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## The Pine Needle, vol. 4, no. 4

Pine Needle Publications

Steve Hopkinson

Sid Folsom

Joyce McGouldrick

Nat Tarr

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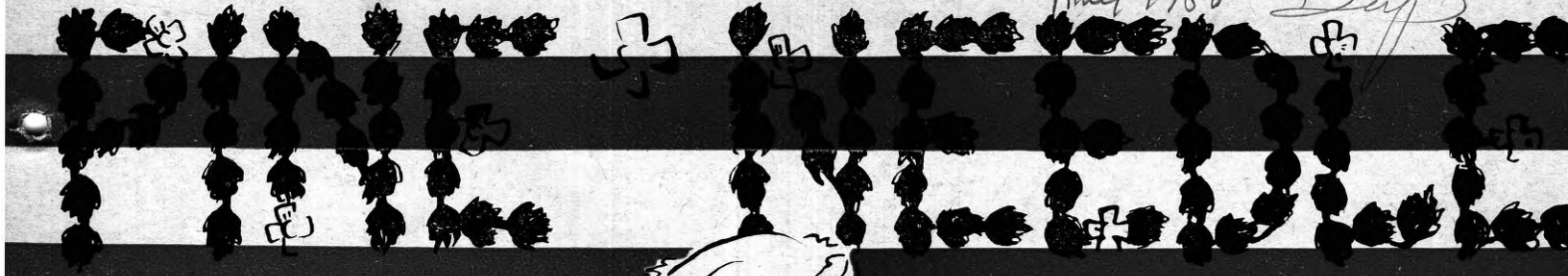
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**Authors**

Pine Needle Publications, Steve Hopkinson, Sid Folsom, Joyce McGouldrick, Nat Tarr, and Jim Barrows

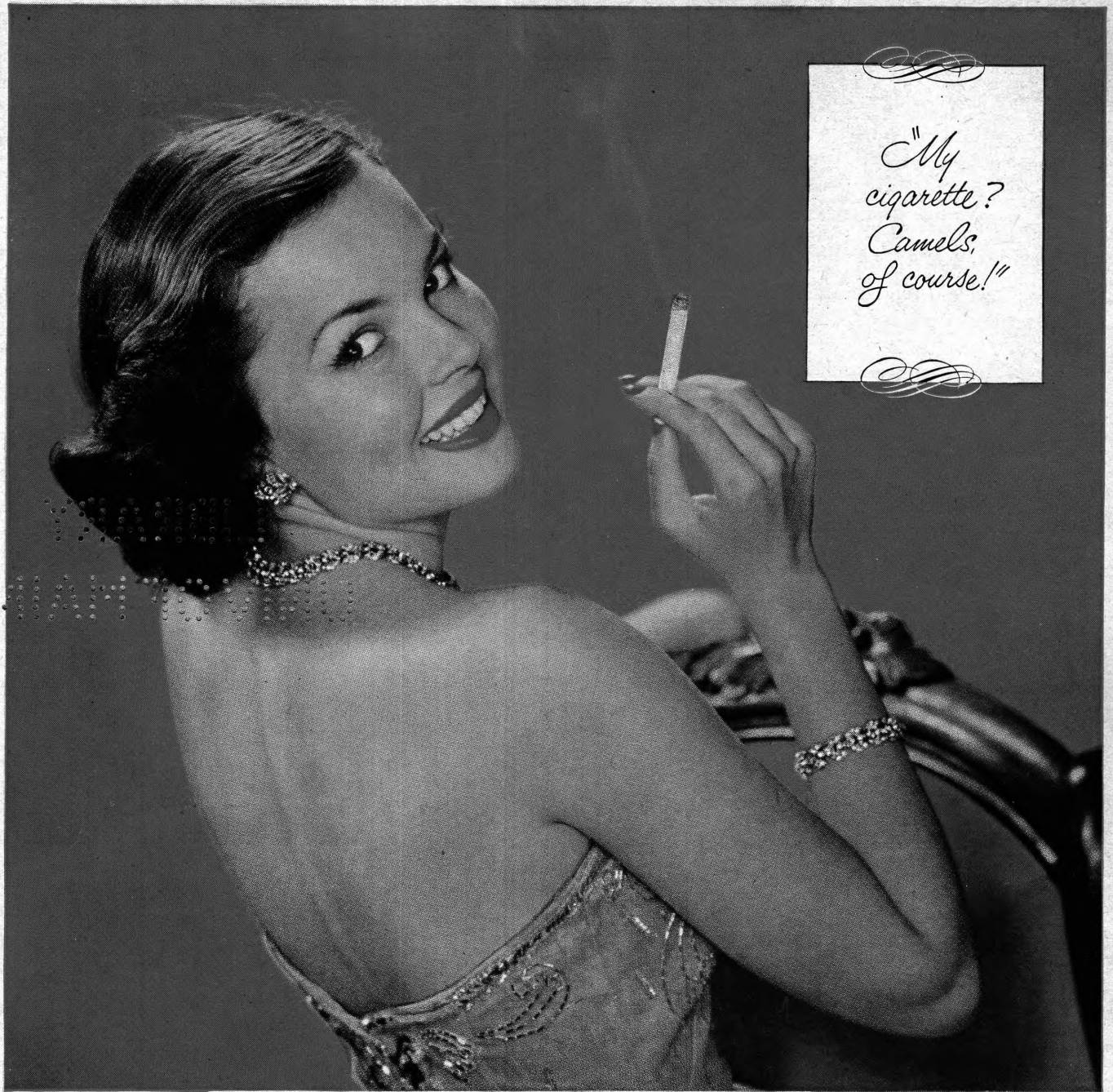


25 CENTS



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# THE PINE NEEDLE

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE HUMOR MAGAZINE

SPRINGTIME  
ISSUE

Vol. 4 No. 4  
MAY 1950

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You run across some nifties in a college humor mag. Some of them are . . . well, corny as an Ohio meadow. Others reflect the limitless variety of interesting subjects which amuse the present day student. For example, our own little poem on LOVE . . .

"I love you dear," she told him.  
And with that removed her dress.  
"You're everything I'll ever want  
I really must confess."

"You're wonderful to me, dear boy  
So tender 'and so sweet,"  
And as she spoke her dainty slip  
Came tumbling to her feet.

She whispered, "Honey, rest assured  
My love you'll never lose."  
She slid her hose from shapely legs  
And placed them in her shoes.

"My darling, I'm so much in love,  
I couldn't give you more."  
And slid her halter down her arms  
And dropped it to the floor.

"A burning love like ours, sweetheart,  
You'll never need to doubt."  
She dropped her satins from her waist  
And from them, she stepped out.

"Remember I belong to you,  
I'm yours and yours alone.  
Good night," she murmured softly,  
And then hung up the phone!

There's been a lot of talk about campus roads. Hence, to further whichever cause needs furthering, the PINE NEEDLE reprints this bit of conversation overheard somewhere along the River Road:

"What's the trouble?" asked the driver of the young chap who was busy with a spade in the mud surrounding his car. "You stuck in the mud?"

"Nah," came the reply. "My engine died and I'm digging a grave for it."

The morals and mores of the present generation have been upbraided and de-

nounced by our redundant elders to a deplorable extent. One father, lecturing his firstborn, made the remark: "Sow your wild oats, son, but hope for crop failure."

Aside from S—X (oh, you know!), drinking occupies a major portion of the parental admonitions. You've heard, no doubt, of the drunk who took home a manhole cover to play on his victrola?

I hear college guys are spendthrifts. Spend all their dough right after checks are in, then spend the rest of the month staying in their rooms. Wallflowers!



Pete: "I'm not feeling myself tonight."  
Jane: "You're telling me."

The moon was high.  
The road was dark.  
A perfect place to stop and park.  
He gave a curse.  
Let out a groan.  
He heaved a sigh.  
He was alone.

A local preacher recently announced that there are 726 sins.

He is being besieged with requests for the list, mostly from students who think they're missing something.

Lot of chatter at Our University about the student union building. Well, a bit of advice from Edmund Burke:

"Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinion." And who might our "representative" be? Oh you know him! Humorist, toastmaster, after-dinner speaker, actor extraordinary, college president . . .

As long as Bartlett's Quotations is lying around, there's always the urge to open it to any spot and start reading. Under Herbert George Ponting, fer instance:

"On the outside grows the furside, on the inside grows the skinside;  
So the furside is the outside, and the skin-side is the inside."  
Must be a sleeping bag!!

Despite the number of shaggy dog stories in this issue, it's hard to hold out a good one some yokel passes on for posterity. "They say a reasonable number of fleas is good fer a dog," commented one village sage. "Keeps him from broodin' over bein' a dog."

And there's only one thing worse than being talked about. That's not being talked about. Ever go to a stag dance, grab some handsome or beautiful partner (whichever you prefer), and have the SYT or BMOC exclaim upon hearing your name: "Ohhhh, I've heard about you . . ."

Some guys can resist anything except temptation . . .

So File No. 13 winds up for another issue. It might be well to close with the words of our last great president, Woodrow Wilson: "I am seeking only to face realities and to face them without soft concealments."

As He Walked Toward the Building  
His Foot Struck Something —  
It Was A Helluva Night For

# Guard Duty

by Steve Hopkinson

Corporal Schwartz stood under the big, leafy, oak tree and wondered bitterly what he could have done to merit guard duty on that damp, rainy night in the summer of 1945. It was unheard of. God knows he would have made a damn poor guard. The company sergeant had hastily called the outfit together and read the brief, concise, blunt orders that had come down from headquarters . . . "Henceforth, all men of the 112th Army Service Force Band will serve guard duty in such areas as shall be specified in and around Bad Kissingen."

"Well, there was nothing that could be done about it. Corporals and lower would be the only ones affected, except for a sergeant of the guard who stayed in the warm, comfortable orderly room and got drunk.

"It's things like this that incite wars," grumbled Pfc. Sandilos.

"I thought the goddam war was over," muttered the old hash-marked Corporal, who was currently playing flute with the band.

"What are we going to do if somebody challenges us?" queried the pasty-faced kid who had jumped from Hamilton College to Bad Kissingen in less time than it took to warm up his horn.

The company sergeant called the outfit together for the second time that day. It was about time, he said, that this yer company had a little drill in the use of firearms and that he was just the boy that was going to teach them. "Now" he roared, "suppose we all trot down to the supply room and each draw a nice, new, shiny carbine."

WOJG Ollie Margolin drove through the compound gate, casually saluting the trooper who was on guard, and stopped in front of the orderly room. Mr. M., as everybody called him, was not an Army man; he was a bandleader and that was all. He never hurried, was never snappy, always had a vague look on his face, and acted more or less like a little kid. He didn't care what the men did as long as

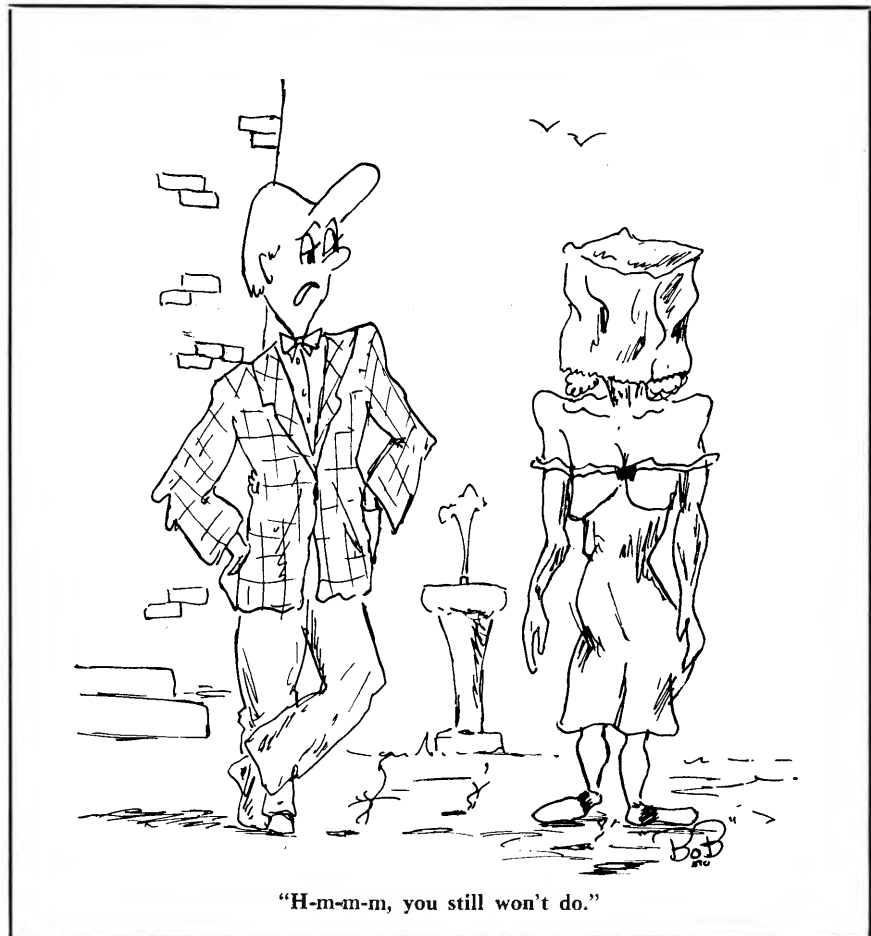
they were on time for the morning rehearsals. The master sergeant took care of all the other details.

It must be remembered that the war had been over for only a few months—time enough for the shooting to have stopped, but before the 'chicken' started. The band had been activated for over a month now, and replacements were coming in all the time. They were the Headquarters Band of the ETO, and the goldbrick boys of Bad Kissingen. Their duties? Rehearsal at ten o'clock, guard-mount at four. What else was there to do? There had been rumors about having reveille and bedcheck, but that was a

crook. Mr. M. didn't care any more about getting up at six-thirty than we did. And since there were only sixty in the band, it was a mighty small outfit to take care of. The first time that we had given a short concert down at the Red Cross Club, Mr. M. had actually had to plead with us to get haircuts. It was an odd situation for a Warrant Officer to be in.

Corporal Schwartz drew his raincoat tighter around his neck and shifted the carbine from his left shoulder to his right. According to the War Department manuals, the carbine weighed five and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)





Here they are! The big four who scoured the campus, planned, schemed, worked, and made speeches. Hats off to all of them for putting on good shows. It took plenty of work, and they were all terrific. Left to right, in case you haven't met them, are Al Pease, Don Spear, Bruno Caliendo, and Duke Walters. QUIZ OF THE WEEK: Who belongs to the hand behind Bruno's head?

We were all ready. Ten of us crouched at our various stations, eyes glued to the luminous dials of our wrist watches.

Through the night gloom, we could see the outlines of the buildings, quiet at last. The silence overwhelmed us, and knowledge that something was going to happen filled our minds. We waited.

I thought back a few hours, a few days. Not long ago, all of us had been leading fairly sane lives, going through accepted routines of daily life.

Now we were caught up in a whirlwind of activity. We shivered in the cold night wind.

We had just come from our temporary headquarters, set up in a wooden building to the north. The nerve-center of our operations was now deserted, save for a few men still making plans and keeping in touch with the various expeditionary forces by courier.

All through the day we had worked hard, getting ready for tonight. Weeks of preparation were behind us, and tonight would be the big night.

H-hour drew near. As we watched our timepieces, we knew that we were not alone in our objectives. There were probably groups from the three opposing forces waiting, trying to beat us to each goal.

Midnight!

Move out!

# I Saw A

By SID FOLSOM

All over the area, groups of two or three went into action. Each tried to make its mark on the faces of the buildings, then moved on to plaster the area with white propaganda posters.

Our hands grew numb as we worked.

The night passed, and the dawn brought new sights to all observers. Every tree, every door, every building carried signs crying "Watch For the Raccoon Coat;" "Bruno for Mayor;" "Vote for Beau;" and "All For Duke."

Activities increased in the next few days, as reports drifted in from our spies in the other camps. One of our own men was found making a secret phone call, and he was shot at dawn.

To keep plans safe from the opposition, we shifted headquarters every night.

Then, once again, we found ourselves at the same stations, late at night, waiting with the same objectives. After five days of increased work, we had to begin all over again with our propaganda techniques.

As I waited in the cold darkness, I thumbed my pocket volume of *Seidman's Methods and Techniques of Propaganda*. It had proved invaluable in our work thus far, and I knew its use was not ended.

H-hour again!

Up with the banners, for the glory of the cause.

Aerial workers went aloft, tying banners to the clouds, and signs to the rooftops. The front of the campus buildings were covered from top to bottom with signs and banners.

Two men were killed as their elevated ladder collapsed under their weighty work.

And once again it was over.

The next morning, personal appearances began. At 8:35 a.m. on the morning of May 12, Al "Roaring Twenties" Pease made his first appearance.

Complete with raccoon coat and rah-rah spirit, he addressed a huge audience on the library steps. A master

— DON'T

OR YOU'LL

---

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---

— PINE



# Mayor Campaign

Photos by NEWHALL

speaker, he held the audience in the palm of his hand as he promised campus improvements. At the end of ten minutes, the audience moved away, he wiped the dirt from the palm of his hand, and retired to his headquarters.

An hour later, Don "Gay Nineties" Spear made his appearance, two steps in front of an irate constable. A trial by jury was conducted on the library steps, as Spear maintained he was only fighting for the good of the students. The jury released him to carry on his work.

Before long, a third candidate, Bruno "Campus Harmony" Caliandro made his appearance, complete with dance band and quartets. Ten minutes of entertainment followed, as the area was shrouded with green smoke.

In answering a later charge, Bruno maintained that he was not using the smoke in attempts to cloud the issue.

As yet, Duke "Mayor For All" Walters had not made a public appearance. His campaign was slanted to hit the voters where they lived, and the fourth candidate spent his time going about the dining halls, serving meals with a corps of expert waiters, and presenting a small show at each place.

Duke's only appearance on the mall was on Monday morning, when he tamed a live bear which had been terrorizing coeds. He urged everyone to gather at the rally that night, where they would meet their new Mayor.

Parades led the way to the Memorial Gym that night, while 4,000 students awaited the show.

Duke Walters made the next entrance, bringing with him half-hour show. Crowds of supporters surged through the audience, as confusion reigned. Spear spoke to the student body, and exited amid wild cheers.

Don Spear led off with a band, and presented a lively number of small acts which wowed the audience. Grabbing a microphone, Walters went into the audience for interviews and requests. He silenced hecklers with verbal thrusts, and left the floor as the crowd's favorite.

Al Pease ran in next, raccoon coat flapping wildly. He

**FORGET** ———  
**REGRET**  
—————  
**TO THE**  
**NEEDLE** ———



Here he is, the Mayor himself! Not the Batman, but Duke Walters, who lived through three days of campaigning, a rally, a day of sweating out the polls, and finally managed to climb to the library balcony. In his inauguration speech, Duke thanked the voters for support, and promised a year full of rallies and fun in 1950-51. "Yours through the courtesy of Duke Walters." (Take off your shoestrings, Duke, we know you.)

addressed the audience directly, and wowed them with snappy jokes and patter. In the final stage of the show, his supporters made like a pinball machine, won point after point as Pease ran about the floor, and finally lit the backboard with a colored sign screaming "PEASE!"

Bruno Caliandro entered next with a half-hour show planned to climax the evening. With a band supplying background, Bruno addressed the audience and heralded several small acts, which appealed directly to the audience from various parts of the floor. With individual performers taking the spotlight, the show provided some of the best entertainment of the evening. Featured in the show was the well-known Darktown Seven, playing dixie jazz in their own lively style.

And then the show was over, and emcee Hal Howard bid the attentive audience a fond farewell.

Next day, as polls were crowded, the vote was made. Pressure groups watched the polls from nearby buildings, armed with telescopes and submachine guns. Four students died as they cast the wrong vote.

Next day, the Foremost Four led the float parade — then disappeared into the Library. As President Hauck spoke to the audience once again assembled in front of the building, a window quietly opened in the balcony above. Out stepped a little man with a black hat, flying cape, and a big smile. Prexy turned, pointed out the new Mayor, and the crowd went wild.

**"DUKE WALTERS, THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE!"**

# SPRINGTIME

by Joyce McGouldrick

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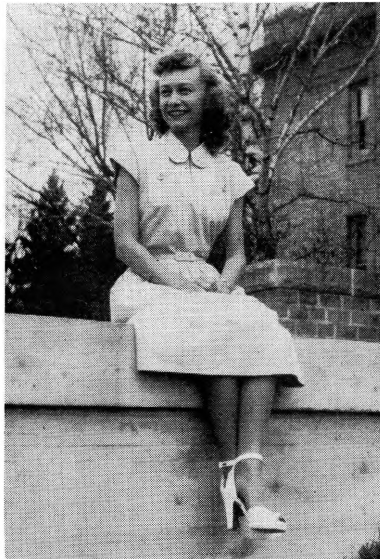
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Jackie Baker

Once upon a time, way back in 1950, there was a college 'way up north. Most of the time the ground was covered with ice and snow. It was so cold, that all one could see were funny raccoons, seals, muskrats, beavers, and sheep hopping to and fro on their back feet. Seems funny, doesn't it? Raccoons going to Business Management class. Guess it's this mechanical age! Some said they must be people, but no one was ever sure because these "animals" hopped from sight before you could catch a glimpse of their faces. Rumor has it that the debate question for the year among our woodland friends was "Is we is, or is we ain't people?" Uncle Charles said the students couldn't find out because it was too cold to shed their coats and see. The suspense was killing.

Then one day we awoke to find the snow all gone. The grass was green, the sky was blue and the trees showed tiny buds. Beneath our window we heard singing. "Come out", the voices said, "We is, we is people!" We sprang from the bed, looked outside and there around us was the debating team waiting to take us on a tour to see some of the colorful queens on campus.

First they took us to the "Pit" where our friends hibernated in the winter. Outside sitting perkily on the stone wall was

Li'l Jackie Baker from North Estabrooke. This blond "pint of peanuts" was dressed in a crisp grey cotton dress with cap sleeves and an Eaton collar which fastened in front at the neck. Tiny stitched pleats gave the yolk of the dress a neat effect and was by the way, quite fashionable this spring. The two buttons on the yolk and the self-covered belt were eye-catchers and added interest to the dress. Jackie was really "up in the air" in her white platform shoes which not only had that spring look, but were comfortable for warm weather. Just to prove it's spring Jackie showed us a nice tan. Wonder which little animal she was?

Next we were led to the golf course. This spot seems to be of great interest this spring since Maine organized a golf team. Ellen Economy is a Pi Beta Phi southerner from South Estabrooke. She tells us that she is doing her bit on the golf course by holding the flag at the number twelve hole. She seems to be wondering if her friend can get the ball in the hole with one stroke. Ellen complements the green golf course with her daffodil yellow waffle pique dress. It is a simple gored affair with a narrow low neck which has small lapels that turn back. The sleeves are short, and comfortable, too, because they are cut to fit the contour of the arm. Five tiny pearl buttons fasten the blouse. Ellen's dress has



Ellen Economy

# FASHIONS

and Nat Tarr

Newhall



Valerie Smith

three horizontal tucks on the blouse to match identical tucks on the two flap pockets. Our model sneaked on the course without golf shoes it seems. But no one's looking! Her red leather ballerinas have two straps across the instep. Notice how the straps emphasize the tucks in the dress. We might mention here that this spring has shown many bright colors such as red, yellow, green and orange, mixed and matched. This carries out the Span-

ish and Mexican colors and styles that are being shown in the dress shops. Do you suppose our "golfer" got the ball in the hole or did Ellen have to play caddy and get it?)

Val Smith, who is the newly elected A. O. Pi president, claims that she is the water boy on this golfing junket. If true, she's the prettiest water boy we ever did see. Val is a tall gal and a perfect model for this stylish strapless play dress and bolero. The material is supposed to portray an old fashioned effect, for it is a copy of Grandma's calico with lavender and white flowers dotting the dark moss green background. Remember those old quilts? The bolero jacket and wide strip around the bottom of the skirt carry out this theme. The quilted material is white and brings out the white flowers in the calico. The bolero jacket can be reversed with the quilted material matching that in the dress. Val's shoes, like Jackie's, are white strapped platforms. Ah, yes! the material is the same, but styles sure have changed since Grandma was a girl.

Our guides next lead us to see the flowers outside Balentine sun parlor. "Oh, they're blooming" we exclaimed. But what a revelation! The only thing really blossoming was Heidi Ward, our Delta Delta girl in her new cotton skirt covered with huge sunflowers. The colors

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13)



Heidi Ward

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# Pine Needle Glamour Girl Enters Miss Maine Contest



Sixteen candidates entered last year's Miss Maine contest. Here they are; how many do you recognize?

This year, the erudite editors of the **Pine Needle** again started their hunt for beauty, poise, personality, and talent. Their search ended with success in the person of Dorothy Hubbard, who easily meets all qualifications. For proof of Dottie's physical charm, one need only ogle the opposite page. And anyone who saw the **Pine Needle** talent show a couple of months ago will attest that Dottie has poise, personality, and talent. Her excellent performance on the accordion and her flashing smiles charmed the audience.

Dottie, who is a sophomore, plans to major in psychology. And, of course, she lives in North Estabrooke, the Home of Beautiful Women. She is nineteen years old, and is five feet six inches tall. When

we asked her for the other measurements, she shook her head negatively and looked mysterious. Anyway, we know that she does justice to a bathing suit.

This summer, the **Pine Needle** will squire Dottie to the Skowhegan Fair, where she will compete for the title of "Miss Maine." She will be viewed by seven judges, who will admire her, first in a bathing suit, and then in an evening gown.

The contestant who is named "Miss Maine" by the judges will be awarded a \$500 scholarship by the Skowhegan Fair Association and will also receive a wardrobe of evening gowns and a trip to Atlantic City, New Jersey, to take part in the internationally famous "Miss

America" Pageant. If she is selected "Miss America," she will receive, besides the national title, a \$5,000 scholarship to any school of her choice. There will also be selected 15 runners-up for the title, each of whom will receive scholarship awards ranging in value from \$1,000 to \$3,500.

(In case the foregoing paragraph has a familiar ring, it was brazenly copied from last year's **Pine Needle** article concerning the Miss Maine candidate.)

So, this summer, we'll see Dottie at the Fair in Skowhegan. We have confidence that the tradition of beautiful women at the University of Maine will be upheld by our candidate. Good luck, Dottie.

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# CAMPUS GLAMOUR



*Dorothy Hubbard*

(Photo by Newhall)

Charlie, Dick, Norm, Scottie and Dotty Win Firsts in

# Pine Needle Talent Show



(PHOTO BY SPRAGUE)

Left to right, Charlie Loranger, Dick Ayotte, Norman Anderson, and Scott Webster, winners of the first prize in group competition at the April 15 **Pine Needle** Talent Show. Calling themselves "The Travelers," the group presented a ten-minute show in which they carried the audience around the world by song.

First prize winner for the small acts competition was Dotty McCann, not pictured, who sang several numbers including her famous "Just A Girl Who Cain't Say No."

Second prizes were awarded in both categories. In group acts, the second spot went to "The Three Dudes," Bill Lane, Dave Collins, and Andy Mezoian, who did several song and dance selections.

Carol Carr and Dick Buck took second place for small acts, with their popular interpretation of the Wooing of Kate, from Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew."

An audience of 600 attended the performance, held in the

Memorial Gymnasium. This was the first talent show of its kind on the Maine Campus, and the **Pine Needle** now plans to sponsor it as an annual event.

Judges for the evening were Miss Eileen Cassidy, Professor Herschel L. Bricker, Dr. Charles Virtue, and Andrew Sopchak.

Votes of thanks go from the **Pine Needle** staff to all the people mentioned above, who helped to make the show a success.

Thanks as well to the great bunch of performers who entered the show, but didn't place in the ranks of the prize-winners.

A tip of the hat also goes to Keith Fowles, the capable and popular master of ceremonies, and to the Darktown Seven, who supplied intermission music during the show.

As a special prize, the **Pine Needle** will send free subscriptions of next year's issues to everyone who entered the talent show.

Don't forget to buy your ticket early for next year's show!



# CRACKER BOX

## EXCHANGE JOKES

Getting out this magazine is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we are silly; if we don't, they say we are too serious; if we clip things from other magazines, we are too lazy to write them for ourselves; if we don't, we are stuck with our own stuff.

Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other magazine. We did.

Girl: Whom are you taking to the dance?  
 Boy: Well, I like Rita's form, Ruth's hair, Marilyn's lips, Harriet's arms, Myra's dancing, and Judy's — and Judy's — oh, I guess I'll take Judy.

—Limbo

\* \* \*

The new bride, stretching on an oversized bed, turned out the light and gazed at the ceiling.

"Darling, I can hardly believe we're married."

No answer.

"Darling, it just doesn't seem we're married at last."

No answer.

More time drags by. Restlessly, the bride spoke again, with a trace of anxiety in her voice. "Honey, I just can't believe we're really married."

The groom finally speaks—in a voice of rage and frustration—"You will, if I ever get this damn shoe lace untied."

—Limbo

\* \* \*

The reader of a double meaning joke is like the subject of a seduction. He doesn't have to — but he usually does.

—Limbo

\* \* \*

In Paris, it's frankness;  
 In Panama, it's life;  
 In a professor, it's clever;  
 But in a college magazine, it's smutty.

\* \* \*

Lady, holding a cookie over Fido's head:  
 Speak, speak . . ."

Fido: "What shall I say?"

—Varieties

\* \* \*

"Oh, look. The bridesmaid!"

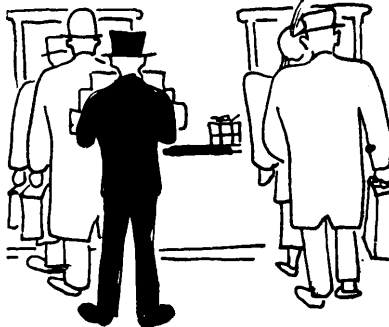
"So soon?"

—Varieties

A robber was holding up a Pullman car. "Out with the dough or I'll kill all the men and molest the women."

An elderly man said indignantly: "You shall not touch the women."

"You leave him alone," cried an old maid in an upper berth. "He's robbing this train."



Telephone call at 7 a.m. —

Voice: "Hello."

Girl: "Hello."

Voice: "How are you this morning?"

Girl: "Fine."

Voice: "I must have the wrong number."

—Varieties

\* \* \*

Definitions:

Man—Person who falls in love with a face and makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl.

Dancing—The art of pulling your feet away faster than your partner can step on them.

\* \* \*

Things we like to hear girls say . . .

"No, I've never seen the River Road at night."

"Why bother going out? There's nobody at home."

"You don't think this bathing suit is too tight, do you?"

"Let's go dutch."

"Chaperone, what chaperone?"

"No, it really doesn't make any difference whether I get back at all tonight."

"Yes."

—Spectator

\* \* \*

"Say when, honey."

"O.K. Right after my next drink."

Professor: "Why don't you answer me?"  
 Student: "I did, professor. I shook my head."

Professor: "Well, you didn't expect me to hear it rattle all the way up here, did you?"

\* \* \*

He was a bit shy, and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he arose and started to leave.

"I'm sorry I offended you," she said.  
 "Offended, hell! I'm going out for more flowers."

\* \* \*

"Am I the first boy you've ever kissed?"

"Are you being funny, or are you working for Kinsey?"

\* \* \*

"Jim is taking me to France on our honeymoon."

"How nice."

"Yes, he said as soon as we were married he'd show me where he was wounded."

\* \* \*

A small boy was seated on the curb with a pint of whiskey in his hand, read-Esquire and smoking a big cigar. An old lady passed and asked, "Little boy, why aren't you in school?"

"Dammit, lady, I ain't but four."

\* \* \*

Ex-Swabbie: "When I was in the Aleutians, I saw the screwiest bird. It lays square eggs and talks."

Ex-Doggie: "No foolin'. What does he say?"

Ex-Swabbie: "Ouch!"



She smiled hello, and "It's a cold night,  
but lovely out."  
He stammered an appropriate reply  
and stepped with her  
Out into the light of half a moon and a  
clear blue sky,  
And could but hope the hopeless wish  
of youth  
That all be well; you know those first  
date affairs.

# T H E

Crossing the street she took his hand,  
calmly, positively.  
The signals flashed their ever-changing  
lights upon the piled snow.  
Her step faltered at the rutted track on  
the unplowed street.  
Taking his arm, she stepped across and  
continued on, her high heels  
Adding a flutter and a heartbeat to her  
walk.

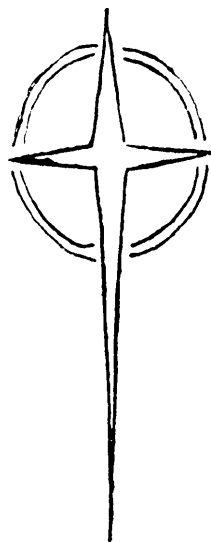
"I hope I have my key," she worried.  
"I'd hate  
To be locked out on as cold a night as  
this." She searched  
Through her hand-bag, pausing to exam-  
ine some article under the light  
From the street lamp, battered, peeling-  
painted, yet sturdy  
Beside them. She searched again, a frown  
on her young face.

A coin purse rested on her gloved hand,  
a wallet  
And a chain of silver, shining beads  
set one large, one small  
End to end, and with it a cross. He didn't  
see the cross  
But he knew it to be there. He wore  
no cross. She smiled,  
"Here, I've found it," and in finding, be-  
came the loser.

# R O S A R Y

By

JIM  
BARROWS



He walked solemnly with her to the door,  
thinking  
What way best to part. Her key in-  
serted in the lock,  
She faced him. "Good night, and thanks."  
He smiled thinly.  
"It's yours to oblige another time, if I  
should call."  
With a "Sometime around the middle of  
the week," she was gone.

His steps were light, and heavy; his heart  
gay and sad.  
He paused before the deep rut, as she  
had, and jumped over  
Unaided. "Perhaps I'll call her," he re-  
marked to no one.  
"The middle of the week. Or should  
I let it rest now?"  
The moon smiled at him calmly, a broken  
half of its former self.



# Fashions

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

of yellow, brown, blue and white seem to blend together like water colors which are spilled together. Heidi made her ever-popular peasant blouse which gives the costume a crisp and fresh appearance. The wide low neck and the sleeves are gathered with elastic from which stand ruffles of eyelet pique. Notice also Heidi's new short haircut, the rage from Maine to California.

Oh yes, we thought, spring is finally here. What a different campus this is today from the one which was hidden by snow and ice such a short time ago.

Perhaps we should leave our frivolity and fashions at this point and close our fashion column for this year so we can have time to stop and dream of the warm vacation ahead.



"What are you putting in your vest pocket there, Murphy?"

"That's a stick of dynamite. Every time that Riley sees me he slaps me on the chest and breaks all my cigars. Next time he does it he's going to get his hand blown off."

"If you would have a stable friend, buy a horse."

\* \* \*

When a pair of red lips are up-turned to your own

With no one to gossip about it,  
Do you parry for courage to leave them alone?

Well, maybe you do. But I doubt it.

When a shy little hand you're permitted to seize

With a velvety softness about it,  
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?

Maybe you can. But I doubt it.  
When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,

With a wonderful plumpness about it,  
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?

Well, maybe you do. But I doubt it.

And then there was the Mechanical engineer who took his nose apart to see what made it run.

\* \* \*

First bride: "Does your husband snore in his sleep?"

Second ditto: "I don't know. We've only been married four days."

\* \* \*

"Little boy, you shouldn't kick your sister down the street."

'Oh, that's all right. She's dead.'

—Widow

"Mommy, I just came in to kiss you goodni . . . MOMMY!"

\* \* \*

A young mother had just unburdened herself and told her young son about the facts of life. At the end, she said, "Now if you want to know anything, don't hesitate to ask me."

Her son turned serious momentarily and bowed his head in deep thought. Then, turning to his mother, he asked gravely, "How do they get the Saturday Evening Post out on Wednesdays?"

\* \* \*

Freshman: "Why do the janitors in Stevens wear dungarees?"

Senior: "So you can tell them from the professors."

\* \* \*

I know a girl named Passion.  
I asked her for a date.  
I took her out to dinner.  
Gosh, how Passionate.

\* \* \*

The bee she is a busy soul.  
She has no time for birth control.  
And that is why these days one sees  
So many little sons of bee's.

\* \* \*



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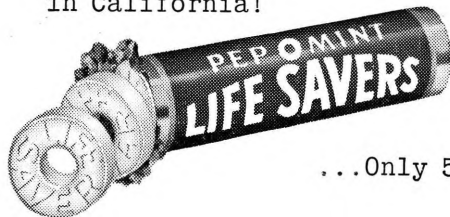
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# HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT STARTED THE CALIFORNIA RUSH



C'mon, men! They just found Life Savers in California!



...Only 5¢

**FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS**  
for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Winner last time — Duke Walters

Winning joke:

Overheard at a political rally —

Speaker: "Say, did you ever ride a jackass?"

Heckler: "No."

Speaker: "Then, why don't you get onto yourself?"

The drunk tiptoed up the stairs, shoes in hand. He patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climbed into bed, smiling at the thought that he'd put one over on his wife.

Came the dawn. The ex-drunk opened his eyes. There stood his wife glaring at him.

"You were drunk last night," she denounced.

"Why, darling, I was nothing of the sort."

"Well, if you weren't, who put the adhesive tape all over the bathroom mirror?"

—Spectator

A drunk walked into an open elevator and fell three floors to the bottom of the shaft. Angrily, he looked up and shouted, "Gahdamit, I shaid up!"

\* \* \*

Two men were flying east in a passenger plane, making the first air trip of their lives. The plane touched at St. Louis, and a little red truck sped out to refuel the plane's tanks. The plane landed again at Cleveland, and again a little red truck dashed up to it. The third stop was at Albany, and the same thing happened.

"This plane makes wonderful time," remarked one of the travellers.

"Ycp," said the other. "And that little red truck ain't doin' so bad, either."

—Varsity

## QUESTIONS

- A** Aslant, I lie surrounded by a word  
Which twice repeats a virtue which you've heard.
- B** A letter (from the Greek), a conjunction (transposed),  
One from Flanders, here reflected and posed.
- C** A ten dollar bill, and the term "to sell"  
Gives one a title, if they're combined well.

Answers and names of winners will be available at  
magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

*Chesterfield*

### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** 20th CENTURY-FOX. This modern age is the  
20th Century; a furry friend is a fox.
- B** BLANCH, N. C. The Dogwood State is North Carolina,  
Blanch means to pale, or grow white.
- C** CHESTERFIELD-ABC. The smoke that satisfies  
is Chesterfield. In the frame the initial letters of  
lines 1, 8 & 3, spell A B C.
- WINNERS...

Lucien Laferriere  
Al Shaw  
Harry Richardson  
Joan Hall  
Pepper Burbank

Paulina Robbins  
Carol Prentiss  
Bob Snowman  
Nancy Mosher  
Elizabeth Zaitlin

The city youth secured a job with Farmer Jones. The morning after his arrival, promptly at four o'clock, the farmer rapped on his door and told him to get up. The youth protested.

"What for?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Why, we're going to cut oats," replied the farmer.

"Are they such wild oats," queried the youth, "that you have to sneak up on 'em in the dark?"

\* \* \*

Patient: "Doctor, I don't smoke, drink, or chase around with women. Will I live a hundred years?"

Doctor: "No. But it will seem like it."

# Guard Duty

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

three-quarters pounds; but according to Schwartz, the goddam thing weighed fifty pounds hanging from your shoulder for half-an-hour. It was 12:05 A.M. by his watch. Ten minutes before, he had been roused from his comfortable, warm, bed — one of those which had been swiped from a bombed-out Kraut house and was now moulded to the form of Corporal Schwartz's body. He shook his head quickly, as if trying to get rid of the haziness that still jammed his brain. His post was down by the motor pool, if you could call it that. There were only three vehicles — the WO's jeep, a three-quarter ton truck, and a six by six, but you could never tell when the Krauts would get in and steal everything that they could lay their hands on.

The war was over, but that didn't mean that the Germans had been dispelled with. They were just as strong as ever — working in the American Army as mess cooks, mechanics, typists, stenographers, and drivers — they knew when you were going home before the orders were cut. Sure, we won the war, but where did that get us? Guard duty, that's what.

Joseph Herman Schwartz came from Buffalo and was now serving his eighth month in the Army. Two months ago he had been sent to a replacement depot upon his arrival overseas. There, they had noticed on his personnel file a notation that he could read and play music. He told them that he could play drums — they said fine — and here he was, doing guard duty. Well, just let anybody try to get into the motor pool while he was standing guard.

It was a quarter of a mile around the area he had to guard and although it was all fenced in, there was still plenty of chance for anyone to sneak in under the wire. Conversely, there was ample room for the guys in the outfit to sneak out and meet the Frauleins. Schwartz started to walk around the buildings that had once been stables for the German Cavalry. It was exactly seven-hundred and thirty-eight steps from his starting point to the southeastern corner of the enclosed area. Beyond the barbed wire there were a few farms and open fields. It was a desolate, shabby countryside. There were no golden wheat fields to look at or bright, shiny automobiles to ride in. It was a country where bread was at a premium and gasoline was strictly rationed. Cigarettes and soap were worth a fortune.

As the lonely guard stood there, smoking a cigarette and thinking of the big grain elevators filled with wheat from the mid-west and the traffic on the Erie Canal, there was a noise. It wasn't a loud noise. It sounded more like a whisper than anything else. Schwartz peered out over the fields trying to see what had caused the noise, but it was hard to see with the rain pouring down.

"Who's there," he anxiously called, hoping that it was only one of the guys from the outfit. Even a skulking Kraut would be better than the suspense of not knowing.

Five minutes . . . ten minutes . . . fifteen minutes lapsed before Schwartz passed off the incident as his nerves. He was too jumpy, too new at this business to know what to do. It was not his fault. It was just that the easy routine of the band had been too easy to fall into. There were probably not more than ten guys in the whole band that knew how to handle a carbine effectively.

Schwartz started on walking again. He lit another cigarette and mulled over his uneventful Army life. After his graduation from high school, he had gone to work for his father as an apprentice plumber. His mother he seldom saw because she didn't live with them anymore. As far back as he could remember they had never gotten along with each other. Just after he had turned eighteen he had received his draft notice. Tired and dis-

turbed about his home life, he had actually been glad of the chance to get away. A ten week basic training course at Fort Knox, Kentucky had been followed by a holdover as a truck driver. After his release, he had been shipped out on the first boat to the ETO and dropped at Le Havre, France. Three nights and four days on a French cattle car had brought him deep into Germany. Six weeks of waiting in Bamberg and then, Bad Kissingen. The Army General Classification Test had indicated a score of 90 for an intelligence quotient, but this had been sufficient to qualify for bass drummer. Besides, they needed replacements.

He looked at his watch; it was one-thirty. Two and a half hours to go before he was relieved. Then he heard the noise again. This time it came from in back of him and he turned around quickly and silently retraced his steps.

"I'll find out who it is, this time. At least, he will find me ready." Schwartz was crouched down low with his carbine cradled in his arms. His eyes were strained and ready for anything that might pop up in front of him. His muscles were taut and the veins on the back of his hand stood out like the furrows in a newly ploughed field.

A slight scuffing noise that sounded as if it had come from the direction of the vehicle repair shop made him almost freeze in his tracks. He grew confused

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



and baffled. It was impossible that anyone could have gone past him, dark though it was. He turned around on his haunches and stayed that way for almost a minute before moving. Beads of sweat had formed on his forehead, running down his face and into his eyes making them smart. He brushed the rain-soaked sleeve of his raincoat over his face and only succeeded in getting wetter. His heartbeat sounded like the pistons in his father's Model A.

"Who's there . . . give the password . . . halt," but only the sound of the rain could be heard. Slowly, silently, he inched ahead to where he had heard the noise. He felt the safety lock of his carbine and found that he had already snapped it back. He moved his hand over the extra clip of cartridges, which were somewhat reassuring.

In the darkness ahead of him he thought that he could hear the same noise. A very quiet noise in approximately the same position as before.

"Who goes there? Wer geht da? Wo gehens Sie? Halt . . . HALT . . ." szinnng, chow, chow, chow . . . The empty shells kept popping from the ejector. The carbine was warm and steaming before he stopped. Silence, absolute silence.

As he walked toward the building his foot struck something soft. "This is it" he thought as he felt to see what it was. Corporal Schwartz drew his hand away suddenly as though he had been electrified. It was impossible. The thing had feathers. He fumbled for his flashlight and cut his hand in his haste to pull it from his cartridge belt.

"Now. Let's see what the hell this is." A dead pheasant, mangled by the bullets, its feet sticking up in the air, lay on the ground in front of him. The left leg was broken, which probably accounted for the scratches and presence of the bird. Schwartz laughed and nearly fainted. His hand shook so that he could hardly hold his match steady.

There was a Headquarters memorandum on the shooting of game-birds in the town. The normal official procedure and red tape required the bird reported, but Schwartz didn't care. It was too long a story. He'd find Corporal Welsh and they would broil it.

\* \* \*

And then there was the girl who was so thin that when she swallowed an olive, twelve men left town.

—Frigol

\* \* \*

If I'm still studying when you come back, wake me up.

—Frigol

\* \* \*

Drunk in a telephone booth: Number, hell! I want my peanuts!"

\* \* \*

Hubby: I accidentally caught sight of the maid in her pajamas. Dear, she's got almost as good a figure as you have.  
Wife: So the chauffeur says.

\* \* \*

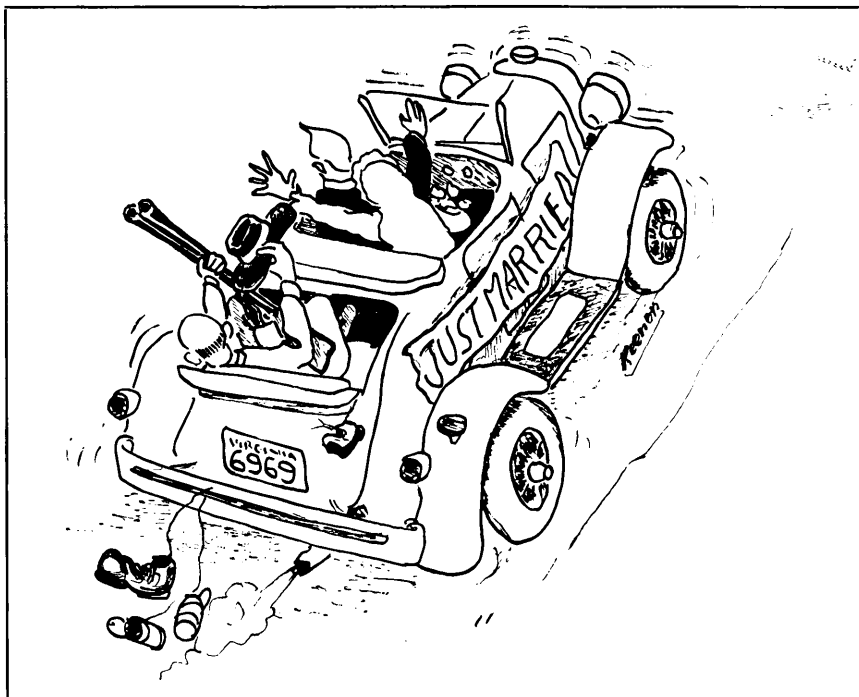
If you are caught in hot water, be nonchalant — take a bath.

## 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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CHESTERFIELD CONTEST—PAGE 14

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