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The Pine Needle, vol. 2, no. 4

Pine Needle Publications

Rip Haskell

Clair Chamberlain

Kay Bennett

Jane Libby

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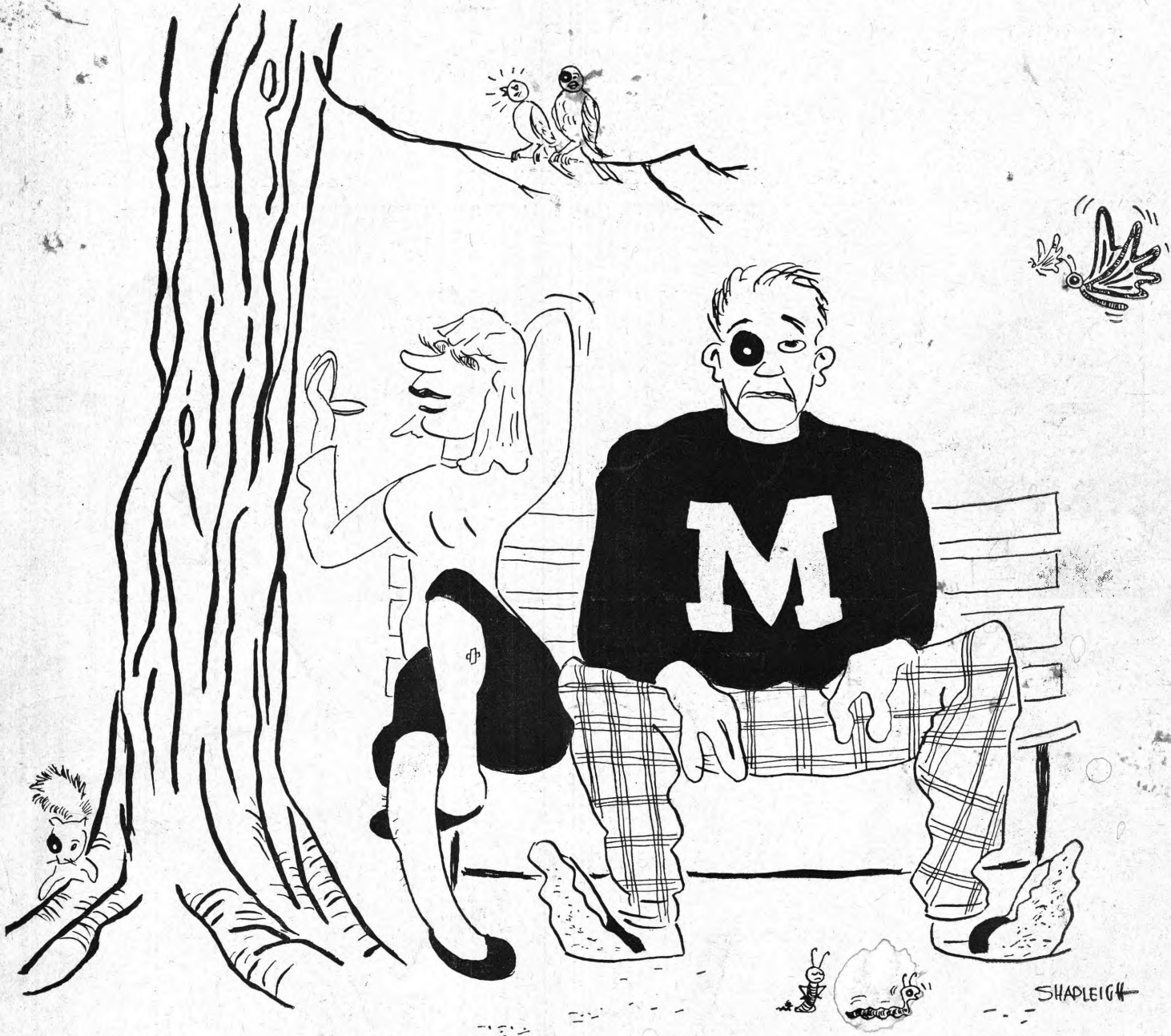
Authors

Pine Needle Publications, Rip Haskell, Clair Chamberlain, Kay Bennett, Jane Libby, Frank O. Stephens, Oscar Davis, Dick Sprague, and Russ Meade

Frank McEachern

PINE NEEDLE

Mrs. Maine on Page 13



(Bottom of the
Barrel Issue)

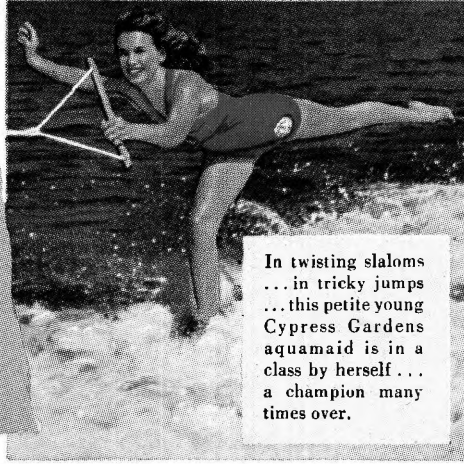
MAY, 1948

25 cents the copy

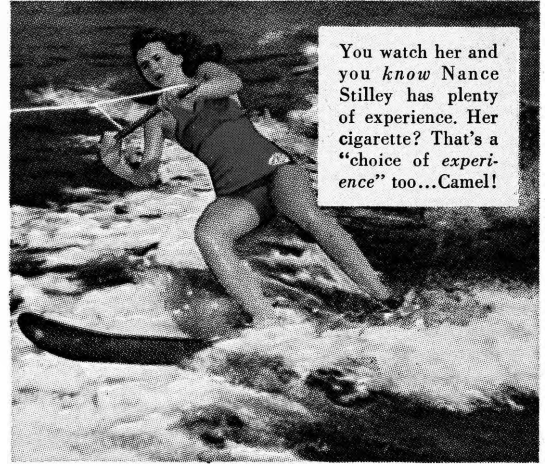
IT TAKES EXPERIENCE TO SKIM THE SURF AT

40 miles an hour on one foot!

...and Champion
NANCE STILLEY
agrees that
in water skiing -- and
in cigarettes too...
**"EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!"**



In twisting slaloms
... in tricky jumps
... this petite young
Cypress Gardens
aquamaid is in a
class by herself...
a champion many
times over.



You watch her and
you *know* Nance
Stilley has plenty
of experience. Her
cigarette? That's a
"choice of experi-
ence" too...Camel!



I NOTICE MORE
AND MORE PEOPLE
SMOKING CAMELS.
THEY'RE GREAT!

I LEARNED
BY EXPERIENCE...
BY COMPARING...
THAT CAMELS SUIT
MY 'T-ZONE'
BEST!



THE "T-ZONE"
T for Taste...
T for Throat...

your final
proving ground
for any
cigarette

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Let your  Zone tell you why

**More people are smoking
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● Now that people can get all the cigarettes they want
... any brand ... now that they once again can choose
their cigarette on a basis of personal preference ... more
people are smoking Camels than ever before.

Why? The answer is in your "T-Zone" (T for Taste
and T for Throat). Let your taste ... your throat ...
tell you why, with smokers who have tried and com-
pared, Camels are the "choice of experience"!



According to a
Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER
CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors from coast
to coast were asked by three
independent research organiza-
tions to name the cigarette they
smoked, more doctors named
Camel than any other brand!

CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE!

Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed:

In your last issue you state that the Pine Needle was going to be dedicated to looking after the student masses. I am a mass and am beginning to wonder just what you are going to do to further my interests. Primarily, I am interested in the abolition of Saturday classes, of which I have four, and higher salaries for editors of student publications, of which I am one. I hope that you will accomplish something soon.

R. W. Haskell,
Beta House

* It is our privilege to hear from you, Mr. Haskell, and we assure you that we move at once. Ed.

Dear Ed:

There is a rumor afoot that your magazine may be banned from girls' dorms, on the grounds that it is lewd and immoral and getting worse. What will you do if such action is taken?

Caroline Amune,
Ballantine Hall

* Double our circulation. Ed.

Dear Ed:

I read through three issues of the tripe that you put out in the Pine Needle, and now I have a beef to make. If you continue to ham up the magazine with more of the same baloney, my subscription is going to take it on the lamb. Thought I might as well talk turkey with you.

Charles V. Auspagne
111 Corbett Hall

* Did you ever work in a meat market, Charlie? Ed.

Dear Ed:

I don't like to criticize, but it seems to me that you finally have outstripped all the bounds of good taste. I refer to your slanderous portrayal of that great and virtuous organ of public enlightenment, the Maine Campus. I am sure that

your petty jibes were laughed aside by those great hearted souls who devote so much time to turning out our school newspaper, but the offense was not only to them, but to the sincere and earnest everywhere on this campus. You are attacking the very roots of decent, cultured college life.

Runion T. Griswold
106 Hammond St.
Orono

* Just hacking away at the trunk. Ed.

Dear Ed:

Did you know the Copenhagen was the capital of Denmark? I didn't. Now I do. Isn't that wonderful? I've learned a lot here at college. I was born in May 1929 and am 21, I think. I wonder if

you could find a spot for me in the Pine Needle?

Bedelia Merriweather
East Hall

* There's a spot for you in the upper right hand corner of our Pepsi Cola ad. Ed.

Dear Ed:

I suppose that this will be your last issue as editor, so I would like to take this opportunity to tell you how much I have enjoyed the magazine this past year. Not much

Carl A. Carrion

North Dom 23, Rm. 14

* Thanks a lot! Ed.

Dear Ed:

Can it. The new regime has taken over.

Sam and Dick
Editors of the Pine Needle

* Just one more. No? Just one? I've still got my rights. No, Sam—put down that knife. I give up.



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UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA

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"Just as I reached my boiling point I gave the chef a pack of Dentyne. That got me out of the royal stew fast! Naturally—because Dentyne's keen, delicious flavor always makes friends fast! Dentyne also helps keep teeth white!"

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Take Home a Juvenile T. Shirt or Sweatshirt
to that little sister, brother, nephew or niece.

University Store Company

sea food



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*Sizzling
Platters*



68 Main Street
Bangor, Maine

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The Management
of your

Chateau

Sends

GREETINGS

to the students

of the

University

of

Maine

Don't forget

the

Saturday

night

Dance Party

with

Jim Sprague

and

The Maine Bears

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FLOWER
SHOPPE**

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BANGOR, MAINE**

**WE DELIVER
ANY PLACE
ANY TIME**

A Jab of the Needle

The hurrying days bring ever nearer the end of the semester, and it is once more time for the Pine Needle to look to new blood for the impetus to carry it through another season. Without too much searching we have found at hand two good men and true, ready and eager to take over the job. That's right—two. Beginning with this issue, the Needle has co-editors in the persons of Sam Jones and Dick Sprague. These two half-wits did such a fine job on our sensational edition of the Maine Campi (see our March issue), that we had to give them a chance to spread their talents over a wider scope.

Before we turn this column over to the new editors it is well to take a few lines to express our gratitude to those who helped to make the magazine a success this past year. A large measure of appreciation to a fine staff that labored diligently (never had to whip them more than twice a week) to build each issue. A special bouquet to Roger Thurrell, who has managed to keep us solvent, and who will go down in history as one of the few business managers of college publications to embezzle less than half the funds in his care. We have trusted him implicitly, and will return his right lung as soon as the books are settled up. The best of everything to Ted Newhall, our photographer, whose craftsmanship and cooperation has made our job a lot easier. And last but not least we are coerced to say a kind word to a well-known scandal sheet which has occasionally been privileged to be of use to us and to which we are not ungrateful.

That's all. It's been fun.

R. W. H.



I rub my hands together. I gloat. Rip has left. Old tired-out, broken-down, ink-stained, galley-proofed Rip is through. And about time, too. We youngsters have waited long enough. New blood, somewhat alcoholic but blood nevertheless, has taken over. No more arguing and cajoling. No more begging with tears in my eyes. I can print what I want—if I stay up later than Dick, I can.

My back is weary, my brains are bent, but I rejoice! I have come into my own. I congratulate Rip on his discretion. Graduation was his salvation. You kind people would no longer put up with the conglomeration of neo-literary-humor which he served you under the guise of entertainment. He generously claims that we are half-wits. Rip has always been one for over-exaggeration! Dick tells me I am through and must stop. I sweep the blonde from my lap and hand him the Needle's one typewriter. Take it away, R. S. No, no, the typewriter . . . sej.

Famous Myths of Ancient Times No. 1

Rip Haskell

In ancient Palestine, in the land of David Solomon and Jeremiah, there lived a shepherd of some substance named Amittai. His flocks were the biggest in all the countryside, and his vineyards gave the heaviest yields. He was a devout soul, and diligent in the pursuit of his own welfare. And he was greatly respected by everybody. Now it so happened that Amittai had a son, a gay young sprout by the name of Jonah, who as our story begins was just turning eighteen and just finishing high school.

And one day Amittai looked out from his tent and saw Jonah hard at work training a sheep dog, and he thought to himself that that was a pretty coarse occupation for the son of so prominent a citizen. He thought on it awhile, and he was right off convinced. The boy should better himself.

"Sarah," he said, turning to his wife who was mixing up a bit of unleavened bread, and listening to "John's Other Wife." "Sarah, I've been thinking what I am going to do with Jonah."

Sarah looked up from her batter and waved her spoon reprovingly.

"Now hush up," she scolded. "Leave the boy be. I know he's sort of worthless, but he don't eat much, and he don't harm nobody. Leave him be."

"Wait a minute, woman," Amittai growls. "I mean I have been thinking maybe we ought to send the kid to college. Got to keep up appearances, don't we?"

"Oh," exclaims Sarah, sort of surprised. "Why, yes, paw, I think that is a splendid idea. He's a

likely youngster. He'd make a first rate scribe or maybe a priest even."

But that wasn't Amittai's idea. That night he called Jonah in to his study.

"Jonah, my boy," he begins, "I've been sort of thinking about sending you down to the University of Nineveh, so you can study a little agricultural engineering. Think you'd like that?"

Jonah didn't exactly cry out with joy at the news.

"To tell the truth, pop," he answers, "I was sort of hoping I could go to Tarshish Tech and take up EE. I'm pretty hot stuff at fixing radios and toasters and such, and I sort of like that kind of work."

"Tarshish is out," says Amittai. "It's co-ed, and you're just a country boy, and there's no telling what'd happen. No, as long as I'm putting up the chips, it's the U. of N. for you. I want you to pick up a few of those new-fangled scientific farming ideas so you'll know how to run the deal here after I'm gone."

Well, Jonah knew better than to argue, so it was settled.

Came September, and Mrs. Amittai packed up the boy's robes, old Amittai wrote out a few checks to cover expenses, and young Jonah set off for the University of Nineveh, 1947 (B. C.) model afghan jackass, that he had received as a graduation present.

Now Jonah was a pretty sharp boy, and he was inclined to think his old man was pretty rural, so you can bet that he hadn't traveled far from the old homestead before he reset his compass and

transferred his sights to the school of his choice, Tarshish Tech. He knew the old boy didn't travel much and would never know the difference. Just once in awhile he could spend a weekend at Nineveh, and pick up the checks his father would be sending. Everything would be fine.

After several days of travel our hero arrived in Tarshish and in due course was enrolled as a freshman. He signed up for courses in Math, Physics, and Music Appreciation, and joined the glee club. He was too light for football, but he wanted to do his bit, so he became a cheerleader. He also made the J. V. debating squad, and won his numerals for that endeavor.

Shortly after his arrival he met a cute little co-ed named Rachel Greenbaum, whose father owned a couple of cotton mills in Bethlehem. They clicked right off because both were hot for jitterbugging and they made all the dances and parties on campus. By the time Jonah was pledged up to Rho Gamma Rho, he had established himself a reputation as a pretty hot rock, and something of a character.

When it came time to elect a campus mayor, the boys at Rho Gamma Rho didn't have to look far for their candidate. Pledge Amittai was a natural. He was told that he had volunteered to represent the house.

Jonah didn't mind. He liked the limelight, and he had a good speaking voice, and he knew Rachel would go big for the publicity. He entered into the campaign with enthusiasm and a

guy named Moe Bloomberg for a manager. Moe had plenty of ideas, quite a few of which could be performed by a mortal, and Jonah was eager to try anything. The first stunt called for the candidate to lasso the dean of women, and drag him publicly about the campus at the heels of his long-eared steed. This was so well planned and so neatly executed, that it took the campus by storm. Such daring and originality was rare among mayoralty candidates, and Jonah was established as the early favorite.

But the other candidates weren't sleeping on the job either. They attacked Jonah as an unchivalrous bandit, and complained to the rules committee that he was using unethical methods in appealing for the student vote. And at the same time they were maneuvering on their own, and a little bit at a time they whittled down his lead.

Then another candidate, name of Amos, a guy with a loud and ranting voice, came out with a deal that swung a lot of sentiment his way. He distributed four thousand copies of the "Kinsey Report" around campus, all stamped with the motto:

"Don't be an ignoramus
Vote for Amos."

Jonah countered by turning loose a flock of sheep into an assembly, each bearing the assurance, "Jonah won't pull the wool over your eyes."

The campaign seesawed back and forth. No one had a clear-cut advantage. Nothing seemed quite spectacular enough to swing the election. The campaign managers tore their hair.

Finally, Jacob Fineson, a distant cousin of King Ahab, through his wife Jezebel, the least impressive of the candidates, decided to make an all-out bid to save his rapidly declining fortunes. He was a transfer student from Harvard, and he had a secret weapon, which he now felt forced to use.

Two days before the close of the campaign, candidate Fineson, in the presence of nearly the entire student body, swallowed, one by one, an entire bowl of goldfish. The effect of his endeavor was instantaneous and overwhelming. He had easily captured the popular sentiment. Who could top such an effort?

Pandemonium reigned in the headquarters of the other candidates. Anxiously the strategy board searched their minds. What to do? What to do?

And only Moe Bloomberg, of all the strategists, had the power of intellect to see the logical counter stroke. It was difficult of execution, but Moe, with Rho Gamma Rho behind him, had plenty of resources.

Carefully, secretly, he set the stage. With the aid of numerous fishermen, he managed to get a whale herded into Tarshish bay. Then assembled the entire student body down at the dock. He announced that Jonah was prepared to answer the challenge. Instead of swallowing a fish, he would be swallowed by a fish.

The bound form of the dauntless candidate was rowed out to within a safe distance of the huge sea monster. He was raised high in the air, and catapulted into the sea. A rush, a snap, and all was over.

Jonah Amittai was posthumously elected to the highest office in the administration of Tarshish Tech—Mayor of the Campus.

Three days later, he was vomited up on the shores of Phoinicia, and returned to Tarshish to assume his duties.

Considerable legend has grown out of this simple college prank.



O Mabel

(A Serenade to a Fallen Feline)

— *Clair (the cat) Chamberlain*

archie:
mabel the sweet voiced alto cat
who used to sing on the alley fence
came in to see her friend bughouse one day
she was out of breath and somewhat excited
now ive been through this before archie
and take natures course for granted
but mabel was a virgin i thought
bughouse she said shyly
im infanticipating
shed been reading w winchell
this is the way it happened
i was crossing the rr tracks some time ago
when a tom id never seen before
meowed at me
his voice was like thick cream
and he had a pleasant manner for a tom
so i stopped to pass the time of day
it was a case of love at first sight
believe me truly it was
i couldnt help myself
your honor i said
let us make mad music on yon fence
so we sat up late and sang a duet
and one thing led to another
i didnt find out until later
that he drank sour cream bughouse
then it was too late too late
her voice broke she sobbed
do you think im a bad cat bughouse
it could happen here bughouse said
dont worry mabel dont worry
what would you do in my case bughouse
hes a drinking tom a hard drinker she said
why dont you get yourself a place
over by the rr tracks
in one of those abandoned boxcars
when your time comes i said
always willing to help a kitty in distress
so she did
she tried to do what was right
but one morning when bughouse awoke
the boxcar was gone mabel was gone
poor mabel what will happen to her he said
alone not a friend in the world
to help her in her need poor mabel

who thinks the moon is made of halibut
whos so gullible to think about it hurts me
that boxcar might be a transcontinental job
theres mabel without a thing to eat
and no kith and kin
trapped in a filthy cattlecar
she might get stepped on
what to do what to do
i felt sorry for bughouse archie
so i went to see my friend fiddleback
whos pappys pappys pappys pappys pappy
had been related to a mayflower cat
and lived in london or liverpool
which must be a nice place by the name
anyway fiddleback is a world traveler too
he strayed through allens alley once he said
hes been to timbuctoo shanghai singapore
hed know what to do
on my next trip to frisco he said
ill look for mabel
id know her anywhere he said
her puss is unmistakable
and her appendectomy scar is irreplaceable
i slipped him an ounce of catnip for his trouble
do that i said
fiddlebacks my firm fond friend
he has a name for reliability
i could trust him
hed find mabel if anybody could
if mabel was still alive
little did i know what ill mission
my friend had set out upon
what foul fishy breeze wafted him forth
to misfortune for us all
whiskers up we said good hunting
he wore out one set of claws and grew another
before he returned
his pads were raw and red
before we saw him again
he limped back with slit ears
a sight for sore eyes
i found mabel he said
woe is me
mabel is a kept cat
she dont want to come back

(Continued on Page 22)

The Highly Seductive Hyena

There once was a hyena named Liz, who was free, white, twenty-one, and very well stacked. Liz had just recently moved to Jungletown from a neighboring village to work in the local branch of an insurance company. Her arrival had been marked by many whistles and wolf calls.

The first night in town, she went out with Joe the Lion, her boss at the office. Joe was famed as a *casanova*. He took her dining and dancing and spent his entire check on her. When they got back to her apartment, he put his arm around her and bent down to kiss her. But Joe had made a very serious mistake. He had taken a drink. And when his lips were right next to hers, she pushed him away, stuck her chin up in the air and pronounced, "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." Then she closed the door in his face.

The second night, Pete the Leopard asked her out. They went riding in the moonlight in his Chrysler Town and Country, and he sang pretty love songs to her. Pete, a very handsome character, seemed to be making out pretty well; but when he slipped his arm about her and pulled her over beside him to kiss her, she smelled the tobacco on his breath and wiggled out of his grasp. "Smoking," she said, "is a nasty, expensive, weakening habit. Take me home." And he did.

The third night, Mortimer the Elephant asked her out. He picked her up at eight; and as they drove away in his car she asked, "Where are we going?"

"To my mother's," said Mortimer.

"That's nice," said Liz, and smiled at him.

Mortimer's mother had tea for them. The three of them talked a while, and then Mortimer played

a violin solo. After he was through, he excused himself. "Excuse me for a moment, please," he said. "I must wash my hands. I hate the feel of resin on them." And he left.

Liz looked at Mortimer's mother. "Mortimer's a very nice boy," she said. "So polite and gentlemanly."

"Yes," answered Mortimer's mother. "We have never let him run around with the wrong crowd.

"I don't imagine he drinks?" asked Liz.

"Oh, perish the thought."

"And he probably doesn't smoke either."

"I should say not. Smoking is a nasty, expensive, weakening habit."

Soon Mortimer came back, and they had another cup of tea together. Then he took Liz home. As he shook hands with her on the doorstep, he asked her if she would like to come out to the house again the next night.

"Yes," she gurgled and smiled again.

Mortimer took Liz out every night for several months. Finally they were married. And as they drove away from the little church in his car, she asked, "Where are we going?"

"To my mother's," said Mortimer.

Liz raised one eyebrow — but said nothing—and finally lowered it again. When they arrived at the house, she excused herself and dashed upstairs to put on her laciest negligee and to soak herself with her most bewitching perfume. Then she came and sat beside him—and his mother—on the couch.

"Mortimer," she said, "you know I always respected you so much because you never tried to kiss me before we were married.

I think that was very gentlemanly."

"I'm always polite and gentlemanly."

"Mortimer, would you kiss me now?"

She leaned over and gazed at him. Mortimer put aside his book for a moment and pecked her on the chin. He returned to the book. Liz raised the other eyebrow, but still said nothing.

Presently Mortimer's mother brought in the wedding cake and tea, and after they had eaten, she said, "Well, it's after nine, children. I think it's time we were going to bed." She excused herself and left.

Liz watched Mortimer a few more moments. Then she yawned noticeably and stretched in her lacy negligee, which wasn't made for stretching. Finally she got up, stretched a bit more, and started for her room.

"Mortimer," she said. "It is a little late, and I'm tired. Aren't you coming to bed?"

Mortimer put down his book, looked at the clock and muttered, "Yes, I suppose I'd better." He got up, walked to the room opposite Liz, turned around, said, "Good night," and opened the door.

"Mortimer," whispered Liz, "won't you come over here in my room? I'm sure you'll be much more comfortable." And she raised both eyebrows together.

"In your room!" shouted Mortimer, his ears standing straight up on his head. "My mother has never let me go into a woman's room. Good night."

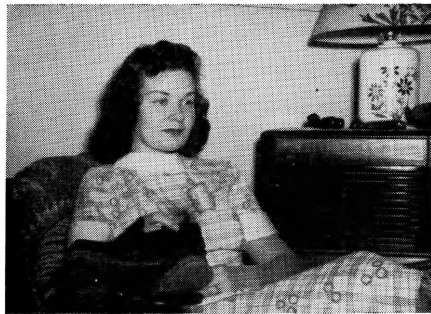
Mortimer closed the door.

Moral: Half a love is no better than none.

Splinterville Special — or

by Bennett and Libby

Our car wended its way over the concrete highway approaching the residential district of the University of Maine. As we sped along the tree-shaded avenue our eyes caught glimpses of sparkling white mansions. The enchantment of the formal gardens caused us to gasp in admiration. "What a heavenly place to live," we thought; so we decided to peek into a few of these palatial homes—



Andy Gordon, sitting in her husband's pet chair, was looking very pert and pretty waiting for Flash's return from a round of golf at Rogers Hall, a very exclusive club at Maine. Andy had spent the afternoon in leisurely preparation for his return, as do so many of the other young wives. Her dress, a white figured pique with accents of clear white pique in the collar and cuffs, was a refreshing sight for anyone to see.



We left the Gordons and almost bumped into Pat Flagg (and Al) returning from a shopping spree. Pat wore a classic tailored yellow rayon crepe dress with a tweed topper. Her son had on a Maine T-shirt, 1962, proper shopping clothes for the men of today. Although all stores in the vicinity are willing to cater to the "phone and deliver" service, Pat much prefers to carry her ton of groceries home herself. "Al" is naturally a big help in "putting them away."

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AFTER 6 P. M.

Can Life Be Beautiful ?



← Meandered along until we were arrested by a delicious aroma—corned beef and cabbage! We tracked this down and found Lucile Cristo just setting the table in her spacious dining room. Tony waited impatiently for the dinner gong to ring. Lucile, demure and unruffled, paid no attention to him, but worked unhurried in the enormous kitchen. She looked very inviting in her green three-quartered length sleeved, fly-front dress, with interesting buttons marching the length of it. We were asked to dine, but being dressed as we were (in dungarees) we declined the invitation.

Upon leaving the Flaggs we noticed a blur of white on the horizon. Closer inspection revealed Gail Peabody attired in a casual bright green skirt and grey sweater hanging Ricky's unmentionables out in the fresh spring breeze. She was lamenting that her Bendix dryer had just gone on the blink and Dick, Sr., had been unable to fix it that morning because a business acquaintance had called for a conference. We couldn't stop long because Ricky needed immediate attention, and you know what that means! We waved good-bye and—



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ORONO

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We left, both agreeing that life could be beautiful living in Splinterville with its grand houses, modern conveniences, and peaceful atmosphere.

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Compliments of Freezes in Bangor

A Fairmount 6-way Floor Lamp

from the Bangor Hydro Electric - Orono

A Revlon Beauty Kit
from
THE BUFFUM BEAUTY SHOP
Orono

A Credit Slip for
\$10 Worth of Merchandise
at the
ORONO A & P STORE

A Credit Slip for
\$10 Worth of Merchandise
at the
ORONO S & S STORE

8x10 Portrait
to each contestant
TED NEWHALL'S

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at the
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contributes
A Permanent Wave

from
BURDELL'S - Bangor
a \$5 Credit Slip

from
THE SYSTEM CO. - Bangor
a handbag of her choice

\$10 Credit at
THE RINES CO. STORE
Bangor

from
FREY'S - Bangor
a \$5 Credit Slip

The
PINE NEEDLE
and
the Maine Student Body

from
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June (Mrs. Maurice) Russell
as
Mrs. Maine

From faraway Independence, Missouri—where she was a near neighbor of President Harry S. Truman—comes June Russell, the winner. Met Maurice at Graceland College, Lamoine, Iowa, where they were both undergraduates, until he transferred to Maine. Married Dec. 27, 1947, and now live at 102 Bennoch Road, Orono. P. S.—She's also a good cook.



Mainly About Music

by Stephens
and Davis

As this issue of the magazine is the last for this year, we would like to mention some of the events in music circles which have been outstanding since the last issue.

Those on the campus who witnessed the musical, "Again It's Yesterday," by Margaret Preble and Al Dumais, were more than favorably impressed; in fact, the musical played to a packed house every night of its run. The amount of work that goes into a production of this nature is indeed back-breaking. Much credit should and does go to the writers of this fine show. In the humble opinion of this writer, the action carried along fine, although in spots the plot was spotty. The words to the music were catchy and original, and the principal characters were well chosen and rehearsed. Scenery was simple but effective and the many changes of scenes necessitated easily constructed scenery, so, all in all, the whole production was of professional quality.

Music Night saw a large turnout of musical groups on campus. The Band, Orchestra, Combined Glee Club, and the Modern Dance Group, all contributed to make the evening highly successful. The Mu Alpha Epsilon Award was awarded to Margaret Preble. The award is given annually to the senior who, in the opinion of the members of the three musical organizations and the music faculty, has been the most beneficial to the advancement of music on the Maine campus during his or her college

career. Miss Preble has been one of the most active persons on campus in her many musical roles and is by far most deserving of the award.

The chorus has been getting around, as it usually does in the spring semester. It has been to Presque Isle, Waterville, Camden, and All Souls Church in Bangor. The group has been very successful this year.

The Interfraternity Sing, which was held Tuesday night, the eleventh of May, was very fine indeed. This year saw eleven houses signed up for the contest, with ten actually singing. Last year there were only eight houses. It is hoped that all the fraternities will be entered this coming year. The cup, which is awarded to the house that wins the cup the most times in five years, was awarded to Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, under the direction of Phil Stackpole. The number they presented was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The number was very effective and there was no question in the minds of the audience when the winner was selected. The writers will not attempt to place the runners-up, but there were several very close behind.

The one remaining event to take place the 28th of May is the annual Pop Concert, with the Chorus, Orchestra, and the Mod-

ern Dance Group. After the concert there will be a dance for the benefit of the Band Uniform Fund. At the Band Concert and dance which was held some weeks back, the Fund was able to collect several hundred dollars. We should all get behind the movement in order that we may see the Band in uniform at the football games this fall.

On the eventful morning of May 6 the Maine Bears made another northbound trip, this time to Canada. They played for a senior prom at Mount Allison University in Sackville, New Brunswick. The response to the band was tremendous and the boys were signing autographs all during the dance. The band left this campus at six a. m. Thursday and arrived at Sackville about six-thirty. They finally got back to the Maine campus at eleven a. m. Friday morning. The trip itself consisted of 750 hard, back-breaking miles on a constantly winding road with beaucoup railroad crossings. Incidentally, Mount Allison is a co-ed A. & S. institution with a registration of about 1,400 students. We were told that there were only 50 more men than women there. (If those women could only get to Maine!) So, you see, this trip had its educational value, too. Oh, yes, the band was unanimous in voting

(Continued on Page 20)

THE PINE NEEDLE

Friar Maladjusted's Diary

by Rip Haskell

1260 A. D.

Now in the seventh day of my sojourn in the city of the King, a seizure did come upon me, and I was possessed by a vision. And it seemed that the voice of the Lord spoke to me from out a cloud, warning me that a great wickedness would fall upon the land of Mayne. That revelry, licentiousness, and vile indulgences would

ion passed, and I was awakened. Then did I hasten to make inquiry as to what I might have to face. And I learned that the time drew near at which was celebrated the great holiday of Pitzabish, a time which was given over to the satisfaction of base desires and sodden virtues. For at this time did all the villages and all the great castles of the knights declare a period

a foule and ugly creature who caused me much chagrin.)

Then did the day fall upon us and the rioting opened with a great ball, with much show of finery and much gay music of harp and flageolet. And I wondered that the Lord could frown upon such a joyous company. And even could I almost find it in my own heart to forgive them their yielding to these weaknesses, for it did seem indeed most pleasurable. And though I feared that the devil had extended his temptation to me, yet I blush to record that I entered into the spirit of the moment most readily.

Anon, as the evening passed, I did come to realize that there was considerable drunkenness about. For I observed that there was those amongst us who did lurch and stagger most shamefully. Which seemed to muchly anger the great lords, who had come to observe the celebrants.

Now did I commence to look about me to seek the means whereby I might save the souls of these misguided sinners. But suddenly I was smote by a great dizziness, and I was forced to retire from the halls of merriment.

And I knew it was a punishment which the Lord visited upon me for that I had looked with pleasure upon evil.

And I repented me greatly.

A musty and dusty copy of Friar Maladjusted's Diary recently was discovered in a rubbish heap behind Beta house, and translators are already at work on the stained and wrinkled tome in an effort to decipher further passages pertaining to the wondrous land of Mayne for the illumination of Pine Needle readers next year.



hold sway over all the people for three days, and Satan would rule in our midst and the voice instructed me, saying,

"It is my will that you should renounce the vows of your order for a short time, and join into this madness which comes upon my people, for perchance from this experience you shall find new weapons to root out the evil."

Now was I greatly agonized, and somewhat unwilling, but I heeded to the commands of him when I served.

Seeing me thus agreed, the vis-

ion of festival, and the days were devoted to dancing, and feasting and wine-bibbing and such immoral practices.

How bitter was my lot that I must join in this un-Godly work. But though I regretted my misfortune, I obeyed the heavenly command and prepared myself for the adventure.

Procuring, as was the custom, a number of flagons of wine, and entreating the boon of a damosel's company for the great event. (But as the arrangements were made for me by another, it was nought but

For Me and My Gal!

— Dick Sprague

"Helen, do you know where my small screw-driver is? The one with the yellow plastic handle."

The sound of Fred Campbell's voice emptied into the kitchen as a muffled rumble, having traveled from the basement of the Campbell home through one door, up a narrow stairway, and through another door, before it reached the ears of his wife.

Although she could have understood what her husband called up the stairs to her, Helen Campbell automatically waited until the noise subsided, without listening, for there had been so many times before when she had had to shout back to him to ask him what he wanted that she had acquired the habit of never listening to him the first time he called.

In other years she used to stop whatever she was doing at the moment and open the door to the basement before she inquired what he had said to her from the depths of his small workshop. After a while she didn't stop her work, for she learned that Fred would either come to the top of the stairs to ask her again if she didn't answer, or would get along without whatever he had shouted for. Then, too, she knew that many times he called up to her for something before he even looked for it, and that his silence often indicated that he had found the object, which might be anything from a stove bolt to an electric drill. She persistently wondered why he should think she would know the location of all his tools and equipment. Of course, the few instances when she *had* borrowed some small item from his workbench gave him some justification, she conceded.

Fred began accumulating articles for his workshop one Christmas. A distant relative gave him

a set of wood chisels, forgetting that it was Fred's brother who was interested in woodworking, not Fred. The gift was enough to start Fred on a hobby. He cleared a space in the basement and built a rough worktable, over which he installed a fluorescent lighting fixture. Shelves and cabinets were added from time to time. He subscribed to *Modern Mechanics* and other "project" magazines. From them he gleaned plans and designs for the amateur craftsman, which he filed in an index in a drawer of one of his cabinets.

Gradually he learned how to manipulate his equipment reasonably well, and spent many of his winter evenings in the basement. There he would wear an old pair of grey flannels and a college sweatshirt, perfectly contented as he drew in on his pipe and sanded the edge of a picture frame. He had set a radio into one of the rows of shelves, and his only interruption was to change the station or re-light his pipe.

Some evenings he would disappear down the cellar stairs as soon as supper was finished. Helen might hear him shout once or twice to her while she was removing the dishes from the table, but, except for the infrequent times he came to the top of the stairs to make her hear what he had called out, she seldom saw him again until she was ready to go to bed.

The fourth winter of their marriage was upon them and Fred was involved in another project. He was making Helen an inlaid coffee table.

The basement door opened and Fred stepped into the kitchen.

"I said, have you seen anything of the screw-driver with the plastic handle?"

"Why, no, Fred. Can't you find it?"

"I looked in the rack and it wasn't there."

"Well, it must be down there somewhere. I haven't used it—I don't think."

"Mm. Well—" Fred turned around to go back to his inner sanctum.

"What are doing, Fred? Working on my coffee table?" Helen leaned against the refrigerator with her hands shoved into her apron pockets.

"Mm—no. Thought I'd put in those door chimes Mother gave us for Christmas. It's been a month now and I haven't done a thing with them."

"No, you haven't, have you?"

Fred's pipe had gone out, so he waved the flame of a match slowly back and forth across the top of the bowl, drawing in deeply and exhaling. A cloud of smoke drifted through the space between the two of them.

"Where *are* the chimes, anyway? Are they in the cabinet downstairs?"

"I put them in a box in the attic, Fred."

"Why'd you do that? I've been intending every evening to wire them up."

"Oh, I wasn't sure you were going to, I guess."

"You don't especially like them, do you, Helen?"

"Yes, Fred, they're nice, but—"

"But you don't think they're necessary. Is that it?"

"Well, no, but we *do* have that nice silver knocker on the door already, and I thought perhaps we'd wait and use the chimes if we move."

"Mm. Well—"

"But if you really want them, Fred—"

"Oh, I don't particularly care, Helen, but I thought that since

Mother gave them to us, we should—”

“Yes, I suppose we should.”

“After all, she’s coming next weekend, and she might think it was odd if we haven’t got them installed yet.”

“Yes, you’re right, Fred.”

Fred rapped the bowl of his pipe on a metal ash-tray that was on the kitchen table. Some of the ashes spilled on the cloth. He tried to brush the ashes away, but they made a black smudge. Then he blew on the spot. The ashes and half-burnt tobacco left in the ash-tray were caught by his breath and swirled about on the cloth. Finally, he blew along the flatness of the table so that the tobacco and ashes fell onto the floor. Resignedly, Helen watched him.

Fred wrinkled his forehead and looked at her.

“Where do you want to put them?” he asked.

“About the only place is the front hall, I guess,” she said. “Can you wire them in there all right.”

“Mm—I think so.”

“Well, I’ll go up in the attic and get them.”

When she returned with a dust-covered box, Helen found him blowing more ashes off the table. Another smudge had appeared beside the first one, she noticed.

Fred took the box and carried it down stairs. Helen heard him opening and shutting cabinet doors. In a minute she heard him shout up the stairs to her. She

called back, “You’ll have to come up here, Fred. I can’t hear you.”

Feet struck on the stairway and the cellar door swung open.

“Are you sure you haven’t seen that damned screw-driver, Helen? I always use that one.”

“Oh, Fred—I just happened to think—I was opening a can of paint the other day to touch up the legs on that chair, and I borrowed it. You left it up here on the table, anyway.”

She reached into a closet and drew out the screw-driver.

“Here it is, Fred. I guess I stirred the paint with it, too. There wasn’t anything else around at the time. You can take off the paint with a little turpentine, can’t you?”

She handed it to him.

“Mm, I’ll have to if I want to use it.”

Fred went back down the stairs to figure out the wiring for the chimes. Helen finished putting away the supper dishes. Then she tried to rub out the smudges in the table cloth. She could hear, very faintly, music playing on Fred’s radio.

Even fainter, a few minutes later, was the metallic sound of two notes of the door chimes, the second note lower in pitch than the first. Helen went into the living room and waited for Fred to come upstairs with the chimes. She wanted to make sure that he didn’t put them in too conspicuous a place on the wall.

Man Has Had It!

A short play in three acts requiring a minimum of characters, scenery and properties. Suitable for any small theatre group.

Stage Setting: A living room sofa, low lights and soft music.

Act the First:

One scene: Man meets girl.

Two scene: Man dates girl.

Three scene: Man kisses girl.

Man has Had it.

Act the Second:

One scene: Man marries girl.

Two scene: Girl meets another man.

Three Scene: Girl dates another man.

Four scene: Girl kisses another man.

Man has had it.

Act the Third:

One scene: Man takes drink.

Two scene: Man takes another drink.

Three scene: Girl runs off with another man.

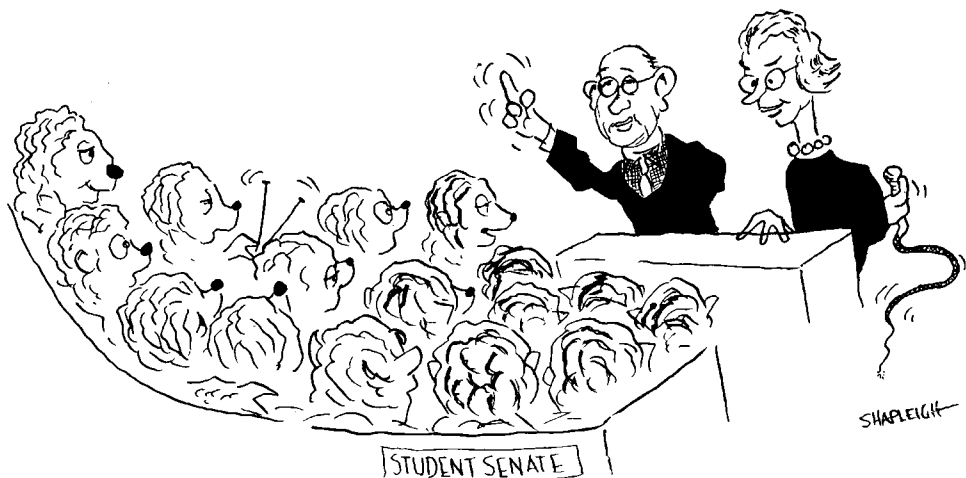
Four scene: Man drinks another take.

Five scene: Drink takes another man.

Man has had it.

(Copyright, 1765, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Colony)

—Sejones



All those in favor, say “BAA—”

DECISION

Sugar please, and plenty of it,
Is the only thing I covet
When I’m lunching with milady
Half after two.

But even though the cream is
creamy
And the tea itself is dreamy
I’m stumped by my digestion.
One lump or two?

—R. M. Cudahy

Knotholes...

by Russ Meade

Perhaps you have noticed the uneven apertures scattered throughout a board in a board fence. These are knotholes. "If they are not holes, what are they?" you ask. I will try to set you straight. Undoubtedly you have been in buildings which were paneled in knotty pine. The darker spots in the wood, the knotty parts, are the knots. Now not all knots are in knotty pine. In birch wood, for example, the visible black ovals are naught but knots. A knothole is where a knot is not. It is certain that the knot was there for if the knot had not been there, there would not be a knot hole. For simplification, then, we might say that a knot hole is a body of air completely surrounded on one plane by wood.

Knotholes range in size from a tiny opening suitable for an ant to hide in to such mammoth cavities as the hole through which the carnival man sticks his head to furnish a target for such effective missiles as soggy tomatoes and last season's eggs.

Their shape is governed by no particular design, but in general they are in the form of a stepped-on wedding ring. Their direction is never definite, for inspection reveals that while some knotholes traverse the board directly, others slant along the board as if they were reluctant to come out on the other side.

Of what good is the knothole and what part does it play in this turbulent drama of life? I imagine many great things, as well as a multitude of entertaining happenings, have been envisioned through knotholes. Where would our present-day sidewalk supervisors be if all fences were unblemished by knot holes. It is possible that this

could lead to a catastrophic crime wave. Think of all the supervisors left with not a knothole through which to supervise. They would seek other holes, such as keyholes, and if some proud young husband should come home at night to find the movements of his negligee'd wife being surveyed through the keyhole by our unattached sidewalk supervisor, he might strike him, and striking a man is assault and assault is criminal. I believe you can readily understand what an important place the knothole fills in keeping this world in which we live a peaceful one.

In days gone by when "the house out back" played such an important part in fulfilling the needs of life, the boards of this little building contained their quota of knotholes. Most of the knot holes were on the vertical portions of the construction; the large oval openings on the horizontal plane were, of course, not knot holes.

Another way in which knotholes may have left their mark on civilization is represented in the baking industry. It is my contention that the knothole is responsible for the hole in the doughnut. Where else could the idea have been conceived? The comparison is obvious; the knothole is surrounded by wood and the doughnut hole is surrounded by doughnut.

Picture Noah's Ark as it first approached the welcome shores. What animals do you suppose were the first ashore? They were the rats and mice of course, and do you know how they were able to disembark so rapidly? They came through the knotholes!

Yes, take the lean out of bacon

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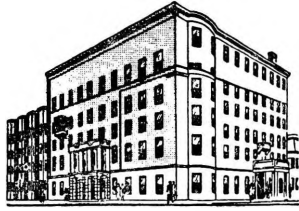
OUT-OF-TOWN

PICTURES

ARE A

PLEASURE

THE PINE NEEDLE



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or the salt out of salt pork, and what have you? Take the lead out of a pencil, the bulb from the lamp, the chew out of chewing gum, the teeth from a comb, the yoke out of an egg, or the corset from the wife, and you have nothing worth while left. But! Take out the knot and you are still blessed with the knot-hole.

“That’s a pretty dress you have on.”

“Yes, I only wear it to teas.”

“Whom?”

—Covered Wagon

The professor who comes in late is rare; in fact, he’s in a class by himself.

—El Burro

Scientists are debating whether or not splitting the atom was a wise crack.

—Wideover

“So you go to college, eh?”

“Yeah.”

“How high can you count?”

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Jack, Queen, King.”

Joe: “There’s a certain reason why I love you.”

May: “My goodness!”

Joe: “Don’t be absurd.”

—Medley

He: Please . . . please!

She: No!

He: Just this once.

She: No, I said.

He: Aw-hell ma! All the rest of the kids are going barefoot.

—Frvivol

Zoo Visitor: Where are the monkeys?

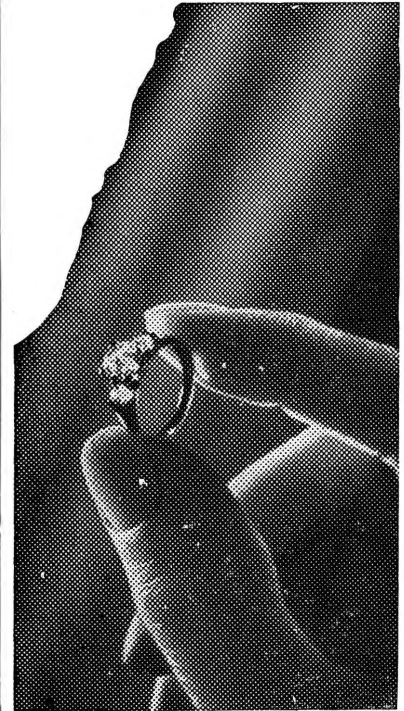
Zoo Keeper: They’re inside making love.

Visitor: Would they come out for peanuts?

Keeper: Would you?

—Green Gander

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Bangor

Music —

(Continued from Page 14)

that the women there are all beautiful.

For the cats that like to "dig" continuous music at a dance, we have found just the place for you! On May 29 the Tent at the Auto Rest will make its summer's opening with a battle of music by the Maine Bears vs. Bob Chester. This is the first battle of music to hit the Bangor area since before the war, and we're sure it will be interesting to watch.

By far the most sensational record to hit the market in some time is the King Cole version of "Nature Boy," which is really sweeping the country. This is on the Capitol label and is available at all the local record shops. The melodic line of this tune is something that hasn't been heard for quite some time.

Hope you get some enjoyment from this column, and maybe we'll be seeing you again next year!

HUNGER

We quarreled, not often,
But enough to soften
Each bold unnatural appetite.

We loved, not greatly,
But just consummately
Quick-honey-sweet, turn out the
light.

—R. M. Cudahy

There was a young lady from
France,
Who thought that she'd take a
chance,
So; for an hour or so
She let herself go.
And now all her sisters are aunts.

Marriage is a mutual partner-
ship—with the husband the mute.

—El Burro



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(BUT NOT BADLY)



Clifford Whitten,
alleged editor of an
alleged campus publication.

This man is wanted for
the crimes of libel, slander,
misrepresentation of
material fact, and foul, and
maicious gossip. He has
served a term already for
obstructing the cause of
journalism. Habituates al-
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up styles for all summer
needs to fit your budget.

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O Mabel

(Continued from Page Eight)

she dont want to live in the roundhouse with bug-
house
she would go crazy here she said
living in this roundhouse this dump
mabel now lives over a restaurant in los angeles
a real tony joint
the garbage can has asparagus tips and hamburger
she has a court record
for hunting goldfish in a gutter
and falling into a manhole
while under the influence
and she tipples sour cream
like water
i pleaded
she humped her back
i cajoled
she spat in my eye
i tried to coerce her
she bit me

she dont want nothing more to do with you
or the rr yard
or the roundhouse
she lacks appreciation
mabel is ungrateful
after all youve done for her bughouse
she left her kittens on the stoop
of a company that makes gut for tennis racquets
its a plain case of caticide
on mabels part he said
alas alas i cried
that this should happen to you bughouse
i hope she has an ache some night in her throat
when she is singing alto
and claws out her larynx
yes yes fiddleback said
o female felines what treacherous creatures
now i think this is a very sad story archie
dont you

as always

mehitabel

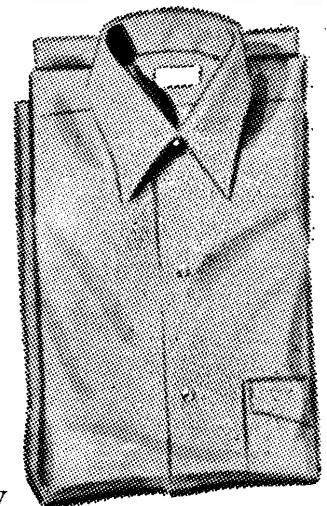
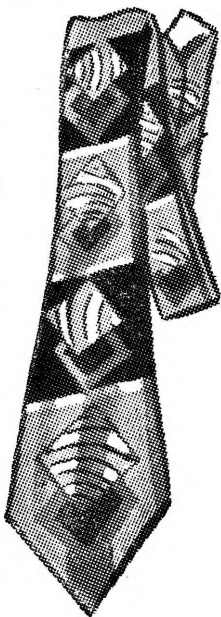
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We heard about the tipsy premed the other night who called up Dr. Wasserman of national fame and when the good doctor answered the phone our inebriated friend said, "Hello, is this Dr. Wasserman?" The voice said "Yes." Our friend said, "Are you positive?"
—Ski-U-Mah

A justice of the peace in a small town was called to perform his first marriage ceremony. The bashful

couple remained standing after he had finished the rites and in a brave attempt to round off the affair he stammered: "It's all over now. Go and sin no more?"

—Wampus

She was only an oculist's daughter, but give her two glasses and she'll make a spectacle of herself.

—Columns

"What did your husband die of?"

"He was killed by a weasel."

"How did that happen?"

"He was driving along in hoto-mobile and was keeled at the railroad crossing. Didn't hear the weasel."

Blue eyes gaze at mine—vexation.
Soft hand closed in mine—palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine—expectation.

Red lips close to mine—temptation.
Footsteps—damnation.

—Pellmell

Give an athlete an inch and he'll take a foot. But let him take it. Who wants athlete's foot?

—Voo Doo

Oh, Mother, may I go out to swim? Why not my darling daughter? You're so damned near naked anyhow

You'd be safer in the water.

—Covered Wagon

Doctor: "You must avoid all forms of excitement."

Freshman: "Can I look at them on the street?"

—Mis-A-Sip

"I'm a dairy maid in a candy factory."

"What do you do?"

"I milk chocolates."

—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket

Foist Lug: "Where you bin?"

Second: "Robbing one of dose fraternity houses."

Foist: "Lose anything?"

—Pellmell

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News from Pepsi-Cola—

Pepsi-Cola Company is still giving pocket money for the best joke, gag, cartoon or miscellaneous gem of wit submitted in its Easy Money Contest, run in all college magazines each month—and, as usual, you'll find all the rules on the inside back cover of this issue. At the end of the college year a prize of \$100.00 will be awarded for the best item from among all submitted in all divisions during the year. And if you're interested in bigger stakes, why don't you ask your local Pepsi-Cola dealer for an entry blank in our terrific \$203,725 Treasure Top Contest.

Philip Gips of 1407 Shakespeare Ave., Bronx, N. Y., and Rosemary Miller, Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, Va., are each richer by \$15.00 for original cartoons in the latest Easy Money Contest—Phil for his cartoon of a shipwrecked man on a raft looking at a case of Pepsi-Cola instead of at the beautiful girl—captioned, "Oh boy, Pepsi-Cola!" and Rosemary for her cartoon of Indians with smoke signal of Pepsi-Cola.

For their clever cartoon titles Jerry H. O'Neil, 72-30 Stamford Ave., University City, Mo., Jack Marks, 487 Carpenter St., Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schneyer 529 E. 138th St. Bronx, N. Y., have increased their total capital by \$5.00 each. Then there are four He-She Gagsters (Pepsi-Cola paid them \$3.00 each), four in the Daffy Definition Department, each of whom Pepsi-Cola paid \$1.00, and one in the Little Moron Corner who is \$2.00 richer. All these jokesters know how easy it is to cash in on Pepsi-Cola's Easy Money Contest.

So come on you guys and gals—we're cheerfully paying good money.

Cocktails

PARAMOUNT

Chinese Specials

PARAMOUNT

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Our

Compliments

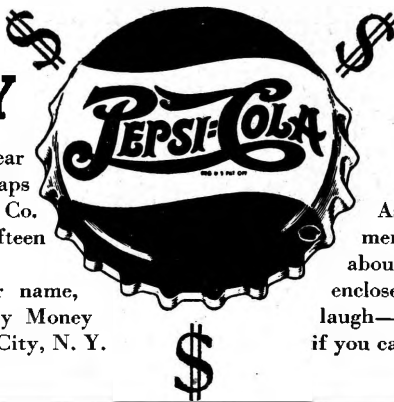
Steaks

PARAMOUNT

22-24 Post Office Square
Bangor, Maine

EASY MONEY

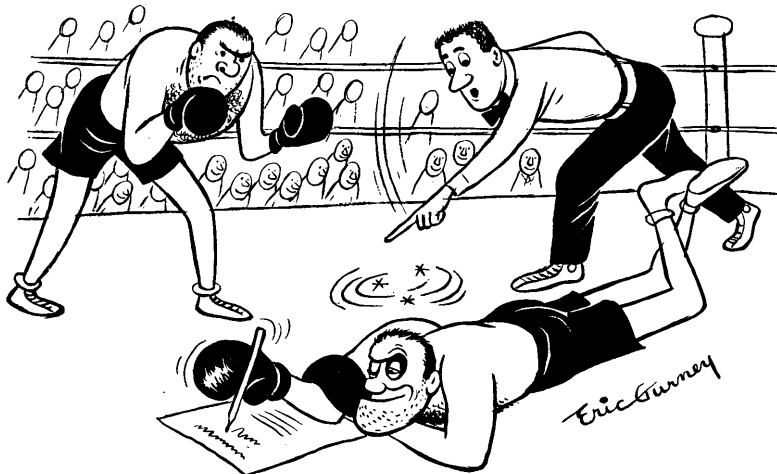
If your letters home read like this: "Dear Folks, Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t?" then perhaps we can ease the parental burden. Pepsi-Cola Co. will cheerfully send you a dollar... or even fifteen for gags you send in and we print. Merely mark your attempts with your name, address, school and class and mail to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y.



DEPARTMENT

All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. As you might imagine, we'll be quite mad if you mention Pepsi-Cola in your gags. (Simply mad about it.) Remember, though, you don't have to enclose a feather to tickle our risibilities. Just make us laugh—if you can. We'll send you a rejection slip... if you can't.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



"... well, as long as I'm down here I'll fill out my entry blank for the Pepsi-Cola 'Treasure Top' Contests."

Got a good line for this gag? Send it in! \$5 each for any we buy (Don't worry about the caption that's already there—that's just our subtle way of reminding you about Pepsi's terrific \$203,725 "Treasure Top" Contests. Latch onto entry blanks at your Pepsi-Cola dealer's today!) Or send in your own cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea—\$15 if you draw it... if we buy it.

January winners: \$15.00 to Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y., and to Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College. \$5 each to Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Marks of Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schneyer of New York City.

HE-SHE GAGS

You, too, can write jokes about people. These guys did and we sent them three bucks each for their wit. To wit: Joe Murray of Univ. of Iowa, Bob Prado of the Univ. of Texas, King MacLellan of Rutgers Univ., and Ray Lauer of Cicero, Illinois.

She: Thanks for the kiss.
He: The pressure was all mine.

He: Yoo-hoo!
She: Shut up, you wolf!
He: Pepsi-Cola?
She: Yoo-hoo!!

She: What's the best type of investment?
He: Air mail stamps.
She: Why air mail stamps?
He: They're bound to go up.

She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.
He: (Kisses her).
She: (sighing) Brother!

Can you do better? We hope so. And we're ready to pay for it. \$3 is waiting. Try and get it!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra \$100.00

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

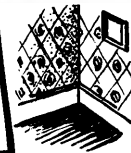


\$1 apiece is shamefully sent to C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College, and Irving B. Spielman of C. C. N. Y. In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.
Spot—what Pepsi-Cola hits the.
Paradox—two ducks.
Laugh—a smile that burst.

Hurry and coin a phrase... you might face some coin. If that isn't easy money, we don't know what is.

LITTLE MORON CORNER



"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read this. And promptly peeled off two crisp leaves of cabbage (\$2) for June Armstrong, of the University of Illinois:

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with six flounces on the skirt."

"Duuuuh," replied our little hero, "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got twelve flounces!"

Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you \$2, too. Nothing personal, of course.

TED WILLIAMS
BOSTON RED SOX

STAN MUSIAL
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

BOSTON BRAVE'S
BOB ELLIOTT
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

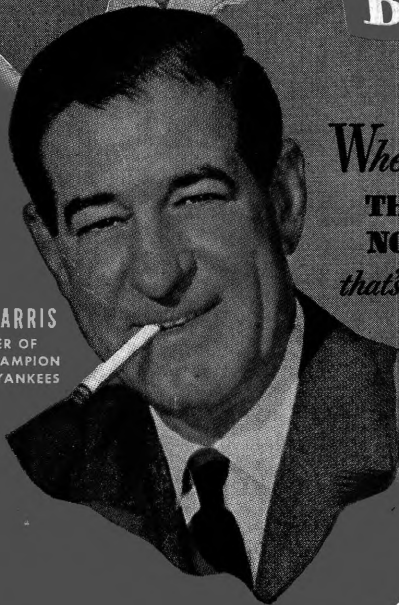
CHAMPION N. Y. YANKEE'S
JOE DIMAGGIO
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE



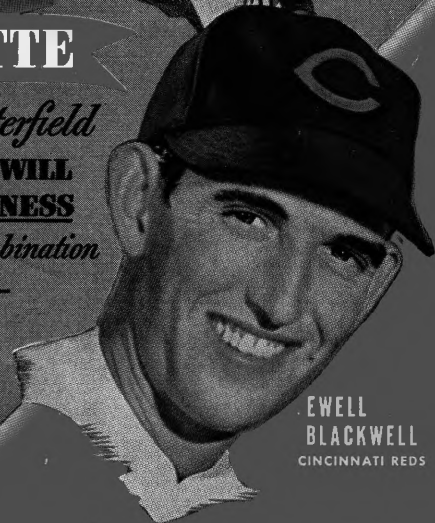
**THE
BASEBALL MAN'S
CIGARETTE**

*When you change to Chesterfield
THE FIRST THING YOU WILL
NOTICE IS THEIR MILDNESS
that's because of their Right Combination
World's Best Tobaccos —*

BUCKY HARRIS
MANAGER OF
WORLD'S CHAMPION
NEW YORK YANKEES



A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING



EWELL
BLACKWELL
CINCINNATI REDS

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

They Satisfy