. Antidote: Swallow three sticks of dynamite and reach for a Mucky instead.

Mrs. Ida O. Wanderlust, founder of Maine's Home for Stray and Misguided Cats, will be the principal speaker on the annual Farmers Owe 'Em Week program to be conducted at the University immediately upon the arrival of Wilhelm Holenzollern early in April.

## THE MAINE CAMPUS

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# It Speaks for Itself



## FLOOD TIDE AS BUTLER BATHES

BY OSWALD MACZONITE

Considerable excitement was caused at the University last Friday when Paul Butler, '32, riding in his Austin roadster crashed through the left side of the Orono Bridge and fell into the river below. He kept his head above water long enough to yell and attract the attention of passersby, who had also noticed the rising waters at the banks of the river. Three derricks were summoned from the electric car company, and after several hours' work succeeded in hauling the much drenched senior from the water.

Though grappling hooks were in play all the rest of that day, all night and all Saturday morning, no trace could be found of the Austin roadster, and it was given up as lost. The car was found, however, on Sunday afternoon when Butler's roommate, in cleaning the room picked up the victim's pants from the floor, and upon noticing a bulge in his hip pocket investigated and found the lost Austin.

Butler is quite well known about the campus, and was to have staged an imitation of Helen Kane at Vodvil Nite, but the committee in charge was unable to find a piano of the right proportions for him to sit upon.

## FROSH TO RAISE SUNKEN SUB

Numerous freshmen have been put to work clearing the Stillwater of ice so that the Reserve Naval Training Core will be able to stage spring maneuvers next week. The fleet has been in dry dock in Balentine Hall since late last fall, and it is expected that considerable time will be spent in reinstallation of new guns on the torpedo boats. The submarine "U Wood" which was rammed and sunk in a collision with the *Emma Gradenbringend*, will also be raised and the bodies of seventeen unruly freshmen who were using the craft without permission at the time of the tragedy, will be removed and placed in custody.

## ODE TO DEMOSTHENES

"Go to father," she said,  
When I asked her to weed,  
And she knew that I knew  
That her father was dead  
And she knew that I knew  
What a life he had led  
So she knew that I knew  
What she meant when she said  
"Go to father."

Lizzie Clubfoot, Maine's champion egg layer, recently established a new record. She had been fed on saw dust for six weeks and laid a dozen eggs which she hatched. In the breed eleven of the chicks had wooden legs, and the twelfth one was a woodchuck.

## FREE

Free! Yes, absolutely free, that is except for the subscription price, which you will benefit from anyway, the *Maine Dampus* will give a nice big Easter Egg, to every one who turns in three new subscriptions between now and the first of April. Three new ones, sure, and we'll also give one for one renewal. How's That? Remember twenty days no more no less, turn in your new subscriptions and receive your Easter Egg.

We have imported a new crew of colored rabbits which will lay the eggs from day to day in the *Dampus* office, so you may be sure that they will be fresh. All eggs will be colored, but you may choose your own color. Just tell us what color you want and we will tell our egg laying crew.

Think what it will mean to be able to take home three or four of these fine high quality eggs to your folks at vacation and at home. The eggs are guaranteed for one year for all breakage of parts.

## Liquor Found by Police in M. C. A. Raid

(Continued from Page One)

kegs of wine, six kegs of gun powder, a box of hand-grenades, three sets of burglar tools, and a box of soda crackers.

The names of the persons under arrest are being withheld by the authorities pending an investigation by the Student Loan Fund Committee.

## FOWLS—WEASELS MAKE ANTIPIUM LAW FOR FROSH

companionship with John Shortley, required reading of the *Campus*, parking one's car back of the armory, amputation of the left ear, payment of a fine not exceeding one million bucks, flogging with a snow shovel—not more than ten thousand strokes, cleaning out the University Dump back of the Armory, and many other penalties.

Another committee consisting of members of the Senior Scowls, headed by Chon Chixin, is attempting to stop the illegal traffic in dope now being carried on. It is thought that Chon Mew Her, president of the Stewed Senate will lend his assistance.

Co-eds who desire a fraternity pin to show the folks at home during vacation, phone Kenneth Gloster.

In this battle the Swedes were overwhelmingly defeated.

# The Maine Snoopus



Truth, like murder, will out so take a squint at this: On Friday, April 8, the first Friday after school opens, the Y. W. C. A. will stage a stag dance in Alumni Hall with music furnished by Smith Ames orchestra. . . . An athletic rally for co-eds was held in Balentine Gym Wednesday evening, March 16. The purpose of the gathering was to award numerals, letters and seals. . . . Speeches were made by Mr. Moreland and Miss Lengyel who were introduced by the president of the Women's Athletic Association, Helen Stearns. . . . Mr. Moreland paid a compliment to the women athletes of Maine and the attitude which is taken by the University. He stated that American and English women are the best examples of physical womanhood. . . .

Awards were made to the following people. Numerals: Eleanor Kane, Basketball, Hockey; Dolly Dunphy, B. B. H.; Alma Dunn, B. B. H.; Agnes Crowley, B. B. H.; Frances Johnson, B. B. H.; Annie McClellan, B. B. H.; Louise Hill, Volley Ball, Hockey; Adelle Allen, B. B. Championship Team; Eleanor Cushing, B. B. Championship Team; Muriel Covell, V. B.; Methyl Coy, V. B.; Edith Bolan, Asst. Mgr. V. B.; B. B. Hockey; Ruth Russell, B. B. V. B. Hockey. Letters: Muriel Whitman, Hockey (3 yrs.), B. B.; Phyllis Webber, H. Soccer, V. B.; Asst. Mgr. B. B.; Dorothy Davis, H. V. B.; Genevieve Mead, H. B. V. B.; Elizabeth Myers, H. B. V. B.; Evelyn Randall, V. B., Mgr. H. Second Set of Numerals: Priscilla Noddin, Marian Dickson, Blanche Henry, Miriam Hannaburgh, Marjorie Moulton, Merrita Dunn, Honorary Hockey Team: Estelle Burrill, Martha Smith, Merrita Dunn, Eleanor West, Emily Thompson, Katherine Trickey, Carmela Propita, Marjorie Moulton, Francelia Dean, Margaret Churchill. Honorary Basketball Team: Annie McClellan, Marian Dickson, Estelle Burrill, Adelle Allen, Dolly Dunphy, and Blanche Henry. . . . Maine Seal—the highest honor a girl can be awarded in athletics which equals three letters or 1125 points: Katherine Trickey, Martha Smith, and Pauline Brown. . . . Elections for Class Parts, and campus activities will be held in Alumni April 8. The following nominations have been made. Class Parts: Chaplain, John Dickson; Historian, Hildreth Montgomery, Orestes Rumazza, John Moore; Presentation of Gifts: Pauline McCready, Robert Shean, Rebecca Spencer, Stan Protas, Silvia Hickson; Orator: John Barry, Jack McGowan; Poet: Clarine Coffin, Helen Robinson, Mal McCormick; Class Prophet: Wheeler Merriam, Helen Stearns, Margaret Merrill, Lawrence Huot; Valedictorian: Tom Baldwin, Kay Trickey, Malcolm Long, Merle Hilborn; Orator: Amel Kizonak, Norman French, Walter Riley, Carl Fickett; Junior Marshal: Roger Heller, Robert Russ, Donald Favor. . . . The nominations for Women Student Gov. are: President: Marjorie Moulton, Marnie Smith; Vice-President: "Frankie" Dean, Dot Davis; Secretary: Alice Dyer, Mildred Haney; Treasurer: Jane Chase, Betty Wilhelm, Alice Sonnickson. . . . Nominations for Student Senate will be made after vacation and voted on the same date. . . . Those nominated for Y. W. are President: Grace Quarrington, Blanche Henry; Vice-President: Dot Davis, "Frankie" Dean, Mildred Haney; Secretary: Ruth Harding, Jean Walker, Betty Wilhelm; Treasurer: Ethne Worcester. . . . W. A. A. nominations are: President: Marjorie Moulton, M. Dickson, B. Henry; Vice-President: Dot Davis, A. Dyer, S. Young; Secretary: A. Dunn, F. Johnson, A. Crowley; Treasurer or Senior Representative: M. Dunn, J. Barry, E. Thompson; Mgr. Volley Ball: E. West, E. Myers, A. Allen; Mgr. Track: M. Hannaburgh, E. Jalbert, E. Moore; Mgr. Baseball: W. Cushing, J. Mutty, M. Haney; Mgr. Archery: M. Adelman, E. Hilliker, L. Burton; Mgr. Tennis: E. Lull, E. Mayberry, E. Young; Asst. Mgr. Hockey: D. Moynihan, D. Roderick, A. Grua; Asst. Mgr. Basketball: H. Williams, M. Coy, A. Ingerson. . . . The Victoria Weeks Hacker Watch, the gift of the Portland Club of U. of M. Women, is presented to the woman member of the graduating class, who, in the opinion of the faculty and students, has done the most for the University during her course. The nominees are E. Burrill, M. Churchill, M. Fowles, H. Montgomery, E. Randall, O. Perkins, R. Spencer, H. Stearns, K. Trickey. . . . The Washington Alumni Association Watch is presented to the outstanding man in the graduating class. Nominations for the latter will be held previous to the election on April 8th. . . . The selection of the Maine Masque for its Junior Week presentation is *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare's five-act comedy. The tentative cast of the play is as follows: Captain, Francis Morong; Duke Orsino, John Barry; Valentine, Smith Ames; Sir Toby Belch, Francis Ricker; Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Ludwig Long; Sebastian, Walter Hall; Antonio, Almon Cooper; Friar, Wilbert Fifield; Malvolio, Horace Porter; Clown, Harold Barrett; Fabian, John Willey; Salanio, Armand Giguere; Viola, Ruth Libby; Olivia, Sylvia Hickson; Maria, Hope Clark. . . . Several minor parts have not yet been announced. . . . Judge L. S. Hurlbert, head, Legal Division of Cooperative Marketing, Federal Farm Board, Washington, D. C., is here this week assisting the Extension Service with legal phases of cooperative organizations such as relating to the marketing of blueberry, milk, cream, and potatoes. . . . Xi Sigma Pi, honorary forestry club, held a meeting recently at the Tarratine Club, Bangor. Philip T. Coolidge, consulting forester, George T. Carlyle '09, Carlyle & Prentice Company, and faculty members spoke. . . . U. H. Despres of 87 Park Street, was the winner of the first prize in the advertising writing contest recently conducted by the Publicity Committee of the University of Maine Summer Session. Mr. Despres is a member of the senior class and his home is in Lewiston. As a result of his writing ability along advertising lines the winner will receive a check for five dollars from Director Roy M. Peterson. . . . The second prize of three dollars was won by James W. McClure, member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity, a junior in the University and a resident of Bangor. The third prize of one dollar goes to William Whidden Johnson, retiring editor of the *Campus*, senior in the College of Arts and Sciences, and member of the Sigma Nu fraternity. These winners will also be presented with their checks when they call upon Director Peterson. . . . The prizes were offered by the summer school administration to arouse interest among the students in the summer term as well as to develop latent writing abilities among the students. Quite a few entered the contest and the committee was sorry that each could not win a prize. . . . There will be a meeting of the College 4-H Club in 33 Winslow Hall, April 6, at 7:00 P.M. Moving pictures will be shown. . . . PRISM NOTICE—All additions to the lists of senior activities must be turned in to the Editor before this week-end. This is the final notice.

## Tribal King Hangs H's Pin; Puddleston Makes Music

(Continued from Page One)

and the boys were all having their frails on for a big brawl; the orchestra arrival couldn't have been more timely. When the hour of the festival came around the boys all donned their best clothes, which at this time consisted in most cases of one shoe and a bow tie; tuned up their reeds, strings, etc. and started right off with some snaky numbers. Folks, from Mr. Puddleston's reports we here have no conception of dancing. To quote him: "Our dancing can no more compare with theirs than can the Old Town Rye compare with the good old stuff. Words can't explain their dance, and besides!"

Although the great Coma Puddleston was quite busy I managed to squeeze one more incident out of him before his presence was demanded elsewhere. Although he was rather prone to tell of this it seems that he and the boys reached the monkey country a few weeks later and got mixed up with the ape hoard, and were it not for the instruments that they were carrying, they never would have been able to discern one another.

## Mountain of Junk Rises as Frenzied Mob Goes Pantless

(Continued from Page One)

had laid in a supply of corduroys to last until the end of the present semester. They report a loss of not less than \$975,683.23 and three nights sleep, all of which is bad.

The dairy department also reports a very noticeable increase in lice and other forms of vermin attacking the cattle, horses, and sheep. It has been found, according to the Pathogoreen theory, that these small beings, having been deprived of their homes in the corduroys, are seeking new residences.

The gas squad of the military department has been called into action several times to drive cars past the mountainous heap, since the advent of rain has caused a just perceptible odor to emanate from the corduroys.

From all quarters come reports of the protests of co-eds, who say they like their men to wear corduroys. They can see men in civilized clothes any day in the movies.

Be a Sap. Read the Campus.

## Society

Theta Chi enjoyed an informal dance this week-end. No one else did. The jolly group returned from the Silver Slipper in time to bail out the cellar before the good ship went down.

Sigma Nu put on a flop yesterday. No refreshments were served as Theta Chi locked their kitchen windows. No chaparrons were invited. A good time was held by all.

S. A. E. held open house all week. It is now closed. Orono police supplied the padlocks.

Forty men attended Phi Gam Vic party Friday. Three women also went. Clyde Lougee led the comb and harmonica band.

Beta held a slush party last night. A lousy time was had by all. Everybody poured and Pal Ticket checked the silver cups as they left. There was no music. Pat Huddilston and his Droopydors played.

Kappa Sig threw a hic party Saturday. Three reporters on deck—none were able to report.

Delta Tau held their semi-annual formal sometime last week. Nobody went. Read about it next week.

Phi Eta entertained all the ladies from Balentine Friday evening. Both co-eds reported a good time. Pat Huddilston chaperoned.

A.T.O. has been enjoying a long social season in their new home. It is rumored that the concluding event will be held in April shortly before the boys move in.

Beta Kappa were hosts at a barn raising last night. Phi Kappa also wants a new home for their bull.

Two prominent seniors were united in marriage yesterday when ETAOIN SDR VBKGQJ CMFWYP etaoin xziff!!!!? escvx BMHT thmbzESBX odwk ilyq E7 VBKGQJ xffil...z EARONT A vbscmf

## Kenneth Foster, Model Student, Highly Honored

(Apologies to the Portland Sunday Telegram)

Kenneth C. Foster, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Foster of the Cony Road, Augusta, a second year student at University of Maine, has recently been signally honored in having been named business manager of "The Maine Review," a magazine that will soon make its first issue and also in having been selected to carry a leading role in a play, "Ladies of the Jury," which was given by the Maine Masque, the dramatic organization. Mr. Foster played the part of the prosecuting attorney, a difficult one.

Foster was graduated from Cony High School in the Class of 1930 and was an outstanding student as well as prominent in extra curricular activities. He is one of the assistant managers of the Maine varsity football team and has been successful in several outside activities. He is a student in the Arts and Sciences College and specially successful in positions demanding executive and business ability. He has made the dean's list and is a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.



## Find Kidnapped Kid in Mud

(Continued from Page One)

Meanwhile bystanders went in search of Diogenes, our former night watchman, to ask that he convey the child to Bangor on his bicycle, but before the gentleman could be found Doctor Fitch happened to stroll past, and noted the predicament. Reaching into his knicker pocket he drew out and unfolded a large tire pump, and inserted the tube between the child's lips. Removing the handle, he called to Professor Huddilston, standing on the outskirts of the crowd, and asked him to say a few words.

Dr. Huddilston came forward, suddenly embarrassed at being the center of so much attention, and began speaking into the large end of the pump. It is rumored that he elaborated on the wonders of modern civilization and lamented at the barbarous horrors of antiquity. But whatever his words may have been, the results were instantaneous and magical. A tremor of life suddenly vibrated the small frame. Little shivers of returning energy could be seen playing up and down the spine.

Suddenly the youngster sprang to his feet, beat upon his chest with his small fists, and roared, "I will not allow Hercules to be called stronger than myself. Take that—and that—and that...."

And flooring Frank, the cop, with a mighty right, and tossing Paul Butler over the roof of the Armory (the building was demolished), he elbowed his way through the crowd and sped toward home.

As the excitement began to wane, members of the Mineralogy class returned to the scene of the practice oil well in an effort to reconstruct the circumstances which had led to the discovery of the North Hall child there. After digging down another hundred feet they discovered that the ladder on which young Roger had been resting was mounted on the Orono fire truck, and that machine was now stalled. The abductors of the child were in the front seat, fast asleep, and were promptly despatched lest they give away secrets regarding the condition of the Orono fire department.

According to detectives summoned from the soda fountain in the Book Store (led by Juan Barrie and Hap Straws) the events leading up to the tragedy were as follows:

The kidnapers of the child, impelled by caution, had decided to help themselves to some slowly moving vehicle that no one would pay any attention to in order to make good their escape. For this purpose they selected the Orono firewagon. They could not have made a better choice—it would probably not have been missed until summer, when warm evenings again made attending fires a pleasure.

Unfortunately, however, the drivers chanced to cross the old parking ground, with the result, of course, that the truck sank into the bottomless morass. In a desperate effort to extricate himself, the unhappy infant had burst his bonds and erected the extension ladders on the rear of the truck to their greatest height, only to fall short of level ground by a matter of approximately 3000 feet. Finding his efforts in vain, he had settled himself on the ladder to await rescue.

Volunteers engaged in attempting to raise the sunken truck later were amazed upon suddenly unearthing a subterranean tunnel. Following this for a short distance they came upon Professor Gilliland, lost several weeks before during an archaeological expedition in search of Egyptian tombs. Professor Gilliland, it seems, had also wandered onto the parking ground and sank without leaving a trace. After a drop of three days, however, he came at last upon the body of a mummy buried during the first dynasty. Having lost all the other members of his party, Dr. Gilliland at once turned his attention to the mummy, and after a half hour of convincing talk the figure finally stirred and moved.

The Doctor then told him, in so vivid a manner, of how the Greeks had usurped the splendid reputation once held by the Egyptians that the Egyptian was aroused to intense anger. Throwing off his wrappings and shouting, "Down with Archillies, the Imposter," he seized a shovel and began tunnelling upwards. So rapidly did he go that he was nearly at the surface, with Dr. Gilliland walking leisurely behind, when they were discovered. Dr. Gilliland made a rapid recovery from the ill effects of his experience, but the Egyptian died of a broken neck when he slipped on the stairs leading to the second floor of the Library, ten minutes after he was brought to the surface.

The Campus will pay \$5 to any one who can pronounce Persyqxgl correctly after smoking a package of Virginia Cheroots within a half hour of publication time of this issue.

The College of Agriculture is conducting experiments in the production of what they will call the "Alkisheep." The hide of this animal will be especially adapted to use for the covering of flasks.

Not a cent was paid for this statement.

Don't get sore.

## DISASTER

NARROWLY AVOIDED

By ISADORE ISPOVITCH

Following a series of bad accidents and illnesses among the students for the past few weeks, the Health Department has had to increase their sales force by one hundred assistants. It is truly remarkable how many cases demanding medical attention have developed recently. For example, Harry Saunders, the frosh distance star, limped in to our offices last week with a typical fallen arch. He had attempted to scale agilely over a two-foot puddle of water. He succeeded, but in doing so, he most peculiarly landed on one foot on the far side of the puddle. This extra weight upon one sustaining point is said to be the cause of the fallen arch.

"Bunny" Anderson staggered in, tears dimming his lustrous eyes, with a scratch on his right forefinger. He had missed his aim while performing his daily manicure. Latest reports indicate, however, that he will be able to report for football practice next fall.

Elmer Randall has developed a severe case of hangnail. He is now at the infirmary and only his nearest relations may see him.

Although George Cobb is still suffering from a shattered arm and the results of the Presque Isle-Winslow game, he manages to attend classes.

Hamilton Boothby is still somewhat tongue-tied, although he debates next week

in New York and Boston. All available treatments have failed to cure Manley Kilgore's case of "housemaid's knee." Ditto for George Wing's seven-year's itch. Ray Gailey's acute case of "lipstick" seems permanent. "Womenitis" still troubles Stanley McDougal and George Cory. Johnny Hamilton, North Section H. H. cannot control his "rankitis," although constant reading of Ballyhoo and others is helping him. Six-inch layers of talcum powder are at least assisting Clayt Totman in holding his own against his "athlete's foot." Ten seconds flat is the best Paul Bean can do for the 100 yard dash, now that hives are resting upon him.

## SIKOLOGY XPERIMENT Believe Mee

Vs. Professor Bool Seshon

(The Dampus publishes this experiment with special omission of the Co-ed phoners and with apologies to Prof. Capmeadow.)

Purpose: To investigate the magnanimous mental *pabulum* of matriculation through the method of imbibing the morsels embedded in muniments ephemerally.

Apparatus: Two copies of Ballyhoo, one bed (preferably your roommate's), five soft pillows, and one box of candy (that sent by Sally).

Method: Sprawl on bed for two minutes or less, then place four of the pillows under head and shoulders in comfortable fashion; save the other one to throw at roommate. Open box of candy and gingerly sample contents. Refrain from commenting on the burnt taste, remembering that Sally has a large patronage.

After the foregoing, sigh in feigned pleasure and take up latest copy of Ballyhoo. Open it and observe the ..... [The Dampus editorial board has here edited]. During the process of consumption and consumption emit large guffaws for Percy across the hall to hear. Perhaps he will drop in, in which case give him a piece of the candy. Remember that revenge is burnt! By this time the afternoon is quite well passed away. Yawn in cultured complacency and go to sleep.

Data: This will include well fingered Ballyhoos, partially eaten confectionery, and rumbled hair.

Conclusion: This experiment shows that it is quite possible to study when the synapses of the neuronic pathways have been irritated by rubbing. It also illustrates how to go about studying by explaining the malfeasances resulting from forced activity and the theory of dynamic pragmatism.

The University Band is now engaged by the Outadait Phonograph Company in making records which will be used by departments of physics and psychology thru-out the country to illustrate to over curious students what noise is.

The University barber shop announces that in the future all persons desiring haircuts must come to the barbershop. The business will be carried on in a truly cash and carry basis.

Lemuel Q. MacTrotsky, junior track star in the low and long hurdles, received minor injuries last week in a railroad accident when his skull was crushed, two legs broken, six ribs fractured, and his left arm severed at the wrist. It is thought that he will be unable to participate in the state track meet this spring.

The Campus will be published daily next week.

## Have you thought of making DENTISTRY YOUR LIFE WORK?

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Leroy M. S. Miner, D.M.D., M.D., Dean, Dept. 8, 188 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

## Have Your Spring CLEANING &amp; PRESSING

Done Now by **BILL RILEY** Economical and Expert Workmanship

## The Dampus Staff At Work



Must we threaten you with Perodontaclasia?

THURS.—FRI.—SAT.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

LILYAN TASHMAN—MELVYN DOUGLASS

in

"THE WISER SEX"

Next Week

MON.—TUES.—WED.—THURS.

MAURICE CHEVALIER

in

"ONE HOUR WITH YOU"

With JEANETTE MACDONALD

OPERA HOUSE

BANGOR, MAINE

## FREESE'S MEN'S SHOPS

Bangor, Maine

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IT'S THE BUNK

# MAINE GETS CROWN

## Beats Southern Calif. 97-0 in Flashy Fray; Tight Game; All Tight



BY MIKE MCGINTY

Scoring the biggest upset since Colby beat Vassar in 1902, the University of Maine football team won the National football title of the United States of America when it defeated the University of Southern California on the mud-swept

fields at the Gulch Stadium, New Orleans. It was a terrifically fought game and sensational plays followed one another in succession. As the sun was slowly lowering in the further-east corner of the stadium, Maine finally emerged the victors by the score of 97-0.

## Veazie Trims Spudsters To Get State Title

BY ALVERDO P. Q. T. MCGLOOCK

Scoring a sensational foul with but seven minutes to play, O'Dear, Veazie High School forward, clinched a hard fought game in the final round of the University of Maine Basketball tournament and emerged the victor over Presque Isle by the score of 3-2. It was a clearly offensive game played by both teams and time after time the two rival outfits swept down the floor with powerful offensive attacks.

Longfoot Sweeteater sunk a pretty hoop in the first second of play, when he out-jumped his rival center from Veazie and tapped the leather ball clean through the basket for a two point basket. At this point in the game Veazie pulled off a remarkable play. Getting control of the ball, the next door neighbors from Orono brought it down under their own basket. Then all the Veazies suddenly sat down on the smooth and recently swept floor. Taken back by this surprise, the Spud fellows thought that time had been taken out and they also seated themselves on the floor. Aghast at the actions of both teams, the referee also sat down on an empty spot on the floor and started to play a little ditty on his whistle. Then two Veazie players picked up the pellet and began to walk nonchalantly towards the opposing basket. The Potato lads thought that the duo were tired of sitting and wanted to take a little walk. The kid with the ball, now directly under the rival basket, lifted the ball in one hand and stood perfectly still. Then the other kid took the ball out of his teammate's man-sized paw and sunk the thing for as neat a shot as was ever seen. Suddenly the crowd broke into a frenzy, caps were thrown about, applause filled the air.—Veazie had scored on the famous Statue of Liberty play! Score 2-2.

There was no scoring in the next two periods. Finally, O'Dear was slugged across the map with scarcely seven min-

utes to play, and a foul was called. Suffering inwardly from the intense pain of the blow, O'Dear assumed a position on the foul line, smiled brilliantly and had absolute confidence as the ball left his mitts. Soaring high in a beautiful arc, the ball split the curtains and Veazie won.

## CO-EDS BUTTED

At last the Co-eds get a break. The ban on smoking has been lifted. One brunette member of the institution caught in the act of lighting a butt was lauded for upholding the rights of her sex. Prexy, in a burst of enthusiasm, called a meeting of the Board of Directors, in order to find some way to honor the brave girl. Various ideas were submitted. Finally, Prexy decided that an annex to Colvin Hall should be constructed for the worthy use of smoking. Drove of the fair sex can be seen flocking to their model retreat. The river bank is slowly filling up on account of its loss of daily patrons to keep it tread down. Complaints from the inhabitants on the other side of the stream have been heard. It seems the light from the cigarettes has been their method of illumination. Also the officials need have no more fear of the buildings being fired by some careless female hand. Ten acres of the land behind the Armory have been set aside by the Department of Agriculture for the purpose of growing a better grade of tobacco. The efficient chemists at Aubert will cure the essential weed. Then the product will be ready for the fair sex.

## SPURT SQUEALS BY BOOB GERB

Last week a "cub" reporter was given the difficult assignment of interviewing Coach Brice concerning the baseball season. Not knowing the coach, the reporter walked into the indoor gym and asked to see Mr. Brice. The reporter, being a newcomer on the campus and still a youngster in the affairs of the world, boldly approached the coach and commanded that he reveal all the inside dope on the baseball team. Coach Brice squared himself on a bench in Ghandi fashion. However, there were two things lacking, a bowl of cream and the cheese-cloth.

"Well, coach, what do you think of the prospects for the team this year?" said the cub. In a serious frame of mind and after due deliberation, Coach cleared his throat and began. "The chances of the club are pretty good this year, that is, if the pitchers don't fail me. In case they do, I will have to place the catcher in front of the plate so the batter will not disturb the infielders and only use two outfielders. And again, the catcher might pitch and the pitcher umpire," continued Brice.

"What do you think of the new material at hand?" questioned the reporter. The old veteran yo-yoer yawned and answered, "I hear they have some pretty good men entered this semester but I don't know which side of the plate they bat."

As the cub continued scribbling, Brice anticipated the next question as to when practise would start and how the daily routine would work out. "We will probably start around the first of June. Practise will be daily and each session will be opened with our new theme song 'When the Blue of her Nose meets the gold of her Teeth,' whined Brice in his engaging tenor. I shall whistle the second verse, hum the third and the squad will join in on the last chorus. And while on the subject of singing, some people have accused me of singing like Bing Crosby," spouted the old Maestro in anger. "As a matter of fact, Bing does croon somewhat like me."

Hesitating a few moments to allow the cub to sharpen his pencil, the coach crooned for the benefit of those present. "Well, my young man, anything else you would like to know?" "Before I go, I would like to know what your qualifications are for a ball player to make the team this year?"

Scratching his head, the coach seriously said, "A man to make my ball club this year will have to know how to play auction bridge as most of them are all amateurs and know nothing about contracts. Oh yes, before it slips my mind, we are going to play a 15 game schedule. I expect to lose the first seven and win the remaining four."

The cub reporter edged closer and cleared his windpipe to ask a final question as to what the line-up for the initial encounter would be. "Come up to my house for a toast to-night and I'll tell it to you so no one else will hear." Then without warning and in a clyonic burst, Skipper Brice lifted himself off the bench and danced daintily out of the armory. Shortly afterwards, the coach was seen in a drug store purchasing the best arsenic that money could buy.

In the All-Collegiate Ping Pong Tour-

## BEDTIME STORY

BY UNCLE PERCY

The long safari of sun tan blacks wound in and out among the tall grass and giraffes of the upper Waziloneba country in search of a camping site. Presently the head-man stopped and said, "Hoosgow!" which is Congo for "Here is a pleasant and advantageous location in which to camp, my men! Remove your packs, set up the tents, start a conflagration and cook the evening meal." To those who do not understand the complexities of the Congo dialect, let me explain that a conflagration is a fire. It is a peculiar fact to note that these natives invariably cooked their meals over a fire!

The response of the faithful blacks to these orders was, "Monga hai logooby flunko sosnowitz!" which is Congo for "Right!" Then promptly they set to and pitched the tents and built a thorn "bomber." A bomber is a low wall of thorn bushes surrounding the camp, which keeps out the lines and taggers and rye? nosu! horses and ring tailed lollapalooas—those fierce jungle Dennisms who are social climbers and desire hungrily to associate with humans.

Standing at one side and watching the proceedings was the male human being who had hired this road gang—none other than our hero, G. Wadham Oap; and beside him stood his pal and crony and inseparable companion, the Hon. Sir Innes

named held last night at Mount Vernon for the championship of Maine, Jule Pike II, with the amazing agility of two versatile pygmies, finally emerged victorious in his match with Sam Balderwood, an extremely light-footed boy if there ever was one, to clinch the coveted prize. After steaks were served and downed, the match started. The battle waged for hours with the little white pellet soaring from one paddle to the other. The lads eventually tired when the score stood 0-2, 2-0, 9-9. The contestants, during a willing respite, again shared a couple of tenderloin steaks with Havana cigars, and play resumed. Amid the bellowing of the fair co-eds, the battle inclined first to the venerable Jules, then reeled to the inexhaustible Sam, and then to Jule finally. The final score was 9-5, 0-6, 6-6, 0-0, 8-0.

As a reward for his clean-cut victory, Pike II was presented a special broiled roundhouse steak, while Balderwood ate the gravy.

## Small Timers Among the Present Timers

**THEOBALD V. DRUNKZ, JR.**  
Class of 19??—Nickname was Oscar—Most unversatile athlete ever to represent the Pale Blue—A miserable football player—Played quarterback on the 9th scrub team—Unable to learn any signals—Forward passes he threw averaged five yards—Poor tackler—Also a member of the track team—Specialized in the 100 yard dash—Best time turned in was 14½ seconds—Oscar still contends it was 14½ seconds—Exceptionally poor starter—Got frightened at sudden shot of starter's gun—Member of baseball team during his whole four years—No cuts made by coach—Aspired to be a catcher—Failed, as he maintained pitchers would only throw curves—He could not follow the ball—Was crosseyed—Right forward on inter-class basketball team—But five men ever showed up for practice and one was the coach—Oscar went scoreless for season—Just could not seem to connect with the basket—Oscar—Undependable—Bow-legged—Unpopular.

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## (Continued from Page One) Little Dean Defendant in Divorce Suit; Wife Claims Him Crooner

"Yes," sobbed the woman before him. "he is a poet. I never knew until today. He contributes to the Maine Review."

"The Maine Review!" Judge Ocham-paugh could not suppress an exclamation of horror. "You poor . . . ."

The judge caught himself in time. Suddenly rising above the dictates of his tender sympathies he knocked off the top of the bench with his gavel and proclaimed, "The court finds the defendant guilty as charged, only more so. The decree is granted."

As the O'Connors left the court room, arm in arm, the only sound that could be heard was the judge calling of the next case. "Charles O'Connor versus Philip Brockway. A suit for the alienation of affections."

Much, R.F.D., F.O.B., i.e.

"Innes," said Wadham, "I go aloft on yonder hilltops to watch the sunset. Perhaps I shall bring you some of the eggs!" and laughing gently at his little sally, he shouldered his trusty air-rifle and wandered off.

Presently whom should he meet but one of the descendants of Eve's excuse, a large boat constructor who remarked, "Hiss—" which is snake for "Come to my arms, beloved!" Whereupon the reptile embraced Wadham respectfully but heartily, and our hero, alarmed, snatched from his left shoe a rejuvenated hairpin, which he thrust into the snake repeatedly and consecutively. The beast retaliated by whopping our hero over the bean with his huge tail; heavy blows which gave the snake a splitting headache. The grim battlers rolled and barrel-looped among the pannes until finally the snake died of acute halitosis. Our hero arose with a sigh of relief and lighted a Murad. He was shaking like a leaf which is being shaken. With a staggering gait he approached the camp.

"Sbongo," he said to the head-man, "Tomorrow I return to 32-180 West 60th

**Fire Due to Necking**  
(Continued from Page One)  
not be appreciated if there were no casualties to report, the local unit turned machine gun fire on bystanders peering from the windows of Arts & Sciences, explaining that no one should be allowed to jostle them in their work.

As the smaller blazes began to make headway the valiant fire fighters found that the two fire extinguishers which they had found under the sink were not adequate, since with thirty or forty blazes going at the same time they could not all be fed at the same time. Realizing this, leaders of the valiant band stamped out all blazes and retired to the armory for a council of war. Three days later they emerged, jubilant at the thoughts that a plan had at last been reached.

Hastily rekindling the fires, they poured gasoline between them until all small fires were united in one large one. Then, with only one fire to fight, it was but a short time until the entire edifice was consumed and the R.O.T.C. was able to chip another notch in their gun stocks.

The fire first made its appearance early Monday morning, and by Wednesday night patrols were sent around to warn all occupants to leave. No one was injured, but it is rumored that many of the former occupants of the building are in a surly temper at having their long winter nap so summarily interrupted.

Street! I think my wife is lonesome and calling me home!" The negro smiled slightly and scratched his poison-ivy. "Clever, These Chinese!" he remarked to the peaceful stars.



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