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The Pine Needle, vol. 2, no. 3

Pine Needle Publications

Ray Cudahy

Tad Wieman

Lloyd Shapleigh

Fisher Flint

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

Pine Needle Publications, Ray Cudahy, Tad Wieman, Lloyd Shapleigh, Fisher Flint, Rip Haskell, and Judy Coffin

PINE NEEDLE

The Magazine of Social Significance



Coming Crisis Issue

MARCH, 1948

ALL OVER AMERICA... THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!



I SMOKED
MANY DIFFERENT
BRANDS AND
COMPARED—IT'S
CAMELS WITH ME!

I'VE TRIED
OTHER BRANDS
—NOTHING SUITS
MY 'T-ZONE'
LIKE A CAMEL!

CAMELS
ARE THE
'CHOICE OF
EXPERIENCE'
WITH ME!

CAMELS SUIT ME
BETTER ALL WAYS.
THEY TASTE SO GOOD
—THEY SMOKE SO
MILD AND COOL!

Jerry Ambler

RODEO
BRONC-RIDING STAR

Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead

HOLDER OF NATIONAL
WOMEN'S FISHING RECORDS

Cecil Smith

INTERNATIONAL
10-GOAL POLO STAR

Mary Reilly

TABLE-TENNIS
STAR

B. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!



**T for Taste...
T for Throat...**
That's your
proving ground for
any cigarette.
See if Camels don't
suit your "T-Zone"
to a "T."



● All over America, the story's the same! With smoker after smoker who has tried and compared different brands of cigarettes, Camels are the "Choice of Experience"!

Try Camels in your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—and you'll see why! Compare Camels for rich, full flavor; for mild, cool smoking—and you'll agree with the millions of smokers who say Camels suit them to a "T"! Let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

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 organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed:

Sejones caustic commentary on woman-kind was an unfair, unkind and unchivalrous attack upon the weaker sex. I think it showed a deplorable haste in judgment. Where would he be if all the coeds transferred to some other school?

(signed)

Rosa Loboza
Ballantine Hall

*Some other school—Ed.

Dear Ed:

For some time, I have been a subscriber to your magazine. I know that you appreciate advice and so I would like to offer a few hints. I think that my ideas could add a lot to your publication.

First, I think you should run more stories by Kenny Zwicker. He is a very fine writer, with a wonderful sense of humor, and a deep insight into human nature.

Second, why not try a page devoted to male glamour. There's a fellow named Kenneth Zwicker in the junior class who would really appeal to the coeds.

Thirdly, there's the question of jokes. Why not find a few original ones. I know a guy who is always coming up with rib-crackers. Why not check with Ken Zwicker?

Finally, why don't you use the advertising commercial? I would much rather chew Dentyne if it were indorsed by some celebrity, say a famous writer like K. F. Zwicker.

Hope you can take advantage of these little suggestions.

An Interested Reader

*We prefer legitimate signatures on all letters—Ed.

Dear Ed:

I do not wish to accuse your contributors of plagiarism, but I feel certain that at least one essay is pieced together from the works of several of the masters. I refer to the rather edifying "How To Make Love in Front of a Fireplace." Note these similarities.

Lake Winadobo is the scene of action on your article. Alfred Algenon Eliot, in his famous poem, "Impressions of Winadobo From the Veranda of My Cabin at Upper Falls Near Bridgeport—it was foggy That Day"—sings the praises of that same body of water.

The fireplace motif was obviously borrowed from Ben Jonson's

famous old drinking song, the title of which I cannot remember. The lines that I quote will, however, suffice to identify the piracy:

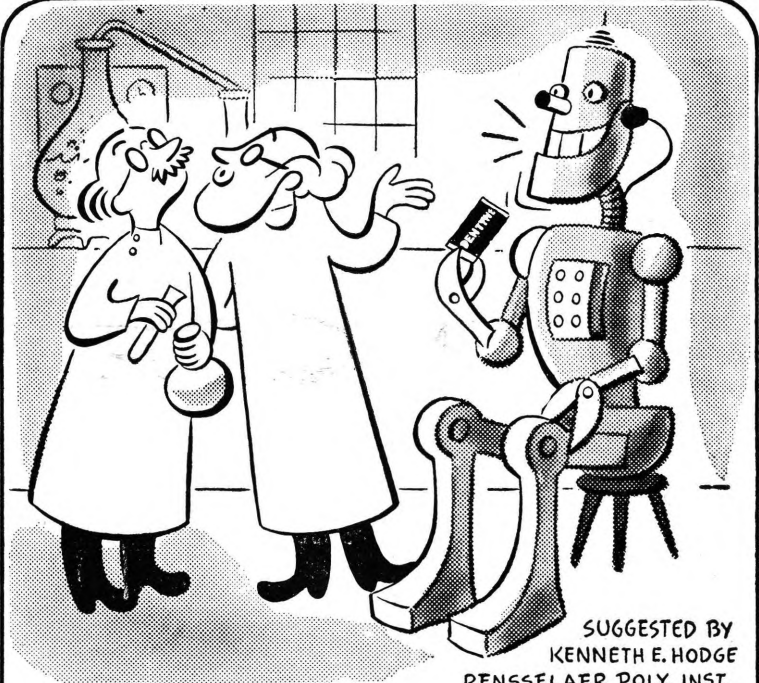
"Ho, let's you and I recline on a rug
Snug as a bug, before the fire—
throw on a shovel full of coal.
With a ho ninny, hi nonny, etc."

Finally, the whole plot, i.e. love, the making of, was apparently drawn from the immortal Shakespeare's treatise on the subject under the title, "Twelve Nights With the Merry Wives of Windsor."

In closing, I wish to remind your staff that originality is a virtue all young writers will do well to seek.

C. J. Reynolds,
Professor of English
University of Maine

*We are properly chastised—Ed.

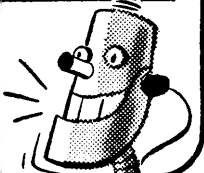


SUGGESTED BY
KENNETH E. HODGE
RENSSELAER POLY. INST.

**"I also installed tasting equipment
so he could enjoy Dentyne Chewing Gum!"**

"Wire me for sound, and I'll tell the world—
Dentyne's delicious! With each mechanical
munch and muscle, I really enjoy Dentyne's
refreshing, long-lasting flavor! Dentyne is
keen chewing gum! Helps keep teeth white,
smiles bright!"

Dentyne Gum—Made Only By Adams



ATTENTION COLLEGE GIRLS!



FASHIONS ARE GLAMOROUS!

YOUR'E INVITED

FREESE'S

"MAINE'S GREAT STORE"

WELCOMES YOU TO VIEW THE
SMARTEST STYLES FOR EASTER

Easter comes early this year

That "New Look" for Easter

- WHIRLING SKIRTS • BELLED HIPS
- CAPELET SHOULDERS • TINY WAISTLINES
- COATS GO TO ALL LENGTHS—WRAPPED
FITTED... FLARED AND FULL
- FLATTERING, NEW DRESSES AND
- BEWITCHING SPRING BONNETS...
- FLOWER-MASSED, VEIL AND RIBBON TRIMMED

★ Visit Our Third Floor of Fashion

FREESE'S IN BANGOR

OWNED AND OPERATED ENTIRELY BY BANGOR PEOPLE



*When
In
Bangor
Visit
The
New
Atlantic
Restaurant*

*The
House
of
Quality*

66 Main Street
Bangor

T. O. MOURKAS, MANAGER

Dear Ed:

I have finally found a way to get my money's worth out of your magazine. I soak it in ink eradicator and use the result as a notebook. Maybe others of your subscribers can profit by my discovery.

C. H. Eng

No. Dorm. 21, Room 8

*Hope it's slushy out there.—Ed.

In the letters to the Editor Column of your December issue, I came upon a communication from a Verna Curtis, apparently residing at the Beta House, on your campus. I wonder if that could be Vernie May Curtis who graduated first in her class, 1929, I think it was, from our institution? Would you please check for me?

Flora Dora MacBeth

Director, Hightower Heights
School for Wayward Girls

Sorry, we can't divulge information about our correspondents.—Ed.

Dear Ed:

Is your magazine a financial success?

An Anonymous Friend

*Making money hand over fist.—Ed.

Dear Ed:

Glad to hear it. Please remit \$287.50 due on account—and immediately.

Furbush and Roberts

Printers of the Pine Needle

*Did the mercury drop on that one.—Ed.

The astronomy professor was lecturing. "I predict the end of the world in fifty million years."

"How many?" cried a frightened voice from the rear.

"Fifty million years."

"Oh," said the voice with a sigh of relief, "I thought you said fifteen million."

—Green Gander

The Management
of your

Chateau

Sends

EASTER

GREETINGS

to the students

of the

University

of

Maine

Don't forget

the

Saturday

night

Dance Party

with

Jim Sprague

and

The Maine Bears

The
*Engagement
Ring*



and
*Wedding
Ring*



should be as
beautiful and as
lovely as the
romance they
betoken

**DONALD
PRATT
CO.**

*Diamond Merchants
and Jewelers*

18 Hammond Street
Bangor, Maine

A Jab of the Needle

Recently the editor's attention was called to an article in the New York Times Sunday Magazine. Reading it, he learned that the Times looks down its nose at college magazines—too risqué, too boisterous, too frivolous. He was a little hurt to think that such an attitude existed, but consoled himself with the thought that the Times was old and staid and could not be expected to appreciate the literature of youth.

A short time later, another article appeared, this time in the far from conservative publication, Look. Look was scarcely more impressed with college mags than the Times had been. They referred to college humor as "lusty, gusty, busty." A sensitive editor of one of their targets could read implications of scorn and abuse into their remarks.

Your editor is just such a sensitive soul. Criticism he can and must take—but not ridicule. Something had to be done! Some step was necessary to restore respect for college publications, and especially for the Pine Needle.

A momentous staff meeting was called to study the possibility of revising the policy of the Needle, and to make specific recommendations. This conference, meeting in the green room on the third floor of the hotel Anchorage, brought forth some significant results. The editor won fourteen dollars and one of the staff writers became dizzy (altitude no doubt) and fell through a window, miraculously escaping with only minor injuries.

A second meeting was scarcely more successful. Nobody came.

Finally, on a warm and sunny



February evening, an editorial committee of five members came together—determined to get at the root of the problem. Discussion carried far into the night. Then, at nearly nine-thirty-five, a decision was reached. The new policy had been determined.

The Pine Needle was to become a Magazine with a Purpose!

Amazing? Yes! Unheard of? Never! But the courageous staff was adamant in its design.

* * *

The Pine Needle is now pledged to take up a crusade for the rights of the masses—especially the down-trodden students of our own university. Let all tyrants and oppressors beware. Unless conditions are alleviated, drastic steps must be taken.

The Pine Needle is a militant trumpeter calling to revolt. The spark is kindled. Mutterings sweep the campus.

And a gaunt spectre is waiting, waiting—ready to gather to himself the disgruntled ones.

Repent oh ye administration! Else all is lost.

—R.W.II.

THE PINE NEEDLE

“Yes” Subsidize the Maine Athlete

—Ray Cudahy

A recurrent question in the minds and on the lips of students and athletes at the University of Maine for some time past has been the subsidization of athletics.

First, why have university authorities consistently refused to sanction such a program, and second, what will the student body and the individual gain by such subsidization.

When questioned, officials in the university's athletic department as well as college authorities have replied with the flat phrase, "it's a matter of policy." A phrase which generally quiets any undergraduate murmurs.

The "policy" is arrived at through a handful of considerations. First, university authorities feel that after all college is an institution of learning, and not in existence to develop Bowl football or baseball teams. Secondly, the question of expense has been brought up. When the fairly successful winter sports team was invited to compete for the national championship in Colorado this winter they were told to hold still. "No money".

Now these may very well be justifications for the university's policy on athletics. Let's examine the other side of the question.

Athletically, Maine has been content to remain pretty well in State Series and Yankee Conference spheres. The reason, as given, has been lack of funds once again. But the student body, and in many cases the state of Maine has felt

Sports Staff

Bangor Daily Commercial

that somewhere along the line they have been left out of the picture altogether along the Eastern seaboard. The university, naturally, expects students to enter wholeheartedly into athletic competition. They expect those attending the university to contribute in many ways to university life, and in athletics as well as social life.

For an athlete with responsibilities in the way of a family, or carrying a solid course in engineering, the three or four hours a day spent in practice every afternoon represents valuable time, where that time could have been used for studying or working. So in many cases, those who would be assets to the university teams are removed from the scene, simply because they cannot afford to compete. The same is true of single men, who are on a limited income themselves.

Pride in a university or a college is a fluent thing. It boiled over recently at the antics of Rhode Island's Frank Keaney. Now Mr. Keaney cannot be taken as a fair example of what colleges which move in faster athletic circles breed but he did say one thing that caused a lot of Pale Blue minds to twitch. "I'm sick and tired of this half-baked Yankee Conference," said Mr. Keaney.

The disparagement may have been over colored as are many of Mr. Keaney's observations, but still



he had the semblance of a point. There are other colleges in New England, outside the Yankee Conference, whom Maine athletes would like to compete with.

The fact that Maine is too small can be brought up at this time. Yet if athletic scholarships do enter the program, certainly athletes of higher caliber will come to Maine, thus providing a better brand of competition to offer Columbia, Harvard and Dartmouth, Maine opponents in the past.

The athletic department at the University of Maine has its extensive program of physical education which it hopes to develop even further. Unfortunately the members of the coaching profession are drawn from colleges who receive slightly more attention than does Maine in the Boston and New York press. And therefore, men interested in entering the profession will continue to go to those schools, simply because they offer more and better opportunities in the coaching field.

They'll come to Maine however, if the university determines to modify its athletic program, and subsidize athletics. Other colleges are and have in the past subsidized athletics without sacrificing academic standings.

“No” Let’s Retain Our Amateur Standing

—*Tad Wieman*

Director of Athletics
University of Maine

Many of us believe that competitive sport has a significant contribution to make to the education of school and college students. Plato saw this centuries ago when he said, “Games and physical training are not merely necessary to the health and development of the body, but to balance and correct intellectual pursuits. The mere athlete is brutal or Philistine; the mere intellectual, unstable or spiritless; and the right education must tune the two strings of body and mind to a perfect spiritual harmony.”

If we subscribe to this thesis then it follows that all students should have an opportunity to participate in sports. That is the reason the University of Maine and similar institutions promote broad programs of intercollegiate, intramural and recreational athletics in which most students find places appropriate to their individual skills.

The varsity team is the capstone of this program; the other teams the broad supporting base. Neither is complete without the other. The varsity team provides incentive to the athletically ambitious students; it stimulates general interest in participation; it sets standards of excellence in performance; and it provides a common rallying point for the loyalties and enthusiasms

of students, alumni and friends.

Fully to accomplish these ends the varsity must be a *representative* team composed of regular students. That is to say it must be composed of students who differ in no essential particular from other students of the University. In this sense, a team recruited by subsidization is not truly representative. “Regular” students, many times, are unable to make such a team. When this is true varsity athletics cease to be an activity of, for, and by the students. The team becomes an independent, sometimes even a closed organization. It becomes a “ball club” playing under the name of the University rather than a *college* team *representing* the University.

This distinction is fundamental. On the one hand, we have the philosophy of professional athletics; on the other hand the philosophy of amateur athletics. With the professional player, competition is a legitimate vocation; with the amateur, an avocation.

Conference codes throughout the country make this difference abundantly clear, at least in theory. If the distinction has become blurred in practice, then the need is to clear it up and bring the picture back into focus. That is what the National Collegiate Athletic Association is now striving seriously to do on the national level. The constitution of that organization was amended last January in such



manner as to require all members to conduct their athletic programs on an amateur basis. Failure of a member institution to comply, if confirmed by appropriate investigation, may now result in loss of membership with consequent athletic ostracism.

The struggle for amateurism in college athletics has been a long and hard one. The University of Maine has been a conspicuous leader in this struggle. Real progress has been made, but much still remains to be done. For us to give up the fight now, or for us to make any compromise in the direction of professionalism at a time when the entire collegiate world is trying so determinedly to move in the opposite direction would, in my opinion, be a grievous mistake.

We now enjoy a healthy and successful athletic program, built upon wide participation, excellent support from the student body, good team spirit, able coaching, and superior facilities. Our *representative, amateur* teams are winning more than a fair share of their contests which everyone enjoys. From my considerable experience in college athletics, I am very confident that in the long run we shall be much happier to continue in this tradition.



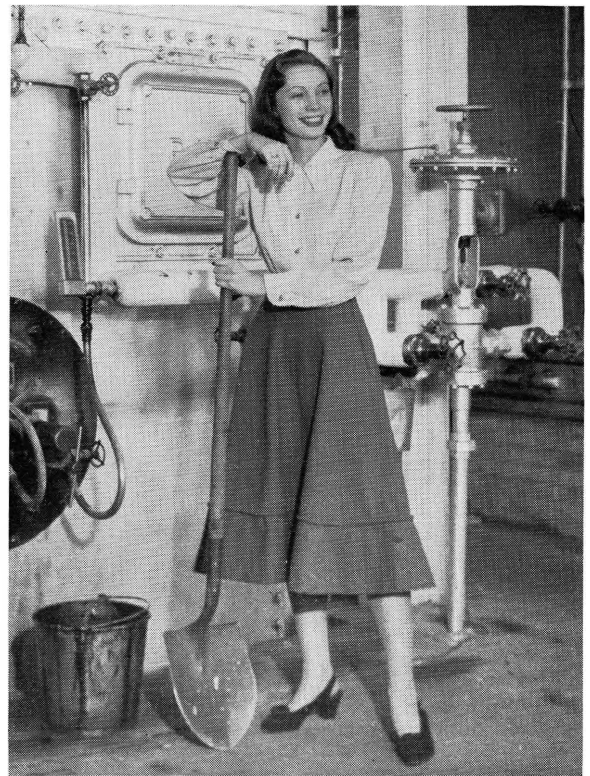
Caught Diane Rusk just as she was taking off in her imported Laterre roadster (remarkably like the '48 Buick sedan in design). She was wearing a seven-eighths brown mouton coat, over a pale blue wool dress, with high round neck and long full skirt. Brown suede sling-back shoes kept her feet out of the mud, and a brown felt hat—(feather held by a gold metallic roll) completed the ensemble.

Conservative Diane was mildly incensed at the rumors about revolution and a socialized campus. She blamed the whole situation on foreign agitators and Frank Keaney of Rhode Island. The remedy she thought would be to import enough Laterres so that everyone could have one and then the students could lose their pent up emotions by running down pedestrians.

By chance we came upon Verlingia Muccola, only female gremlin registered at the University. Verlingia was charmingly attired in a sarong of pink cobwebs and a necklace of fifteen watt light bulbs. An intricate little web of chewing gum held her hair in an up-sweep, which is a very clever trick—especially when you have no hair as in Verlingia's case. She was quite ready to comment on the situation here at Maine, but most of what she offered was unprintable, as is her picture. As to the Communists threat, she was inclined to believe that it had a good chance for success on this campus. "There's a long tradition of cooperation here," she reminded us. "Look at the way we pass our exams."

What(!) Do U. of M. Coeds Think?

Photos by Newhall



Next sought out Nancy Ryan at 102 Heating Plant where she is taking a seminar course in The Care and Feeding of High Pressure Boilers. Nancy's royal blue wool ballerina skirt, corded at the bottom, presents a delightful contrast to the austere boiler room grey of furnace No. 3, and the canary yellow gabardine blouse lends a touch of color to brighten up the atmosphere. Black suede pumps are guaranteed to protect the feet from coal dust.

Informed that she was being interviewed for the Pine Needle, Nancy first attempted to hide behind a thermostat, but eventually decided to express her views. She thought that the Russian women had the right idea—that a woman's place was no longer in the dormitory—certainly not by 10:30 anyway. "It's the night shift for me," she said. "Already I can qualify as a fireman—first class."

The New Look in Politics

Have you ever considered what it would mean to you if the Maine campus was to suddenly become a communist community? How would it affect your life—singing the Internationale instead of the Stein Song—finding the Stillwater referred to as Volga Jr.—drinking vodka instead of beer—having to address Pat as Commissar Farnsworth?

With conditions remaining as they now stand such

a situation could arise. Discontent breeds change, and forces are now waiting, eager to move in. Strong arm methods may suffice for the moment, but the danger lurks.

Bravely facing the situation our fashions editors this issue set forth to investigate the state of preparedness among Maine coeds. We present the first enquiring fashions reporter.



Met Jane Libby in front of Stevens, arrayed in an English tweed belted jacket with brown leather buttons. Her brown tailored skirt with double pleats, sporty yellow blouse, and brown calf sling-back shoes complete the perfect attire for the late winter, early spring thaw. Jane was very happy about the turmoil which is rapidly creeping upon the University. "I've always wanted to be a picket," she confided to us, "and it looks like there will be plenty to agitate about soon. I've been practicing for days."

The sign is by Maulotoff's in Bangor and comes in three divine colors, murky yellow, hang over green and Balantine amber, with ribbons to match—only \$4.75.

Fashions by Marcus MacDonald Andrews

Found Jean Harding attractively esconced in the Library, so smoothly turned out in a sporty white corduroy jacket, worn over a boxy brown sweater. Pearl necklaced Jean, deeply involved in a study of the approaching social climax, admitted that she was not completely prepared for the change, but averred that she was resigned to the fact that not much choice had been left the student body. Jean, who holds a membership card in the M.C.A., reputedly leftist campus organization, saw little hope for a change in university policy—which she conceded might avert the disaster.

The only thing that can save us she thought is more education, and on that note she returned to her studies.





Mainly About Music

by Stephens
and Davis

Well, the Winter Carnival at Maine was a definite success as far as the dancing angle was concerned. Ben Hall and his orchestra and Ray Downs' band provided danceable music at both the Memorial Gym and the Women's Gym.

The Maine Bears, piloted by Jim Sprague, headed "up top country" and played a tremendous two-day stand at Fort Fairfield's Winter Carnival. The crowd was most receptive; that is to say, it was a "hip crowd," and the whole band thoroughly enjoyed playing the job. As a matter of fact, enthusiasm was so great that the band was rehired on the spot for next year's winter carnival.

* * *

Have you seen the new blue cardigan jackets the Bears are wearing? For two years, the band has been playing without a regular uniform, and now the boys really have the professional appearance they formerly lacked.

* * *

It may be of interest to note that Art Mooney, bandleader who cashed in on "I'm Lookin' Over a Four Leaf Clover", is now pushing a sequel—"Baby Face," a hit of two decades ago. It is the opinion of these writers that "ye old banjo" will be featured heavily along with the glee club. Too bad that bands with good instruments have to spend most of their time taxing their vocal chords to make a living. Art Mooney's band is a fine example of this thing called "commercialism."

Count Basie's record of *Futile Frustration* on Victor 20-2529 gets our note as the best record of the month. This is definitely not a



danceable record—it should be listened to very attentively because so much happens in three minutes of spinning wax that it is practically impossible to hear everything the first time you play it. Of special note is the intricate section and pretty trombone passages.

* * *

On February 15th, Stan Kenton gave one of his Progressive Jazz Concerts to a full house at Symphony Hall in Boston. Don Wallace,

lead trumpeter for the Bears, attended the concert; and when asked what he thought about the concert, he said, "It was tremendous!" Jane Christy sang seven consecutive tunes and even then the crowd was reluctant to let her go. It was observed that she sang noticeably flat; but nevertheless, she is still the "greatest". Shelly Manne, the drummer, and Eddie Safranski, the bass man, are outstanding for their efforts in holding the band together throughout its intricate rhythms. An unusual thing about Kenton's rhythm section is that he has a bongo drummer for special effects and only recently he has added a Congo drummer. The bongo drummer may be heard on the introduction of the record *Unison Riff* on Capitol's Criterion label. As for the Congo drummer, your guess is as good as mine. On the arrangement, *I Get A Kick Out of You*, tenor sax man Bob Cooper played some fine choruses a la "be bop", the new creative style in jazz. There wasn't a sour note in the whole concert, and we take our hats off to Kenton for having the courage to play music the way he wants to!

Dig ya' later!

THE PINE NEEDLE

The Maine Campi

Published Weekly By The Pine Needle

Vol. ATILE

Orono, Maine, March 20, 1948

No. 1 and Last

Wallace Rumored to be University Speaker

Rumor has it that Henry Agard Wallace, third party candidate for the presidency in 1948, will speak to the student body at some time in the near future. Most probable date of his appearance is May 1. Mr. Wallace's speech coincides with a political rally sponsored by an unnamed society which meets furtively in the left doorway of the machine shop on undetermined moonless nights.

An informed and well-read man, Mr. Wallace, it is rumored, expects to add a few thousand members to his menage after his speech before the student body. Already bright pink posters and placards have blossomed forth about the campus, announcing the speech and rally.

It is also rumored that the Political Breakfast Club originally attempted to bring Mr. Wallace to the University, but he declined, saying that he never rises before noon.

Your Maine *Campi* politics editor was among the first to hear the rumor of Mr. Wallace's appearance. In search of the truth, he traced the rumor to its source and found that the report originated with the Agricultural Scythe and Sickle Society, whose vice-president, Mr. Henry "Egg-head" Wallace, will give a short talk, "The Story of Joseph and His Coterie of Many Colors," on April 1.

Musical "Carmine" to be Next Masque Production

The Maine Masque announces that its next dramatic production will be the proletarian operetta, "Carmine." This earthy saga comes to the Maine campus after a desultory run at the Pinsk theatre in New York.

Written by Serge Pantz and produced by Ivan Anquish, "Carmine" promises to be a three-act operetta. The Masque has been operating at a loss all year. Looking toward the fuchsia, the organization hopes to get out of the red with this production of "Carmine."

The scene of the work is a cabbage-processing factory on the left bank of the Stillwater River. Casting for roles will commence Monday. All students interested in try-outs should report to the stock-judging pavilion at 6 a. m.

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT
STUDENTS!
YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN
A PARTY
MAY 1 RALLY

AGGIE DEPARTMENT HAS NEW ADDITION



Members of the Van Horn and Beauvine families are pictured at their annual reunion held last year on the football field. Clara Beauvine is the one with the big brown eyes.

Horace Van Horn 3rd To Serve With Aggie College

A bulletin issued to the Maine *Campi* by the College of Agriculture late last night stated that Horace Van Horn III finally arrived at the University to take over duties in that department. Expected to arrive for the last several days, Van Horn appeared with a minimum of disturbance at 8:10 p. m. and immediately checked in at the cow barns. He was met by his mother, an udderly charming person, and greeted by many of his friends and relatives. (See photograph of Van Horn's family at left.)

Van Horn had no statement ready for the press and seemed tired from his journey. Mrs. Van Horn, nee Clara Beauvine, greeted her son affectionately and appeared visibly relieved by his arrival.

The Maine *Campi* will publish an exclusive interview with this addition to the College of Agriculture next week. This is a lot of bulletin we have given you readers already.

Astronomy Students See Heavenly Body

Astronomers throughout the country awaited confirmation of the reported discovery of a new heavenly body by an excited group of University of Maine astronomy students engaged in lab observations of the moon. Under the guidance of Professor Mayhem the students were rotating their telescope about the sky on the night of March 10, when suddenly an unusual glow was picked up in the instrument by sophomore Hebular Hypothesis. Adjustments were made on the telescope to bring the object into focus and interesting configurations were noted about this body. Right ascension and declination of the body were carefully figured out, calculations placing the newly-discovered body in a third floor room of North Estabrooke Hall. Further observations revealed that the telescope was trained on an unshaded window in the aforementioned location.

Mr. Hypothesis and other male members of Prof. Mayhem's class are being held by University officials pending examination of damage incurred upon the observatory telescope. Damage resulted when twenty men of the class fought wildly with each other for a squint through the instrument.

Campus Staff Quells Pine Needle Uprising Hacks Get Axe

Life on campus was mildly disturbed by a riot last Thursday when a group of students reported as members of the staff of the Pine Needle invaded the campus printing shop. Copies of the *Campi* were being readied for distribution throughout the university, when, in the words of Harry Menace, *Campi* editor, "We received a surprise attack. The first indication of foul play I noticed was a knife thrust subtly into my back. I would have thought little of it, but a swarthy, haunted-looking individual ran up to me and stepped on my toes. I yelled. A horde of uncouth characters rushed upon us. My faithful circulation staff formed in a phalanx about me.

"We organized for battle, wielding portable typewriters. The wretches from the Pine Needle attempted to bind us all together with hundreds of feet of red tape, of which they had a goodly supply. They succeeded in winding the sticky, cumbersome stuff around us, and then flung all our newly-printed copies of the *Campi* at our feet. Their leader, Flip Rascal, applied a flaming torch to the mass of papers. In no time at all there was a lively conflagration crackling at our insteps. The situation was desperate. It looked as if the Pine Needle had gained the upper hand.

"The invaders were by this time dancing in an orgy of high glee, and my trousers were burned up as far as my knees. My comrades

were fast despairing. The crucial moment had come. Summoning all my strength, I shouted a rallying war cry, 'Death to the Pine Needle! We shall fight to the last drop of printer's ink in our veins! Workers of the *Campi*, unite!'

"This last-minute exhortation was answered. My scribes made a mighty attempt and broke the tapes that encircled us. We surged forward and laid low the impertinent hacks from the M. C. A. garret—all but one. Rascal, the editor, escaped. When I last saw him he was running at top speed toward the heating plant chimney with a suicidal gleam in his watery eyes.

"The *Campi* considers this issue closed, but a new one will be off presses next week."

Psych Dance Complete Flop

The informal dance held in the Memorial Gymnasium last Friday night under the sponsorship of the Philosex Psychology Circle was a terrible failure, according to Ima Freud, club president. Proceeds of the affair were to have been given to the fund for construction of an Inhibition Gallery wing of the proposed student union building.

Three couples danced to the music of Guy Libido and his Neurotic Nineteen. Total loss was \$3,241. The Circle is somewhat depressed by the results.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pennsylvania Ave.
March 5, 1948

Editor, Maine Campi
Dear Suh:

Ah read yo paper every week. Next to the Missouri "Jackass," I like it betern' any tothr paper. It is so uninformed and makes no policy. We need more papers liken yourn here in Washington.

Please watch That Man fo me. He is out afta my chair. I like it cause it's so comfortable. Henry is a good boy but he is too excit-able.

Bess sends her regards. Margaret is out somewhere singing, but I know that she sends her regards too.

Best wishes,
Harry S.

Writ by hand without help of wife or secretary. If Henry should get my chair, I can supply you with habadasheries at cut rates. Jest write c/o General Delivery, Independence, Mo.

Ed. Note: Thanks, Harry. I wear a 11½, 27 shirt, button-down collar.

Editor, Maine Campi

Vat makes you say which you say about me in you fascist paper? Ain't you got no brains? Look wat happened to the Ad. Building!

The Dark Man and Mrs. Miggins
See p. 3, Wonty Miggins Gabs.—
Ed.

MEN!

**DO
YOU
WANT
A
DATE**

?

**Contact
the
College**

Date Bureau

**We Want One, Too
Business Isn't
What It Used To Be**

Darkest Africa

Editor, Maine Campi
The Maine Campus is the reason why I don't want to leave the Congo.

Chief Ubangi

Stratford on Avon

Editor, Maine Campi
Forsooth, scribes, are ye mad? Ye have written but a travesty Your work is foolish fantasy. Hamlet, Falstaff, and all the rest Spoke my words, which are much the best.

If the Campus is writ of English, let me lie

'Neath the sod where my bones were placed when I did die.

Wm. Shakespeare

Ed.: We're always getting letters from some crackpot.

CONSTRUCTION OF NEW FRATERNITY HOUSE TO COMMENCE THIS SPRING

As soon as weather permits, foundations will be laid for the fraternity house of a newly-organized fraternity on the Maine campus. This newcomer to the list of Maine fraternities is Eta Nu Pi, which has raised the sum of \$13,000.00 for the proposed construction.

The site of the house was given

LIBRARY IN DANGER

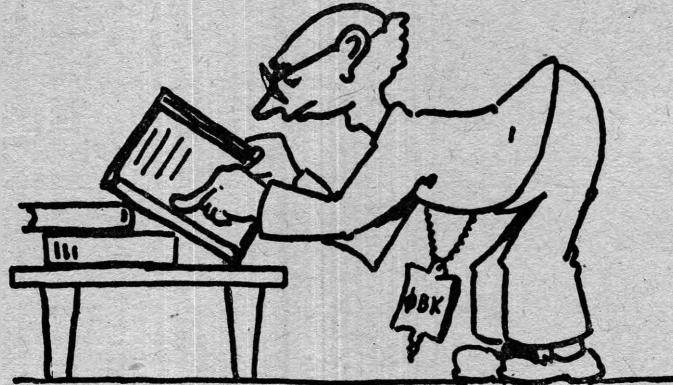
Termites have been discovered in the foundations of the new library building, according to a report made by Hargrove Welkin, superintendent of grounds. There is a serious danger that the building may collapse some time next week. All books out on loan are being called in.

careful consideration, and the nucleus of members decided that a central location was desirable, so the building will be in the center of the mall, equally distant from Stevens Hall, the new library, and the engineering buildings.

Plans for the house call for a seven story modern structure. Tunnels will radiate from the sunken living room to the bookstore, gymnasium, and Pat's. The house intends to pay for the building by operating a combination swimming pool and dance hall on its second floor. Although the new house will somewhat overshadow the new library and Stevens Hall, the architects have kept the design simple and unassuming.

At a recent pledging ceremony, Eta Nu Pi received into its fold 2,412 pledges, who were taken in with the understanding that they will form a human chain from Portland to Orono, and to save construction costs, pass every brick by hand from the brickyard there to the building site.

Professor Carries On Important Reseach



Staff artist sketches Prof. Chosser engrossed in his work

Professor Hamlet Chosser of the English department has begun work on a research project which will take at least thirty years to complete. Prof. Chosser has undertaken a study of the effect of the contemporary historical novel upon the women's garment industry.

The research involves exhaustive reading of all the novels of the past ten years, especially those of over six thousand pages, those which the book clubs choose as their selections of the month.

Professor Chosser has established a definite correlation between the crudity of historical fiction and the

nudity of women's dress. He attributes the present trend toward longer skirts to the popularity of the recent novel, "The Shun Is My Undoing," in which the heroine is spurned because the hero asks her if her nylons were made by Steinway. Chosser leaves himself way out on a limb in this question, but is confident that he can justify his observations.

A preview of Professor Chosser's book has already been published in the picture magazine, "Popular Pornography," and the Campi heartily recommends this publication to students of English.

HEMLOCK'S HAMBURGER HUT

OPEN FROM 7 A.M. TO 10 P. M.
EVERY DAY BUT SUNDAY

TRY OUR NEW
STARLIGHT BRAWL ROOM

The Service is Poor, But
It's Much Darker There

Art Gallery Features Exhibit of Etchings

The Art Gallery in South Stevens Hall features this week the work of Rembrandt Doodle, prominent Maine artist, whose collection of etchings has established his reputation quite definitely.

Mr. Doodle has developed a fine technique with his etchings, and this fact is borne out by the acclaim he has received from his female followers. Noted for the strength and simplicity of the line he uses, the artist has achieved an effective style.

Doodle got his art training at the Ars Gratia Artis School, then spent three years of study under Pablo Pickaxe, in the Big Sur country of California.

Among the more interesting of the etchings are those entitled "The Wayward Bust," a nude, and "After the Houseparty," a still life.

The exhibit will remain in the gallery until mutilated beyond recognition.

HAVE YOU
SUBSCRIBED TO THE
STUDENT CHAOS
BUILDING FUND
YET?

The Maine Campi

"The Newspaper of Social Insignificance"

Published whenever the Pine Needle doesn't break into the print shop and upset our fonts of type by fugitives from Bates, Colby, and Bowdoin. Subscription rates are exorbitant. Special mailing privileges refused continually by the U. S. Post Office on grounds that it contributes nothing whatsoever to the University.

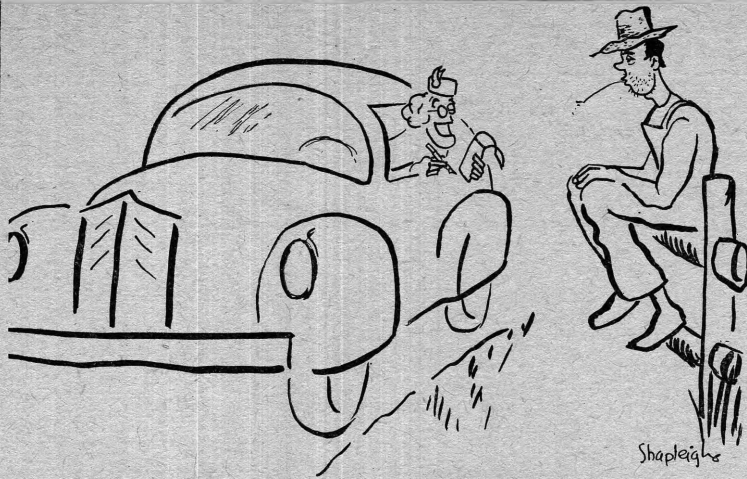
EDITOR..... Harry Menace
BUSINESS MANAGER Lotta Doe
Associate Editors

Ed Renalin, Cary Meback,
Polly and Wog, Wonty Miggins, Sejones

Fellow Drivelers

Red Olent, Red Scare, Red Toomutch, Red E. Ornot

Entered as lowest class matter at the post office, Orono, Maine.



"Oh come on now. Surely you have something clever to say that I can send in to Readers' Digest."

WRY AND GINGER

By Cary Meback

Ah spring, sweet spring, which does the flowers and the birds and grassing bring, 9:30 permissions, long dance intermissions, Friday night dates, Saturday morning hates, Next to summer's haze, I love you, spring daze. . . . Wimmmin and sinnin' by soft-moving Stillwater, as I spoon with some college daughter. . . . house parties and junior prom, request for money, more money from Dad and Mom! . . . soft April breezes, no new look hiding co-ed's kneeses . . .

pretty smiles and usual feminine guiles . . . at Pat's a beer and another beer here . . . neath the shade of old spruce tree the lovers we see . . . faculty scold and say no, no, but so it was long ago when men were men and women were women and a flirt was a flapper and a wolf a cad, or so it was told me by my reminiscing Dad . . . Ah spring, what great joys it brings!

They talk of people and birds and bees and flowers . . . Damn! And me carrying 23 hours . . .

WONTY MIGGINS GABS

My mother and I were taking a walk over the campus the other day. My mother is a fine woman—short, homey and fiftyish. You'd like my mother, you would. She is a small town housewife, but she knows the score. She knows what's what. (What? . . . Ed.) Well, here we were walking over the sheltered paths of this noble institution of higher learning, when a dark figure in a dark cape carrying a dark satchel sidles up to me, throws a quick dark wink at my mother and croaks in a harsh voice tinged with secrecy a question at me.

"Where is the Ad building, boy?"

Whipping out my dog-eared and battered copy of the Freshman Handbook, (circa 1946, the same year I got my numerals), and looking at the map in the back of the book, I pointed out, with a blood-tinged finger, the Ad Building.

The dark anarchist nodded, and

turning his dark eyes at my mother, snarled at me from the corner of his mouth through his dark beard. "You look like a likely lad, lad. Lad, I ask you to join The Party. Throw off the yoke of repressing administration and unite with the students of the world. Sign here."

"Sign here," he said, handing me a dark card held between the shaking fingers of his dark gloved hand.

My mother, my sweet, berouged, inebriated mother grabbed the card, the pen, and the arm of the dark-clad man and rushed away with him toward the Ad Building. My mother was always a sucker for a Left hook.

That was six weeks ago and I have seen neither my mother nor the dark man nor the Ad Building since. Have you seen my mother? You'd like her, I know. Have you seen her? I haven't. I'm still in the dark.

SAY! HAVE YOU HEARD?

Harry Menace, editor of the Maine Campi, has blue eyes.

Ballentine Hall was constructed.

The State of Maine is one of forty-eight.

Harry Menace, editor of the Maine Campi, was born May 1, 1893.

May 1, 1893 was a Tuesday.

I'm Always Wrong

By Ed Renalin

Everybody is griping. I have been getting so many dagger-like looks thrown at me that I feel like a walking dart board. Nobody is happy, or so it would seem, to the unobservant observer. It has gotten so that now a guy can't open his mouth without biting the hand which reads him.

I've said so much about so few, that now so many are saying too much about me. I'm hurt. Each night I go home and weep over my typewriter—This must stop; the damn thing is getting rusty.

I just can't take this insult. Don't the people know that every paper must have a critic? You can't have a critic without being critical, or so says the English department.—That's the place which says, "This is good writing, but your comma is bent, so I can only give you a C—"

I shall turn over a new page and from now on I shall be nothing but sweetness, sugary, saccharine, honey-dripping sweetness. My hand is outstretched to take yours and call you a good fellow. My mind is open, (so open, in fact, the wind whistling through my head makes hurricane sounds).

I'll see your good works and praise them.

You are good, I'm good, we all are good. Long live the land of the free and the brave! My caustic comments for next year, I'll save . . . You lucky people, you.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

By Polly and Wog

Sensation of the social season was the recent Purple Passion Party given at Phee Phi Pho Phum on Paternity Row. The house was distastefully decorated with drapes of purple. Passion came with the guests.) The music was wheezily rendered by Frank "Fats" Keeney and his Harmonica Hextet. Chaperones for the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gump, Lord and Lady Plushbottom, and The Man Who Came to Dinner.

Among recent pinnings was that of Phillipa Glutz, president of the S. P. C. C. Q. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Carnival Queens) to Murgatroyd Bruzxyts, Tappa Keg, Miss Glutz's only comment was, "Ouch!"

Alice Demeanor and Moribund Phello were united in marriage at the University chapel last Monday evening. Miss Demeanor's father was present for the ceremony. Mr. Demeanor is a wealthy firearms manufacturer. His gift to the bride was a finely-wrought twelve-gauge shotgun made by skilled craftsmen from his own factory. The gun had been used only once.

In Our Cups

The other day we received a small package. Wrapped in brown paper, it bore an obviously disguised scrawl, and was addressed to the Editor of the Campi.

With all the talk of revolution and subversive activities, we were afraid to open it. Our strong-arm squad doused it in oil, X-rayed it, and gave it other tests before they opened it from a long distance in back of the gym. It was not a bomb. Peering through my sweat-stained bifocals, I could make out a mass of broken pottery. It was the fragments of some of the new cups which the bookstore has been trying out this last month.

There was a short note enclosed, but its wording was such that we cannot repeat it here.

This all brings up the question: Are the new cups practical for the Maine students? This is a momentous question and one which has rocked the campus for weeks.

Let us analyze the question.

Firstly, they are plastic and lighter than the others. This throws off the finger-thumb balance to which we are accustomed with the crockery cups. Secondly, they are an odd shape and greatly out of place in the staid Maine atmosphere. Who wants to look at a two-level cup early on Monday morning? Thirdly, they are a pale, dishwater blue—a revolting color if there ever was one.

Now let us analyze the good features of these new cups. Firstly, they have a light weight, which makes them less heavy when they are held between thumb and forefinger. Secondly, they have an un-

usual and striking design, so different from most cups. They are distinctive. Thirdly, their color is pale blue, and is not Maine, the school which is represented by the pale blue.

Six of one, half dozen of the other. You pays your nickel and you takes your choice. Something new has been added. Good or bad, that is progress.

—Harry Menace

Bear Facts

By Nere Lee Knude

Little to relate this week . . . most of our athletes are busy with their books, (those little red books and those little black books). They are all getting set for spring wrestling matches. Although the Intramural Athletic Association has not yet announced its complete schedule of events, our copy boy managed to sneak by the ever alert eyes of the department guards, (Right Guard Zollo and Left Guard Murdock) and slipping through the locker room window he stole a listing of some of the entering teams. Scribbled upon the back of an old State Series program were the following names: Ballentine Brewers, Colvin Independents, Estabrooke Eithers*, Elms Ennocents.

Several other names were listed, but the scrawl was made illegible by the beer stains which covered the paper.

*Either they win or they don't.

We propose that, before a definite schedule is drawn up, there be a meeting held jointly, by the Intramural Athletic Council, the WAA, and the Amalgamated Committee of House Directors, Local 309. More upon these long await-

WEATHERMAN HAMPERS MAINE SPORTS SCENE

ed events next week.

Our pure collegiate souls were horrified earlier this week when a nasty rumor reached our disbelieving ears. Maine is subsidizing athletics! Our ferreting reporter (the rat) discovered, buried deep in the department's files, a report upon the payment of players.

Yes, it is true . . . only the Maine Campi would dare to reveal the facts.

Maine pays the transportation of her players when they play out of town! Why recently, in the basketball season, the boys took a three-day trip over New England, and the school paid their way. This must be changed . . . this is subsidy!

This sort of thing might someday lead to giving us better teams and better coaches and better crowds. If this policy is pursued, we might someday be nasty old commercial colleges like Michigan, Southern Cal, or Notre Dame.

We want sports for sports' sake. We ask the administration to think again before they commit such a crassly commercial act.

It's not the fame, it's the game. Like Garbo . . . Ve vant to be alone.

NOBODY'S BEEN SPORTING THIS WEEK.

MARCH RAINS, YOU KNOW.--

GIRLS!

Throw away

Those Soapflakes!

Cut Cleaning Bills!

Rely On

PINKHAM'S

Camouflage Grass

Seed

Used on incriminating

lawns for years and

years and years.

WILD OATS SEED CO.

Special for Spring

IRISH SLACKS

In

That

Popular

New

Color

JADED GREEN

The

Appalling Apparel Shop

ORONO, MAINE

MRS. MIGGINS

Has Switched To

OLD OVERSHOE

Because

IT'S CHEAPER!

PILLSON FAILURE PRIZE

For Week of March 15, 1948

To

CHAUNCEY CIPHER

EAST ANNEX ANNEX

For his deplorable performance

in everything he has undertaken

during the past week.

The recipient of this award is entitled to

3 crates of "Harsho" Soapsuds, Absolutely Free!

PILLSON LAUNDRY

Orono, Maine

SMOKE

BREATHLESS

CIGARETTES

THEY

STUPEFY

YOUR LATEST ASTOUNDING FILM FAILURES

Paramount and Fenway

Boston

"TREASURE OF SAIGON"

BASIL RATHBONE—MYRTLE VOLUPE

Commune

Sevastopol

"COUNT ORLOFSKY'S DEMISE"

GREGOROVITCH BOFF—NANCY KELLEY

University—South Stevens

Orono

"EAGER LITTLE BEAVERS"

BUGS BUNNY—GINNY PIGG

N. Y. U. VARIETIES

presents

Their Second Annual Miss American Co-Ed Contest

Sponsored by Sammy Kaye

NATIONAL JUDGES:

Ed Sullivan

Tina Lesser

John Robert Powers

THE CHALLENGE:

"Does your college have the most beautiful coed in the country? Varieties thinks otherwise!

THE PINE NEEDLE'S ANSWER —Pauline Marcous, Senior Resident at East Hall. Last winter's carnival queen and an honor student to boot, lovely Polly is a cinch to make Varieties eat the words they so foolishly uttered.



Don't Go to The Movies Much Anymore

by Lloyd Shapleigh

It was a hell of a good movie. Then my old pal, Carter A. C. Wells happened along and slapped me hard on the back. It made the snow on my collar and the brim of my hat fall down my neck. Of course that ruined it. The movie faded out.

"What in hell you doing, sitting on this bench in the snow for?" he said. "Why don't you go into the bookstore?"

The snow fell silently.

"I'm watching a movie."

"Boy," said Carter, "you're getting nuttier than a fruitcake. You're queerer than a three dollar bill. What do you mean, movie? You told me you stopped going to movies."

"I have," I said, "ever since I found my own. Mine are a hell of a lot better than that Hollywood tripe."

He looked at me sitting there on the bench in front of the bookstore in the snow. I brushed some of the snow off the bench, and he sat down.

"When you read a story, Carter, don't you have a little movie going on in your head?"

"Well . . ." said Carter.

"You must. You know. Really, you don't know there is anything going on until you stop and really think about it. I have some swell movies. I see the people and everything."

"I begin to see what you mean,"

said Carter.

"Did you ever read any good books, Carter? You know, books you really liked?"

"Yes," said Carter. It was coming to him now. "Yes, I liked those

stories by what's-his-name. Potts? Poor? P . . ."

"Poe?"

"Yes, Poe. He wrote some good ones."

"Remember any of them, Carter?"

"Oh, yeah. I remember some of them good. Know the one about the ape killing the babe?"

"*The Rue Morgue*?"

"Yeah. *The Roo Morg*. And the one where the guy is in the room with the hole in the middle?"

"*Pit And The Pendulum*?"

"Yeah, yeah. Them was good."

"Did you have good movies for those stories, Carter?"

"Swell," said Carter.

"You can recapture them," I suggested. "I do."

"Yeah?"

"I was watching a hell of a good one when you came up."

"What was it?"

"Faulkner's *Death Drop And Clean Jerk*."

"Girls in it?" leered Carter.

"Not in this one," I said, "but a lot I know have. All I do is read the story until I know it good, and then I can have the movie anytime."



Carter was seated beside me, quiet now, his eyes staring straight ahead engrossed in something. The snow fell quietly. Across the street students entered and left the bookstore. I could hear strains of juke-box music and the clink of glasses every time the bookstore door was opened.

I glanced at Carter. The snow was piling up on the brim of his hat and his collar. I wanted him to get a lot more on there before I slapped him hard on the back.

Carnival Weekend

by Fisher Flint

Thurs., Feb. 19

Received a call today from Frank Tibbets asking me up for Winter Carnival. He admitted that it was pretty short notice, but said he had been waiting for the rates to fall. I asked him about the U. S. mail, and he muttered something about it having to go by dogsled, and all in all took about a month to reach civilization.

At first, father wasn't going to let me go as he thought a sophomore in high school was too young to be going to Winter Carnivals as there was too much drinking going on and too many wild parties. Frank, however, told him about the rule the U. of M. has that there shall be no drinking on campus and how strictly it was enforced.

So I'm going to Winter Carnival—Frank is such a super date, too. He told me that he was Fe Fi Fo's white hope in the Slalom and Downhill—whatever that may be. Fri., Feb. 20

Arrived at Bangor at 4:30 on the 3:25 FLYING SNAIL, the crack streamliner of the B&M, and was met by Frank. We drove up to his Fraternity house and found it plunged into gloom. Their daring

snow sculpture of Lady Godiva riding on the hood of a jeep had just been disqualified on two counts; one that it was too realistic, and the other that no coed could sit out all night on the hood of a jeep without freezing.

However, the brothers were not long downhearted as their Prexie, John "the brain" Flanders, Dean's List for six semesters, (.202 accumulate) came up with the brilliant idea of setting their house on fire as the judges came around, while two pledges waved a sign reading, "Snow Sculpture of a House on Fire". Exhausted by the mental strain the whole fraternity left for Pat's to have a quick milkshake before supper.

The milk-shakes at Pat's were the funniest that I ever saw. They came in various colored bottles with names like Schlitz and Ruppert on the label. They looked awfully funny, too, being an amber color with bubbles in them. At first, I wasn't going to have one until one of the lads called Bucket Head explained that it was winter milk and the color was caused by the cows feeding on brown hay. The bubbles came from the hops that they also

feed them.

After supper, we went to the big Formal dance at the Gym. The band was super. Everyone was very gay and had a good time. We didn't dance all the time as Frank, or "the Folder" as everyone called him, had to go outside every once in awhile and have some cold preventive. This is an old Indian remedy to keep the blood circulating in winter and aid healthy perspiration in summer. This was the best cold preventive I ever had. Frank said you could buy it on the Indian Reservation in Old Town. It was called "Squaw Man".

I must have been awfully tired from the train ride or something because the rest of the evening seems rather vague. In fact, the only thing that I can remember is seeing an astonishing number of twins. I never saw so many twins in my life. There was even some friend of Frank's that looked just like him and followed him around the rest of the evening. I told him to go away, but he just said, "Are you sure you don't feel sick?" I don't know what was the matter with him as I never felt better in

(Continued on Page 22)



Friar Maladjusted's Diary

by Rip Haskell

Spring again fell upon the land of Mayne, and, bidding adieu to the jolly knights of Alphadelt, I resumed my journey, rested and strengthened, but bagged beneath the eyes and paunched about the middle.

Anon, by chance, as I did progress, I fell in with a goodly company traveling in great array toward the royal city, which was now but a few leagues distant. And thinking to make safer my person (for the road was infested with rogues and thieves) I besought their leave to make my way in their train.

Right gladly was I made welcome, as was the custom in those days, for the cloth did gain far greater respect than it has come to know. And so, with a light heart, thanking the father for this safe conduct, I did join with them.

Now in short time, I did discover the purpose of their journeying which was a matter of great weight, and no little danger. For it did seem that there were the lords of this far-flung realm, and they went to beseech the good king Arthur to relax the grievous laws which did oppress the kingdom.

Presently, we did come to a wide and grassy plain, hard by the walls of the city, and in the shade of a huge oak was the king's Pavillion. For he had learned of our coming, and had come forth to meet us.

And we rested now, and prepared for the king's pleasure, and the lords made ready to address him.

But I remained at the side with the retainers, for I dared not approach into the king's presence, but needs must view him from a distance.

Suddenly, there was the sound of trumpets and King Arthur ap-

peared, closely followed by his wizards, and advisors, and the queen near to his side.

The Lord Marshal of the Realm now stood forward and invited the

your case, worthy Earl, and if I have no good argument to answer, I shall make such concession as is meet."

And the Earl began.



assemblage to pay homage to their liege.

Then, having made obeisance the leader of our party, a nobly and distinguished warrior, the Earl of Southarms, or, as he was known, the White Earl (called so for his purity and virtue) did rise and address the king.

"Know this, Your Majesty, that we, the loyal subjects of our liege, have come before you to make known the burdens under which thy people are scourged, and the harsh laws, which rule our comings and our goings."

The King frowned right royally, but spake only thus, "State then, "First, it is known that the maid-

ens' curfew* which is established has caused much unhappiness."

"Ah," said the king, "That is the will of the queen, and no one may argue with a woman."

"Well said, Your Majesty, "the courtiers all murmured, "you have answered wisely."

The queen had moved a pace and was regarding our retinue. Methought she desired to discover if any young damosels could be found within our company, for greatly did she frown upon such arrangements.

The Earl again did speak.

"Sire, is it not unseemly that our daughters and sisters should be treated as befits the young children

Pedants

Look, Pedlar with your tongue in cheek,
 This is no place to sell your brooms—
 The soft dust lies week after week—
 We crave but mellow-lighted rooms.
 This street has its own quiet end;
 It has neat paths with velvet spread—
 Be careful where you walk, my friend,
 Do not disturb these peaceful Dead!
 Each day we walk a single file
 Intent upon horizons far;
 Each evening rest upon a stile
 And contemplate the Evening Star.
 The dogs we own are pedigreed—
 No mongrel follows at our heels.
 That dog of yours—what is his breed?
 And do you feed him balanced meals?
 This street has its own quiet side—
 There is no place for you to bed.
 Pedlar, the world is very wide—
 And—why don't you go there, instead?

—Clair H. Chamberlain

of other lands?"

The king seemed uncomfortable, but he answered.

"It is said by my wisemen that a maiden is as a fragile flower and only the good offices of the throne saves them from sure destruction."

And the courtiers again nodded. The queen had returned disappointed.

"Speak of your other complaints," commanded the king.

Then the Earl did speak right bitterly.

"And what, Oh king of these laws which say when a man may leave from this realm, and journey after his business in other lands? What of the heavy penalties which are laid upon he who goes as he will, after his own good judgment? Will you let your people be curbed so fixedly?"

"Know you not," answered the king, "that my wisemen are all-knowing? Have they not warned me that if the populace is allowed

to travel as it may wont, so many would flee the kingdom that the very structure of my state would totter? Nay, brave Earl, have you no more reasonable requests?"

The Earl scratched his beard, and then ventured.

"Our taxes are very high for such a small army as we keep, sire."

"We are not a warlike state," the king answered. "As the Lord Marshal has said, ours is a gentleman's army—we battle for pleasure. The taxes—you would but waste your coin at any rate."

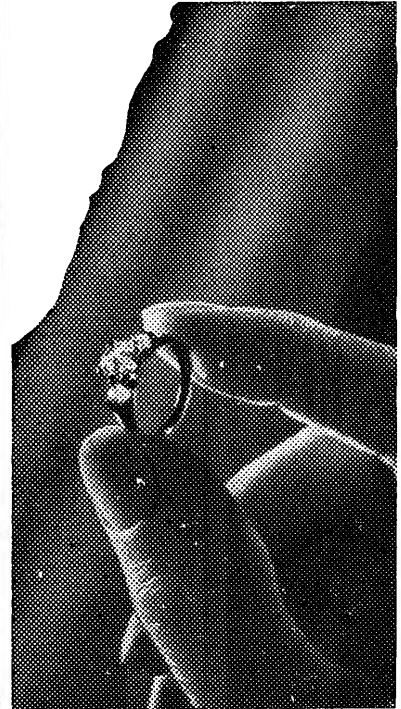
And so went the audience. For the king was endowed with authority and the lords were but subjects.

And at last, they were dismissed, and returned homeward.

And I rested in the city of the good King.

*The so-called "maidens' curfew" was a law of medieval Mayne which forced all young girls from ages 17 to 22 to remain in their rooms after 6:00 P. M.

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 (1850 - 1947)



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The Problems of Prudence Paine

by Judy Coffin

Bravo—three cheers and all that. The Gray-haired Lady sure knew all the answers. Prudence Paine clapped her chubby hands loudly and admired the lady at the rostrum. The Lady was smiling broadly. For just such things as this—meeting fine people who had lived and could still smile, Prudence had come to college.

The Gray-haired Lady must certainly have suffered. She must have lived through some horrible experiences to know so much about Life, and how kind she was to give these poor eager freshmen the very depths of her knowledge! How exciting to learn about Life from one who had lived.

Prudence sighed deeply for her lack of experience and walked slowly back to the dormitory. She walked alone, thinking. She must be alone for a long time to think—to memorize all the bits of wisdom she had written in her note-book. She must learn every word of it and remember it forever.

The afternoon was a warm one, and all the freshman girls were out—all but Prudence Paine who lay on her bed Thinking. Her note-book was propped before her, and her concentration was deep.

With men, you must always be extremely careful. That, she remembered best of all. Men are ogres and beasts. One must be very careful. She knew it all now. The Gray-haired Lady had been kind, and Prudence Paine would be among the first to benefit from the Lady's experience. That very night she would have the chance. She would begin to Live, but she wouldn't have to Suffer. Not now. She knew it all in advance.

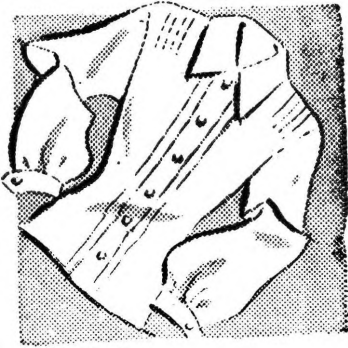
The evening was moonlit, and Prudence had her first college date—with a man. Not much of a man, but good enough to start with. Even with her head start, it was a good idea to go slowly at first.

The Man was ten minutes late—said his car wouldn't start, but Prudence knew what that meant. She silently thanked the kindly warning of the Gray-haired Lady, and promised herself to be careful. He was only paving the way for the "Break-down" of the car when he got it to some dark road. She would be watchful.

"Pretty shoes you have there." He smiled foolishly, and Prudence Paine stiffened almost audibly. What was he looking down there for? Already his intentions were quite clear. She said almost nothing as they drove to the movies, and when he bumped her elbow in the theatre, she moved as far to the other side of her seat as she could. He was trying to hold her hand, and you could never tell what that might lead to. It was such a strain to act casual, as she leaned across the chair arm away from the man, and how embarrassing that the girl in the seat next to her should get up and move to another seat right in the middle of the movie!

Prudence folded her hands in her lap, and mentally leafed through her notes on Life. What strength there was to be found there!

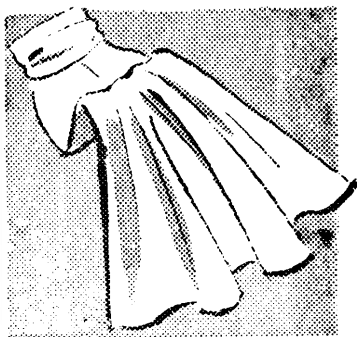
She wondered whether or not to accept a hamburger from the Man when the movie was over. Perhaps it would put her under too much obligation to Him, but there was no question about it. He simply led her across the street to the



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small restaurant there without asking her permission.

"Do you like beer?" He was watching her closely. So that was it! He intended to get her drunk, but she'd show him.

"No, I most certainly do not."

The Man sighed. "Gee, that's good. I can't drink the stuff myself, and it would be embarrassing if you wanted to." He was just trying to cover up what he had said. Prudence Paine sniffed and said nothing as she ate her hamburger, and a vision of a smiling Gray-haired Lady was before her, congratulating, inspiring strength. She smiled back at the One who had Lived and was deeply thankful.

The ride back to the dormitory was less eventful than she had expected. The car purred smoothly, and there were no dark detours—no country lanes. Prudence realized that she must still be watchful. She wasn't safe at home yet, and anything might happen. It was just a good thing she had to be in so early. With more time to consider, the Beast might get even more Ideas, and Prudence had been strained considerably already.

The car coasted to a stop in front of the dormitory, and Prudence Paine prepared for the final onslaught. No doubt he'd try to kiss her, but she'd show him.

The Man opened the door for her, and led her to the steps where she faced him belligerently.

"Thanks a lot, Prudence." He walked back to the car, and he hadn't even tried! Then he was disgusted with her! Just as the Gray-haired Lady had said, Men don't appreciate fineness in a girl these days. They just get mad.

Before Prudence Paine went to bed, she put a reminder on her bedside table. She must remember to call the Lady the very first thing in the morning and thank her. After all, what a narrow escape!



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Cafe Proprietor—You sure like coffee, son. This is your fourth cup.

Sailor—I sure do. That's why I'm willing to drink so much hot water to get a little of it.

—Ski-U-Mah

Susy, complimenting Mary on her driving ability: My, you're handling this car like a veteran.

Mary: (in retort): How do you know, you've never seen me handle a veteran.

“Why does a bee buzz?”

“You'd buzz too, if someone took your honey and nectar.”

—Covered Wagon

“Where does virgin wool come from?”

“From the sheep that can run the fastest.”

“Do you sleep with your windows up or down?”

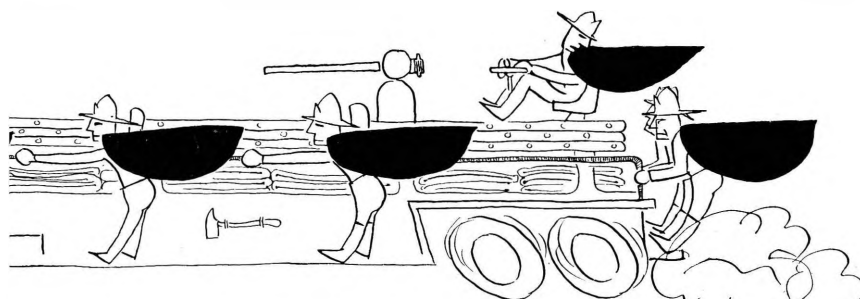
“I don't sleep with my windows at all.”

He—Only a mother could love a face like that.

She—I am about to inherit a fortune.

He—I am about to become a mother.

—Augwan



No Kidding—Where's The Fire?

CARNIVAL WEEKEND

(Continued from page 17)

my life.

Saturday, Feb. 21

I wish I could remember just WHAT happened last night. However, I guess it was alright as Frank swears that he slept in the lobby all night.

Anyway, we went up to the campus right after breakfast and looked at the snow sculptures. Some were pretty good, but there was one that made me blush. That was the one in front of a house called Theta Kai. It showed Pocahontas saving Captain Smith from being beheaded—and the way that Pocahontas stuck out in front—I think that if Smith had been smart, he would have chosen the axe. Next door to that, at Beta Theta Pie, there was one that sent the

boys to rolling in the snow. I didn't see anything funny in it. It looked just like the Privy in the back yard at home.

There was one that didn't look good at all. It was in front of Kappa Sigma and entitled “Desolation” and anyone could see that it was just two piles of snow. All the rest were pretty good, and there was one in front of Alfa Grabba Hoe that showed a milk-shake stand that was especially good.

All this outdoor exercise had exhausted the boys so we went to Pat's for a few milk-shakes before dinner. After dinner, we all went down to my room in the Southern Hotel. Frank told me they had the best food there, even if it didn't look too sharp on the outside—you

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know it's funny, but we never did eat there.

We just sat around and talked for a few minutes and then everyone began to cough so we had some cold preventive. After awhile, Joe and his date, *Patty the Plunger*, began to sing some sort of a song called "The Big Wheel" which didn't make too much sense to me, but which seemed to amuse everyone else. After that, we played bombardier with empty bottles until the manager came and asked us to leave. I don't know why, as we had only hit one pedestrian and he didn't complain a bit. In fact, he didn't even move.

Then we went over to Plunger's room in the Brewster House and had some more cold preventive. By this time, I definitely knew why they called Frank the Folder, because we had to leave him behind. I was with some friend of Frank's by the name of Caribou Cooks. He was funny; he kept leering at me and asking what I thought of free love. I just told him, "I don't think it is free; I think that it is a pretty expensive proposition," or at least that is what father says but I didn't tell him that, as I didn't want him to think father is a cheap skate. Caribou just looked into his wallet, and shook his head sadly.

Before we knew it, the time was 6:00 P. M. and we had to rush to get to the game. As it was, we got the last seats in the house, right behind the north basket. I couldn't see the floor so I spent the evening looking to see what the other girls were wearing and who was there. Sally Markerson was there with some big goon that Frank (Yes, we went back and got him) said was a BMOC—whatever that may be. From his looks, I would say that it means Biggest Moron on Campus. I hope his mother is still living.

After the game, we went down to Pat's for something to eat, or at least I thought we were going to eat, but when I ordered a hamburger,

Easter again-truly a season to say it with flowers. And if that's your desire, we are prepared to aid you in every way. Make your selection here for greatest satisfaction.



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Frank said, "What's the matter with you—you had breakfast this morning." So I had a milk-shake like the rest of the crowd. Some of the boys were putting cold preventive into theirs; they seemed to be awfully secretive about it as they sneaked it into their milk-shakes when no one was looking. They evidently didn't want anyone to know that they were coming down with something.

After we left Pat's, we went down to my room in the Southern and had a small party, and sang songs, etc.—or so Frank says. Sunday, Feb. 22

Frank slept in the lobby again last night—I guess. He had to get back to school early and do some studying and so left right after

breakfast.

Unfortunately, he forgot to pay for the room, and as I had lent all my money to Caribou Crooks, I had a hard time checking out. The manager wasn't at all polite. The things he said! Finally he said I could leave if I left my watch for security. I hope Frank takes care of it right away, because now I don't even know what time it is.

I caught the 3:34 FLYING TORTOISE, another crack streamliner of the B&M, and arrived back home this evening.

There is only one thing that bothers me about the whole house-party—just why should it be illegal to sell milk-shakes in Maine on Sunday?

And then there's the fellow who offered his girl a Scotch and sofa and she reclined.

—Whoever, in the opinion of our editor, submits the best joke for the next issue, will receive a free carton of Life Savers.

Winner This issue
Clifford Whitten
Dunn Hall

A Maine man died, and on arriving at his eternal home remarked to the gatekeeper, "I never thought Heaven would be so much like the Vet's Housing Unit."

The man at the gate replied simply, "This isn't Heaven."



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property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

Will getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag hurt its chances? Don't be naive, chums. We like it. So, if you should wind up with a rejection slip clutched in your hot little fist, that won't be the reason. Well, don't just sit there! Pick up that pencil—get your stuff started now. There's Easy Money waiting!

LITTLE MORON CORNER

Here's the gag that won a M. M. (Master Moron) degree—and a fast two bucks—for Ben Orloff, of Univ. of North Carolina, in the November contest:

Our minor-league moron, Mortimer, caused considerable furore in local circles by entering one of our better bitros and calling for a Pepsi-Cola. When served, he proceeded to plug it down with not one, but six, straws. Questioned as to his motives, Mortimer carefully removed all six straws from his mouth and replied with considerable hauteur: "So I can drink six times as much Pepsi, natch!"

Earle S. Schlegel of Lehigh Univ. also came up with two bucks for his moron gag. Why don't you get on the gravy train? Two bucks each for every moron joke we buy.

HE-SHE GAGS

Put one and one together—and you get a He-She gag. Three bucks each to Duane O. McDowell of So. Dakota State College; Albert M. Dredge of Duquesne Univ.; Emmett Carmody of Manhattan College; and Alfred Shapiro of New York Univ., respectively, for these specimens:

She: And what position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

She: Why don't you park the car by this sign?

He: You're not allowed to park here.

She: Don't be silly. The sign says "Fine for Parking"!

He: Your eyes sparkle like Pepsi-Cola.

She: Tell me more. I drink it up.

She Scot: Sandy, 'tis a sad loss you've had in the death of your wife.

He Scot: Aye, 'tis that. 'Twas just a week ago the doctor told her to dilute her medicine in Pepsi-Cola, and she hadna' time to take but half the bottle.

Current quotation on these is \$3 each for any we buy. Sure, but everything's over-priced these days.

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 —

We're not just sure who's daffy—but we sent one frog apiece to Don McCauley, Baylor Univ.; Edward Whitaker, Boston Univ.; Joy Duvall, Univ. of Chicago; Charles R. Meissner, Jr., Lehigh Univ.; and James O. Snider, Baylor Univ., for these gems:

Lipstick—something which adds color and flavor to the old pastime.

Controversy—one Pepsi—two people.

Worm—a caterpillar with a shave.

Rival—the guy who gives your girl a Pepsi.

Steam—water gone crazy over the heat.

So we're subsidizing lunacy. Okay—but it's still a buck apiece for any of these we buy.

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



Ever play "pin the tail on the donkey?" Well, this is pretty much the same idea—and never mind the obvious cracks. \$5 each for the best captions. Or send in your own idea for a cartoon. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here's how we split the take for cartoon drawings, ideas and captions in the November contest: \$15 each to Jay Gluck of Berkeley, Calif. and Herbert John Brammeier, Jr. of St. Louis Univ.; \$10 to H. Dick Clarke of Univ. of Oklahoma; and \$5 each to Virgil Daniel of George Washington Univ., Frances Charlton of William and Mary College, and Sidney B. Flynn of St. Louis Univ.

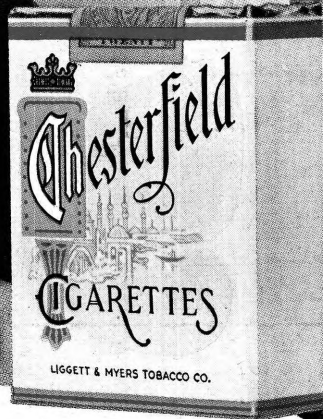
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