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The Pine Needle, vol 5, no 1

Pine Needle Publications

Charles Lewis

Al Mersky

Sid Folsom

Nat Tarr

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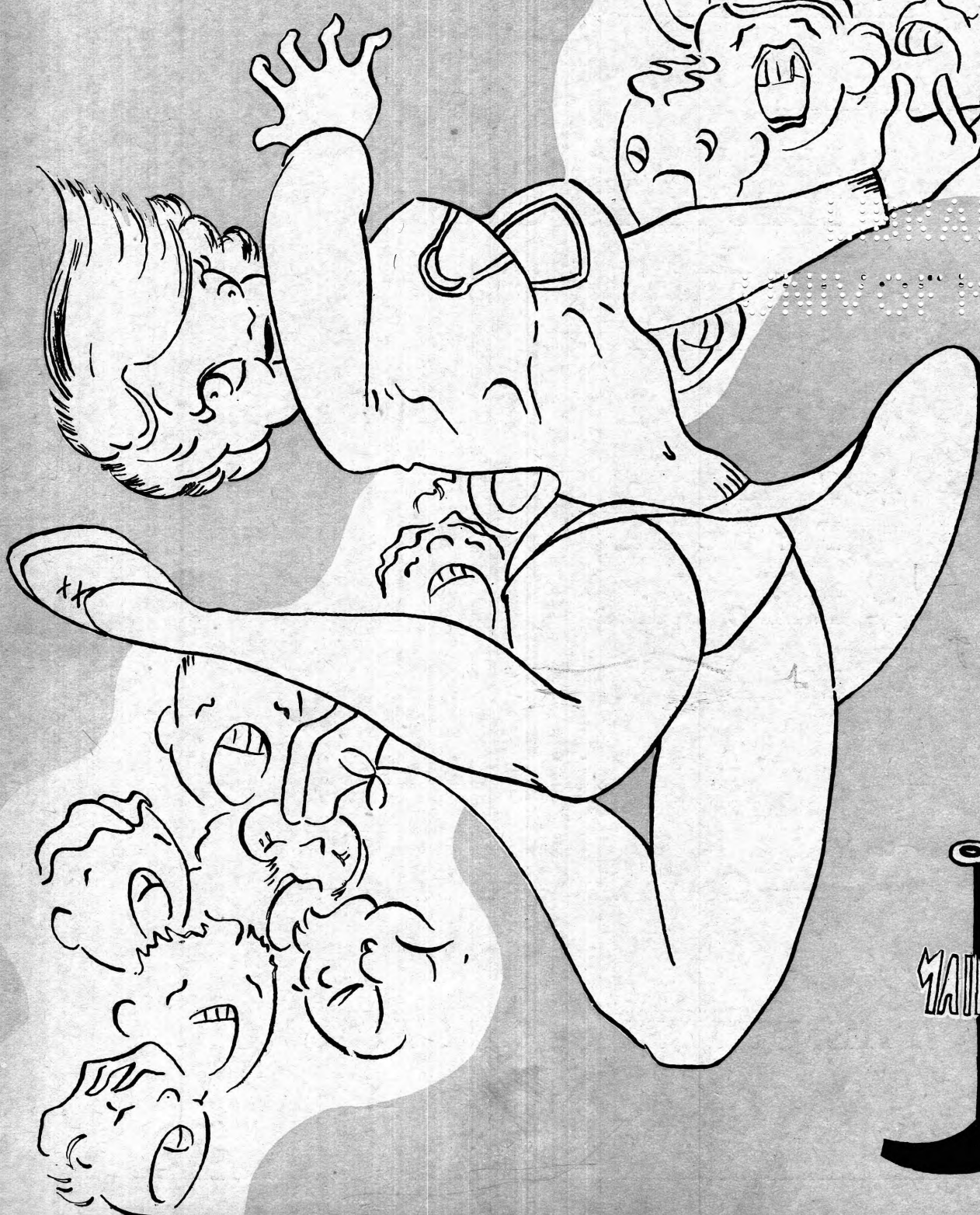
Authors

Pine Needle Publications, Charles Lewis, Al Mersky, Sid Folsom, Nat Tarr, Joyce McGouldrick, and Doug Kneeland

Nov 1950

dup

PINE NEEDLE



BRITISH BUREAU OF INFORMATION

20/50



Time To Start Thinking About Christmas

**Make Your Gifts
Reminders of Maine**

SUGGESTIONS:

★ Long Playing Records of
Maine Musical Groups

★ Maine Plates (wedgewood)
And Ash Trays

★ Playing Cards with Maine Seal

★ Small Sweat Shirts
For the Kids

★ Maine Steins

★ Maine Glasses

Many other Novelties with Maine Seal

— Come In And Shop —

THE UNIVERSITY STORE CO.



THE PINE NEEDLE

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE HUMOR MAGAZINE

FALL ISSUE

VOL. 5

NO. 1

November 1950

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A Jab of the Needle

The first jab of the Needle goes to the *Pine Needle*. This magazine has been published for four years and it wasn't until a few weeks ago that the laws governing its policy were firmly established. So, if there are any radical changes noted in the *Pine Needle's* content, they are due solely to the following of this policy for a better and even greater magazine.

We would like, at this time, to extend a sincere "welcome" to the new members of the University of Maine's Campus. We hope you enjoy your campus magazine, and it is our wish that in the years to come, you will take the places of those on our staff who have worked hard to make these publications possible. One of our capable writers, Sid Folsom, has written a most interesting article on the "new" campus "spirit".

THE STUDENTS' JAB:

While attending a Psychology class lecture, one of our able reporters overheard a choice bit of phraseology on the part of one of his fellow compatriots; it goes something like this:

Instructor, "Students majoring in psychology should understand the fact that there is no such thing as free will."

One student taken agast sputtered, "Well!"

"Well?" said the instructor.

"I just knew there was a reason why I took this course," replied the student, "and now I know."

If you know any interesting true stories on campus life, drop a line to the Pine Needle office in the S.R.A. Building.

Hats off to the Maine football team! In the words of coach Dave Nelson, "This year's squad is one of our finest." And the campus is ready and willing to back him up on that statement. With Russ Noyes leading the "Bears," the State Championship is practically ours, but more about this under "Sports" edited by our "Sports" soothsayer Doug Kneeland.

At present, the *Needle* is sadly undermanned. We need students to fill in the many vacancies left by the graduating class of last year. So, anyone who thinks he has talent, drop around to the office, or contact one of our many talent scouts. You'll know them by their "haggard" look.



Well, here's looking forward to another great Maine Year, to the Seniors: may they add a few more golden memories to their already full "treasure chest" of events; to the Juniors: a sense of responsibility for position of leadership which they will assume in "51". To the Sophomores: a little more patience with the "underclassmen." To the Freshmen: a firm belief that you will undo all the blunders, faults, and incompetence of the upperclassmen.

For the women of the campus, we have several articles of interest, among which is Nat Tarr's Fall Fashions. This is, undoubtedly, one of the best pieces of feminine ingenuity inculcated in any campus magazine. We know you'll enjoy them immeasurably.

She was a Tall, Dark, Scrawny Woman With Black Hair Twisted Into a Knot On the Back of Her Head

AUNT ABEDINGLE

By Charles Lewis

I was quite young when I first met Aunt Aby. I saw her for the first time when Uncle Horace died. After he died, since Aby was my father's sister, I guess Dad figured it was his responsibility to care for her. Perhaps if he knew what a responsibility she was slated to be, he might have sent her to The Elderly Ladies Home instead.

I remember very vividly the day she arrived. Early that morning Dad was prompting us on the art of good manners. "Remember," he said, "when your aunt arrives, I want you kids to behave yourselves. Don't forget, she's an old lady; she's coming here for a short while to rest. That means that you kids will have to try to be a little quieter. And whatever you do, don't call her Aunt Aby! Don't ask me why she prefers to be called 'Abedingle'. The Lord only knows why! But remember that when you address her."

I was very excited at the prospect of having a new aunt in the house. When I thought of what she would look like, I pictured in my mind a kind faced, elderly old lady sitting in a rocking-chair knitting or doing something of that fashion. With the exception of impressions I received of her by looking at her photographs, I had no idea of her true nature. The first real and perhaps the most lasting impression I received of her was that which I received when she first entered the house.

She was a tall, dark, scrawny woman with black hair twisted into a knot on the back of her head. Her glasses gave her the "school teacher appearance" — an appearance that was quite repulsive to me at the age of seven.

The moment she entered the house, she barked, "Well, well, Lester, take my bags - take my bags!" Dad was always the domineering type, but for some reason he fell off his pedestal,

smiled to Aunt Aby in a very forced manner, picked up her luggage, and walked off with them as meekly as a bellboy.

We children thought that there would be a lot of kisses, how-do-you-do's, and handshakes. I guess father thought there would be also, but he excused the abruptness of the reunion by saying, "She's still upset. Poor woman. Uncle Horace's death was quite a shock to her. She'll be well in a few weeks." Ma was away that weekend. Perhaps if she had been there to receive Aunt Aby, things might have been different.

The first few months went by without anything very exciting happening. Oh, Aunt Aby reprimanded me a few times for forgetting to put the "dingle" on the end of her name and for "slurping" my oatmeal at the breakfast table, but everything went fairly smoothly until about six months after her arrival.

Aunt Aby missed breakfast that morning, and we all thought it very strange, because she never missed it before. It wasn't that we cared (in fact it was quite a relief for us children), but we wondered what the trouble was. It seems that she was out the evening before to a rather late hour, so Ma and Dad thought she was just tired. Noon time came, however, and she still hadn't gotten up. Because Ma grew kind of restless by that time, she went up stairs to find out what happened to Aunt Aby. We children were literally dying to know what was keeping her up there, and in spite of Ma's forbidding us to follow her, we followed right along behind.

Ma knocked on Aunt Aby's door a couple of times, and Aunt Aby finally acknowledged such with almost hysterical raving. "Don't bother me! Don't bother me! Leave me be!" Ma asked her what the trouble was and

tried to reason with her, but it proved fruitless. She became all the more unreasonable.

I didn't know what to make of the whole affair, so (later when Ma wasn't looking) I sneaked upstairs and quietly crept over to Aunt Aby's door and looked through a crack in one of the panels. There she was sitting in the old morris chair with the Bible clenched tightly in her hands. At first I thought she was reading it.

Then I saw that she was merely staring off into space as if she were repenting or something. And every once in a while she would move her lips—she'd move them as if she were talking to someone. I was puzzled before, but after I had peeked through the crack in the panel, I didn't know what to think.

At supper that evening, in spite of Dad's pleading with her, she still hadn't come out of her room. We thought that she would surely come down to breakfast the next morning. She did not appear, however, until noon of the following day.

When she entered the room, Dad and Ma tried to be extra polite to her, but Aunt Aby was in no compromising mood. And during the next few months she was more uncooperative and bitter than ever.

Whenever we expressed our antagonism for Aunt Aby to the neighbors or friends of the family, they couldn't figure out why we harbored such ill-feelings. No, it was very difficult for them to understand, because whenever we had company—Aunt Aby had long ceased to be regarded as company—Aunt Aby was always extraordinarily pleasant and cooperative.

In fact every Saturday evening when a few of the neighbors were invited in for a few rounds of mah-jongg, she was considered the life of

Continued on Page 14



File 13 opens again with the fall issue of ye P.N., commenting on the many changes around campus since the last ill-fated issue. The Royal Ball is in the ascension:

One of the most unheralded changes, announced Coach Dave Nelson, is the soon forthcoming three-platoon system on the football field. The athletic department is in a dither about so many good players being down on their grades — one hit - .05 — so next fall the Bears will boast an offensive squad, a strong defense, and a squad to take exams.

* * *

Something's wrong with the scoreboard, too. New though it may be, it mal-functioned the third home game. Anyone could see we were winning the game on sheer grit alone.

* * *

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow, creeps in our petty pace." Will the Beanies come off? Will Murgatroyd Van Schnort reclaim his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of the Maine co-ed? And what of Delilah? Is she destined to find more Indian crew cuts on her respective boy-friends' heads?

* * *

Feller walked into the Campus' advertising office the other day and wanted to place a \$200 ad for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"Isn't that a lot to pay for a cat?" the ad man asked.

"Not this cat," our So. Apt. friend replied. "I drowned it."

* * *

Like my buddy who studied abroad for a year. Then he married her.

Driving his date home the other night, the Maine senior was pleasantly surprised to hear his date ask: "Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?"

"You bet," he exclaimed breathlessly, as is the custom of all manner of flesh.

"Well, slow down because we're going to drive right by the place."

* * *

One of our Maine buddies, traveling by train to the Connecticut game last fall, was heavily liquored. As the train lurched, he fell prostrate in the aisle.

"Where is your car, sir?" asked the conductor, anxious to deposit said buddy in his compartment.

"Haven't gotten car . . . just call me a cab."

* * *

Now that the bridge to Indian Island is nearing completion, some of us should check up on your Indian language requirements, basic. For example: TOMAHAWK, what you go to sleep suddenly and wake up without hair there is an Indian with.

* * *

Early-risers have yet to see that wonderful fruit, the doughnut. That's a cookie with sex appeal.

* * *

The youth slipped silently around the corner of the dorm, his eyes furtively searching the lighted pathway which led to his room. The purple-colored pick-up stopped, threw a searchlight on the unfortunate lad, who struggled in vain to hide a steady dripping from the pocket of his overcoat.

The Cop, a gleam in his eye, put a finger under one of the drops, caught it, and tasted it.

"Hard liquor?" he asked.

"Nope," replied the frightened lad. "Airdale pup."

* * *

Fewer college girls are getting married, which may indicate that higher education does improve the judgement.

* * *

Chuck S. was hitching through a small town on his way home for a weekend. He says he wanted to see his buddy, a public management major here a couple years ago.

There was an old man sitting on the steps of the village store, Chuck said, "I say, Pop, where can I find the court house," Chuck asked.

"Ain't got none here," the old duffer answered. "You've gut to pick 'em up on the street."

* * *

And as the old maid said to the robber: "Oh, gracious! Frisk me again!"

* * *

The fighting editor of the Maine "Crampus," Moland Rann, should conduct . . . and he might . . . an investigation into the Union Building that was going to be finished by 1951. Yeah!

* * *

This column is written in the American way, for real Americans. The American way. That's condemning a naughty movie, attending it to see if it's as shocking as advertised, and kicking because the naughty parts have been cut out.

STATION WORO

by

Al Mersky

All eyes follow the turning red second hand of the clock; crinkling scripts become quiet; the director takes his seat in the sound proof control room; all that can be heard is the heavy breathing of those behind the mikes in the broadcasting studio — 90 seconds, 89, 88, 87 . . .

While we're waiting for that minute hand to get around to "on the air time", let's take a good look behind the control room scenes and see what made possible these last few minutes before actual broadcasting time — the bloodshot eyes (ask Bruce Schwab, station engineer); sweat-stained scripts (ask Marge Williamson, faculty advisor, or Al Weymouth, station manager) and teared beers (ask Bob Colby, Radio Guild President).

For it was the University of Maine Radio Guild, grown from an infancy of 10 members back around 1935 to its present 150, which plugged campus station WORO into its present plan-

ning and building stages.

Long, long ago, in 1926, the University of Maine had a radio station call lettered WGBX. This was in the pre-Sh. course days and the station was an Electrical Engineering advanced laboratory course under the direction of Professor Walter J. Creamer. The station broadcasted twice weekly to a radius of 100 miles. The transmitter was in Lord Hall and the studio in Wingate Hall.

The station lived mainly on funds set aside by the University and on the technical and program work of the faculty. WGBX faded out of existence, however, from lack of student interest and participation — and MONEY.

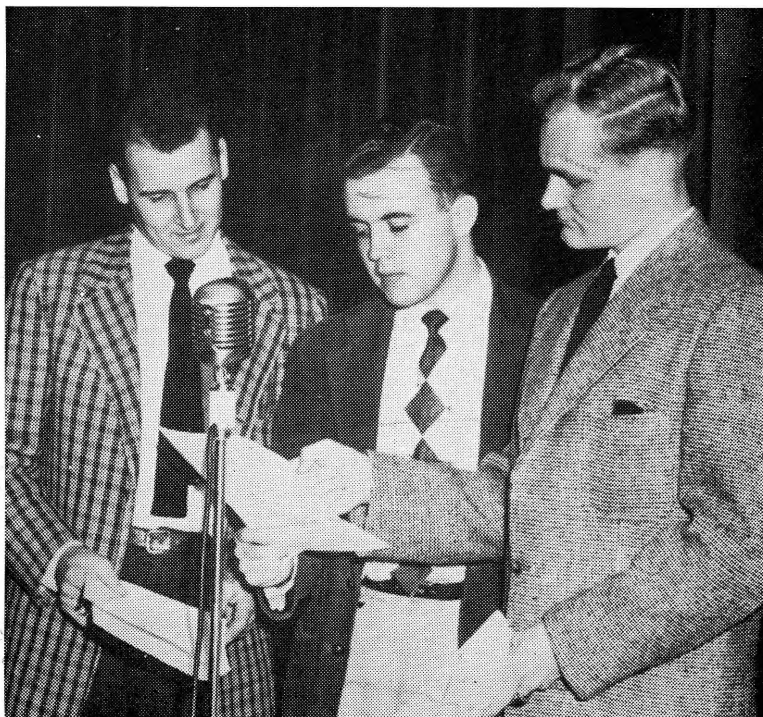
Following World War II, the veterans promptly beach-headed the national college campus. They brought with them G I technical know-how and experimental ideas. College radio got the jab it needed as campus sta-

tions sprang up all over the country— approximately 104 to date. The University of Maine got its radio revival also.

With the class of 1950 donation of \$500, the Guild plans began to take shape. Correspondence was started with the Federal Communications Commission — and the Speech Department began wading through Administration red tape. The white collar brigade finally okayed the station and placed a maximum broadcasting time of an 18 hours, 6 day week-Saturday omitted. The daily schedule is to run from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Here are a few things of interest for you Mr. Technologies. The 104 or more colleges which now boast radio stations operate under a system called "wired wireless". These stations combine low-powered transmitters with a system of transmission lines

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Left to right: Jay Winter, Dwight Frye, Don McLaughlin

RAH!

by

Sid Folsom

So there I was, waiting in my room.

It was just about time for the game. The rally the night before had worked up the spirit of all to a fever pitch, and we were ready to go out there and do or die for dear old Maine.

As I waited for the rest of the boys, I checked through my gear to see if all was in readiness. Let's see . . . my cowbell, my golf hat, my fur coat, two large medium-blue-and-dark-blue Maine banners on canes, a Halloween horn, two rolls of toilet paper (for throwing), a thermos of hot coffee, my knapsack full of frostbite remedy, my radio for listening to the broadcast of the game (in case I couldn't see what was going on), my Handy Dandy Fire Siren, and my portable steamboat whistle . . . I guess that's everything.

Oh, yes; mustn't forget Agnes. Who's she? Agnes is the pet mule I use to help carry all that junk.

And then the boys arrived to carry me off to the big game.

It was the biggest game of the year. We were playing our traditional rival, I.C.U. As we rushed toward the field, we could hear the opponent's stands giving forth with their school song, "Pull Down The Shades For I.C.U."

What a day for football!

We rushed onto the field, ready to take our seats on the 50-yard line. No ordinary grandstand seats were ours. No, sir, we had bought tickets for seats on the 50-yard line, and there we would sit. We had brought along our own folding chairs, and we then placed them right on the playing field itself, directly in front of the yard marker which read "50".

(We were all quite surprised during the second period, when a pass was thrown at us, we received it, and then were hit by onrushing linemen from both teams. What a sensation.)

Shortly after we were seated, but before the game got under way, we

saw the cheerleaders, 150 strong, come charging onto the field. They massed in front of the grandstand, and proceeded to go into their first cheer, the famous "Team-RAH!"

(For those of the readers who are not familiar with this cheer, a description is herein related. The cheerleaders begin to shout the word "team", upon which the entire team rises to its feet near the bench, and bows to the grandstand. The grandstand ignores the team. This lasts approximately 30 seconds

Then a lone, curvaceous drum majorette parades ostentatiously in front of the stands, and, as all eyes are on her, the cheerleaders and audience join in the single, staccato "RAH!" This makes the entire cheer sound as follows: "Te-e-e-m-m-mmm . . . RAH!!" The sound is sometimes followed by sighs of ecstasy.)

And then the game began.

What a game! Neither team scored in the first half. Neither team scored in the second half. The final score was 0-0.

What a game!

However, all was not lost. At half-time, I had managed to fight my way to the hot-dog stand, and there met a beautiful but starving female cheerleader. We both had purchased warm cokes and cold hot dogs.

We had talked at length while we devoured our snacks, and it had been love at first sight.

We had discussed the Korean situation.

Then she had mentioned that she took Spanish 3 the previous spring, and I had asked her if she still possessed her textbook for that course, with written-in translation. She had replied in the affirmative.

As I may have said before, it was love at first sight.

During the rest of the game, we had stood side-by-side on the 50-yard line, watching the game through rose-colored glasses. As the game ended, I wafted her into my arms and car-

ried her off to the post-game tea which was being held in my fraternity, Phi Onu.

Things were jumping as we arrived at the house. The brothers were jumping. The sisters were jumping. The dates were jumping. The cook was jumping. Even the housemother was jumping.

I looked about, suspecting severe cases of ants-in-pants.

However, all was well, and we joined the party. I went to the taproom, dragged out my 55-gallon drum of vintage cider, and poured a tank-car (as differing from a side-car) for my cheerleader-date. I carried it back to her with the aid of Agnes, my mule-of-all-work who had followed me faithfully from the football field.

We sat before the roaring fireplace, watching the music die in the distance, and hearing the patter of the enrushing flames. The log came up and threw another housemother on the fire.

Still we sat there.

Socia! chairmen from various fraternities, sororities, and dormitories went into a huddle, planning intrigues for the next weekend. Or were they planning weekends for the next intrigue?

Dean Spleene, the chaperone, sat in the corner nursing a grudge.

Four kittens and a cat sat next to him, just nursing.

Two football players came in and began going through an energetic dance in time to the record then playing on the phonograph. Finally it got to be too much to bear, so I arose, walked over to the record, took the phonograph out of it, and broke it. You see, I always wanted to be a record-breaker. Yeah!

The door came by, and I passed out through it. Reaching back, I grabbed my cheerleader-date, who was at that time trying to teach cheers to a group of ambitious pledges.

All was well.

Continued on Page 19

CAMPUS GLAMOUR



Frances Willette

Lead in "Another Part of the Forest"

Burnham Drug

the
Rexall
Store

Old Town, Maine

Buy War Bonds

HOUSE PARTIES
are coming

Get Your
Flowers and
Corsages
from

Myron Burr
The Florist

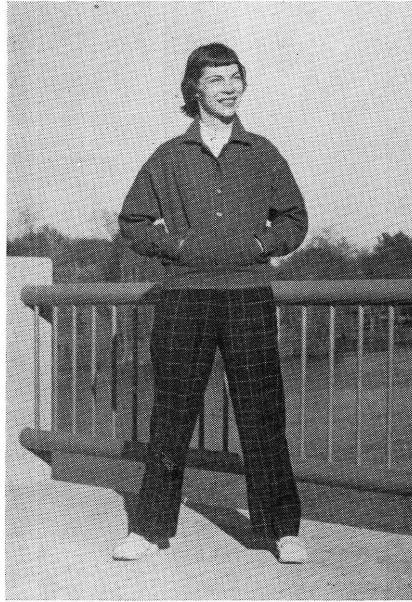
26 FIFTH ST.
OLD TOWN
TEL. 2191

Flowers by Wire

AS I

by Willie the Mouse

Photos by



Did you ever wish you were a mouse peeping through a hole in the wall so you could see everything that went on? Well, I did—and I was. The funniest thing happened. One night when I had just gotten to sleep, my fairy godmother (she said she was—honest) came into my room and touched me on the cheek with a wand. I shut my eyes again and cried “Go away, I don’t believe in you”. But she kept touching my face with that old wand saying, “I am the guardian angel for the Pine Needle. Tomorrow you will be a mouse reporter. There are four girls on campus who are our Models of the Month and they will wear the clothes of the typical Maine Girl. Their names are Edie Snow, Dorrie Mayne, Dee Thorndike, and Denny Bryant. I will leave you now, Willie (that’s my name) and don’t fail us. Tell it to us as you see it.

The next day when I awakened it startled me for a moment to be a mouse. I almost cried. However, I soon was off, lickety, split! Because it was mighty cold outside, I ran and

ran, and finally arrived on the Maine campus. I skipped over to Stevens Hall first of all, upon hearing that Edie Snow was there. Soon the door flew open and out came a beautiful girl. So I ran up and pulled the lacing of her shoes. “Are you Edie Snow?” I managed to squeak. She screamed, “How did *you* know my name?”

I sure felt better. I had thought maybe she was afraid of mice or sumpin’. So I smiled as all mice smile and questioned, “Do you wear the dress of a typical Maine girl?”

“Oh yes,” she smiled, “we all wear skirts and sweaters.”

So here was Edie dressed in a smart, straight navy blue skirt with a powder blue cashmere cardigan.

“But all that gold stuff on the sweater — are those medals?” I queried.

“Well, not exactly,” laughed Edie. “One is the Pi Beta Phi arrow of my sorority and the other one—well, that’s the pin of a Phi Mu Delta.”

Edie promised to come later and have her picture taken on the bridge in her classic outfit.



SAW IT

As Told To Nat Tarr
And Joyce McGouldrick

Newhall

As I skipped off happily across the campus, the beautiful odor of cheese sandwiches came floating from the Snack Bar window. No one saw me as I snuk (sneaked) in, so I stole a cheese sandwich to nibble, cheese bits to crunch, and crept from booth to booth listening to the different conversations about the game, frat parties, the Army and the good times to be had by all, until the Army calls, that is.

Was I in luck today! I actually overheard a professor talking to a "Miss Maine". Imagine, Miss Maine in the Snack Bar. Enthusiastically I followed her to the front steps of Carnegie. She was being interviewed there, cause lots of boys were around asking for dates. Maybe they meant taking pictures, because one fellow took this snap while she sat on the wall. On the picture she wrote, "Dorrie Mayne, Colvin Hall, formerly from California". Dorrie was wearing a dressmaker suit with a belted jacket that has full sleeves. The jacket has two pockets with inverted flaps held down with self-material buttons. The skirt is pencil slim with



a slit in the front. Dorrie complements her costume with black imp-styled balerinas.

If this imp isn't "Miss Maine", she surely must have been "Miss California".

Just then the Maine Band came by us playing the Stein Song. Dorrie and her dates jumped up and ran off to the game, so I chased after them. Can't miss a thing today you know!

Brrr—it sure is cold. However I see a practical girl in front of the Stadium—a typical Maine girl dressed to weather the wind. Oh, I guess the model I have been searching for is an A. T. O. pledge. At least, two fellows hollered to her and her date, "Dee Thorndike, hey pledge, we saved seats for you up here in the A. T. O. section."

Seriously, Dee is a North Estabrook gal and is not new in the modeling field. In fact she modeled last summer in New York City.

Today she was wearing soldier blue flannel slacks which have large checks formed by fine grey lines. Her

Continued on Page 16



Ted
Newhall

PHOTOGRAPHER

TO

THE

PINE NEEDLE

IS HAPPY TO

OFFER HIS SERVICES

AT ALL TIMES TO

THE STUDENTS OF

THE UNIVERSITY.

APPOINTMENTS MAY
BE EASILY ARRANGED

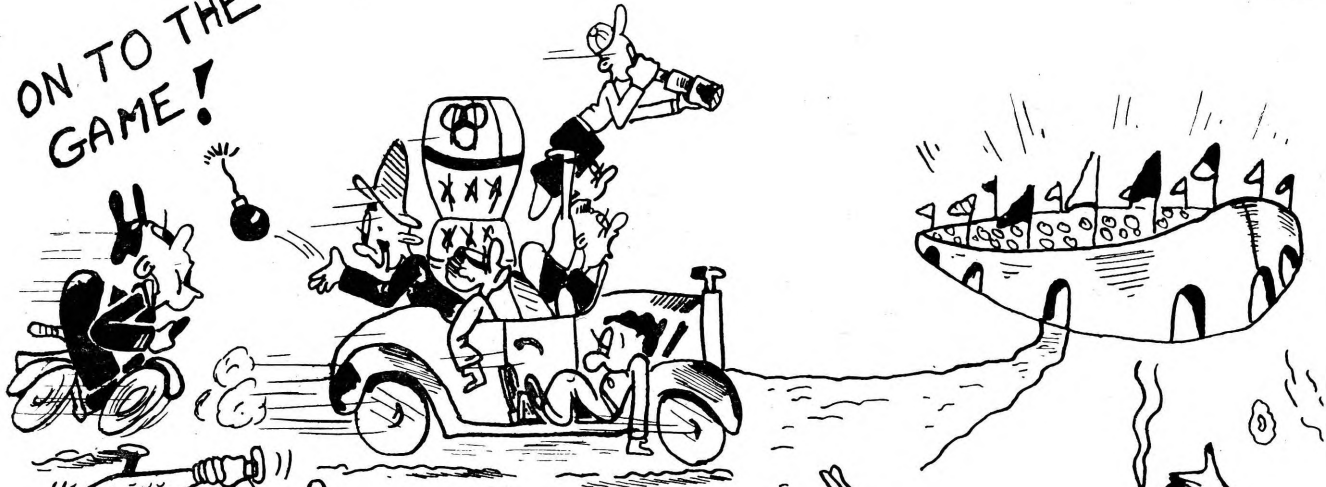
COME AS YOU WILL
AND CHOOSE YOUR
OWN POSE. WE TAKE
YOUR PICTURE THE
WAY YOU WANT IT.

23 MAIN ST.

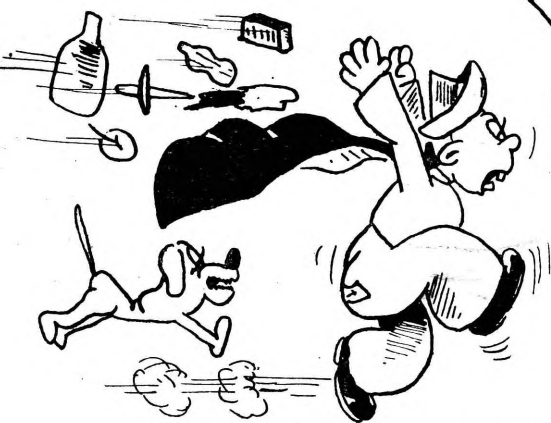
ORONO

CALL 8171

ON TO THE GAME!



SOPHOMORE
WHERE ARE YOU GOING...
LITTLE MAN!
SENIOR SKULL
TO GAME



THE FANS WELCOMED DUKE!



HERE GOES THAT SURPRISE PLAY!

AND THE BAND PLAYED ON?



CIDER AND DOUGHNUTS WERE SERVED





CRACKER BOX

EXCHANGE JOKES

Muriel, the wife of George the butcher, runs to her husband terrified.

"Oh, George, something awful's happened!" "What?" asked George, frightened. "I've gotten fat! I've gotten too fat. I just got weighed and how much do you think I weighed?"

"How much?"

"Two hundred pounds! A month ago I only weighed one hundred and twenty-five."

"Where did you weigh yourself? In the store?"

"Yes."

"Oh dear, you frightened me. Don't worry. If our scales show two hundred, you only weigh one hundred and thirty."

Prof: What is the most important discovery of modern chemistry?

Student: Blondes, sir!

In a public meeting, the speaker has finished and a collection for a philanthropic purpose will take place. In the first row, two Scotsmen and an Irishman are seated among the others. All of them wanted to avoid the collection.

Irishman: Oh my God. (faints(?))

Scotsman: Come, brother!

And they carried the Irishman outside for fresh air.

"Is your roommate broadminded?"

"Say, that's all he thinks of."

"Well then, your name is Joseph Allen and your mother's name is Schultz?" asked the teacher, in order to enter it in the record.

"That's right," replied little Joey. "Mama married again, and I didn't."

1st Electrician: "Have you any four-volt, two watt bulbs?"

2nd Electrician: "For what?"

1st: "No, two."

2nd: "Two what?"

1st: "Yes."

Professor: "I won't begin to-day's lecture until the classroom settles down."

Voice from the rear: "Go home and sleep it off, old man."

Coach: "What's his name?"

Manager: "Osscowskiewski!"

Coach: "Put him on the first team."

The firing squad was escorting a Russian comrade to his place of execution. It was a dismal march in a pouring rain.

"What a terrible morning to die," muttered the prisoner.

"Whatta you kicking about," asked the Red in charge. "We gotta march back through this rain."

Girl: "Horace was over to my house last night, and as he started to leave he asked me to wear his pin, but I had to tell him I couldn't wear it until I knew him better."

Gal: "But you're wearing it now."

Girl: "Well, he didn't leave right then."

He: Let's get married or something.

She: Let's get married or nothing.

—Prude.

High heels were invented by a girl who once was kissed on the forehead.

I know a girl so ugly that if she played Lady Godiva the horse would steal the scene.

"If this lecture has run overtime, it is because my watch has stopped," said the prof.

Voice from the back row: "There's a calendar behind you."

Son: Father! What would you say a man did if he were married to two women at the same time?

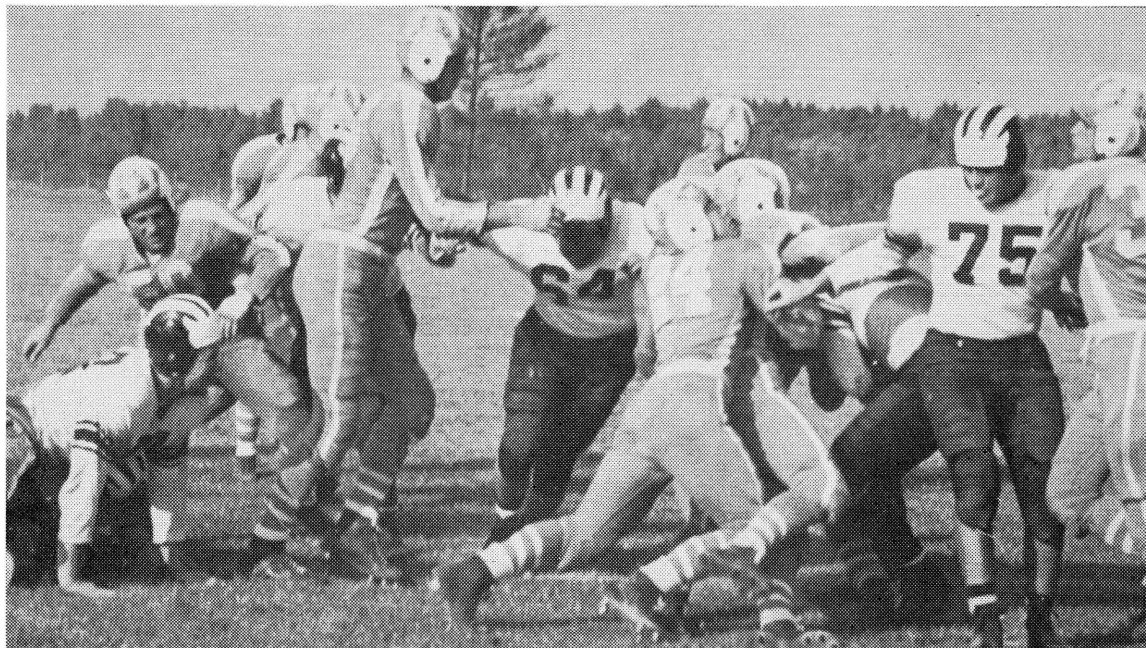
Father: That, my son, is called bigamy.

Son: And what if he got married to one?

Father: That's called monotony.

Pigskin Patter

by Doug Kneeland



Fight, team, fight—and there went the Black Bears, plunging through for yardage in an early game of the season. Milt Victor, 75, and Al Mason, 64, thoughtfully turned their numbers to the camera so you might identify them. Carrying the ball in this play is the lad just to Victor's left, who was a little too busy to smile and watch the birdie. Maine's season-long aggressiveness is well depicted in this action shot.

—Photo by Dick Sprague

From a snarlin', snappin' Cub to a full-fledged, fightin' Black Bear—that's the transition accomplished in two short years by Coach Dave Nelson and Pigskin, Incorporated at the University of Maine. There was a time, in the recent past, when the Black Bears of Orono were not too easily distinguished from the White Mice of Winetka. But now, what the Bruin is brewin' (ouch!) is nothing but trouble for any and all comers.

On the offense, "poise and desire." On the defense, "reckless abandon". These are the watchwords of the new regime. And, as a result of this, a new kind of football has come to Maine. The polished know-how of the offensive unit, which has been weakened since early season by injuries to key men, has been counter-balanced by the savagery of a defensive club which doesn't know the meaning of the word "quit".

Another surprising factor in the regeneration has been the ease with which the team has switched systems. This year the Bears are throwing a T-party every Saturday, while last year's outfit ran from the Nelson

version of the famed Michigan single wing. The change, which came about through a desire to get a maximum of power from the material at hand, has had a more noticeable effect upon the backs than it has upon the line, since the boys up front are running the same play patterns as they did under the old system.

It remains to be seen, however, as to whether or not the injuries which have hamstrung the offensive backfield will destroy the theory behind the shift. With such highlights of the offense as the distance kicking and power plunging of Butch Noyes, who was slated to run at right half, and the accurate chucking of Hal Marden, converted to quarterback, dimmed if not completely doused, the T has lost a little of its flavor.

Still, the masterful serving of Gene Sturgeon, five foot ten inches and one hundred and sixty pounds of sparkplug, has given the weekly social events an air of sophistication which even the most ardent disciple of Emily Post would find hard to criticize. Gene has had more than ample support, of course, from his

co-hosts both up front and in the backfield.

Block-like Pete Pocius has taken up his mass mayhem of guests where he left off last season, and Milt Victor, Bob Whytock, Dick Largay, Moose Card and company have contributed much to the life of the party. Gordon "The Great" Pendleton has provided some of the entertainment with his imitation of a runaway bulldozer and hard luck Phil Coulombe has teamed with Doc Hersom to form a duet of dervish dancers that has left the invited ones quite speechless.

The defense, which caused more than a little consternation among pre-season dopesters, has to date carried more than its share of the load. Harry "The Fumil" Easton, out most of last season with injuries, who was converted to an offensive end and defensive backer-up, has plugged gaps in the line with such amazing regularity that enemy backs must be convinced that he's wired for radar. Fred Fitanides, too, has been a tower of strength when the wrong team

Continued on Page 17

Index of Advertisers

These businesses extend their best wishes to the students of Maine, and request your patronage. As you frequent their stores, please mention that you saw their ads in the Pine Needle. They are helping us to publish a magazine at Maine.

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He who doesn't advertise is like a man who winks in a dark room. He knows what he is doing, but nobody else does.

AUNT ABY

Continued from Page 3

the party. So, even though she was extremely difficult to get along with most of the time, she did have the happy faculty of being able to act like the lady she said she was—at least once in a while. As Dad often said, "It's too bad we didn't have company more often."

At the beginning of her second year with us, her strange behaviorism of locking herself in her room re-occurred. After that it started re-occurring more and more frequently. In the beginning it happened once every six months, then every three or four months, and now she's liable to have one of those spells any old time.

I couldn't understand why Aunt Aby acted in the way she did. Ma found out somehow after it happened a few times. I often asked Ma about it, but since I was so young she refused to tell me.

About six years ago, however, I found out. Ma and Uncle Bob were in the sitting room discussing Aunt Aby. "Yes, in a way," Ma sighed, "I suppose it's really too bad."

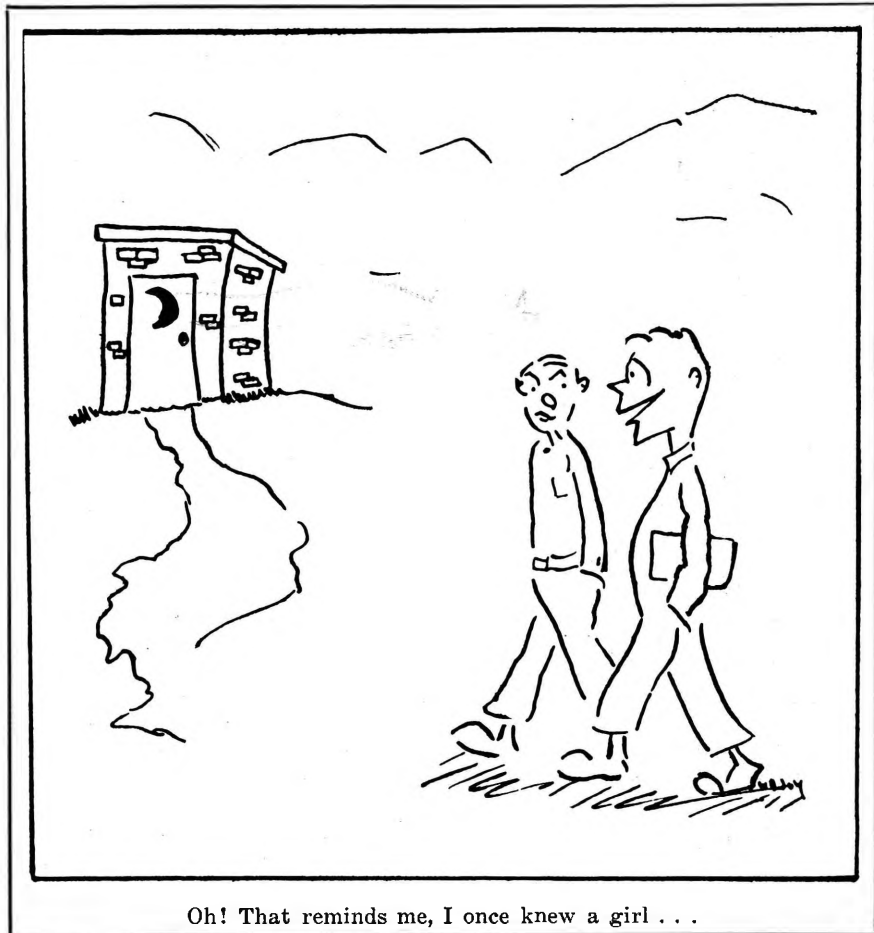
"So, she hit the bottle right after Horace died, huh?"

Ma looked over at Uncle Bob and said very pathetically, "That's right. And there's not a thing that we can do about it. You see, she was always a very religious person. Poor thing. And every time she gets tight she punishes herself by locking herself in her room and meditating. Sometimes she stays cooped up for two or three days."

"Why, she's getting altogether too old to go without food like that," remarked Uncle Bob.

"Humph," sputtered Ma. "I guess she gets something to eat. One day a few weeks ago when Aby thought that we had all gone out, one of the boys saw her sneak into the pantry and take some food upstairs with her. She's probably been doing that all along."

Although it was thirteen years ago that I first saw Aunt Aby, I can still vividly remember the day she arrived. I can also vividly remember Dad when he said, "Don't forget, she's an old lady; she's coming here for a short while to rest." Well, she's even older now, and perhaps she's resting. I still have one question though—when is that short rest going to end? I kind of expect Dad would like to know too.



Oh! That reminds me, I once knew a girl . . .

STATION WORO

Continued from Page 5

carrying programs over a limited area.

Operating in this way, campus stations can keep themselves outside of FCC's definition of a "standard radio station". This definition requires the groups to keep their power so low that transmission cannot be picked up more than 224 feet from any part of the system. Therefore, the stations use long transmission lines which bring the system of wires within listening distance of most radios on campus.

WORO engineer Schwab says that our station will be transmitting through a system called "carrier current". This system calls for the carrying of broadcasts over campus-wide transmission lines and will thus eliminate the possibility of the station being heard off campus.

Equipment-wise, the broadcasting transmitter will be completed in approximately two months and will be located in the Radio Guild control room of 275 Stevens Hall. Extensive tests will then be made until all campus radios will be able to be tuned in to WORO. As soon as contact is made with any one single dorm, program broadcasting will begin immediately.

Because of the interest which the proposed station has created among

the student body, faculty and administration, Student Union Building plans have been revised to include WORO's broadcasting studios and control room once the building is completed. The station, approved of by 97% of last year's student body, will include such programs as musicals, news, sports, special events, concerts, dramatic shows, educational programs, discussions, roving mikes, interviews and transcriptions.

WORO will be a vital part of student activities. Its chief purpose will be to bring strictly campus news and activities to the ears of the University of Maine student listener. The station will aid our *Maine Campus* in informing the student body and will cooperate with the administration in stating policies and making announcements. It will also help to fill a great need on campus by providing an outlet for student talent—both in writing and performance.

Many professional radio stations have expressed preference in hiring college graduates who have had practical training. Station WORO will be able to provide such experience.

To date, 12 former members of the University of Maine Radio Guild have graduated into the radio profession as announcers. Two of these have gone into television. One of these has a pet story to tell:

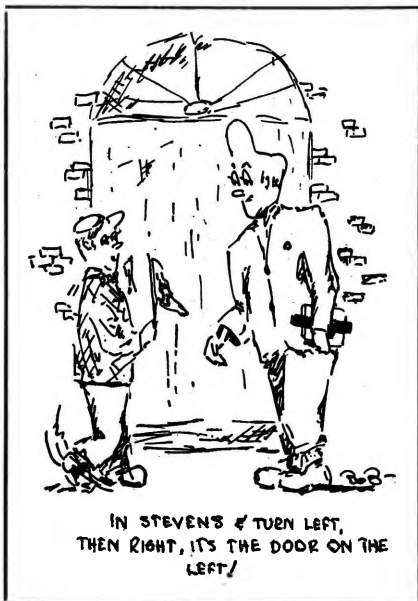
Margaret Hanks, Class of '49, who is working on WAGM, Presque Isle, has this little schmaltz to tell on herself. While giving a recipe for bread on one of those "stand by and do it" programs, Margie spied, "And after mixing the dough, place in a well greased bed-pan and put into oven". Ever since, the bread has had a funny odd shape in Aroostook County.

Hold it! Five second warning—4—3—2—woof—"This is radio station WORO bringing to you the . . ."

In his old age, George Bernard Shaw had developed a certain patience especially in money matters.

A short while ago, he received a letter from a publisher. It was requested that this publisher be permitted to publish one of his works. "Naturally, you'll understand," so read the letter, "that we will not be able to pay you a very large sum, since we are a very young firm."

Shaw replied, "I can wait until your firm has gotten a little older!"



IN STEVENS & TURN LEFT,
THEN RIGHT, IT'S THE DOOR ON THE
LEFT!

NO CUTS ALLOWED

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At

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wide selection of
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and 28 flavors of
Frank's ice cream.

THE MAINE BEAR

is open from

10 a. m. 'till midnight

Drew Pearson,
 Walter Winchell,
 May Craig,
 Billy Rose,
 Al Capp,
 and
 Steve Canyon
 are all members
 of the group
 which COULD
 have been
 successful in life
 if they read the
 PINE NEEDLE

Surpass these
 personages in
 achieving your
 life goal.
 Develop your
 character by reading
 the pages of the
 NEEDLE

AS I SAW IT

Continued from Page 9

blouse is of middy style, reminiscent of sailors and the twenties. It is of "mens wear" grey flannel and stitched in white. The full sleeves start off the shoulder and end with a fitted cuff. Also, the band on the hips is fitted. The tailored collar descends to the same type opening which buttons halfway down the front. We hear that Dee has a straight skirt which matches the blouse in color and material - a dual service outfit.

Our model wears a white wool turtle neck sweater, wool socks, and white mocaccins. Nice and warm for a football game, n'est-ce pas?

I jotted this all down in my notebook and then pulled her pant leg whereupon she promised to have her picture taken on the new bridge, too.

After the game was over and the crowd had left the stadium I, Willie the mouse reporter, went to Colvin Hall both to find our last model and to thaw out. As I crept in, I heard a boy ask the receptionist for Denny

Bryant—my model, no less. Oh my gosh! Wow! In front of us (me and the boy friend), stood Denny in a lustrous green satin party dress.

The neck is low slit with a perky stand up collar. The sleeves are short and cuffed, and the dress has a full gathered skirt which is complemented by a self-material belt and eight tiny buttons. The color of our model's dress is unusually rich looking.

Denny's accessories are rhinestone necklace and ear rings and perforated black suede shoes which have open back and toe.

Right here and now the Colvin girls took this picture of our model which shows the White Stars of Sigma Nu shining in her eyes as she starts off with her friend to a party.

You must think I am tired after my full day of work reporting the Maine styles as I see them. I am! Do you think I should go home? Well, I will, after dropping in on all the campus parties tonight. Can't miss a thing today, you know!

Your reporter,
 Willie the Mouse



Have you anything about what every young co-ed should know?

PIGSKIN PATTEN

Continued from Page 13

had the ball, and the rest of the "reckless abandon" crew have been busting ball carriers with no great show of compassion.

The early deadline on this publication precludes any thorough coverage of the individual games, but the latent ability which the Bears showed in mauling Yankee Conference rivals Rhode Island (13-0) and Vermont (15-7), has given Maine's football stock a definite boost among the so-called experts. As to the chances of the Black Bruins in State Series play, Dame Fortune seems to be grinning happily in their direction. Bates' undermanned Garnets stand little chance (on paper) of upsetting

them, and Bowdoin's grass-green club, unless suddenly imbued with the magic of Adam Walsh, should cause no trouble.

Only Colby's Mules, who have been impressive in moments, seem to stand a chance to cast a shadow on Maine in the struggle for the sun spot. Of course, there is nothing more unpredictable than football, especially when the interested parties are traditional rivals, and any one of these teams is capable of doing a complete about-face and running wild in the state series.

However, all things being equal, our vote would have to go to Dave Nelson, his boys, and "poise" plus "desire" plus "reckless abandon". That, we think, spells *victory* the long way.



Straighten your beanie, here comes an Owl!

STOP!

Don't Move

Stay Right

Where

You Are

Sit Still

And Save

Your

Pennies !

Before You
Know It, The

Christmas
Vacation

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of the
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Will Be On
The Newsstands

WATCH FOR IT !

He: Hello! Miss Jones? I'm the fellow you met at the party last night.

She: Who?

He: You remember, I expressed all my feelings about you.

She: Oh yes, Johnnie.

He: Last night, you called me Jimmy.

She: Oh dear, and I thought you were George.

Working for S R A ?

The codfish lays a million eggs,
The barnyard hen but one;
The codfish doesn't cackle
To show what she has done.
We scorn that modest codfish,
The cackling hen we prize,
Proving that beyond a doubt,
It pays to advertise.

—Texas Ranger



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Call
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for your
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or
Contact Agents
"Truck on Campus
Every Day"

656

DIAL

656

RAH

Continued from Page 6

We walked home in silence. The calm and peace of the universe was upon us. I was filled with bliss, and at peace with the world. As I watched the light-poles go by, I felt myself borne onward as through space, into infinity. Whee . . .

The world revolved around me (whoops . . .) as I stood there, walking along in hopes of discovering for

myself how important it all was. And how little I was.

We arrived at her dormitory.

The pressure of the day's pressure had evidently been too much for my cheerleader-date, and she collapsed. Donning shining armor, I swept her into my arms, carried her into the stairs, up the four flights of building to her room, entered, and dropped her on the floor.

I sighted a bottle of rust-remover on the dresser, and began to polish

up a spot or two on my shining armor, when suddenly the door flew open. I knew it flew open because there was suddenly a draft where there had been none.

I looked into a face. A face looked into me. Everything went black, and I haven't come to my senses since.

By the way . . . who won the game this weekend?

What game?

What weekend?

HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT STARTED THE BOSTON TEA PARTY



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Winner last time—Dean Wieman.

Winning joke:

Overheard at a Freshman Uprising.
Train engineer being questioned at a court hearing—

Judge—What was the first thing you saw before the accident?

Engineer—I saw the bull coming out of the alfalfa.

Judge—What was the next thing you saw?

Engineer—The alfalfa coming out of the bull.

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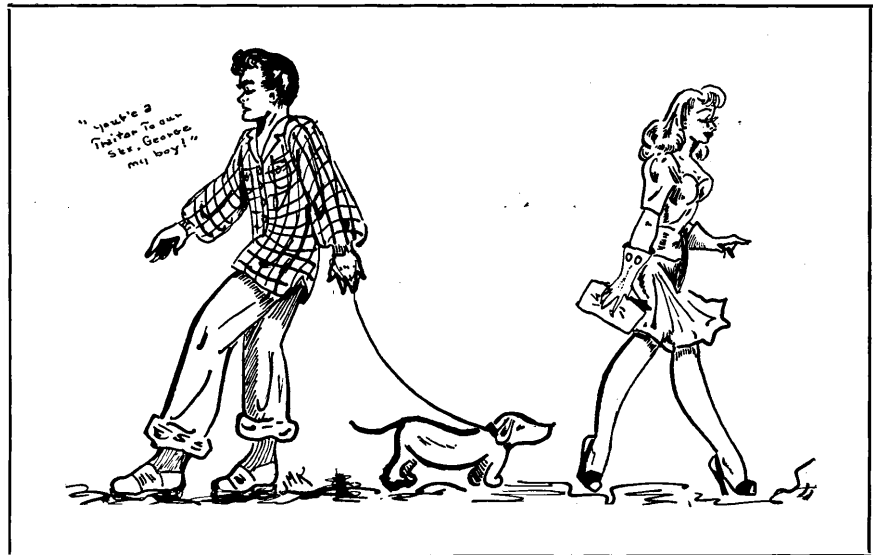
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All Over

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will guarantee
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growing good
taste, broadening
of interests,
and empty
pockets.

But—
THOUSANDS SAY
"IT'S WORTH IT!"

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— Get The
NEEDLE



Newlywed, (honeymooning in the West) wired to his boss: Please give extension of vacation. It is wonderful here.

Boss replied: Extension refused. Return immediately. It's wonderful anyplace.

Judge: Now tell the court how you came to take the car.

Accused: Well, the car was parked in front of the cemetery, so I naturally thought the owner was dead.



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from the staff of the PINE NEEDLE
as we enter our fifth year of publication**

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— Sports
— Stories
— Pictures
— Gags**

**And Don't Miss The PINE NEEDLE
Talent Show Next Spring!**

Just as we said last spring, all entrants in the Talent Show receive free subscriptions to the following year's PINE NEEDLE. The lucky ones who were in last year's show, and who will get free subscriptions this year are as follows:

Keith Fowles	Dorothy Hubbard	Clint Jordan
Dick Leggee	Irving Remar	Bud Davis
Stevv Burnard	Babe Savage	Dave Collins
Don Lord	Carol Carr	Andy Mezoian
Dick Stephens	Dick Buck	Dan Brady
Jim Barrows	Dorothy McCann	Phil Dennis
Don Burt	Charlie Loranger	Pat Welch
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