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## The Pine Needle, vol. 4, no. 3

Pine Needle Publications

Katie Snow

Fred Gross

Ginny Stickney

Nat Tarr

*See next page for additional authors*

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**Authors**

Pine Needle Publications, Katie Snow, Fred Gross, Ginny Stickney, Nat Tarr, Stan Winslow, and Dick Sprague

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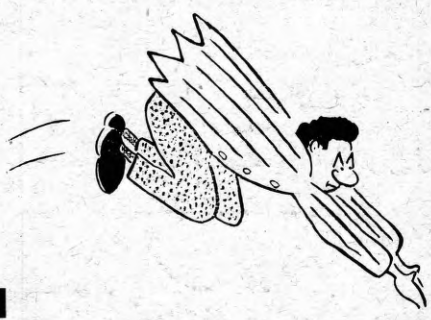
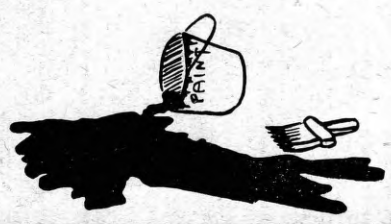
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# PINE NEEDLE



51

## Spring Housecleaning Issue



TWO BITS

*"My  
cigarette?  
Camels,  
of course!"*



WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

# CAMELS FOR MILDNESS!

Yes, *Camels* are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT  
IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!**







# THE PINE NEEDLE

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE HUMOR MAGAZINE

SPRING  
HOUSECLEANING

ISSUE 1950  
March

Vol. 4 No. 3

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The Pine Needle is published by students of the University of Maine. Offices are in the MCA building. Address correspondence to Pine Needle, Box 155, Alumni Hall, University of Maine, Orono, Maine. Telephone: 441, extension 4.

# Letters to the Editor . . .

## 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.

---

Camels .....	Inside Front Cover
Ted Newhall .....	Page 2
Betts Bookstore ..	Page 2
Reamer Insurance Co. ....	Insert
B.O. Soap .....	Insert
Gears and Sawbuck .....	Insert
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Life Savers .....	Page 17
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Bookstore .....	Inside Back Cover
Chesterfields .....	Back Cover

---

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.

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading your last issue. I read it from front cover to back cover.

I feel I should compliment you on the best parts of the magazine. The best parts were the front cover and the back cover.

Sincerely,

I. M. Thorough

—Thanks a lot. Glad you liked it. By the way, we wonder if you're related to an old friend of ours, Henry David Thorough?—Ed.

\* \* \*

Editor  
Pine Needle

Dear Sir:

A rumor has just reached me that certain members of your praiseworthy staff were seen cheering for Colby at the recent Colby-Maine basketball game.

If this is so, will you please offer an explanation, or you may find your circulation limited to Colby-transfers and communists.

Yours,

N. Raged

—One of the Colby team (no names now—you realize our position) BUYS the Pine Needle! We must be considerate of our subscribers, musn't we?—Ed.

\* \* \*

Editor  
Pine Needle

Dear Sir:

I feel that it is my duty to point out to you that I have recently been appointed to membership on the Student Enterprises Committee. As you know, this committee deals with all student enterprises on this campus.

Please don't feel that this is any personal criticism, but I must tell you that your last issue of the Pine Needle aroused some controversy in this committee. For example, on page eight, third column, line 27, there appears the word *strapless*. Now you know that this is a bad word. I fail to see how you could see fit to use it in any of your stories.

Again, on page nine, second column, line 14, another bad word appears, *neck*. Now, really!

I'm sure that this will suffice in helping you to revise some of your policies, to put

Student (in bookstore): "How much is this paper?"

Clerk: "Seventy-five cents a ream."

Student: "It sure is!"

them in line with those approved by the committee.

Wishing best of luck in your coming issues, I remain

Sincerely yours,

Dean Spleene

—Congratulations on your new appointment, sir. We hope that we can come to an agreement with you in matters of policy. Please understand that all material in the Pine Needle is carefully considered and written with an eye to the niceties of society. Those two words slipped through somehow. We're sorry about that, and hope that the incident will not keep you from accepting the magazine as one of the finest in today's literary field.—Ed.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor,

I'm happy to tell you that I'm leading a crusade on our campus. As president of the Association In Favor Of Installing The Pine Needle As Required Reading In English Courses, I feel that we are about to have the magazine officially recognized for its literary qualities.

If AIFOITPNARRIEC succeeds, the Pine Needle will replace the New Yorker as reading material in the freshman comp courses.

Success to both of us!

Joseph University

Glad to have you with us. How does the faculty feel?—Ed.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor,

I am a healthy mail of 19 (years) who came to kolledge to lurn somethin: So far i have red Harbrace handbook and the Pine needlle; My problem is this—should i give up readin the harbrace handbook or the pine needdle? after all the only thing i can lurn from the harbrace hand book is how to make propositions and the only thing i can lurn from the pine needdle is how to tell jokes, Which wood my girl appreciate: jokes or propozitions?

yours truli,

Jim Up-lift

(Ps. i am also lurning how to type,)

—If you learn how to type, we may be able to use you on our staff.—Ed.

When you whisper, "George, I love you,"

How my head begins to swim;

And you snuggle close and say it —

I forget my name is Jim.

# A Jab of the Needle

With lots to talk about this time, Stew Dentbody came charging up the three flights of stairs to Ye Olde Office. He waved a copy of the Campus in our face, said a few nasty words, and demanded revenge.

He found an article in the Campus which referred to the *Pine Needle* in a derogatory manner.

Fully incensed, we determined to return the insult. Inserted in the middle of this issue of the *Needle* is our answer to the Campus, as well as some opinions about some of its features.

We've tried to be nice to you long enough. We've printed jokes, cartoons, jokes, pictures, and jokes. But no-one on campus seems to appreciate them. We don't even get many letters from readers, telling what parts of the magazine they like.

So now we're going to print the magazine the way we want it. We're going to run some stories, and we may even have some cheesecake pictures (try to find 'em).



In regard to some of the current issues on the campus, we'd like to take a stand on the most important and most discussed one of all. You all know which one that is, so we won't waste space mentioning it. Our official policy in regard to this issue is that we disagree. All material we run will be written with that in mind.

In order to insure credit where credit is due, we'd like to thank **Bill Loubier**, of our features staff, for the terrific job he did in preparing the insert for this issue. In case you haven't seen it yet, turn immediately to the center pages, and read the "Crampus."

And now, farewell. This is our last issue with the present staff organization. Next time, a new editor will be beating on the office typewriter.

In parting, we'd like to say, "Thanks to everybody, especially Stew Dentbody, for the swell support you've given us!"

And best of luck to the new staff, and welcome to our office in the MCA attic.

# 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

## “Quote Me —”

Your raving reporter recently made a tour of the campus inquiring as to the ability of students to carry on intellectual and/or intelligent conversations. The answers indicate the depth at which the modern scholar's mind functions.

Once again, we received blank looks during the interviews. These blank looks are faithfully reproduced below.

During the interviews, answers such as “I don't give a damn” were discarded as irrelevant and immaterial. The question for this time is: **What, in your opinion, is most responsible for the inability of students to carry on intelligent conversations?**

\* \* \*

**Doug Crawford '52, Off Campus:** In my august opinion, students at this college lack the mental depth and the calibre of refinement necessary to carry on a conversation beyond the three basic points:

1. When do we eat?
2. Whaddya doin' tonight, baby?
3. Where am I?

\* \* \*

**Lois Murphy '52, Balentine Hall:** Lack of knowledge on current day subjects. People—up here at college, anyway—they don't have the time to devote to it. There are some who are bound to be able to converse especially well, but the majority of the students are able at least to carry on an intelligent conversation!

\* \* \*

**Bill Messner '51, New Dorm No. 3:** I do believe that the average University of Maine student has the ability, and often exerts that ability, to take part in an intelligent conversation. Most of them are versatile enough to adapt to a college environment. Those big bearskin coats that the guys are wearing around . . . I think there's a definite correlation between those and conversation. It's the versatility

\* \* \*

**Jean Bryant '53, West Hall:** Television!!

\* \* \*

**John Moore '51, New Dorm No. 3:** There are intelligent bull sessions, but so far as talking about moral, intellectual, or philosophical subjects . . . we don't talk about that usually. It's either sex, religion, or politics.

### BETTS BOOKSTORE

2 MILL STREET, ORONO

—  
COMPLETE SELECTION

OF

LATEST BOOKS

—  
REFERENCES — MAGAZINES

LENDING LIBRARY

Then there's the Sultan who kept his harem three miles from where he lived. Every day he sent his man-servant to get him a girl. The Sultan lived to be eighty-seven, but the servant died when he was only thirty.

The moral to this story is: it's not the women that kill you, but the running after them.

\* \* \*

Teacher: “Now, Johnny, if I lay three eggs here and two more over here, how many will there be all together?”

Johnny: “Personally, I don't think you can do it.”





## REQUIRED FOR HY MAJORS

It was bound to happen! With so many comedians running around pulling their favorite puns, the nation is becoming joke-conscious. People are looking over the field of jokes to find a few after-dinner favorites.

Some are digging way back into the past for their corny cracks, all of which proves (?) that there's no such thing as a new joke.

To illustrate this, we're publishing a short report on the history of a joke, as compiled by a graduate student in history.

### HISTORY OF A JOKE

(being a chronological account)

**Birth:** A freshman thinks it up in class and chuckles with glee, waking up two fraternity men in the back row.

**Age five minutes:** Freshman tells it to senior who answers, "Yeah, it's funny, but I've heard it before."

**Age one day:** Senior turns it in to the college humor magazine.

**Age ten days:** Editor needs to fill magazine, prints the joke.

**Age one month:** Thirteen college humor magazines reprint the joke!

**Age three years:** The *Pine Needle* reprints the joke as original.

**Age three years, one month:** The *New Yorker* reprints the joke as literature, crediting it to the *Pine Needle*.

**Age ten years:** 76 radio comedians discover the joke simultaneously, and tell it, accompanied by howls of mirth from the boys in the band.

**Age 20 years:** Joke is reprinted in *Reader's Digest*.

**Age about 100 years:** Professors start telling it in class.

**Age 110 years:** Printed in a college humor magazine.

### SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

We ran across an interesting little item the other day. It seems to be a story portraying the perseverance of professors in carrying out their appointed tasks, and probably has a moral somewhere.

According to the story, there was, on a certain occasion, a professor who was stricken with Laryngitis, and was unable to deliver his lecture.

He whispered the lecture into a recording machine, and carried the machine with him to class. Then he played it back to the class, with the volume up full. You can't win.

### AND THAT'S THAT

All right! We've heard about enough. This can go on for just so long, and then something's got to happen. With this collection, we wash our hands of all "She was only the . . ." jokes. Those below should be enough for anyone. We quit!

She was only the quarryman's daughter—she took everything for granite.

She was only the optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

She was only the minister's daughter, but you couldn't get anything pastor.

She was only the film-censor's daughter, but she knew when to cut it out.

She was only the plumber's daughter, but every time a man whistled, her cheeks flushed.

She was only the bottle-maker's daughter, but nothing could stop her.

### CALLING ALL GIRLS

**News item—50% of College Girls Who Choose to Work Enter Teaching Ranks.**

Now here is an item worth considering. How many of you girls going to college today are prepared to carry on this tradition? Do you realize that you may be forced to conform and go to work yourselves upon graduation?

Is this what you came to college for? In a recent local poll, the majority of coeds quizzed answered that they came to Maine looking for their five men. (Official ratios are five men to every girl at U. of M.)

Others said something about education, culture, etc., but sounded a trifle confused. Think it over.

### SCOOP!

Our official spy turned in his report the other day, and mentioned many classroom incidents. We noticed one in particular.

According to the record, a recent class in journalism was devoted to emphasizing brevity in news stories. The next day, as part of an assignment, one of the students turned in the following condensed obituary:

"James C. Humphries looked up the shaft of the Union Hotel this morning to see if the elevator was on its way down. It was. Age 24."

### SO THERE!

And still another clipping moved across the desk. This time it was a contribution from one of the literary-minded. He is evidently digging deep into heavy reading to find a way of bettering his life.

According to the note, essayist Joseph Addison once wrote: "A man of a polite imagination is led into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving."

Nice thought, isn't it?

### IF AT FIRST . . .

A five-foot freshman was having a hard time getting anyone to dance with him at the party. Every time he asked a girl for a dance, she had either promised it to someone, or was on her way to the powder room. Finally, in desperation, he worked up a routine.

Going over to an attractive girl sitting at the rear of the dance floor, he asked calmly,

"Will you marry me?"

"What!" the girl exclaimed, surprised.

"Then will you kiss me?" he asked, ignoring her surprise.

The girl sat and looked at him curiously, without answering.

"Well, if nothing else," he said sorrowfully, "won't you give me this dance?"

He danced for the rest of the evening!

# The Professors Meet

by Katie Snow

A One Act Play in One Act

Notice: The author of this amusing little Sketch intends no offense to persons living, dead, or otherwise.

Dramatis Personae  
(characters)

Professor Smeech, T.S., A.K.C.

Professor Limbrin, D.S.C., N.L.R.B.

Professor Gnucklehed, L.S.M.F.T.

2nd Assistant Instructor Tweezle.

Two cleaning women. (These do not appear in the play. They clean the theatre after the audience has left, which is usually five minutes after the curtain opens.)

\* \* \*

(The scene is a conference room. There is a large table in the center of the room. On it are a glass, a pitcher of iced lemonade, a box of Kleenex, six bound volumes of the Congressional Record, a small garbage pail, and three dull pencils. Around the table sit three professors. Smeech is at the head of the table, cleaning his fingernails with a dull machete. Limbrin sits on his right, then shifts his position when his right begins to ache. Gnucklehed is stretched out on three chairs. We assume he is asleep. Tweezle paces the floor. Smeech awakens Gnucklehed with the machete, and rises.)

Smeech: I have called this meeting so that we may make out a departmental final for our department. Has anyone any suggestions?

Gnucklehed: (Bored. He yawns, as if to suggest boredom.)

Why don't we use the final from another course. It would save a lot of trouble.

Limbrin: (sarcastically) What if some student has had that course? He might pass. Try to be helpful!

Gnucklehed: (bitterly) Don't be so critical. I heard a student, whose telephone wire I tapped, say to another that you cleared up a point in class. At least I've got some ethics.

Limbrin: (in a squelched tone) So I made one mistake. Forget it.



Smeech: (with dry humor) Please, sirs. This is getting us nowhere. We must be thorough or some student may pass. Precedents you know.

Gnucklehed: Sorry, old man. (in a business-like manner) Well, who has a textbook?

Limbrin: Really, at times you amaze me. One never consults the textbook in making out a final. Why, some student may have read it.

Gnucklehed: Let me finish. I wanted to be sure that the material covered by the final isn't in the text.

Limbrin: (intelligently) Oh.

Smeech: There is a footnote in the text that I wished to ask a question about. It gives a page number in a reference work now out of print.

Smeech: (with enthusiasm) Oh, excellent professor. How ever did you think of that? A splendid notion.

Smeech: (modestly) Oh, it's really nothing.

Limbrin: I'll just riffle through the text for more footnotes. The man's a genius.

Tweezle: If I could say a few words . . .

Gnucklehed: (he looks hurt) Please, we're thinking.

(Pause)

Gnucklehed: We could use a few of the less technical points from Einstein's new theory. I believe in giving the student a chance.

Smeech: Very good. I was thinking of quizzing them on the material in fine print on my insurance policy.

Gnucklehed: I'm going to ask my division for my middle name.

Smeech: (sadistically) We might ask who wrote the text.

Tweezle: (boldly) My students are expecting an entirely different kind of final. I'd like . . .

Smeech: Oh, yes, that reminds me. Limbrin, you must see that the wrong final gets out. Make it realistic. Start lots of rumors, so every one will get it.

Limbrin: (happily) Yes, sir.

Gnucklehed: Did anyone mention the importance of lich-tudensis on achtherymia in lecture?

Others: No.

Gnucklehed: Good. We can use that.

Limbrin: Did either of you dwell on the significance of eph-nisiacia to modern society in relation to ancient civilization?

Gnucklehed: Dwell on it? I can't even spell it.

Limbrin: Good! We've really quite a collection of questions here. Most impressive.

Smeech: I think that will do admirably. We'll just translate the whole thing into Sanscrit, and it will be our final. Thank you, gentlemen, one and all, for your cooperation in this matter. Good day. (He shakes hands all around, and departs, carrying garbage pail. Limbrin leaves next, sharpening dull pencils with the machete. Gnucklehed follows. Tweezle watches them as if conscious. He picks up the pieces of his shattered illusions and begins to beat his head against the walls.)

The Curtain Falls — Two stage hands rush out and replace it.

The Curtain Closes.

# Routine

Each Day was the Same for Saunders;  
Success was a Long Time Coming.

by Fred Gross

*This article is an excerpt from a much longer story. The Pine Needle feels that the style and thought in the story make it a must for publication, if only in part. The author was inspired to write by the song "That Lucky Old Sun." Think of the words of the song as you read.—Ed. note.*

The stinging ring of the alarm clock hummed in his ears. He stretched out an unwilling arm from underneath a soft blanket and, grasping the small clock in his hands, shut off the alarm.

Slowly, sleepily, he rose from the bed and went to the window, pulled the curtains aside, and peered down at the little midgets walking below—little midgets all walking toward the subway; midgets, who in several minutes would arrive at a store, or a factory, or an office some place, where a big midget would be waiting for them, watching the clock, and wondering whether he, the all-important employer, would have the satisfaction of reprimanding the little midget, the little employee, for being late.

No time for dreaming; no time for reflecting upon the little midgets walking along the broad streets of his city, his metropolis. This was a working day, and work meant rush, the incomparable rush of New York city. He dressed, washed, shaved, and drank his coffee hurriedly, then went to the elevator and pushed the button a few times and waited impatiently.

—My tie, is my tie straight, and is my suit pressed? Damn it, I knew I should have sent it to the tailor's last week . . . God, it's almost 7:30. I'll never make the store in time. The store—that colorless, inconspicuous little shoe store with people, all sorts of people walking in and out, buying shoes, and not buying shoes. There I stand, tall, straight, the model salesman, a broad smile covering my face, while the big midget, my employer, sits behind me, watching my every movement.

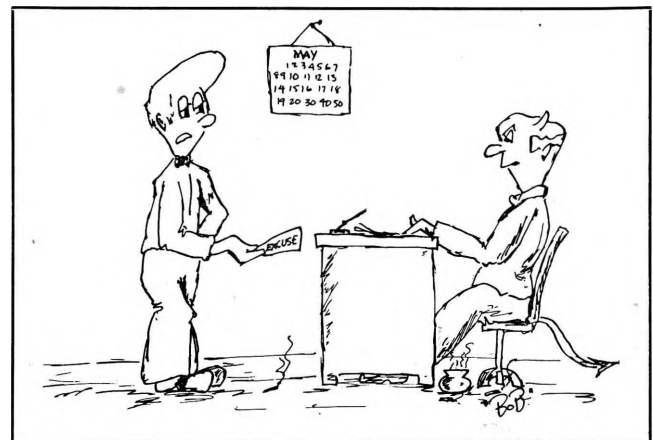
—I remember the first time I came into the store and got the job. Mr. Trailer kept after me constantly until I finally decided that I was working just a little too hard for the meager salary he was giving me, and I protested. But it did no good, so I kept quiet and continued working. Learning the shoe business was a quick process, and with my renewed eagerness I was soon the most popular shoe salesman in the store.

—Trailer stood by and watched me learning, making mistakes, meeting new people, and said to himself (I could just see him saying to himself), "Well, Saunders, now you've mastered it, and there's nothing more to learn. Do you think this is being a doctor, or a lawyer, or a dentist? Do you think you have to go to school to be a shoe salesman, and waste eight precious years of your life, and then do the same routine work all the time? Oh, no! You learn to fit a shoe onto a foot, and then the world is yours. It lies in your palm, and you mold it according to your desire. What is your desire? To be a miserable success like me; or to be a wretchedly honest fool who will end nowhere but in the gutter, and then pat himself on the back, and say, 'At least my conscience is clear'? It is

your choice—every foot looks the same, and there is only a slight difference in taste. I can teach you no more. You know as much as I do."

—Yes, I learned the shoe business quickly, and learned about the people who bought shoes, and discovered that they were the same people who bought meat, and who played poker, and who laughed and complained. I learned that pushing ahead was also a question of going to church, and of wearing a tie, a neatly pressed suit, and a starched collar. It's smiling and not drinking in public, nor cursing before sedate women, nor doing anything the least bit unconventional. I decided to be disgustingly conventional if that meant success, and evidently only conventional people in New York were successful.

\* \* \*



Student: "I caught cold last night."  
Prof: "Wet grass?"

He stood in the train among the mass of people going to the city. They all stood firmly in their individual spots, crushed together, some reading newspapers, others reading the advertisements on the walls of the train, and still others attempting to recover the hours of sleep they had lost in various places the night before.

But no matter how close they were pressed together, there was a look of resignation on their faces—they had been through this many times before; it was nothing new, and they prayed that the next nine hours would hurry by. Later, when the sun would be setting, they would be on a train on the opposite track, a little wearier, but nevertheless homeward bound.

He stepped off the train with the crowd at Union Square, and walked to the shoe store on 13th Street. He glanced at his watch—8:10. Trailer wouldn't be angry today—he was only ten minutes late. Trailer wouldn't say anything today, but just frown, which would imply, "Words will come between us if this happens again . . ."

(Continued on Page 16)

# Spring Has Sprung

by Ginny Stickney and Nat Tarr

Photos by Newhall

With spring poking its head just around the corner it won't be long before winter and all its snow is just a memory. With it forgotten, our ski pants and fur coats will have to be put away in moth balls to remain until another season comes. Now attention turns to the warmer things in life. And our attention now is on suits, which are the thing for Easter Wear.

Spring is the time when we like to go out without coats and still be warm enough. Suits are ideal for this time of year, when the weather is warm and balmy, and we can go out for afternoon strolls.

**Ann Burbank** from Colvin stepped out to show off her springy suit of Navy blue, light weight gabardine. It buttons right up to the neck and has three tiers of pocket flaps. The skirt is straight with

a fly front. Most of the suits coming out this spring have a very straight skirt with slits to make them easier to walk in.

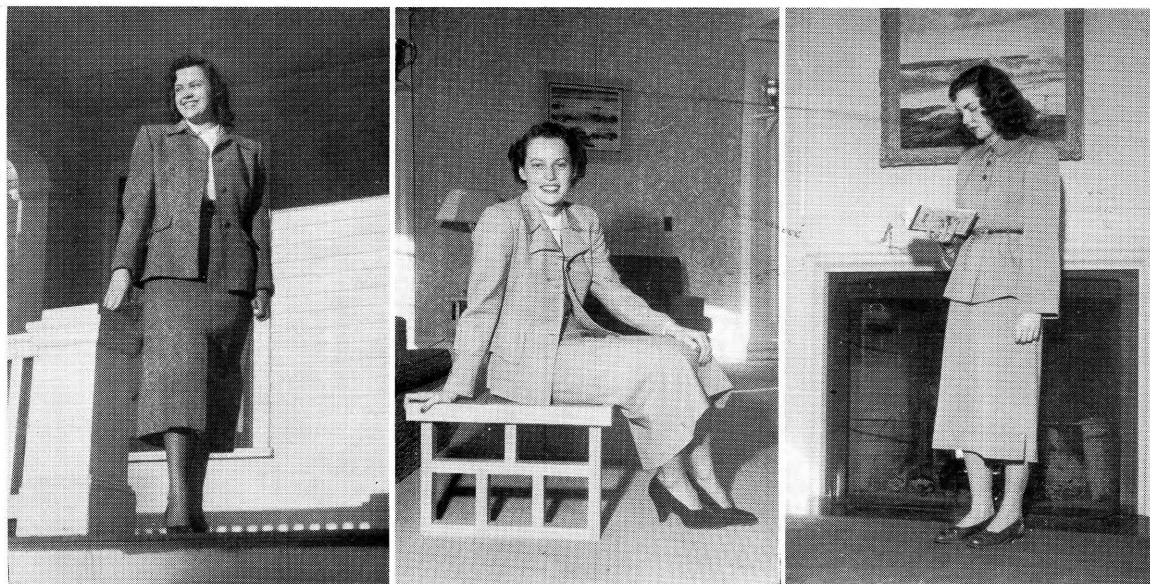
Ann has not neglected to complete her outfit with the proper accessories. She is wearing an Easter bonnet which is a simple black band with brownish feathers. Her shoes are conventional plain suede pumps. Ann is a senior, engaged and a member of Alpha Omicron Pi.

Tweeds, tweeds, and more tweeds—they never grow old and they always look new. **Jo Cunningham** took time out from her duties as cook, laundress and baby tender at the Home Management house to show us her beautiful tweed suit. A suit like this is a must for spring fashions. It is a green tweed with red, orange, and blue blended into it. The blouse is white rayon with a bow in the neck.

Her shoes are dark green, with a scalloped edge along the back. Shoes in bright colors are very fashionable this spring. There are lovely suedes in bright blue, green, tan, and maroon, plus the more conventional colors. **Jo** is a Home Ec, a junior, and a member of Chi Omega.

**Joyce Pray** makes a pretty picture in her suit of lightweight blue wool. The jacket has turned-up cuffs, pockets with double flaps, and a wide collar. The skirt is straight and narrow, with slits along the side seams. She is wearing a plain white rayon blouse with a jeweled neckline. Joyce lives in South Estabrooke and is a member of Pi Beta Phi.

Pastel corduroys are still very popular for spring, and are very useful because they can take a lot of hard wear. **Shark-**



From left to right, Jo Cunningham, Joyce Pray, and Carlene Dunn are all ready for spring. Their timely suits are smart for indoors or outdoors, and right for a big party, an evening at home, or a quiet rendezvous. Pretty, aren't they?





Ann Burbank, left, and Gloria Fisher, model the latest in spring suits. Suits are the thing this season for an afternoon stroll or indoor get-together. Cute, huh?

skin wools and rayon suits are going to be very popular, too.

**Carlene Dunn** appears to be really engrossed in a book as she poses for her picture. She is wearing a soft wool gabardine of powder blue. It has a box jacket held in with a dog-leash belt. The jacket is buttoned up to the neck with blue pearl buttons, and the collar is similar to the Peter Pan style, but a little larger. The skirt is straight with slits on either side of it. Her shoes are brown sling-back leather, with crossing straps over the instep. Carlene lives in North Estabrooke, and she comes from Auburn, Maine.

Not to be forgotten this spring are the new style of stockings that have come on the market. The "picture frame," "shadow heel," and embroidery work all tend to make stockings appear more attractive and interesting.

**Gloria Fisher** really looks smart in her suit of light worsted wool. The jacket is light brown with collar and pocket flaps which match the material of the skirt. Her skirt is tan with brown two-toned

stripes giving a plaid effect. It is straight and narrow, but has eight-inch pleats on both sides of the skirt.

We think that Gloria should be complimented on her smart suit, as she made it herself in her tailoring class. Gloria's shoes are brown suede baby dolls. Gloria is a Pi Beta Phi, who ordinarily lives in Orono. Right now she is spending her eight weeks at the Home Management House.

Spring brings with it crisp new gloves, and this spring they are being accentuated by flowers. Seventeen compares tailored cotton slip on gloves with a bunch of dewy violets; pique gloves and carnations are a perfect repeat note. The open knit shorty gloves of nylon boucle are fresh and feminine as your daintiest silk print. And last we have elastic-cuffed nylon jersey gloves, giving a soft effect with a moss rose worn in your hair.

Easter is just around the corner, so cut your hair short if you want to, fight off spring fever if you can, and don't forget to dress your best.

I asked my girl if me she'd wed.  
 She lifted up her lovely head,  
 And in her sweetest manner said,  
 "Go ask Father."  
 She knew I knew her pop was dead.  
 She knew I knew the life he'd led.  
 She knew I knew what she meant when  
 she said,  
 "Go ask Father."

He: "Can I take you home?"  
 She: "Where do you live?"  
 \* \* \*  
 An ash tray is something you put ashes  
 in if the room doesn't have a floor.  
 \* \* \*  
 "That's a pretty dress you have on."  
 "Yes, I wear it to teas."  
 "Whom?"

It's  
*Fashionable*  
 to go to  
 the  
 Pine  
 Needle's  
 Talent Show

APRIL 15

MEMORIAL GYM

8:00—10:30 P. M.

ADMISSION 40c

Come, and  
 Bring your  
 Family,  
 Neighbors,  
 Friends,  
 Enemies, and  
 Dog and Cat!

# Petite Pretty Pays Punk Pugilistic Prize As The Loser Gets The Works

by Stan Winslow

I don't want never to hear any guy say that I ever threw a fight for a few measly bucks. I got as much pride in my work as a doc's got in his.

"Now I'm not saying that I never let some lily floor me; I'm saying that I never lost a fight in the ring in order to fill my pockets. Inside the ring I'm out to hammer the other guy as hard as I can. Outside, it's a different story. Ya gotta use yer head. Sometimes it's better to take a fall, and other times it pays to swing with everything ya got. Of course, this don't make much sense the way I'm telling it now, but stick around awhile and listen. Who knows, ya might find yerself in the same fix.

"It was about two weeks ago last Saturday. I had just come from the south side of town where a character named Little Joe and myself entertained, for a short time, a crowd of about eight hundred fans. I say 'for a short time' because Little Joe was really little, and I put him to sleep in less time than it took him to get ready for the fight. I was feeling pretty flush with the fifty rubles that I had won, so naturally I came back here to Harry's place for a couple of short ones.

"Now Harry is the type that takes great pride in knowing his customers and all about them. That night like about every other night, he and I were talking over old times and anything else that came into our minds.

"I guess we had just ended a long argument about whether or not Ranky Myers was ever going to make anything of himself, when Harry leans over the bar and asks me in a low voice if I had noticed the beautiful hunk of woman in one of the corner booths. I takes a gander in the mirror, and sure enough there is a babe that would make even old man Durffy take a few extra looks.

"Ya could tell from the way she was dressed that she wasn't from around this neighborhood. Her clothes were real flashy, but they weren't the kind ya could pick up for a song at Woolworth's. I mean she was class from the tip of her black, shiny-leather shoes to the tip of her small hat, which was nothing more than a bent piece of cloth with a few cherries on it. Don't get the idea that it was one of them five-dollar hats ya see sometimes in the window next door. It was more like those ya see in the movies where

several dames walk around on a stage and people look at 'em. I mean real high class stuff. And as for looks, this babe didn't get hers out of any jar—brother, she was born with them!

"Well, Harry and I talked it over a while, and finally decided that she was just in this part of town to see how the other half lives. Naturally Harry didn't mind because she was ordering the high-priced stuff, and as for me, I like to see new faces once-in-awhile.

"It must have been almost an hour later—and I had almost forgotten that this doll was still in the place—when someone star's talking to me in a low, sweet voice. I turns around and there's the same dame asking me if I minded a little company. A ten year old kid could have knocked me out for the count of twenty, I was so surprised. Mind you, I've taken out plenty of good looking babes, but she was different. She just didn't look like the lonely type that wanted a quick friendship.

"Now I ask you, what could I do? She didn't even wait for an answer; she moved in and sat right next to me.

"Now that I look back on what she said, I realize what a shrewd cookie she was. At first she did most of the talking, which was nothing more than a couple of light jabs to feel me out. Once she found out what kind of a guy I was, she started delivering some pretty heavy punches.

"It seems that she was writing some sort of book about a fighter, and was stuck because she didn't know the technical fight terms. I'm not the type that would stop any advancement in culture, so when she asked me to help with the book, I give her my OK.

Three tourists were standing on a street corner in North Africa. There was an Englishman, an Arab, and an American. Just then a beautiful woman walked by.

The Englishman said, "By Jove!"  
"By the prophet," murmured the Arab.

The American just shifted his chewing gum and said, "By midnight!"

"Well, sir, I had hardly said 'yes,' when she grabs me by the arm and makes for the door. We went out of this place so fast that the only thing I saw was Harry's worried look, which he gets every time he thinks I'm gonna take a fall in some second-rate fight.

"It was one fast ride across the city that we took in her convertible. For a skinny dame she could certainly wheel that buggy. In no time at all we were out of lower Manhattan and cruising across the Fifty-Ninth Street Bridge going toward Sunset Boulevard. Actually I know those streets pretty good because I used to go with a maid in one of them fancy homes in the lower part of Long Island.

"Well, it was not long before I was entirely out of the parts that I knew. Ya should have seen that pile of bricks we finally stopped at. Big! I'll tell the world. Ya could have put the ring that I had fought in over on the south side of town, and all the fans, in one room of that house, and still had space enough left to have a seven-day bicycle race.

"She sure enough lived there because she just walked in without ringing or anything. Ya can imagine how I felt when she told me to help myself to a drink, and then left for the upstairs or some other part of the house.

"Being left entirely on my own, I felt like a mouse in an empty fight arena after all the people had gone home. Not wishing to act like some mug that had never been in such a swell palace before, I made myself at home in one of them chairs that makes ya feel like you're on a down trip in an elevator.

"Mind you, by this time I kind of felt that there was something funny in this whole deal. What the hell would a nice babe be doing down in lower Manhattan, and what was this story about her being a writer and wanting me to help her with the technical lingo of the fight game?

"As I said before, she certainly didn't look like no writer. I had just about talked myself into leaving the joint when she comes back. And brother, what an entrance! Minsky's girls couldn't have done better. I don't mean she came in the room dancing and throwing her legs in the air—she just kind of floated in. The name of the thing she was wearing slips

(Continued on Page 18)

# The Maine Crampus

Published Weekly by Some Students of the University of Maine

Orono, Maine, March, 1950

## A-Bomb Hits Aggie Barn; Milk Resort Peeved; Millie Flies

There was plenty of bull flying around the campus yesterday—and cow, too, when an A-Bomb hit the Aggie Barn.

Radioactive beef, both thoroughly singed and well cooked, was thrown about the campus, so that those who liked their meat well done, as well as medium rare, could have their fill.

Bellowing beef was spewn over a mile wide area, and at least three persons were bowled over by flying chunks of meat.

Said one observer: "I knew I shouldn't have taken that last drink . . . First I saw an airplane, probably a bird—I don't know . . . then I heard a whistle . . . I happened to glance over at the Aggie Barn and before my very eyes the darn thing started to fly . . . cows and bulls, splinters of wood . . . I promise I'll never touch another drop . . . so help me."

Many of the students said it was the best meal that they had ever tasted. The steak was "exquisite," said one of the students.

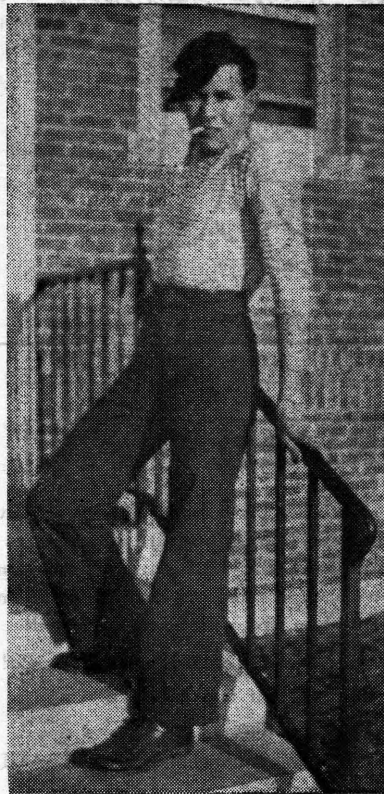
Millie the cow, the prize possession of the whole department, was slightly disintegrated—they found one of her legs on the second story M.C.A., a couple of hoofs on the tennis courts, and her quaint blue ribbon waving as a banner over Colvin Hall.

The downtown milk-bath resort complained because of the lack of trade, and it was rumored that they would bring court action immediately. However, the student body enjoyed their baths immensely, and a petition was immediately started to uphold the University's plea of Not Guilty.

The identity of the plane was not made clear, because of many contradictory reports from various sources. The latest says they were flying saucers, or else members of the Brinks Gang.

Agriculture Commissioner stated that the price of beef will not be affected.

Personally we don't care what happens. It might be an era of new and improved cooking methods. It's rather impractical to buy a new restaurant every time one wants a steak, though.



Rammer Jammer, a representative of the U. of Alabama, recently addressed the student body at Maine. He is a well-known authority, and has gained great fame in Alabama. Their college magazine is named for him.

## RAMMER JAMMER FROM ALABAMA SPEAKS

Before a couple of jokers who didn't know any better, a guest speaker recently spoke on Parisian side-street life.

"If you have a pack of cigarettes or a chocolate bar, your reputation is socially secure. The natives are of the most highly educated type . . . quite familiar with the birds and bees."

## Elephant Runs Wild; —No Pink Glow!

An elephant of unusual appearance ran wild through Dunn Hall last Saturday night, frightening eighteen students in the dormitory into taking the pledge.

The elephant, reported by some to be seven feet high, is reported to have trumpeted loudly up and down the corridors of Dunn Hall, spreading chaos and confusion in his wake.

Connie Fossin, a spectator to the gruesome scene, said that the four-footed monster scampered gleefully from room to room, impaling soda-pop bottles on his tusks until the rattling din could be heard in the office of Jane Wordan, an instructor in the School of Thought.

Carnage and panic prevailed in the stricken dormitory, and a white flag was reportedly raised over the EXIT sign on Third Floor North, but the beast persisted in his disastrous game.

The elephant was about to tear into one of the less stable students with malice aforethought, when he was rudely halted by an awesome apparition which emerged from the second floor lounge.

A spectre-like figure standing squarely in the corridor uttered the queer syllables: *OM MA NE PADME HUM*, at which the elephant began to quake. The vibrations set up were strong enough to unseat three slightly intoxicated mice from their nests in the walls.

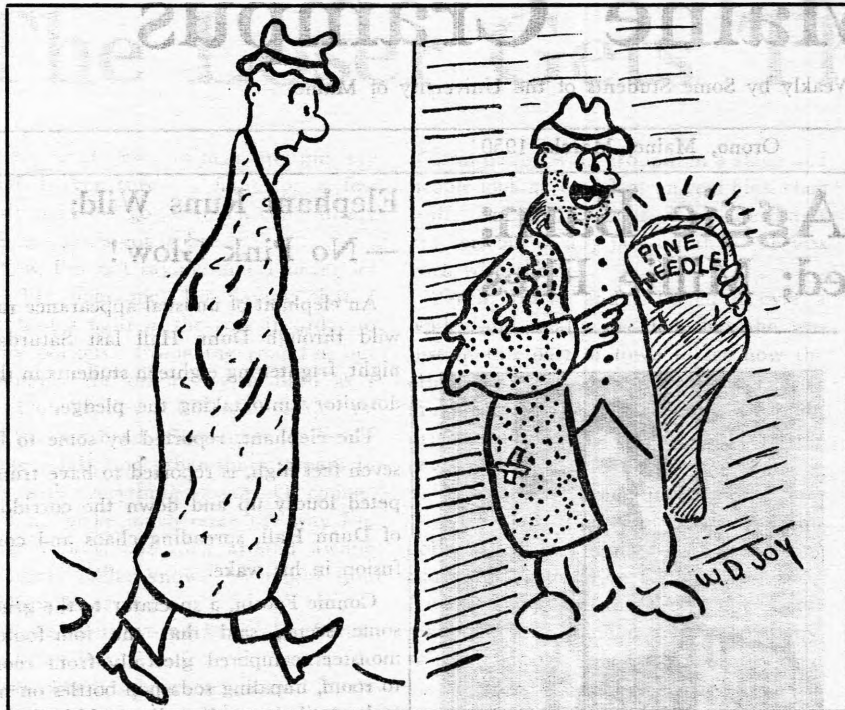
With a long weird blast from his trunk, the elephant then vanished into thin air.

There has been no confirmation of the report that the elephant radiated a pinkish glow.

Rammer Jammer, a representative of the U. of Alabama, has been visiting Paris and has seen the arteests at work. He says he has learned a lot.

"I sho' lawv those French girls, even tho I am from the deep South. This get-up is just so I can attract them. They sure stick to yo lak flies; I never seen the like of it."

Rammer Jammer has recently published a book about the art of whistling. It is called *Just Pucker Up and Blow*.



PSSST!

### EDITORIAL

It's about time something was done around here! Things have been like this too long! We won't have it!

In spite of all the talk about the wonderful things happening around here, don't be misled! It's all propaganda! We're all tools in the hands of a few individuals!

Do you want to work? Of course not! Resist all these urgings to act alive! Who wants a lively college anyway?

We must withdraw within ourselves and refrain from outward appearances of interest in the world around us! Only then can we achieve the bliss of stagnation! You, too, can be disinterested!

Maine is out of step with the world!  
The student body is tired!  
Spring is here!  
And, in conclusion; WE'RE AGIN' IT!!

Editor-In-Chief ..... Ace Redbait  
Business Manager ..... Honest John Gypsum  
Associate Editors ..... Witty Bungalow, Jack Queen, Slob Iceman  
Departmental Editors ..... "Bear Facts" Murky (Society); Hedda Hoyt (Sports)

### REAMER INSURANCE CO.

Why Pay Less?

Get Soaked!

Get Less Than You

Bargained For

No Troubles!

No Money!

## SOBRIETY

With the plumbers' convention and the knitting contest, the campus was flooded with characters, specimens, and accidents of all kinds last weekend. The social hens, sniffing the contagious air of excitement, unfurled their bushy feathers, and once more nestled under their wings an exciting round of parties, dances, and entertainment.

At the Phi Onu house a party was held, and the guests were treated to singing, dancing, game playing, and balloon chasing. After complimenting the hosts, the invited were gently thrown out on their ears for complaining about the hard water; there seemed to be no water-softener around.

A party celebrating the founding of Phi Hafta Go house was held Saturday night at PHG. Home made refreshments were served. People attended.

Phi Delta Chapeau held open house last Monday for all the frosh men and women. Entertainment was provided by the Sophomore Buzzards. Underclassmen were received with open arms. Every one was happy, some more than others.

The beautiful ladies of Rho Rho Rho (your boat) attended a buffet supper in the Blue Room of the Hotel Mange, last Saturday evening. Miss B. Havior, leader of the group, had one comment to make: "Be good, girls, if not be careful."

Last evening, members of the alumni association met at a dinner in Estabrook Hall. The final resting place for the Student Union building was chosen, and seeds were planted. The detailed plans for starting construction, as laid down by J. Singletpiffer, will be found on page five.

Pinned: Slug Morgan, PHG, to Gloria Normal, Elms; Tyronne Liverlips, PO, to Gloria Normal, Elms; Henry Brainstorm, PHG, to Gloria Normal, (same place). (The shortage is solved.)

Unpinned: All of the above. The shortage is unsolved. None of the men have cars.

For Early Spring

Try A Genuine

# Rampage

# POGO STICK



# Baseball Pellet — Throwers In Action Bats and Flies Loose On Field

The University of Maine pellet-throwers have started limbering up their biceps, triceps, and forceps. They are preparing to compete with other pellet-throwers in the state.

Pellet-catchers, those creatures with the halloween masks and the protective shin pads, are also "warming up" with the lancers.

Pillows have been distributed about a diamond-shaped plot of ground and many of the men practice running and jumping on top of them—(probably it is the softest spot at hand).

Other players are busy in the field catching insects. Most of them are catching flies. (The price went up on stuffed flies.)

Willow wielders are busy striking spheres out into the field, and it bothers many of the biological fly trappers out there, but they seem very patient and chase the pellet when it comes their way.

Running the pillows has been a favorite sport for many of the players. A man hits the ball and heads for the field, but suddenly turns when he sees the pillow. This process is repeated until he is back where he started. Such wasted motion!

Let's hope they have a good season.

## Water Worse, Gripes Student

Is our water situation getting any better? Some doubt rose yesterday afternoon, when a student attempting to get a glass of water stepped to the fountain, and out popped a salmon.

Something ought to be done about such outrageous conditions. The fish markets will soon be putting up a squawk, if their business starts to drop.

## Tobacco-Juice Crew Will Compete at Rhode Island; Wet Weather Predicted

The University of Maine varsity tobacco-juice spitting duet will make its final appearance for the Pale Blue to-day when they face the duo from Kingston, R. I. non-swimmers by a transparent cage around the firing area.

The competing event will feature both the long range style and the spray.

Blubber Mouthed Jellybean, the toothless wonder, can spew tobacco juice with the force of a busted hydrant, and he is a favorite in his event, the SPRAY. Last year a crowd of four thousand were thoroughly soaked in nicotine, so this year it has been necessary to protect the

Steel Lips Mulligan, a worthy contender for the long range, has been slipping in practice. He has not been able to hit his usual 400 yards consistently, but the coach hopes that he will be in shape come the tournament.

Both men are highly praised by the Athletic Board for their dexterity in salivary projection. They both have unusual talents.

## The Latest In Cinema Repercussions

ATTEND OUR SHOWS IF YOUR  
FLUNKING OR LOADED WITH DOUGH

### Schlitz

Apr. 29, 30, 31

BOTTLEGROUND

Joe Hiccup, Celia Burp

x x x

Apr. 32, 33, 34

HIGH BY 12 O'CLOCK

See It Yourself

### By - Jove

Apr. 35, 36, 37

STINKY

and

HOW DARK WAS

MY ALLEY

— No Actors

— No Plot

— No Show

— No Admission

— No Nothing

### Operetta

THE GREAT LIVER

starring

Bob Hoax

Rhoda Flaming

STAY HOME!

Twelve eggs make a dozen.  
 Boys outnumber girls at the U. of M.  
 This is not a dirty joke.  
 Cars use gasoline.  
 Now is the time for all good men to  
 come to.  
 Seven times one is seven. (Tech men  
 please note.)  
 Nine to the nineteenth power is a  
 heckuva lot.

# Bliplipper Accuses Captive Gangster Held Here By Local Constabulary

**BRINKS MAN CAUGHT  
 BY BUBBLEGUM**

## Bubblegum Prices Skyrocketing

A piece of bubble gum was responsible for the recent capture of one of the Brinks gang. Arguing at the top of his lungs in protestation of the price of a chew of bubble gum (Special Mark-Up; this week only!), the man with twelve thousand pennies in his pocket was brought in and thrown into the dungeon.

"I'm afraid that he'll be hanged without even getting a chew," said patrolman Petersleeter J. Bliplipper. When asked why he carried all the money around with him, and in such small denominations, the man said, "I was too light to make the football team, so I added a little weight."

**We Bump Off  
 Instructors  
 at your convenience**

---

**Instructors - 1 G  
 Asst. Dept. Heads - 2 G's  
 Dept. Heads - 3 G's**

**Lonesome? Ha!  
 Get B. O.  
 And Get Rid  
 Of That Stench  
 Called Life, Boy**

---

**Win New Friends  
 And Find Romance  
 With B. O.**

---

**Sweat Alone  
 Is Not Enough**

---

**Have That Original  
 B. O. Odor!**

**Have You Flunked Out? Flunking Out?  
 — Or Just Don't Give a Hoot?**

**YOU'RE OUR MAN**

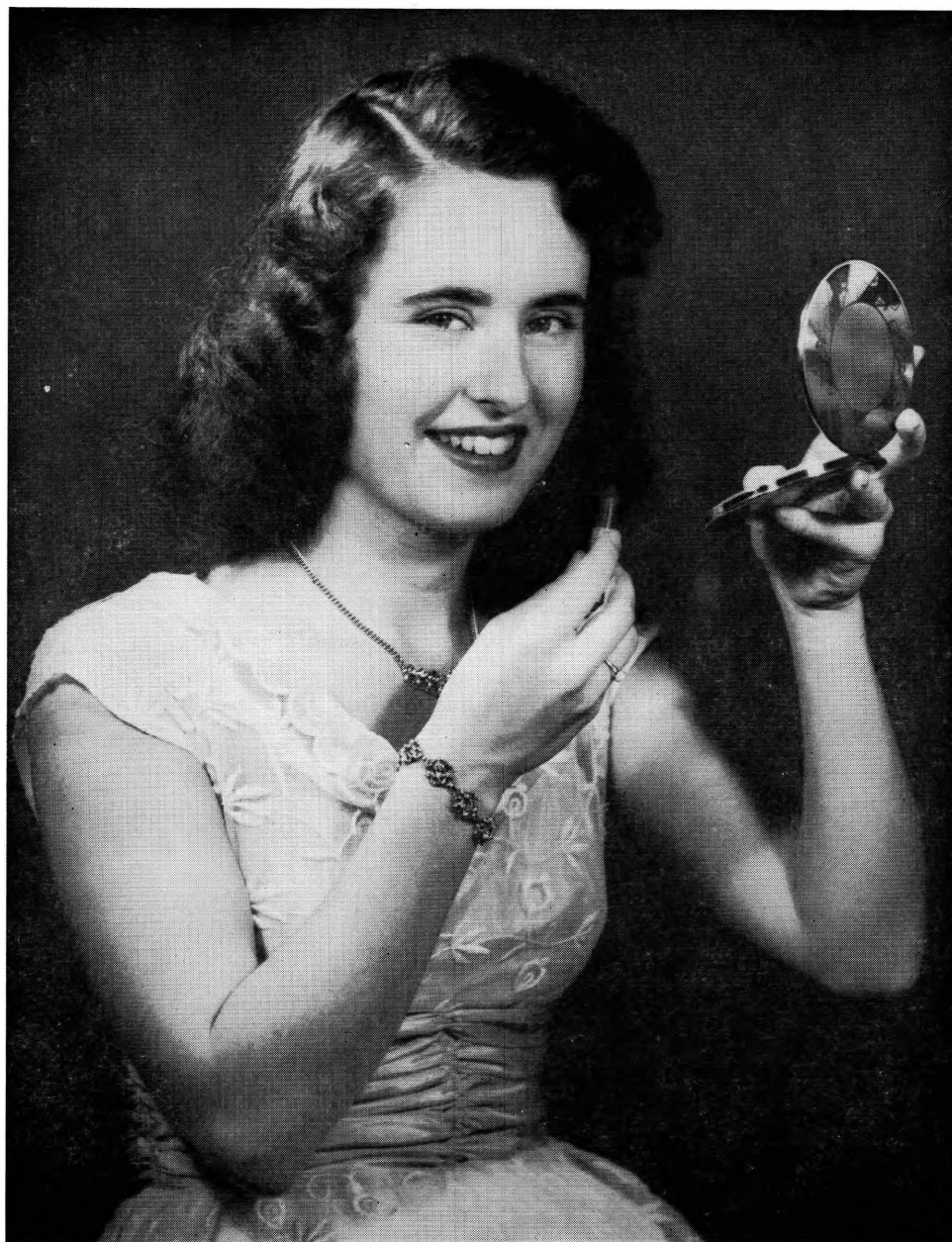
**Pistols — \$4.00 up      Rifles — \$10.00 up**

**Gears and Sawbuck  
 PLUMBING FIXTURES**

*Come In and Lounge  
 In Our Easy Chairs*

**Visit Our Toilet Department Too!**

# CAMPUS GLAMOUR



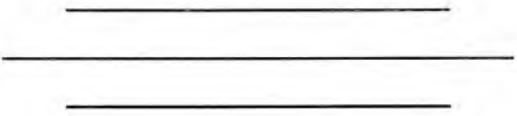
*Voncille Leonard*

All set to step out for an evening of festivities is Voncille Leonard of South Estabrooke. Known to her friends as "Vonnie," she's a Home-Ec major, and a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority. Vonnie brought her pretty smile to Maine from Old Orchard Beach. She is nineteen years old, and says she likes to while away her idle hours by swimming and skating. Some of the luckier inhabitants of the library see her there quite often, usually well-escorted.

(Photo by Newhall)



Steve Clafin, who played the part of Curly in "Green Grow the Lilacs," applies make-up while waiting for his cue. Actors gather in the make-up room to pat each other's backs and plot to steal scenes.



Steve Clafin and Lynne Hatch listen closely as the director speaks. Actors and actresses get instruction, helpful hints, and criticism in these sessions. What, no cigarette holder?



# Over the

## Story and Photos

### AROUND THE WORLD

Hands on the clocks from London to San Francisco approach 8:30 p.m. It is the magic hour around the world. Taxicabs halt under lighted marquees, spilling glittering passengers. Erect doormen perform their solemn ritual.

This might be Broadway, with countless light bulbs moulding electrons into real personalities and stars. Behind this glitter and facade, people wait—the masters of emotions and builders of laughs and tears.

Among them are professionals, actors and actresses with years of experience. They will probably not suffer more than an instant of fear when the cry "First call!" echoes through the dressing rooms. There are beginners, too. They will have bit parts and walk-ons. Maybe it will be their first real chance.

They will have moist palms, dry throats and hordes of butterflies. When the curtain goes up it will decide something for them.

They have come from quiet little towns and teeming cities. But they have one thing in common. The call to project a personality across the footlights has been stronger for them than the desire to eat regularly.

### FROM THE LITTLE THEATER

A number of these young hopefuls go to the big town from little theatre groups. These groups have been called the backbone of the American theatre.

Gilmor Brown had this to say about little theaters: "It is the non-commercial and community producing groups, existing all across the country, that are responding to the desire of the American people for non-merchandised personal theater. It is largely through them that a national theater is coming into being. They are closer to the people than any professional theater can be, and therefore present a truer and more fundamental reflection of American life and thought."

### THEATER AT MAINE

Our own Maine Masque Theatre stands typical of these groups. The Masque was organized in 1906 as the University of Maine Dramatic Club. In 1910, the name was changed to the Maine Masque Theatre.

Maine was one of the first colleges in the country to found such an organization. Bowdoin followed later, in 1909, with the Masque and Corn.

Windsor P. Daggett was the first director of the Masque, and at that early time the position of the college of arts and



# Footlights

by Dick Sprague

sciences was precarious. Only 24 B.A. degrees had been granted in the preceding ten years, and there was talk of reducing the University to the status of an agricultural college. It was hoped that the theater would encourage more cultural interest.

Th first play presented by the group was "As You Like It," featuring an all-male cast. According to the records, "... there were too few women on campus to be considered."

At the first performance of the play, on May 17, 1907 at the Brewer City Hall, a minor disaster occurred. A mistake was made in the fitting of a male player's gown and he burst his corsets on opening night.

The first campus performance of the play caused quite a stir. It was presented at Alumni Hall, and two-by-four hoists were fastened to the girders under the direction of the "engineering students," to provide a support for the curtain. The curtain, a loop of "deep red flannel," was made by a Bangor sailmaker.

## AUDIENCES AND EXPENSES

Masque audiences in those days seemed to be strongly biased. Records state that a number of persons opposing the club came with lemons, which they intended to throw when the audience started to hiss. Apparently they missed the opportunity, for the local press commented, "The production surpassed the wildest expectations of everyone present . . . not a flaw can be picked in the whole performance."

One of the later plays was a "modern comedy," and was presented through Aroostook County during spring vacation. The play was advertised as a side-splitting farce, but the cast had the sympathy of the audience. The play was a financial success, but the report stated that "Aroostook audiences weren't used to sophisticated modern comedy."

The Masque ran into a block in an early stage of its development, when the Senior Skulls started a crusade. The move was called "College Honor Regulations," and was designed to "overcome the evil of overloading." This point system caused some loss of talent to the club.

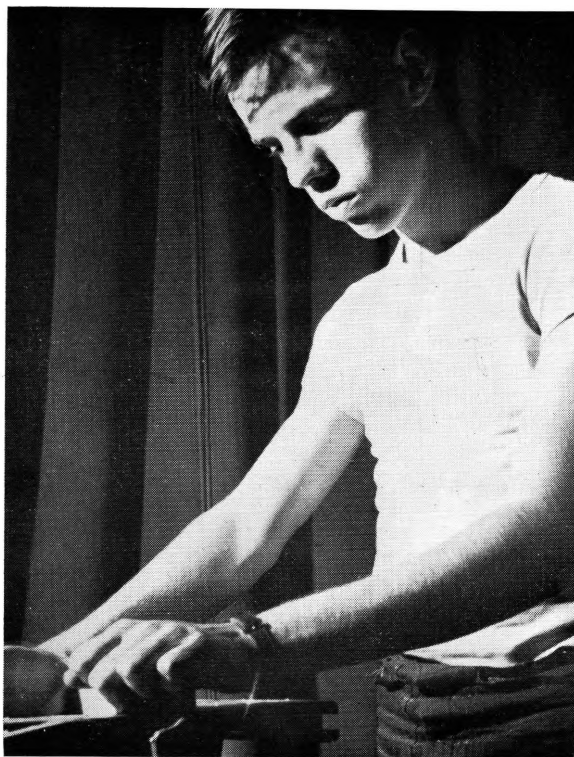
Immediately before a presentation of "Twelfth Night" these regulations were enforced, and several of the cast were forced to withdraw. Professor Daggett and the assistant manager took over two of the parts.

Another early play, "The Magistrate," shows how talented those early players were. The players impersonating girls in that production were so realistic, according to the documents,

(Continued on Page 14)



Pepper Burbank and Jan Pratt delve into the mysteries of the prop closet. These are the people who beg, borrow, or steal whatever scenery the Masque members can't build themselves.



Dave Hodgkins directs the activities of a buzz-saw. The Masque builds its own scenery, and each play brings further adventures into the field of carpentry. Many graduates become housing contractors.



★ SEE THE GALA DISPLAYS  
OF  
**Easter Fashions**

Fashion cuts a new figure in costumes sparkling with interest in the new "TOP LOOK!"

An Entire New Look of Loveliness in,

- COATS ● SUITS ● DRESSES
- TOPPERS ● HATS ● SHOES
- AND
- SMARTER ACCESSORIES

*Meet Your Friends At —*

**FREESE'S**

**THIRD FLOOR of FASHION**

## Over the Footlights

(Continued from Page 13)

that they found stage-door Johnnies waiting for them after the show.

Every opportunity to cut expenses was taken. The policeman's helmet used for the play came from the Bangor police station. Properties called for a number of silk hats, but the Masque was only able to obtain two. The resourceful actors overcame the difficulty—the two were brought on stage when necessary, carried off by a servant, and brought on again by the next character who needed one.

### THE MASQUE TODAY

After 43 years, the organization has grown considerably. Departments have become specialized and the entire organization has become more complex. The niceties of stage lighting, makeup, and direction have been polished to such a degree as to make the predecessors gasp.

Some of the accompanying pictures serve to illustrate the transformations which must be undergone before opening night. Sets are student designed and constructed. The scenery is no longer crude, but is built carefully under the supervision of crews which do nothing else

In addition to the grueling hours of rehearsal by the actors, hours are spent by stage crews and designers to achieve just the desired effect the play must create. More than 30 people, exclusive of the actors, control lights, move props, and perform

the other duties which require co-ordination to make opening night a success.

The Masque's recent play, "Green Grow the Lilacs," was a top performance, which added another feather to the already-garnished Masque cap. The musical western was the current play from which the record-breaking show "Oklahoma!" was adapted.

A lawyer was attending a funeral. A friend arrived and took a seat beside him, whispering, "How far has the service gone?"

The lawyer nodded toward the clergyman in the pulpit, and whispered back, "He just opened the defense."

\* \* \*

Judge: "Officer, what makes you think this gentleman is intoxicated?"

Minion: "Well, judge, I didn't bother him when he staggered down the street, or when he fell flat on his face in the gutter, but when he put a nickel in the mailbox, looked up at the clock on the City Hall, and said, 'My God, I've lost fourteen pounds,' what could I do?"

\* \* \*

She: "You remind me of the ocean."

He: "Wild, romantic, and restless, huh?"

She: "No, you just make me sick!"

\* \* \*

When a girl discovers she isn't the only pebble on the beach, she usually become a little bolder.

Slowly, her eyes glowing softly, the beautiful young debutante raised the glass on high, exulting: "Port wine to me is the nectar of the gods, the elixir of life. When I imbibe its fluid, my very soul begins to throb and glow. The music of a thousand muted violins whispers in my ear, and I am transferred to the make-believe world of magic. On the other hand, beer makes me burp."

\* \* \*

He: "Let's take a walk in the garden."

She: "I can only spare a minute."

He: "That's o.k. I'm an efficiency expert."

A girl may sometimes be like the ocean:  
green at first, but she can get awfully  
rough.

\* \* \*

You've heard about the Scotsman who  
was nearly beaten to death because he  
thought the sign said, "LADDIES."

Silence.

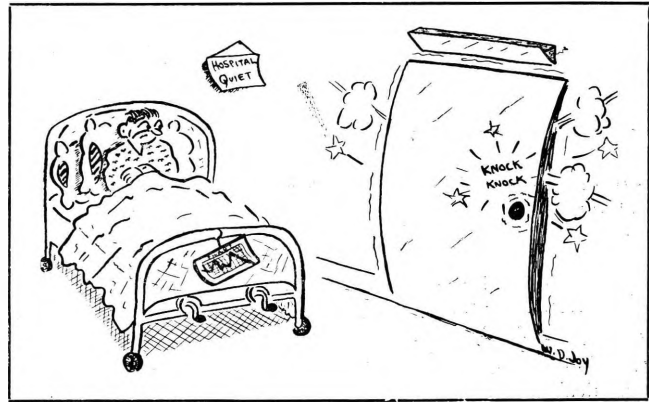
More silence.

Strained silence.

He: "Aren't the walls unusually perpendicular this evening?"

\* \* \*

Great men are born, not made. Great women are born.



"Who's there, friend or enema?"

Once there was a lady who bought a live rabbit and was taking it home from the pet shop to her children. On the way, she slipped on the ice. She sat there, crying brokenly.

A passing drunk, seeing the lady, stopped and tried to console her.

"Don't cry, lady," he said soothingly. "It would have been an idiot anyway. Lookit the ears on it."

\* \* \*

"I'd ask you for this dance, but all the cars are occupied."

\* \* \*

We envy the position of the Hollywood janitor whose salary includes room and board and any little extras he can pick up.

# Eastern Trust and Banking Company

## Bangor, Maine

Capital  
**\$200,000.00**

Surplus and Undivided  
Profits Earned  
**\$1,329,021.92**

### OFFICERS

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# Routine

(Continued from Page 7)

The streets were as crowded as ever, and the cars made all sorts of wierd noises to add to the roar already set up by people hastening to and fro. He pushed his way through the crowds, and finally arrived at the store, at his place of work, and there, next to the cash register, stood Trailer. Saunders opened the door and walked in. The day had begun.

Fat women; old women; thin, haggard, young women. Disinterested husbands, noisy children. Silk stockings—nylon, woolen, wrinkled, sheer stockings. Soft, smooth, hard, tough legs. Large feet, dainty feet; scars, birth marks, pimples, warts, ineradicable marks. Cheap shoes on cheap stockings on hard, tough feet. Expensive shoes on sheer, nylon stockings; dainty feet, smooth legs, costly dress, perfumed face, soft voice, no arguments, good commission. And then the bickering "penny pinchers"—those that can't afford. A smile to all; a light word to everyone; anything to please the customers, even the "penny pinchers."

"Hello, my name is 'Penny Pincher.' I'd like to look at not less than ten pair of your shoes. My husband works hard for his money, and I must buy the best pair of shoes you have for the least amount of money. You're new here. What's your name? . . . Saunders? Oh, that's nice . . . And do you go to church? . . . Oh, that's nice . . . This Mr. Trailer never does, and he's so grouchy and gruff. I hated to come in when he was here alone, but this was the only store, and I didn't want to travel . . . My hubby hates the way I make such a fuss over the pair of shoes I buy, but, as I said, he works hard, and I

have to watch his money, because he'll have apoplexy if I buy an expensive pair of shoes, and he can't have the rifle he's always wanted.

"What is your name? . . . Oh, yes, Saunders; and you do go to church. Do you have a wife—no? Oh, that's too bad, but you do look sane; you are sane, aren't you? Oh . . . look at the time—I must be running. I'll take the first pair of shoes you took out—do you think that's wise? I wonder if John will be angry. You don't have a sale or a reduction or anything coming up, do you? Oh no, that's silly. Well, I have to shop, and go to the bank, and meet Timothy at school—you don't have any children, do you? Did you know butter went up a penny, well then, thank you. Good-bye."

"Hello, my name is Mrs. Mansfield, and I'll take those twenty dollar shoes you have in the window. The expense really doesn't matter—there's plenty more where this came from. Are you married? . . . Well, my husband plays poker on Thursday nights, and . . ."

"I want a good, sturdy shoe for my boy—something that will last through anything and everything. You know how reckless boys are. He goes through one pair of shoes as quickly as we go through ten."

"Need a dress shoe for a wedding—black, I guess. Gotta get all slicked up for the missus. Don't make it much, just enough so the missus won't complain."

—Yes, Mr. Trailer, of course I'll go to Johnson and deliver that order of shoes, of course. I'll do anything, and I'll always

(Concluded on Next Page)

**THIS SUMMER—learn as you travel by air**

## TAKE A UNIVERSITY-SPONSORED STUDY TOUR ABROAD VIA **TWA**

**Conducted by nationally known educators, approved for full university credit, these TWA tours give you the additional opportunity of gaining your "Air World Education" firsthand!**



*Across the U.S. and overseas...  
you can depend on*

**TWA**  
TRANS WORLD AIRLINE  
U.S.A. · EUROPE · AFRICA · ASIA

**1. UNIVERSITY OF GENEVA.** Five weeks' travel via private motor coach in Europe plus four weeks' study at the University of Geneva. Special courses available in French and English. June 20 to August 21. \$1260.\* Write Swiss Educational Service, 80 East 42nd St., N.Y. 17.

**2. EUROPE.** Tour of eight countries. Personally conducted by Dr. George F. Kneller of Yale University. July 21 to September 5. \$1563.\* Write Dr. Kneller, Yale School of Education, New Haven, Conn.

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**4. UNIVERSITY OF ZURICH.** Summer School of European Studies. Instruction in English and German. 5 weeks in residence plus five weeks' travel through Europe via private motor coach. Price \$1290.\* Write Professor Beatrice Barker, State Teachers College, Trenton, New Jersey.

For further information and descriptive literature, write to addresses given above.

\*price includes all expenses

# HISTORY REWRITTEN

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN



Any of you chaps have a Life Saver?



...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 — Al Wynne

Winning joke:

A zoology professor was unwrapping a parcel before his class which, he explained to his pupils, was a fine specimen of a dissected frog. Upon disclosing two sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg, and a banana, he was very much surprised, and exclaimed, "But I'm sure I ate my lunch."

smile . . . I'll always smile . . . I'll be a good salesman, and always smile. Robert Saunders is a good salesman, the best salesman in the whole, wide world, and someday he'll be as rich as Rockefeller, but much more generous. Some day he'll really be somebody, and he won't have to listen to Trailer. Now, won't that make Trailer look silly . . .

A customer went into a barber shop.

"What's the idea of your hands being so dirty?" he asked the barber.

"Nobody's had a shampoo today," confessed the barber.

\* \* \*

Co-ed: "I'm flunking physical education."

Boy friend: "Let's see your marks."

Co-ed: "I haven't any marks. Just a few bruises."

## QUESTIONS

- A If you locate me, you'll see this modern age,  
Add a furry friend who lurks upon the back page.
- B Where the dogwood grows you'll find me too,  
Believe me, solver, I'm pale in hue.
- C What's the smoke that satisfies? Simple as A B C,  
Look at the frame's initial lines; its slogan is in 1, 8, 3.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*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. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A FRANK CAPRA. Honest or without guile is "frank." A beautiful isle, Capri, with a change of a vowel, gives Capra.
- B CROSBY. Crops of the birds are "crows;" and insect that hums is "bee." Run them together and you have CRAWSBEE (CROSBY).
- C SEA, SEE, C. The "Sea" of Green Sea, the "See" in the phrase "See Bing in his latest Picture," and the C. of "S. C."

### WINNERS...

Steve Parker	Joan Wiswell
Mike O'Toole	Elizabeth Marden
Bob Snowman	Peter Granger
Joanne Mayo	James Bromly
Lora Moulton	John Moore

A young doctor and a young dentist shared the services of a receptionist and both fell in love with her. The dentist was called away on business one day, so he called the receptionist and said:

"I am going to be away for ten days. You will find a little present in your room."

She went in and found ten apples.

The customer beckoned to the new waitress. He said, looking rather embarrassed, "Could you tell me where the smoking room is?"

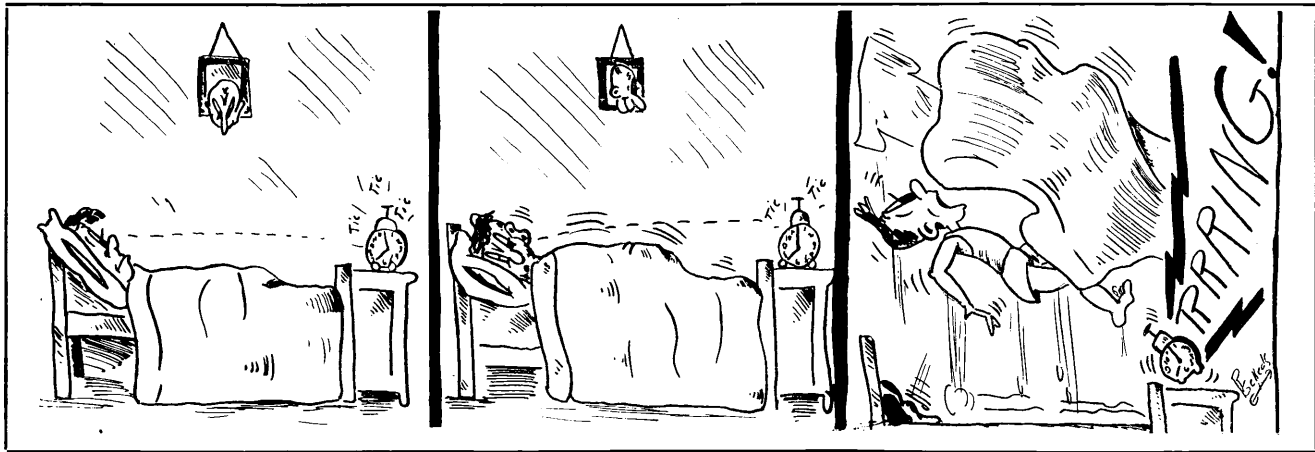
"Oh," the waitress replied, "you can smoke right here at the table."

Professor: "Young man, do you know who I am?"

Freshman: "No, sir, but if you remember your address, I'll take you home."

\* \* \*

The girl who knows all the answers has been asked all the questions.



## Loser Gets the Works

(Continued from Page 10)

my mind right now, but it was the same sort of thing my old lady used to wear around the house at night, when she was too tired to stay dressed but not ready for bed. Of course my old lady's thing-a-ma-jig always looked like a flower sack, but this one that the dame wore looked as though it was sprayed on with a paint gun.

"Well I tell ya I did some heavy sweating from then on: Wherever I sat she made a point of closing in on me. She stuck to me like One Punch Willie did in the ninth round of the semi-finals.

"Only with Willie I had a chance—I could hit back. With this classy chassis, all I could do was to back away and hope for some kind of bell. Brother! I was ready and willing to throw in the towel. Now don't get the idea that I ain't an ardent lover of the weaker sex. But after all, I didn't know this dame from Eve, and a guy in my position gotta watch out

he doesn't get in any kind of scandal. Ya just gotta get in one scrape, and the boxing commission gives ya the fast count.

"Well, t' make a short story shorter, we kept up this cat-and-mouse game for about an hour. All the while she's pretending to be awful serious about the fights, but most of the time her blue eyes are moving, like a slow-motion picture, up and down me.

"She had just about worked me into a corner, when suddenly the front door opens and in walks some young punk with a brief case in his hand. Naturally I could have knocked his head off with just one short left jab, but while he was walking toward me I did some fast thinking. It was as plain as the nose on your face that this poor joker was married to this babe who was not yet grown up. And I could tell by just taking one look at her face that she had known right along that he would be coming home and finding me there. Also it was easy to see that she was really in love with him and wanted him to realize that she was a

woman and not a piece of furniture. Maybe the guy was working too hard. Who knows?

"Anyway, I just stood there acting like a feather-weight in a heavy-weight match. He gets to about two feet from me and lets go with everything he had.

"If ya ever had someone beat ya over the head with a violet, ya know just what his right felt like to me. Like I said before, I had this all thought out before he got to me, so I folded up and hit the floor in the best fake I have ever pulled. Before he got a chance to say anything more to his wife than, 'By God, I'll let you know who runs this house,' I was out the door.

"Oh, incidentally, ya see this gold watch? On the back of it is engraved, *To A Great Sport*. A babe with a little hat came in here yesterday, gave it to me, and went right out again. She jumped into a convertible with a young guy at the wheel, and the two of them drove off together—both sitting on the left hand side of the rear-view mirror."

And then there was the Freshman girl who thought SEX was a store on Fifth Avenue.

\* \* \*

Woody: "Do you drink?"

Bystander: "No."

Woody: "Then hold this while I tie my shoe."

\* \* \*

1st She: "Yes, I wrote a confession story once."

2nd She: "Did they publish it?"

1st She: "No, but the editor came all the way from New York to see me."

\* \* \*

He: "I say, doesn't this dance make you long for another?"

She (sadly): "Yes, but unfortunately, he couldn't come tonight!"

\* \* \*

A hug is energy that has gone to waist.

First burglar: "Where ya been?"

Second burglar: "Out robbing a fraternity house."

First burglar: "Lose anything?"

\* \* \*

House mother: "Where is Elsie?"

Co-Ed: "I don't know. She went to the Library."

\* \* \*

Joe: "I just brought home a skunk!"

Room-mate: "Where ya gonna keep him?"

Joe: "I'm gonna tie him under the bed."

R-M: "What about the smell?"

Joe: "He'll have to get used to it like I did."

\* \* \*

She doesn't drink.

She doesn't pet.

She doesn't go.

To college yet.

May: "You've got to hand it to Jim when it comes to petting."

Junc: "What's the matter? Is he lazy?"

\* \* \*

She wore a black garter, in memory of those who had passed beyond.

\* \* \*

If all the cars on campus were put end to end, 90 per cent of the drivers would pull out to pass the car ahead.

\* \* \*

He: "Will you have breakfast with me tomorrow?"

She: "Certainly, dear."

He: "Shall I call for you, or nudge you?"

\* \* \*

Many a heaving bosom is nothing more than a hope chest.

\* \* \*

Many a man thinks he has an open mind, when it is actually only vacant.



Some of our aspiring engineers are spending a lot of time tinkering with the misses in their motors. (Who says we aren't mechanized?)

\* \* \*

Little Nicky, five years old, was walking along the street with little Joan, four. As they were about to cross the street, Nicky remembered his mother's teaching.

"Let me hold your hand," he offered valiantly.

"Okay," exclaimed little Joan. "But I want you to know you're playing with fire."

\* \* \*

Slave: "Sir, there's a girl outside without food or clothing."

Sultan: "Feed her and bring her in."

A gorgeous co-ed wandered by. The frosh took a quick look, then stared, and finally turned to his companion and exclaimed, "Wow, this is love at first sight!"

"Don't be silly," replied his friend. "It's just a passing fanny."

\* \* \*

1st linestander: "Who yuh shovin'?"

2nd linestander: "Dunno. What's yer name?"

\* \* \*

Young wife, sadly: "He never used to snore before we were married."

\* \* \*

Blessed are the pure, for they shall inhibit the earth.

\* \* \*

Adam was the first man in history to be awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster.

"Who gave the bride away?"

"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."

\* \* \*

"Will your wife hit the ceiling when you come in?"

"Probably—she's a rotten shot."

\* \* \*

"Tell me the story of the police raiding your fraternity."

"Oh, that's a closed chapter now."

\* \* \*

Overheard in a dark corner of a local hardware store:

One can of paint said to another: "Darling, I think I'm pigment."

\* \* \*

This may be the machine age, but love is still made by hand.

**Hurry!      Hurry!      Hurry!**

**TALENT  
SHOW**

**Big  
The  
To  
Up  
Right  
Step**

**— April 15 at the Memorial Gym —**

*Remember: It's the First  
Saturday after vacation!*

**— SONGS — DANCES — JOKES — SPECIALTIES —**

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Special Occasions

**Brockway's  
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Deliveries  
Anywhere  
Anytime  
Corsages Bouquets

He (at basketball game): "See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man this year."

She: "Oh, darling! This is so sudden!"

\* \* \*

"I want to do something big—something clean."

"Why don't you wash an elephant?"

She: "Are you on the rowing crew?"

He: "No, I'm not."

She: "Then stop stroking."

\* \* \*

Frosh: "How's about a date tonight?"

Co-ed: "I can't go out with a baby!"

Frosh: "Oh, excuse me. I didn't know."

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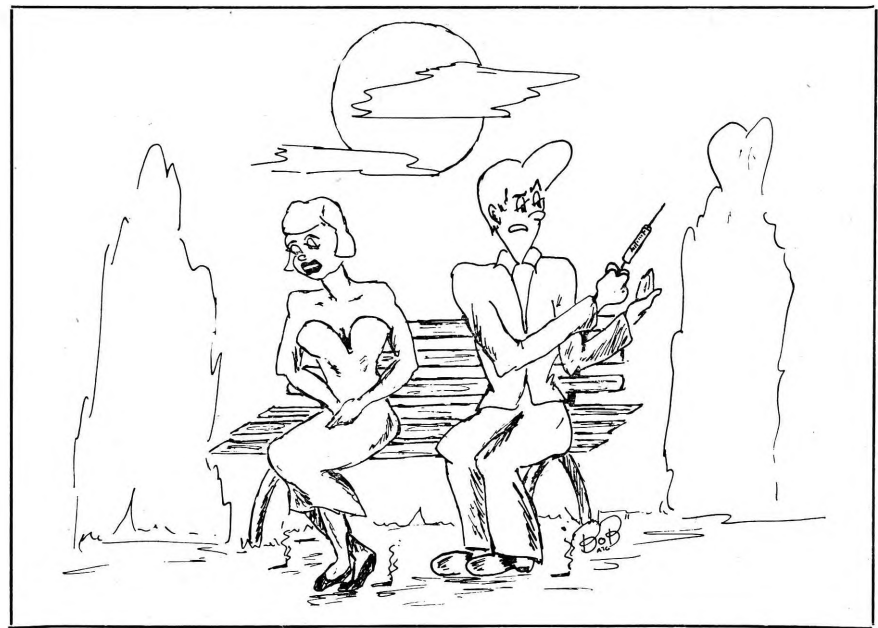
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"What did you learn in pre-med today, Roger?"

And there was the tugboat that committed suicide when it discovered that its mother was a tramp and its father was a ferry.

\* \* \*

Frosh: "There's a woman peddler at the door."

Senior: "Well, take two."

\* \* \*

She: "Are you on the rowing crew?"

He: "No, I'm not."

She: "Then stop stroking."

\* \* \*

Frosh: "How's about a date tonight?"

Co-ed: "I can't go out with a baby!"

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The lost-and-found department of the Penobscot Transportation Co. reported a telephone call from a co-ed who said she'd left a package containing a brassiere on a bus.

"What bus?" asked the company employee.

"Size 36," replied the girl.

Freshman: "What do you mean by slinging the bull?"

Sophomore: "To sling the bull is to prevent the professor from realizing that you are saying nothing in a great many words."

Junior: "To sling the bull is to say little in a great many words, so as to give the impression that you are familiar with whatever the text is covering."

Senior: "To sling the bull is to say as much as possible in well-chosen words so as to convey the impression that you are familiar with the material under examination, in spite of the fact that you have been unable to devote sufficient effort to study adequately an unduly difficult assignment."

1st Frail: "I had a date with a general last night."

2nd Frail: "Major general?"

1st Frail: "No, not yet."

\* \* \*

A philosopher is a man who can look into an empty glass and smile.



"Sit down! Sit down! There's plenty of room."

— Books —

— Supplies —

— Lunches —

**THE UNIVERSITY STORE CO.**

*Take a Course*

*in*

*Social Relations*

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*Bookstore Lab!*

"If you want a Milder  
cigarette that Satisfies  
it's Chesterfield"

*Gregory Peck*

Starring in Darryl F. Zanuck's Production  
"TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH"  
A 20<sup>th</sup> Century-Fox Picture



... and JASPER T. CARTER,  
PROMINENT TOBACCO-FARMER says -  
"Chesterfield pays the top price to get  
the very best mild, ripe tobacco.  
Chesterfield has been my cigarette  
for over 35 years."

*Jasper T. Carter*

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**A** *Always* **B** *Buy* **C** **CHESTERFIELD**

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