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The Pine Needle, vol. 2, no. 1

Pine Needle Publications

Jean Miller

Judy Coffin

Dick Sprague

Kenneth F. Zwicker

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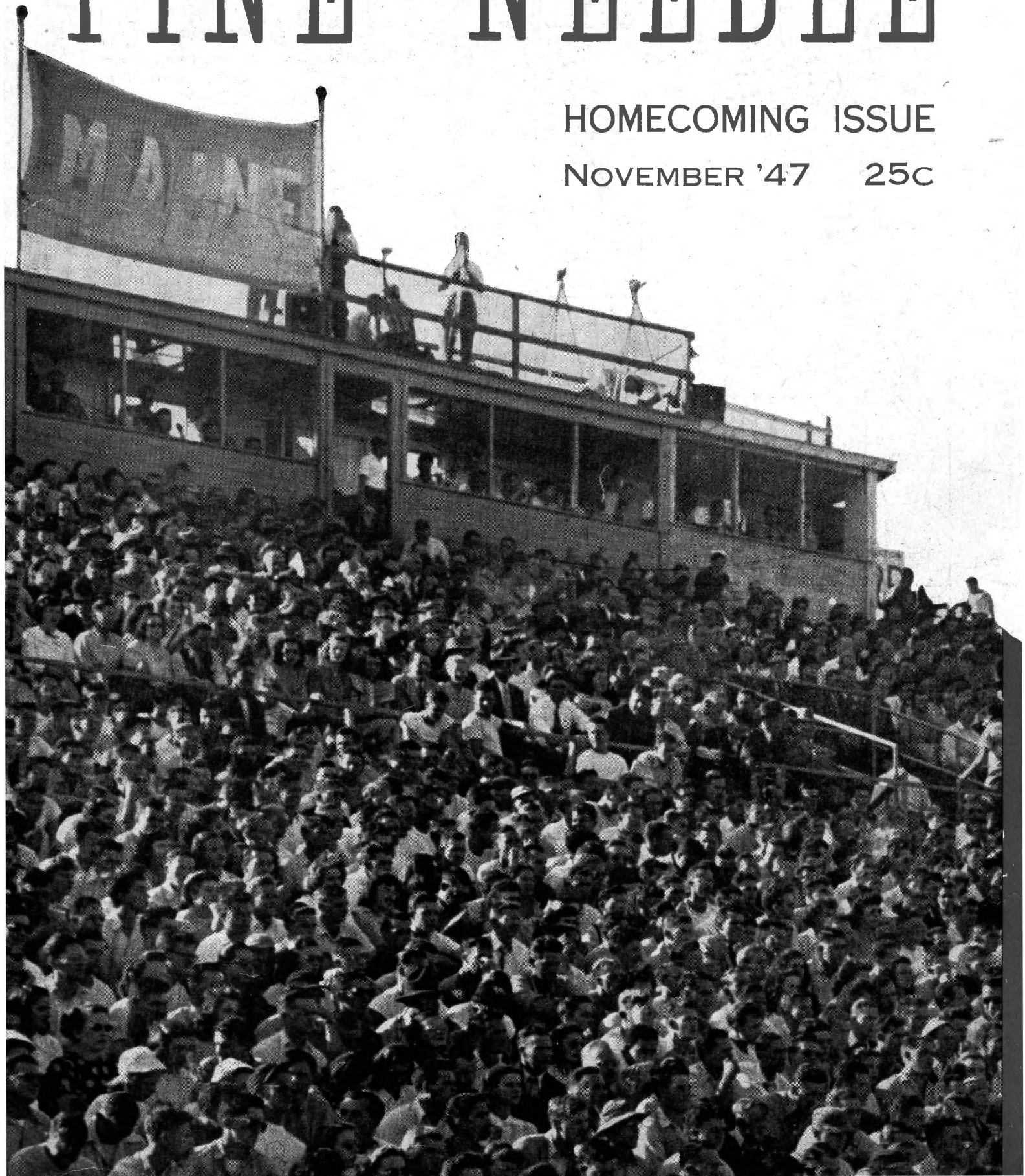
Authors

Pine Needle Publications, Jean Miller, Judy Coffin, Dick Sprague, Kenneth F. Zwicker, F. Stevens, Oscar Davis, Ted Gridley, Clair H. Chamberlain, Cliff Whitten, and Monty Higgins

PINE NEEDLE

HOMECOMING ISSUE

NOVEMBER '47 25c



"Experience is the Best Teacher!"

**in aerial acrobatics—
and in smoking too,"**
says **ROSE GOULD,**
aerial sensation of
the Big Top

SHE'S 75 FEET UP—WITH NO NET BELOW! IT'S THE MOST DARING AERIAL ACT I'VE SEEN YET!

ROSE GOULD HANGS BY HER HEELS—WITH NO OTHER SUPPORT AND NO NET—IN A STUNT THAT MAKES EVEN VETERAN CIRCUS HANDS BLINK!

YES, SHE FELL ONCE—CABLE BROKE—THIS IS HER FIRST APPEARANCE SINCE

SHE'S GETTING READY FOR THE DIVE NOW

FROM 75 FEET UP—WITH NO NET...

...SHE DIVES INTO SPACE!

—STOPPED BY THE ROPES AROUND HER ANKLES—ONLY THREE FEET FROM THE GROUND!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

I'VE SEEN THRILLING PERFORMANCES, MISS GOULD—BUT NOTHING TO MATCH YOURS

HAVE A CAMEL—AND TELL US HOW YOU DEVELOPED THOSE STUNTS

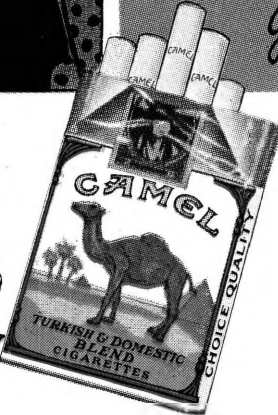
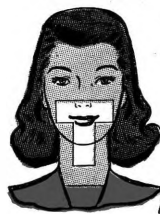
I LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE... JUST AS I LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT CAMEL IS THE CIGARETTE FOR ME

I SMOKED MANY BRANDS DURING THE WARTIME CIGARETTE SHORTAGE—CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!

Rose Gould

Featured aerialist of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus

Your "T-ZONE" will tell you...
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"



MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING

Camels

THAN EVER BEFORE

DONATED BY GEORGE KIMBAL 65
10-26-07

A Jab of the Needle

Friends and citizens of the campus: I take this opportunity to say unto you that the future of the New Pine Needle is in your hands. Yours is the decision; yours is the discretion; yours are the dollars. Without you the great and glorious crusade we are now upon must fail.

Friends, will you see young editors deprived of all income, driven to hunger, hardship and juvenile delinquency? There is the crux of the matter, friends. These young aspirants to literary fame—will you dash their hopes? These are our children, friends; give that they may have life and joy, and they shall fill these columns with joyous lays and sweet poesy.

As you all know, it takes circulation to build a magazine. More of your dollars mean more pages, more cartoons, more glamour, more color. This in turn means more work for more people, enabling the Pine Needle to do its bit in contributing to Mayor Merchant's fight against unemployment.

Seriously though, what we need most is a bottle of ink and a new checkerboard. The office could use some new curtains, too.

All of which brings us to this issue. It ranks pretty well—that is, it is pretty rank. In fact, it's probably not worth your attention. But if you don't read it too closely, you won't notice all the blank pages . . .

R. W. H.

The Pianist

Lie in the farthest corner of the room;
Lie where the soft grey mists may rise and curl
About you, hiding all but beauty's bloom,
Unclasping slowly underneath the swirl
Of smoke and light. Within that cone of bright
And vaguely shifting light sensations lies
The apex of desire. And from that slight
And bending body you will see arise
Your slender shoots of thought matured to rich
Full flowers streaked with amethyst.
Much more than knowledge helps her fingers stitch
The melody; Behind that arching wrist
Lies more than strength; Vibrations of her heart
Are stumbling on the air. These jagged tiers
Jut sharply into mist from the clear-cut chart
Of black on white. Your skin and not your ears
Has caught the staccato prick of dreams. She turns.
Her song is through. You do not know. The chill
Still claws your heart and as it thaws it burns.
Your skin is taut with agitation still.

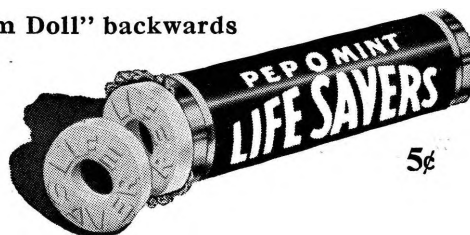
—Jean Miller

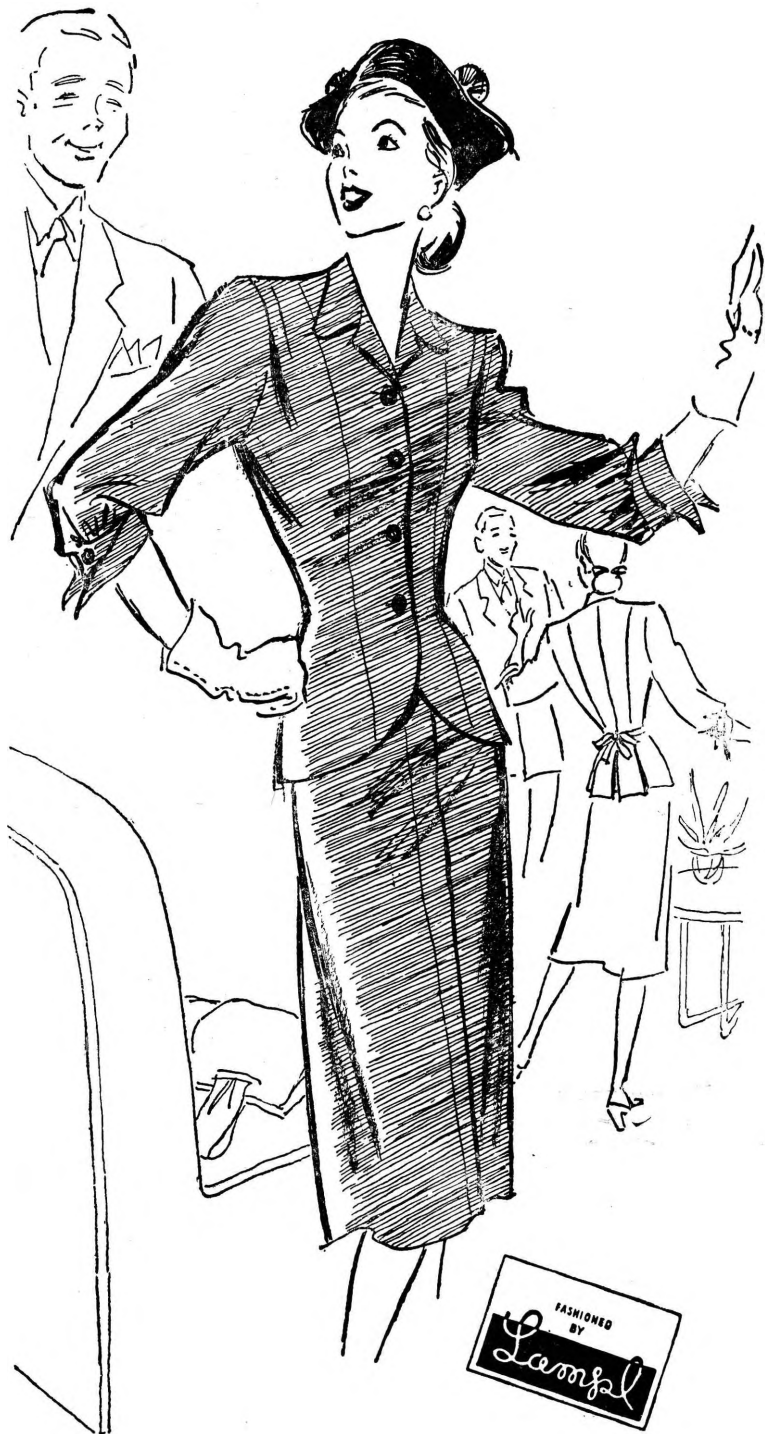
Are you a Llod maerd*



Does your poise rate zero when you hear "hubba-hubba"? Do you look over-anxious when the stag line stares? That's no way for a dream doll to click! Relax, instead! Munch on a yummy Life Saver. They're such wonderful little tension-breakers. They keep your breath sweet, too.

* "Dream Doll" backwards





*This Kind of Back Talk Will Command Compliments . . .
Lampl cutaway suit-dress with crisply pleated peplum.
Crease resistant rayon gabardine . . . in eight wonderful colors.*

Sizes 9 to 15, 10 to 20 \$15.00

at
Burdell's
in
BANGOR



HOMECOMING ISSUE

VOL. 2

No. 1

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Almost Forgotten . . .

By

JUDY COFFIN

Catie giggled and passed the bottle to a grimy hand in the back seat.

"My God! Haven't you got any chaser? That stiff burns." She slurred the last word, making it long. A gruff voice beside her told her to shut up, and heavy arms came around her shoulders. She wrenched herself away, giggling again.

"Now, Frankie, not now. We're in company." She jerked her thumb toward the back seat. There wasn't a sound there.

"Some company!" She kept on laughing.

"S funny about brandy. The cheap stuff is the best 'cause you can drink more of it faster. Guess the best way to get your money's worth is to spend less, huh, Frankie? Well, isn't that funny? I think it's funny."

She was looking out the side window at the darkness, pointedly ignoring him, but conscious of his waiting. The arms had returned, and the hands attached to them were strong and big. They weren't very insistent yet, though.

"Gosh, it's dark out there. Where are we, Frankie?—the usual place? I didn't notice when we came. Say! How's your driving?—think you'll be safe to ride home with? Now, that's a silly question. I ought to ask if you're safe to stay here with."

She turned around and laughed at him, leaning slightly toward him. There was the sign. He knew what to do, and she expected it. Her laugh was cut off, and deep breathing followed it—a gasp and then Catie's voice again, lower and softer than before.



FASHION NOTE

Bye-lo, baby bunting,
Co-ed's gone a-hunting
For to get a kitty skin
For to wrap her body in.
Black fur and white fur,
And all hues in between,
Tiny furs and shiny furs,
And some without a sheen,
Long coats and short coats,
(Everybody buys 'em)
Combed fur and sizzled fur,
Who is it that fries 'em?
I never saw a purple fur;
I never hope to see one—
But this I do know, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one!

—Clair H. Chamberlain



"Why, Frankie! You lover!" She burrowed her head on his lapel. That was only for a minute. She let him raise her head, though he did it roughly, pushing it back hard against his shoulder. The big hands were growing more insistent now. They seemed to grab at her.

"Hey! Where's that bottle? I want another drink. You kids have had it for ages. Come on, now. Pass it over." She struggled to turn toward the back seat. In the dark, she found the greasy hand holding the bottle by its narrow neck. She almost dropped it, then turned back with it, and leaned out of Frankie's now relaxed arms to the door. She shook the bottle.

"It sounds practically empty to me. I'll bet you kids can't walk a straight line."

A giggle answered her. Then the rear door slammed, and the company walked away toward the woods. Catie shrugged. Maybe they were going to practice walking a straight line.

The bottle was a lot nearer empty when, in a few seconds, Catie lowered it and coughed. She passed it to Frankie, listened to the following gurgle, and the thud as the empty bottle hit the grass outside. She expected the arms again. They came, slowly, and she lit a cigarette, smiling at him in the light of the match flame.

"Don't you think we ought to go home, Frankie?" She spoke quietly, teasingly.

"We got to wait for the kids to come back, don't we? It's only one o'clock now."

Catie took two shallow drags on the cigarette, and threw it out the



"Penny For Your Thoughts"

window. There was no light left there, and no sound.

As the clock in the hall struck three soft chimes, Catie stepped over the creaky stair tread, wishing that her feet would behave better. Brandy always did that. She dropped a shoe as she turned on the landing.

"Damn!"

She expected her father's sleepy, irate voice, and stood still, waiting for it. It didn't come and she crept the rest of the way to her bedroom. What a night! Frankie was a drip, but he was a fairly good dancer and he had a car. No polish or manners at all, though. She glanced at her date-book on the bed-side table before she turned off the light. Larry tomorrow night. He didn't have a car. What would there be to do? Well, a lot of them didn't have cars. It was all the same in the end.

Catie turned over in bed for the fifth time. Sleep wouldn't come. She kept remembering a little girl she'd known once—a kid, really.

He breathed heavily and tightened the muscles in his arms. The girl pulled her head back suddenly

and looked at him. Squirming slightly and yanking at her short skirt, she turned and sat very straight in the seat, forcing his arms away. As she lit a cigarette that she was too young to smoke, her hand shook noticeably. The flame of the match wavered, so she put it out quickly. She stared out of the car window into the blackness. Her mind followed the stare to where she knew there were other cars parked. There was no sound drifting in the darkness. There wasn't even the light of a smouldering cigarette, except her own.

"What's the matter? Don't you like me?" A strong hand tugged at her chin, turning her head to face the boy.

"Sure I like you. I just don't want to be kissed. That is, I don't feel like it."

"Don't be silly." The hands grabbed at her shoulders, insisting. She put the cigarette into her mouth and pushed him away with both hands. She wanted to holler at him, but she didn't.

"Oh, you want to be teased? You know, I don't like girls that play hard to get."

She faced him from as great a

distance as was possible in the small car. She started to laugh. He looked so silly. Probably he thought she was crazy, and maybe she was. Then, she was crying, too.

"To hell with this!" he mumbled.

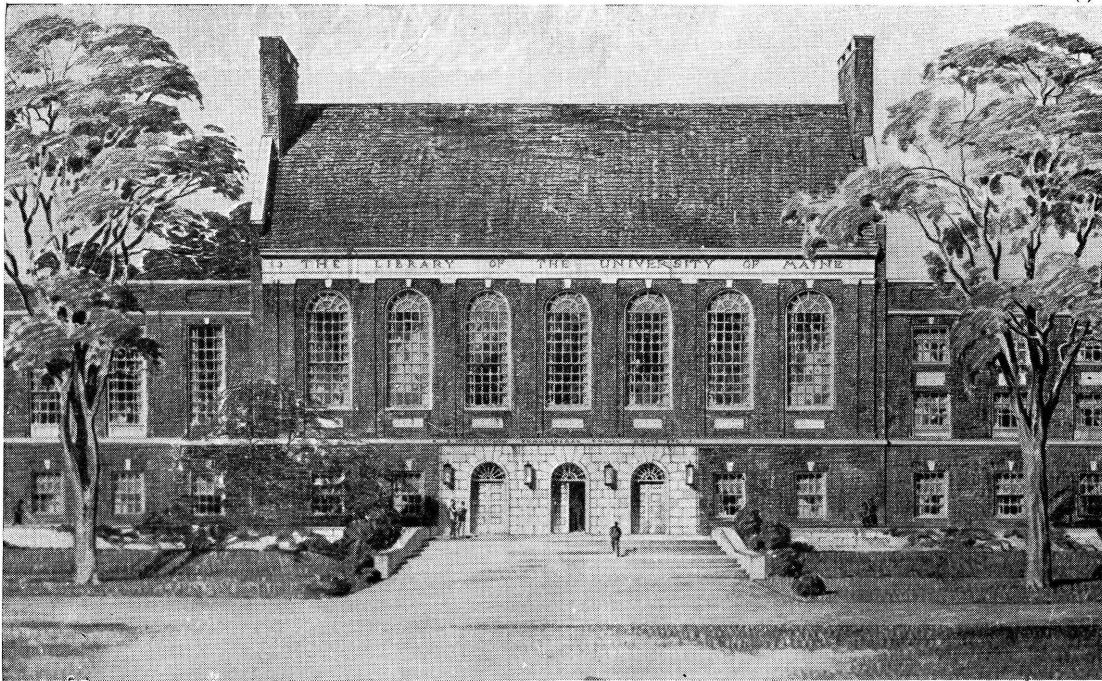
The boy jangled his car keys, fumbling with them in the darkness. Soon, the outlines of other cars sprang out of the blackness and then disappeared again as the headlights swung around, playing over them momentarily. The girl switched on the radio, and turned the volume control up. Her sudden tears were drying now. Loud dance music destroyed the strained silence, relaxing her as she listened. She could feel the wheels rolling with the rhythm of it and she concentrated on their syncopation. She smiled, humming the music to herself, ignoring the silent boy.

At station identification, the heavy arm settled again on her shoulders. She stiffened in her seat and switched the radio off. The twelve o'clock news had started. She turned sidewise, leaning against the door. In the new silence, she stared at the boy, trying to make him uncomfortable under scrutiny. He was apparently unconscious of her. Perhaps he drove a little faster.

On Auden Street, the only light was the one from the girl's window. The boy stamped heavily on the brake, jerking the car to a stop. As she picked up her purse and gloves, she glanced at him. He was motionless, looking straight ahead, saying nothing.

She jumped out of the car, slammed the door and ran into the house. She was crying again.

It had happened before—so many times. Why did she do it? Well, he'd never come around again, anyway, so it didn't matter. She cried until she was exhausted and fell asleep.



About Our New Library . . .

by Dick Sprague

Homecoming Day, November 8, establishes another milestone along the path of progress of the University, for the new library will be formally dedicated during ceremonies preceding the annual Bowdoin-Maine football game. Returning alumni and friends, as well as faculty and students, can be justly proud of this moment of University history which formally marks the completion of the large academic building at the south end of the Mall.

In the main lobby of the new library a marble tablet bears the inscription, "The loyalty, devotion and generosity of University alumni, faculty, students, and friends made possible the construction of this library." Before these simple words could be put there within the daily sight of present and future generations, a concerted effort had to take place. It is the

culmination of several years of planning and execution of the new library which Homecoming Day will celebrate.

In 1939 it became evident that the Andrew Carnegie library, constructed as a gift in 1906, provided facilities inadequate to meet the rapid growth of student enrollment, of amount of required reference readings, and of the number of scientific publications and other volumes resulting from research. An objective survey by a nationally recognized library authority pointed out the ways in which the

library was deficient. Moreover, annual librarian's reports had reiterated the need for more stack space, more rooms for special collections, better facilities for operating services, and increased study and reading space.

President Hauck fully realized the imperative need of a new library, and the development and execution of a program of action was the result of his vision, courage, and energy. The Alumni Council and the Alumni Association voted unanimously to proceed with a campaign to raise funds for

a building to answer the great need.

On the Seventy-fifth Founders' Day Anniversary, February 25, 1940, the new library fund drive commenced. The occasion was further celebrated by a thirty-minute national radio broadcast. Campaign chairman for the drive was Norman H. Mayo '09, deceased, who was succeeded by Raymond H. Folger '15, of New York. The faculty chairman was Dr. A. M. Turner, now head of the English Department. Charles A. Peirce, Jr. '40, then of Bangor and now of Augusta, was chairman of the student campaign. Registrar James A. Gannett is treasurer of the fund.

A special gifts committee working prior to the opening of the campaign announced on Founders' Day that over \$50,000 had already been donated. With a goal of \$200,000, half the cost of the building as estimated in 1940, the campaign committee proceeded with the solicitation of pledge donations.

People were loyal to the University. Data on subscriptions to the campaign are the following:

	Number	Amount
Alumni	3,958	\$209,768
Faculty	179	12,308
Students	1,781	13,667
Trustees and friends	18	15,810
	<hr/> 5,936	<hr/> \$251,553

The income of the University being inadequate to construct a new library and at the same time fulfill other pressing needs, the means of converting the architect's blueprints into an imposing reality were made possible only by the generosity of friend and

(Continued on Page 28)

WAITING ROOM

by Kenneth F. Zwicker

The switchboard operator read the headlines of the morning paper that the cabbie had brought in. The nurse in the office yawned, looked at her watch, and cast a glance at the two men who were talking in low voices in the waiting room.

"Got a light?"

"Yeah, got one some place."

"Want a butt?"

"No, I just finished one, thanks."

"What time is it getting to be, anyway?"

"The clock is right behind you. It's 5:20."

"Christ, is that all the time it is?"

"Yeah."

"Seems like I've been here a week."

"Yeah, the time goes slow."

"Is your wife here, too?"

"Yeah."

"Baby?"

"Yeah."

"Did she deliver yet?"

"No, not yet."

"Neither did mine, and she's been in the labor-room since about four o'clock!"

"Yeah?"

"Christ, this is worse than a beach-head, isn't it?"

"The time drags."

"It would drive a man crazy!"

"Yeah."

"I've been hoping it would be a boy, but right now, I don't care what it is—if it would only happen!"

"Yeah, a boy would be nice."

"How about another light?"

"Sure thing."

"Thanks."

"You can have this book of matches if you want it."

"O. K., thanks."

"Guess it's going to snow again today."

"Huh? Oh—yes, it probably will."

"Been nice weather, though."

"Yeah—nice weather. Jees, I wish this thing was over and done with."

"Yeah, I know how you feel."

"A guy feels so damned guilty!"

"Yeah, guess it's the same with everybody."

"There's not a damned thing you can do!"

"No. Just wait, that's all."

"Wait, wait, wait, wait! Good God!"

"You'll probably hear soon."

"My God, I hope so, before I blow my stack!"

"There isn't much to worry about, I guess."

"The hell there isn't! A million things could happen!"

"Yeah, but they hardly ever do."

"Got another light?"

"I gave you the matches."

"Yeah. So you did."

"You're a little nervous."

"A little nervous, hell, I'm shaking like a leaf!"

"Why don't you sit down and relax?"

"Relax? Are you kidding? How in the name of God you can sit there and read that magazine beats hell out of me!"

"I guess I just don't get excited very easy."

"Well, I don't as a rule! Is this *your* first one, too?"

"No, we have seven—four boys and three girls. We've been hoping for another girl this time."

FOR DANCERS ONLY

*F. Stevens and
Oscar Davis*

It certainly looks as if the campus is off to a rollicking start this year as far as music is concerned. So far, four dances have been thrown at the Memorial Gym and it seems that everybody at Maine likes to dance. The Maine Bears have been providing the music at the Friday night dances and the Southernaires of Sammy Saliba for the Saturday night dances. The Bears are still in rare form, with most of last year's musicians back. This fall finds the accent less on swing and more on danceable music.

In case you haven't heard them yet this year, you will find that the boys are giving out with quite a few specialties which always seem to delight the dancing public. Last year the band played good music, but it was inclined to be a little fast and there were no specialties of any note. Dancers are oblivious to a band as long as the music is danceable, but with specialties, the band is able to attract more attention, and with comedy added, the dancers have a good time and get an idea of what the band is able to perform.

The crew is working plenty hard to get new numbers worked over so that the students who heard them last year will not be hearing the same stuff. With the fine arrangements of former student Camp Thomes and pianist Bob Lindeman, the band is really off to a good start. The members are mainly interested in playing good music so that all the students can enjoy dancing to it. Jim Sprague, the old maestro, is still the flash-

ing, singing personality he has always been and is singing better than ever. By the way, if you happen to be near a radio Saturday nights, tune in WGUY at 9 o'clock and hear the Bears for half an hour. For instance, have a listen to the Maine Bears' arrangement of the month, "How High The Moon." This number was arranged for the band by Bob Lindeman and is really terrific. Bob is doing fine work and you can look forward to a lot more.

The broadcasts from the Chateau are in the groove, too. This is the third week that the band has been on the air and comments from the radio public have been quite gratifying. The band lines up as follows: saxes, Ed Stoddard, tenor, George Ainsworth, baritone, Artie Tsomides, alto, Ken Erickson, alto, Bill Kennison, tenor; trombones, Bill Davis, Cal Bowen, Bob Smith; trumpets, Don Wallace, Ken Wright, "Steve" Stevens; drums, Charlie Ellis; bass, Bill Deacon; piano, Bob Lindeman; leader and vocalist, Jim Sprague.

Psychologists say that audience response is as important as the musicians in any performance. One man who gave this fact a lot of thinking was Norman Granz, a young California impresario. For the past few years he has made jazz albums at concerts, complete with crowd noises and applause. So far, he has issued six albums of "Jazz at the Philharmonic," the title of the concert junket of jazz musicians he escorts around the country.

I have heard these records and, in my own estimation, they are

quite terrific. At first, they were a jumble of screaming tenor saxes, drum solos, and wildly screaming listeners. But as progress was made, the latest records are technically much better. Granz proclaims that the musicians play the way they feel and that he has nothing to do with telling them what to play. He pays his jazz men very highly and he has had the best of the profession cutting for him.

Granz is doing a lot for music in the country, with his insistence that musicians are musicians and should be judged as such without reference to their other backgrounds. If you ever get a chance you ought to latch on to some of these albums and you will hear some really amazing music. A good example is the "Slow Drag Blues" (Vol. 6, Jazz at the Philharmonic-Clef) with two great saxophonists, Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins, and Buck Clayton on trumpet.

Columbia records are now being put out in a new type of cardboard record holder which should solve your breakage and record-sorting problems. Instead of the regular book folders, the records lie in a cardboard container centered by a wooden peg. If the idea goes over with the first releases, Columbia will package all their records in this manner.

Benny Goodman, who has been putting out some pretty poor records of late, has redeemed himself with "Hiya Sophie" (Capitol), largely due to the efforts of pianist Mel Powell and vibrist Red Norvo.



CAMPUS GLAMOUR

Beautiful building—beautiful gal. She's Jan Scales—Honorary Lieutenant Colonel, prominent Masque member, zoo major, and a member of Chi Omega sorority. We'd say she is very pleased with her surroundings. That smile of Jan's is a warm welcome to Homecomers who may now visit the completed Library to which they so generously gave.

—Photo by Newhall

LUCY HARRIS

by

TED GRIDLEY

Mr. Finney says Lucy Harris was born under the sign of the Ram, an' the day she was born we had the first Spring lightnin' an' thunder storm, an' there was lightnin' durin' the day, an' Mr. Ferguson's woodshed was hit.

That was twenty-two years ago. I wasn't born, but I knew Mr. Finney wasn't lyin' 'cause Lucy Harris proved herself 'round Davis Corner since then. First I knew her was in school. She was never like the rest of the girls—quiet an' shy—but she was always lively, an' winkin' at fellas, an' gettin' the teacher mad. She played up to everyone, an' she didn't have no special fellas. From the very first, Lucy was losin' friends in Davis Corner an' makin' 'em over'n Merchantville. An' then Merchantville fellas wasn't good, 'cause they was smokin' an' drinkin' beer an' swearin' all the time.

In school, Lucy was always last comin' into class, an' she'd be wearin' a short skirt an' a sweater an' all the boys would be bulgin' eyes at her. She sat in the back row an' was always crossin' her legs an' the boys was turnin' 'round an' the teacher couldn't get no 'tention. Everyone knowed Lucy was no good right from the beginnin'.

There ain't no dancin' 'llowed in Davis Corner, 'cept when Mrs. Hatchett an' the Ladies' Thursday Afternoon Club calls one, an' that ain't very often, an' they's always more chaperons'n dancers, an' the

lights is always on. But they're dancin' twice a week over'n Merchantville, an' that's where Lucy went, an' she didn't come back till 'leven o'clock sometimes. I know 'cause Harris' house is across the street from mine, an' I can see through the curtains, an' I've seen—well, anyway, I know Lucy never come back 'till 'leven. She used to stand outside kissin' with a different Merchantville fella every time 'fore she'd go in, too.

We found out the fella she was goin' with most was Homer Bacon



ECHOES

Today I found a bright, new dream
Disturbing me, as shouts will seem
To shatter silence of a cave,
And grow minutely, wave on wave.

I would not let it crystallize,
But slowly came to realize
It part by part. I watched it grow,
Enjoying thought, by purpose, slow.

The cave sent louder echoes, sought
A jutting rock—intruding thought
To dull insistent sound which, tossed
And echoed once again, was lost.

I could not stop it, nor could I
Re-make the dream. I let it die
Almost, but sharp ears still can hear
An echo when it's quiet here.

Judith W. Coffin



from over'n Merchantville. He was drunk once 'an turned over a hay-rack in Mrs. Hatchett's field an' she didn't hire him again. Well, Homer's blond like Lucy, an' he's big, an' he's got a wart on his right hand, an' he's a Congregational. He was meetin' Lucy after school an' takin' her over't the drug store for ice cream, an' they'd hold hands across the table. We used to sit in the next booth an' listen, but we couldn't hear nothin' 'cept a giggle now an' then.

First time we had dirt proof o' Lucy was three summers ago when we was goin' fishin'. We was 'bout three quarters through Haley's orchard when we heard gigglin', an' it was comin' from down by the creek. They was a lot o' bushes an' twigs an' we didn't want to make noise, so we crouched down where we was, an' listened. We couldn't see nothin', but we could hear plenty.

Homer was talkin'.

"We can't do it, Lucy. People's talkin' already—least here in Davis Corner."

"Homer, you can't leave me. I ain't had no one but you."

(She was sure lyin' thick an' fast that day.)

"But your paw, Lucy."

"The devil with my paw."

(She was a swearin', too.)

"He don't like me, Lucy, an' you know it. He don't even know we're meetin' like this. No-body does."

(That's what Homer thought.

'Course we wasn't here on purpose, but crouchin' there in the bushes you couldn't help hearin' what they was sayin'.)

"Homer, come here."

They was some crackin' o' twigs an' then there was no talkin' an' no noise for a long time. Our legs was beginnin' achin', an' Eddie Bowman was gettin' anxious to go fishin', an' someone said we'd better start coughin' or whistlin' or somethin' when Homer starts talkin' again.

"I got nine dollars an' fifty-one cents."

"I got thirty-four dollars," says Lucy.

(Now I ain't sayin' yes an' I ain't sayin' no, but thirty-four dollars was a lot more than the clothin' allowance old man Harris gave her.)

They was some more quiet.

Then Homer says "I love you, Lucy."

An' she repeats what he says, an' they's more silence. Soon after, Lucy an' Homer was movin' 'round, an' we ducked back in the

bushes, an' they passed by us. She was a hangin' on his arm like a spider, an' he was like a big ol' fly.

We lost our frogs while we was waitin', an' we didn't catch nothin' anyway, 'cept a hornpout, so we decided to do some smokin'. I didn't take no drags, 'cause cigarettes taste like dried up green peppers. Least that's what people say.

Well, it didn't take long for the word to get around town. Fact is, Mrs. Hatchett an' old maid Lawton, the postmistress, was a blabbin' 'fore nightfall. Probably Eddie Bowman was tellin' all he saw an' heard to Dan Bowman, an' in the town there ain't no stoppin' gossip. All I said was 'bout our goin' fishin' an' bein' interrupted by a couple down on the riverbank, an' everyone I talked to acted like they wasn't interested. But they was makin' stories bigger behind my back the minute I left 'em. I know 'cause Mr. Finney told me all 'bout it half hour after'n I told him, an' the story was bigger an' more interestin'. Tongues was

waggin' plenty in Davis Corner that day.

It wasn't more'n a week later when I was cleanin' trash for old man Harris when Lucy Harris an' Homer Bacon comes walkin' in. 'Cept it wasn't Lucy Harris no more. It was Mr. an' Mrs. Homer Bacon.

"Paw, we're married," says Lucy, an' she's smilin' an' Homer's smilin'.

Old man Harris just stands there like a cherry bomb someone lit an' threw in the river an' it's 'bout ready to explode an' shoot water up in the air. An' he's the same color as a cherry bomb, too. Homer looks at him, an' he looks at Homer, an' Homer don't look no more. An' I'm lookin', too, an' I ain't cleanin' trash no more. Fact is, everyone's lookin' at everyone, an' no one's sayin' anythin'. Old man Harris comes around the corner of the counter, an' he's got his hands on his hips, an' he's smirkin'. Everyone in Davis Corner knows when old man Harris smiles like that it ain't really a smile, an' inside he's thinkin' plenty, an' he ain't too happy.

"So you married Lucy," he says.

An' Homer just stands there, an' he's not smilin' any more, an' he's lookin' at the floor. "Ashamed of it?" snapped old man Harris. An' Homer still ain't sayin' anythin', an' he's lookin' like he wished he'd never come in the store.

Then old man Harris turns to Lucy.

"So you decided on Homer Bacon," he says. He's smilin' a big, broad smile, an' the words are comin' through his teeth like wood chips out of a saw. "What happened to the others?"

"There wasn't no others, Paw."

"That ain't what I heard, an' I been hearin' plenty 'round here

(Continued on Page 29)



"OK You Guys—Watch the Fake Passes."

Fashion Notes



Elaine Perkins — introducing something new and perky in a date dress for the fall. It is soft green corduroy. The cape sleeves and bustle give it that dressed up look. The bodice fits tightly, ending in a fold below the waist. This dress does something with corduroy unheard of before.

Helen Noyes and Joan Craig pause for a minute on the steps of Estabrooke. Helen is wearing her greyish-blue corduroy coat. Believe it or not, it can be worn rain or shine. The full swing back and cuffs on the sleeves are strictly new. It is an all-round campus coat.

Joan Craig is wearing a black and red plaid coat, with one button at the neck and full back. Her date dress is black with striking diagonal stripes of fuschia and beige. The sophisticated drape below the belt is an added attraction.



Louise Litchfield models the new Gibson Girl blouse with the black tie at the neck. It is a must in every girl's wardrobe. Not only is it perfect for classes, but with a dressy black skirt one is ready for a tea.

*Photos
By
Newhall*

3y

Andrews
MacDonald
Marcous



Here are two wise co-eds! Pussy Nason, on the right, displays her wisdom in the choice of a practical semi-dressy corduroy for dances and parties. A two-piece number in turquoise blue, it has the long skirt, long, full sleeves and a peplum in back. Large gold buttons down the front give it that finishing touch that makes it eye-catching.

Barbie Richardson shows that she's "in the know" by selecting a snappy black moire taffeta. Up-to-the-minute in style, it has a long straight skirt with side slits, long sleeves, and bustle back. The squared effect at the neck is set off by an aqua, black and white paisley scarf.

Look! It's Jo Look in a new plaid tea or date dress. For length it's just right—not too long or too short to antagonize anyone. The dress is two-piece with tight bodice and full skirt. Long, loose sleeves and a belted fullness in back add to its dressy-ness. Jo doesn't worry about the appropriateness of this dress—plaids are welcome everywhere this fall.

For that special formal occasion it's an evening gown of fuschia taffeta, as modeled by lovely Helen Wallingford. The "new look" is evident here in the fitted, low-backed top and full gathered skirt. Adding charm and style are the long, tapering sleeves with the new fullness at the shoulder, and the two extra folds of material at the back of the skirt, giving a bustle-like effect. Gowned thus, a girl is ready for an evening of romance.



Filipino Funeral

Cliff Whitten

The people I live with went to a funeral the other day, so I went along, expecting some excitement. It was the first funeral I have attended in the United States. It was very sad, with all the women wiping their eyes and the men blowing their noses every time the preacher told what a fine fellow the dead man had been.

I don't believe I could ever get accustomed to these mainland funerals. I went to school in Manila for three years, and have been here in the States for two years, so many of the city habits come to me quite naturally now. I've got used to wearing shoes, and can even drink gin in place of sake. But these funerals—

I remember going to my Uncle Ferdinand's funeral when I was 14 years old. That was a real funeral.

I didn't know Uncle Ferdie very well, but had heard plenty about him. He died quite suddenly — it seems that a friend of his who had been recently married came home and found Uncle Ferdie tending to the family affairs for him.

Papa had never cared much for his brother Ferdie — something about a funeral that lasted three days and was attended by Uncle Ferdie and Mama, just a few days before Mama and Papa were married. But family pride made it necessary that we all attend the funeral in style.

Mama got me up at daylight on the day of the funeral and dressed me in my one shirt and the green pants my older brother had left at home when he went away.

Uncle Ferdie had left enough money to have a real stylish funeral—he made it selling sake

to the troops stationed in Manila. Everyone who could lay the slightest claim to relationship with him came to the funeral. He must have been quite romantic in his younger days. As we approached his home we overtook several women who were accompanied by children of various ages, all bearing a strong family resemblance to Uncle Ferdie.

By mid-morning all the relatives had gathered at Uncle Ferdie's, and from there we all formed two ranks and marched to the church, led by the local band which consisted of seven drums and two cast-off army bugles.

Uncle Ferdie had the seat of honor at the church. His box had been propped up against a big rock in the middle of the church yard so his spirit could look out over the crowd. All I remember of him is the long drooping mustache and the bright purple shirt he wore.

After everyone had passed by the box and paid their respects, the crowd dissolved into groups. The men all gathered under a group of palm trees and began sampling the contents of several barrels that had been left there—the women gathered on the other side of the churchyard to discuss the latest scandals. The younger children, including myself, stood around wondering.

It was rather dull at first, but the party got livelier as the contents of the barrels took effect. The younger men and the girls began to form in pairs and dance around the churchyard, accompanied by the band.

A number of the children who were too young to join in the dancing contented themselves with try-

ing to pull the tail off a stray mongrel dog they had cornered. I found it more interesting to wander around the area, observing the peculiar behavior of some of the older couples.

Having no sisters, I had never given much thought to the subject of girls. I had always considered them as something that was all right to have around when there was work to do, but serving no other useful purpose. But after watching the maneuvers of some of the younger couples around the yard, I began to wonder if perhaps girls didn't have some other use. At any rate, some of the boys seemed to think so.

Out in the front yard the band was playing louder and faster, the dancing was getting wilder and hotter, and everyone was joining enthusiastically in singing Uncle Ferdie a farewell song.

I watched the dancing for a while, but it seemed rather dull compared to what was going on in the back yard. I wished I knew what it was all about. I found out after a while.

A third or fourth cousin of mine, about five years older than I and apparently unable to get in the fun because of her extreme ugliness, noticed my bewilderment.

Apparently not wishing to leave me in ignorance, she took me aside and explained everything to me in detail.

I was sorry when it was announced that the roast pig was ready, and everyone stopped playing long enough to attend to the food. A two-hour siesta was in order after the meal, but long before the two hours were up I found it necessary to hunt up my third or fourth cousin and talk with her.

Uncle Ferdie's widow seemed to be enjoying herself as much as anyone—except for the time that Mama found her and Papa playing in the back yard. Mama whacked Papa a few times with a club she was carrying, and kept close watch on him the rest of the time.

I guess one's tastes must change with age, because most of the older men seemed to prefer gathering in the church cellar to watch the cockfights. The fights never lasted more than a few seconds,

but the men seemed to enjoy them more than anything else. After each fight large sums of money changed hands, and it was even noticed that after one fight an elderly rice trader said good-bye to his pretty young wife and she left with the owner of the winning rooster.

The party lasted until late in the afternoon of the second day, when the hot sun began to have a serious effect on Uncle Ferdie's personal appeal. Everyone was pretty well worn out anyway, so there

were no strong protests when a few of the closest relatives gathered up Uncle Ferdie's box and moved off to the burial grounds with him. Apparently I was the only one sorry to see the party break up. No, not the only one. As I left I looked back and noticed a wistful look on the face of my third or fourth cousin. I still recall the expression, and the cousin, with pleasure and longing, even today. Perhaps that's why I can't seem to enjoy these mainland funerals.

UNDER GLASS

by Monty Higgins

Some of the lads were sitting around the house the other night when John Willis, who is from out of state, asked how you get a ship into a bottle.

"Hell," Al Jones, from Winter Harbor, said, "if we had a bottle I'd show you. It's simple."

John decided he'd enjoy going out for a bottle, and several others asked to go with him.

"Okay," Al agreed. "We'll do a bang-up job of it. I'll stay here and draw up plans for the ship." Al was a tech man with plenty of drawing classes back of him.

John and four others piled into John's old bucket and putted off after a bottle. Before long back they came bearing a fifth of blended whiskey to plop onto Al's desk.

"Hey, what goes?" Al wanted to know. "This isn't a clear glass bottle. It's amber. Even if we get a ship into this bottle how can we see it through amber glass? Didn't you jokers know enough to buy me a clear glass bottle?"

"I suppose," John supposed, "that most gin bottles have clear glass."

"Well, get me one. And just

leave this one here, by the way."

John—with seven others this time—went aboard John's bucket and set out after a proper bottle. At the store the others got into the spirit of the venture and bought several bottles—round gin bottles, square bottles, and quart rum bottles—so Al could choose the one most suitable.

When the shipbuilders arrived back at the house, they found plans drawn up and everything ready for construction. In short order the bottles were empty and the boys were full. Al selected a quart rum bottle, clear glass and round, and delegated construction details to his amateur assistant shipwrights and shipfitters. Al explained they would need a hull small enough to pass through the bottle neck—with masts, yards, and rigging hinged to steps and lying flat aft atop the hull. They would need wood for hull and spars, thread and wire for rigging, and cloth for sails.

Since George Mason was over seeing his girl, they went through his chest of drawers until they found a sewing kit with thread for rigging. Someone sawed a leg off George's desk from which to whit-

tle the hull, and someone else cut sail patches from the tail of one of George's white shirts. Collar was frayed anyway, they said.

No putty or plaster could be found to go inside the bottle to form the sea for the hull to rest on, so all hands were busy chewing gum.

George Mason interrupted construction when he came back early. Eyes blazing, George swore and swore.

"Don't get hot, George," someone piped up. "This is for the house. We're putting a ship into a bottle for the mantel in the main lounge."

George yelled that bottles were for launching ships only, and even that was a damned waste. George grabbed the rum bottle by the neck and smashed it on a corner of his sagging desk.

"What's the matter, George," another guy asked, "you launching your desk?"

George swore some more and began heaving bottles out the window.

Much later Al picked up a ship in a bottle in a Bar Harbor shop—which bottled ship now decorates the mantel at the house.

Abner Snorp.....An unemployed dromedary driver
 Pearle Upsweep—Miss America, 1917, a salesgirl in a bargain basement
 Damp Petrol.....A grounded gremlin with a bow and arrow
 Chorus.....Three fat choir boys and a hound

What's Left

Music.....Three bullfiddles and a cowfiddle
 Costumes.....Art Who?
 Scenery and Lighting.....Who Art?

Prologue

(Fanfare: music and a moo from the strings)

(On the chorus, a paper moon is drawn slowly up from and over a cardboard sea. The hound joins the choir boys in the rendition.)

Abner loved his precious Pearl,
 Beauty had she like a fairy;
 But he never tried to kiss her—
 Kissing isn't sanitary.

Abner lived within a coal-bin,
 Where he thought of her in vain;
 She slept in a bargain basement,
 Safely sheltered from the rain.

Chorus: Oh-h-h-h-h, she was a faded beauty,
 Like a last year's candy cane;
 Abner loved her for her virtue,
 But he loved her all in vain—
 For a candy loses something,
 When you break the cellophane.
 Yes, it loses all its beauty,
 When you break the cellophane.

The villain of this classic
 Is a stinker, Damp Petrol,
 A foul and filthy gremlin,
 Who plays a smudgy role.

He causes Abner trouble
 With his little bow and arrow,
 Although he can't shoot worth a damn—
 His eyes are set too narrow.

Chorus: Oh-h-h-h-h, he is an unctuous gremlin,
 All hot air and balderdash,
 With a little old pot-belly,
 And a Chaplinesque moustache.
 One that would be so much neater
 Wrapped in good, clean cellophane.

The Cellophane

(Love in a l...)

By Clair a

A rundown intersection. A broken traffic light. At mid-stag reputable tenement house. Over biinks. Two streets intersect at rain. Time: late afternoon, Fall misery!

As the scene opens, Abner o sleep out of his eyes with the pat he shuffles down the street, look up a butt, puts it in his mouth, seat of his pants (which are pate tentedly. He starts to sing in a

If you are sad and lon
 Longing for your one
 And the rain is getting
 Do not count your m
 Figure out the daily d
 Relax, and be at ease,

Smoke! Smoke! \$
 You have everyth
 Once it had new
 Fresh nicotine wo

Just like Gerty from l
 Though you're cold, a
 You can pick yourself
 Never mind the godd
 Cigarettes will keep y
 Relax, and be at ease

Smoke! Smoke! \$
 You have everyth
 It was wrapped
 Fresh nicotine wo

Petrol, while Abner is singing he is a gremlin, he could live in and in consideration of the prop to have him come out of a traffi off-stage. Petrol stops in front of he chants:

OPERETTA

The Cellophane Princess

(Love in a Bargain Basement)

By Clair H. Chamberlain

Act I

A rundown intersection. A little to left of mid-stage, there is a broken traffic light. At mid-stage, there is a coal-bin adjoining a disreputable tenement house. Over the door of the house, a red light blinks. Two streets intersect at deep right—center. Sound effect of rain. Time: late afternoon, Fall. Stage lights are dimmed. Gad, what misery!

As the scene opens, Abner crawls out of the coal-bin. He rubs the sleep out of his eyes with the palms of his hands, stretches, yawns. Then he shuffles down the street, looking for cigarette butts. Lazily, he picks up a butt, puts it in his mouth, lights it after scratching a match on the seat of his pants (which are patched with red asbestos), puffs on it contentedly. He starts to sing in a sweet, melodic tenor:

If you are sad and lonely,
Longing for your one and only,
And the rain is getting wetter all the time,
Do not count your many troubles,
Figure out the daily doubles—
Relax, and be at ease, and sing this rhyme:

Smoke! Smoke! Smoke, that cigarette!
You have everything to gain,
Once it had new cellophane,
Fresh nicotine won't hurt you on a bet!

Just like Gerty from Bizerty
Though you're cold, and wet, and dirty,
You can pick yourself a winner every time—
Never mind the goddam storm,
Cigarettes will keep you warm—
Relax, and be at ease, and sing this rhyme:

Smoke! Smoke! Smoke, that cigarette!
You have everything to gain,
It was wrapped in cellophane,
Fresh nicotine won't hurt you on a bet!

Petrol, while Abner is singing, comes from behind the traffic light. As he is a gremlin, he could live in the traffic light; but, for convenience, and in consideration of the prop-men, it would be bad for their morale to have him come out of a traffic light. He comes from behind it, from off-stage. Petrol stops in front of Abner. In a voice like a cement-mixer, he chants:

ETTA

The Princess

ain Basement)

Chamberlain

I

to left of mid-stage, there is a
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e door of the house, a red light
ep right—center. Sound effect of
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s out of the coal-bin. He rubs the
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it after scratching a match on the
with red asbestos), puffs on it con-
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sing this rhyme:

ce, that cigarette!
o gain,
ophane,
urt you on a bet!

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storm,
arm—
I sing this rhyme:

ce, that cigarette!
o gain,
ellophane,
urt you on a bet!

nes from behind the traffic light. As
o traffic light; but, for convenience,
s, it would be bad for their morale
ht. He comes from behind it, from
er. In a voice like a cement-mixer,

Who is it you love? Who?
I know who you love. Who?
A bargain-basement girl,
With the fetching name of Pearl,
And that's who you love. Who?

Who is it you love? Who?
I know what I'm gonna do—
With my bow and arrow,
I'm gonna pierce your marrow,
Who's gonna stop me? Who?
That's what I'm gonna do.

Petrol pulls a miniature bow and arrow out of his bowler. Petrol takes careful aim. The bullfiddles make like thunder. The cowfiddle moos pitifully. It must be milking time! Petrol aims, but his hand is shaky. Somewhere, in etherial space, a violin sobs softly, playing "Hearts and Flowers." Pearl runs in, just in time, bends over to kiss the fainting, anemic hero, and receives a shaft in her cellophane.* Curtain.

Act II

Manhattan Project. There is an air of heavy intrigue, covering the intersection like a blanket. Time: a Winter's day. Gad, it's cold! Abner leans against the traffic light, disconsolate, black with cold. Petrol sneaks in from off-stage, trailing a long ribbon of red cellophane. A soup-bone is attached to the cellophane. The hound is attached to the soup-bone. Abner starts to follow the hound. He changes his mind, and resumes his former position, leaning against the traffic light. Over the door of the tenement house is a large, neon sign, flashing out the letters "M-A-N-H-A-T-T-A-N P-R-O-J-E-C-T," over and over. A bargain basement has taken the place of Abner's coal-bin. As the scene opens, Pearl comes to the door of the bargain basement (a renovated coal-bin), strews toffee from a small basket which she carries under her arm, and sings to Abner in a high contralto:

There's an awful lot of toffee in our bin!
Won't you have a little toffee? Come right in!
We hope you like it—it's a better form of glue,
We'll wrap some up in cellophane to take right home with you—
There's an awful lot of toffee in our bin!

There's an awful lot of toffee in Manhattan!
You can buy it by the peck, or by the can!
Cellophane is just the thing to keep it clean,
No amoeba in our toffee; no mould to turn it green—
There's an awful lot of toffee in Manhattan!
Abner is charmed, and shy. He folds his hands; and sings, *passionata*:

Dull skies,
Muddy as your eyes,
And nothing but toffee
From now on.

I've got toffee and a cigarette—
Nictone and toffee, now you've met.
Dull skies,
Muddy as your eyes,
And something new is added—
From now on.

(Continued on Page 32)



A. D. 1260

Anon, as I traveled in this land called Mayne, I came upon a field which seemed to hold a great festival of the countryside. On either side, knights and their ladies, squires and dames, gathered in great profusion, and I hurried me forward into their midst that I might detect the reason for their assembling. It was a throng of goodly proportions and of joyous deportment, and I wondered mightily as to its purpose.

Presently, with great effort, I made my way to the center of this convocation. It was not a tourney, nay not even a religious festival, but simply a common bear pit, where was held those vicious and brutal struggles of wild beasts which so delighted the people in these days. And as I made able to learn, it was the occasion of a battle of champions, the terrible Polar Bear of Boduyme pitted against the savage Brown Bear of Mayne.

Being unacquainted with this sport, I posted myself by one whom methought to be a student, and made sober inquiry as to what I might prepare to see. At first his only reply was to wave a flagon, of which he had been partaking copiously, and to shout in a mighty voice,

"To hell with Boduyme!"

This he repeated with infinite variation, until a great roar announced the entrance of the combatants. Then, perforce he subsided, and made to acquaint me with the information I had begged of him.

"Pilgrim," he began, for he knew me by my garb, "know ye that each year at this time, the

champion of Boduyme and the champion of Mayne are met here in mortal combat. It is a great occasion, and much revelry is made throughout the land."

Offering me his flagon, he proceeded.

"Boduyme is the land of the Polar Bear, and Mayne of the

From

Friar

Maladjusted's

Diary

by Rip Haskell

Brown Bear. This year, our noble beast was much the favorite, but the treacherous Boduynites have retained the services of a handler whose name resounds wherever the bear pit has penetrated, Adam of the Rams. Now, doubt has entered the minds of the people and wagers are not easily made."

He seized once more upon his flagon.

"Prithee, who might be the noble looking young squire who stands beside the Brown Bear?" I

enquired.

"Oh," he replied, "no squire he, but the well famed Sir Echo who made much name for himself in the last great crusade, and who now has sworn himself to the training and handling of fighting beasts."

"And he who whispers in his ear?"

"That is Tad the Wise Man, Lord Marshal of the Realm."

But now our conversation was brought to an end as the beasts were brought to the center of the pit and prepared for battle. On either side, the forces of Boduyme and Mayne raised themselves up, roared lusty challenges, and great confusion reigned. On every hand I could feel the great and joyous comradery of this occasion, bolstered by the frequent interchange of flagon and flask, and it seemed to me truly, that the spectacle which I now viewed was as much of the stadium as of the pit.

I shall not recount to you the actual combat which took place, save to say that much blood was spilled, and many and grievous wounds were suffered by both of the beasts. Finally, he whose members were the strongest, and whose attack was the most deadly, was blessed with triumph, and the Polar Bear lay lifeless upon the floor of the pit.

Then rose up a mighty roar, and the men of Mayne raised up shouted the anthem of their land, and the Boduynites slunk away into the dusk.

And the crowds returned to their castles where already revelry had commenced.

And I passed from this strange scene and continued my journey.



Slide On Stillwater

A man from the county came he down,
Flow down grey river.
For to study in old Orono Town.
Slide on Stillwater.

Lowly Freshman at once was he,
Flow down life giver.
A mighty Sophomore soon to be.
Slide Stillwater, slide.

Labs and prelims and finals and 2.4,
Spring freshets rise you high.
Studied for with a cold brew and one brew more.
As you slide by Stillwater.

The big bored Junior he suddenly became,
Grey stream the farmlands twisting by.
The finally worthy of the Seniors fame.
Rush to the sea, Stillwater.

Lover, wheel and all of that,
Rapid waters frothy and white.
Owls and Skulls and Social Frat.
Slide Stillwater Slide.

Class Day, Dance Pageant and Senior Ball,
Glowing waters in the evening light.
Speeches, Graduation and the last beer glass tall.
Slide on Stillwater.

Another fool joins the mass-ranks of the educated.
His Sheepskin proving him to be graduated.
Slide on, Slide on Still, so still Stillwater.

—Sejones

THE ONE LOVE OF ISSAC MOUSE

by Biff Shalek

Once there was a mouse named Isaac. As mice go Isaac wasn't what you'd call outstanding. In fact, if you ever saw him in a crowd with other mice you wouldn't be inclined to think—here is a mouse to be reckoned with! Isaac just wasn't that kind of a mouse.

Isaac came of good parentage. On his father's side one of his ancestors had died of salversan, pricked by the fatal hypodermic of Erlich. His mother's people had none of this fame, but rather were spoken of as coming from good house mice stock. Here it was that Isaac inherited most of the characteristics that made him the kind of a mouse he was. Quiet, gentle, unassuming, always ready with a kind squeak or a helping paw. Other mice were always pitter-pattering about, digging tunnels or gnawing their way through the woodwork. Isaac, though when needed, he put his teeth to the wood with the best, liked to climb high up on the dish-mantel. For from these crockery heights he was king. But there was another reason. Ah, yes, in the scheme of things Isaac was just another mouse. But some mice become very, very famous. Look at Mickey Mouse, SuperMouse, and Isaac's cousin, BlabberMouse, who proved that the sex drive is secondary to the hunger and thirst drives. To

Isaac, though, happiness was the prime importance for living. Since living and loving have been perennial bedfellows it follows the natural course of events to disclose that Isaac was . . . In Love!

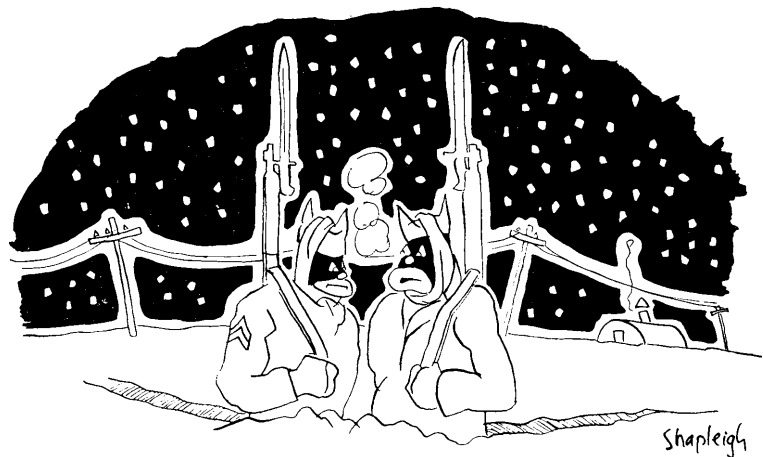
You can talk about the love of a man for a maid. But Isaac, though only a mouse, loved so completely, so exhilaratingly, so excruciatingly . . . Well, there was just no comparison!

He had given his heart totally, although in absentia, to Titty Tatty, the household snow-white Angora. From his pottery eyrie he would lie with his little whiskered snoot between his forepaws and watch Titty Tatty's every graceful move. When she would lick her white coat with her pink tongue, Isaac would shiver with ecstasy.

Only to run his whiskers through that rippling whiteness, that white, whiteness. To rub noses and exchange scents. Just that and nothing more.

This love made a better mouse of Isaac. His grey fur was neat and shone from countless tongue-baths. Never was there a remnant of a cheese supper left on his whiskers. Even his long tail, which was very hard to get at, was immaculate. He polished the end of an old tomato can and in front of it practised standing on his hind legs. Girls are fussy about height, you know. And Titty Tatty was a she—cat, of course.

The predictable, foreseeable, inevitable happened. The day of final consummation had begun like the others with Isaac watching



"Dis Sho' Blows Natural Selection All To Hell."

from the mantle. At first Titty Tatty was nowhere to be seen, but then she came—fresh from a scented bath she daintly wafted into the room. Oh, the blinding whiteness of her, the scented scentness. Oh! Isaac could stand no more. His heart burst asunder.

The time had come for Isaac. This was his destiny. He had to get into the swim, battle the raging millpond, travel along the road of life. Leaping with breath-taking splendor he left forever his wedgewood tower, and landed, on all fours, on the floor!

There was nobility in Isaac as he stood there, the head erect, the pointed ears, the neatly-combed whiskers twitching from side to side.

Using his tail for support he balanced himself on his hind legs and, throwing out his paws in an opera-like gesture, he cried—

“See Titty Tatty! Oh, see! Have I not done well in my love for you? Do I not make a fine figure in my good grey and white waistcoat? I love you, Titty Tatty. Oh, if only you knew how I adore you . . . I . . .

“Crunch!”



FRUITS OF SORROW

There are avenues of silence through a land unknown;
There are avenues of silence where the white wolves moan
To accentuate the silence of a land unknown.

There is white-ribboned beauty which no man may ever keep;
There is white-ribboned beauty that is drifted soft and deep
In a land unknown which no man may ever keep.

Infinites of blackness which only faith can breach,
Infinites of blackness, sucking life out like a leech
Enfold this land unknown which only faith may reach.

There are avenues of silence through a land unknown;
There are avenues of silence which we reach alone,
Where the white wolves moan, and the moon, full blown
Accentuate the silence of a land unknown.

—Jean Miller



H U M O R

“Hi, there, big boy, would you like a red-hot date with a cute little devil?”

“Fine, baby. O. K.”

“Then go to hell, big boy, go to hell.”

—N. Y. U. Varieties

Guest (to host in new home):
“Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?”

Host: “Walk right upstairs, and then two doors to the left.”

—N. Y. U. Varieties

An intelligent girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

—N. Y. U. Varieties

He: “Everything I touch seems to go wrong.”

She: “Don’t touch me then.”

—Syracusan

If it’s funny enough to tell, it’s been told; if it hasn’t been told, it’s too clean; and if it’s dirty enough to interest a frosh, the editors get kicked out of school.

—Missouri Showme

Dean: Don’t you know you shouldn’t play strip poker.”

Sweet Young Thing: Oh, it’s perfectly alright. It’s not gambling.

Dean: What!

S. Y. T.: Oh, no, the fellows always give us our clothes back.

—N. Y. U. Varieties

Lynne: Does your husband talk in his sleep?

Jinx: No . . . and it’s exasperating . . . he just grins.

—N. Y. U. Varieties

STOP — LOOK — LISTEN —

By Polly Rawlinson

The three men sat at a make-shift table in the small gate house. It was too small—one room, a pot-belly stove in the center, and three small hard-back chairs. The one window which faced the tracks was skummed over with soot and coal dust from the trains. Only a slight glare could penetrate into the room. One patch of light fell on the grimy floor.

Two of the men were smoking, making the room more stuffy than January afternoon. George was of middle age, average size, with red, curly hair. His eyebrows were red and bushy, shading pale, watery eyes. A shadow of coal dust around his jaw line accentuated the thick, red, sensuous lips, between which protruded a cheap cigar. He kept shuffling a pack of dilapidated cards.

Across from George crouched Fox. He was a small man—quick in his movements. His black eyes twitched nervously, and his mouth was drawn down on one side by a deep scar following a line under his chin. Fox started to chew his filthy nails on his back teeth. A large gap in the front of his mouth revealed toothless gums. Fox broke the silence with his thin, shrill voice.

"This is one helluva hole. Christ!"

He jumped up, ground a cigarette on the floor, and stared out into the black speckled snow.

"Day in—day out—sittin'—wait-

in' for train—switch track—sit, sit, sit. It's 'nuff to drive anyone bats."

"Aw sit down and shut up," George said huskily; "the 4:50 'll be here in a little while."

Fox glared at him maliciously but sat down and started to bite his nails again. The silence, the shuffling of the cards was too much for him. Turning on the third member of the group, he snarled,

"What the hell you so calm about? Ain't you got no nerves?"

The man sitting over in the corner of the room looked at Fox quizzically, then at George. A slight twinkle came into his warm, blue eyes, and he spoke for the first time since entering the musty gate house.

"Yes, Fox, I have nerves. Why?"

The softness of the man's voice infuriated Fox. He couldn't say anything. Fox didn't understand the man in the corner they called Judy. He didn't like him, but had no reason to dislike him. Why didn't he talk more? What sort of guts lay underneath those 275 pounds of Judy? Fox didn't give a damn anyway. But Judy seemed to antagonize him every day by his silence. Fox wanted to stalk his prey again.

"Hey, George, I bet old Judy would like to be with us tomorrow." He winked at George. "Yes, sir, Mabel is really goin' to be showed the time of her life. I know just the dive, too."

George, catching on to Fox's

game, joined in.

"Yeh, Fox, I see what you mean. My wife ain't goin' to be around for the weekend herself. I've got a couple of things in mind too." He wet his red lips and looked sideways at Judy. This aroused no response.

George continued. "How about you comin' along, Judy. My dame'll probably know someone. You'd have one swell time." He made a clucking sound.

"No thank you, George."

"Aw, no one wants a fat slob like him anyway." Fox jumped up and stood in front of Judy, waving a saliva-soaked finger at him.

"What the hell's the matter with you? You never do nothin'—you never say nothin'. Just hold up that stop sign for cars—come back in here and sit 'till the next train comes. You don't do nothin' when you have time off. No woman—no brew—no nothin'. You just ain't got nothin', lazy slob."

"Aw, let him lie in his own fat," grinned George; "no one wants to lie *with* him."

The two men laughed nastily.

The distant sound of the whistle from the 4:50 drifted down the track, and the three men put on their caps. George and Fox bounded out the door and were at the farther end of the track before Judy had reached the crossing. He was a tremendous man and had to walk very slowly. His stomach hung far out over his legs, and the heavy sheepskin coat he



wore, full of years of patches, accentuated his size. The train could be seen coming around the bend, and Judy stood erect and proud holding the stop sign in his mitted hand. He loved the steam from the engine as it poured across the tracks and past him, the smell of the burning coal, and the bell as it clanged in his head pushing aside all other thoughts. And he loved to watch the cars go by when the track was clear. People smiled at him, would sometimes honk the horn as a salute. Little children would peek out the back windows and wave to him. They knew him. He loved them all.

The train chugged into the station, and soon the cars moved on. Judy turned to go back into the gate house. He puffed as he walked. Across the street, he saw Fox and George going into "Joe's" for beer. He knew their thoughts and their actions. They would joke about their big day tomorrow, talk about him, and laugh together about their great lives. He pitied them. Judy waited for the next man to relieve him and then waddled to his rooming house. He also had tomorrow to look forward to.

The next day was overcast, but the art gallery was brightly lighted to close out the grayness of the afternoon. Judy wandered around the various exhibition rooms admiring the paintings. The scenes, the colors fascinated him. They were real. He could feel the power of the ocean as he could the train engine as it went by—the vapour of the clouds as the steam drifting across the tracks. He looked at the works for a long while and then moved on into the "First-Day" exhibition room. He had saved this for last. Many people were milling around, but he made his way through them to the further side. Standing before a portrait, he read the artist's title, "Unperceived Depth." The man could be regarded as a tramp at first glance—the ragged cap, the patched sheepskin coat. But the artist has seen more than that in the man—the eyes revealing kindness, an understanding of life—the mouth, relaxed and yet about to speak. There was a buzzing in the gallery, and Judy realized that people were staring at him, then at the portrait.

"There he is—that's the man,"

(Continued on Page 25)

sea food



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Genesis

By

Clair

Chamberlin

"In the beginning . . . the earth was without form, and void." Later, Man, taking things into his own hands, invented the typewriter. Now, everything is form.

The typewriter is a beautiful thing to behold. At first glance, it resembles a musical instrument. It has numerous little gadgets known as "keys". These are aligned in orderly rows. The novice, in order to perform upon these keys, must start from a set point known as "position". Gently, if you please! Should you enter a busy office equipped with the older type machine, you would be greeted with the "Anvil Chorus". The newer, silent machines, play "Whispering Hope."

The typewriter is not a musical instrument. There is much controversy as to whether it has any practical use. The robot, or novice, practices "POSITION" without looking at the keyboard. Soon, he gets what is known as the "feel" of the board. Inspired, filled with confidence, he starts out with something that looks like this: xV"#\$%)(@?. His face drops, and the diaphragm falls through the *non compis mentis*. Then, and only then, the sympathetic teacher offers consolation to the expiring

student.

As the keys descend, little hammers strike against a black, inked strand, the "ribbon". The ribbon is always going kafooey. The most common kafooey is known as "wearing out". This necessitates what is known as a "change". Prospective fathers should familiarize themselves with this operation.

In order to change the ribbon, a very messy job, the operator should: (1) remove the old ribbon by grasping the small, metal cases on which the ribbon is wound, the "spools", (2) take the ribbon out of the metal arms which hold it in position against a hard-rubber whoosis, known as the "roll", (3) throw the old ribbon where the dog can find it and get tangled up in it, (4) replace the new ribbon, (5) take a bath, and (6) go to bed.

Let us presume that you have reached the acme of perfection as a typist. You pride yourself on your ability—you are able to type 60, 80, 100 words per minute; and your services are greatly needed as an expert typist. No matter where you go, somewhere you will meet your nemesis, a guy who types with two fingers and earns twice as much per week as you do. What's up?

"Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field."

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**WE DELIVER
ANY PLACE
ANY TIME**

**C
O
N
T
A
C
T**
by

Kenneth F. Zwicker

Alphonso O'Toole selected a few choice words of profanity from his vast vocabulary, and slapped his car in the mouth with a rusty crank. It was a bad time to offer advice, but his wife shouted some from the kitchen door.

"Well, if it won't start any other way, why don't you crank it?"

Alphonso's reply was brief and to the point. "Crank it?" he screamed. "Gawdammit, what d'ya think I'm doin', goosin' butterflies? I thought you was havin' a field day upstairs today! Why don't you go in the house and do your work?"

Dolly, which was Mrs. O'Toole's Christian name, fired a short burst of adjectives in the general direction of her husband, and retreated, mumbling about the time spent tinkering, and the time that should be spent cleaning up the cellar.

Alphonso hissed a nasty word at the radiator of his car, and put his shoulder to the crank. He gave it all he had, but there was no sign of life beneath the hood. He stepped back and leaned against the garage door. His eyes narrowed to small slits as he surveyed the situation. He reached for his cigarettes, and found only an empty wrapper. Not a damned butt left. None in the house, either, and it was a mile to the nearest store. He yanked the crank from his car, checked to

make sure it wasn't a tire-iron, and shoved it back into place.

After a fruitless search, through every pocket, for one stray, beat-up cigarette, Alphonso sat down on the front bumper, put his head in his hands, and meditated. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, as though the bumper were hot, and shouted to his wife.

"Dolly, where's my screw-driver?" He shouted again — much louder. "Dolly, where to hell are you?"

Dolly's voice was impatient as she answered, "What is it now? What screw-driver? I didn't know you had one. How should I know where it is? I don't use it!"

"Oh, hell, you know, that little yellow one that I bought last week at the five and ten. It lights up inside when I test the spark plugs. That's probably where my trouble is—right there in those damned plugs!"

"Have you looked under the seat? There's enough junk there! It's probably right where you left it! You probably left it on the running board, and lost it!"

Alphonso muttered an oath and pulled the seat out, shouting over his shoulder, "If it was under the seat, I wouldn't be askin' you where it is, would I? Well, I'll be damned!"

"What did you say? Did you find it?" I told you so! I don't know what you'd do if you didn't

have me to holler to every time you turn around, I'm sure I don't!"

Dolly ambled back into the house, and Alphonso walked around the car, and tore the hood loose from its moorings. Very carefully he touched the screw-driver to a spark plug, and made a contact with the side of the motor, as he had watched the garage-man do. There was no trace of fire, and Alphonso was disappointed, because he liked to watch the screw-driver light up—it seemed to give him a feeling of "know-how." When a man knew enough about a motor to do things like that, he didn't feel guilty about talking mechanics with the boys down at the filling-station. Well, probably every damned one of those plugs was gone to hell.

Alphonso let the hood drop with a crash. He walked around the car, and lifted the hood on the other side. He checked the oil. Down a little, but not enough to hurt anything. He removed the radiator cap, and checked the water. He mumbled to himself. "Water's right up to the overflow. Yes, plenty of water in her—wonder how the gas is. There should be plenty, I filled her up—yesterday, I think it was."

Alphonso stuck his jack-handle into the gas tank, and it came out dripping. Plenty of gas. He put the cap back onto the gas tank, and shook his head in bewilderment. Now what in the name of God could be wrong with that car? Those plugs must be all right—they wouldn't all go bad at once. It didn't seem like they would, anyway. Probably that damned screw-driver was fouled up, or something.

Once more Alphonso O'Toole sat down on the bumper of his car. He reached for a cigarette, and remembered that he didn't have any. He was debating with himself whether he should walk down to the store and get a pack, when he heard a loud shriek from the

house.

"Alphonso! Alphonso! Come here, quick!"

"What is it, Dolly? What is it?"

"Oh, Alphonso, I just killed the most monstrous, big spider that you ever saw!"

"Well, what do you want me to do—a victory roll? I got other things to think about besides dead spiders! I'm gonna call a mechanic to fix this damned car!"

Alphonso got up, and walked around the car twice. He was just beginning the third tour, when his glance fell on the dash. The ignition key was not turned on! He went around the car again, and slammed the hood down, fastening it on either side.

Alphonso shouted, so Dolly could hear him. "There, damn you, maybe you'll start now!"

"Did you get it fixed, Alphonso? Will it start, now?"

"I don't know, Dolly," replied Alphonso, "but we'll soon find out!"

Alphonso got into the car, and stepped on the starter. The motor started immediately, and he raced it awhile, looking up at Dolly with a very superior expression on his face. He cocked his head to one side, listening, in a most professional manner, to the roar of the motor. He nodded his head, and bit his lower lip. His attitude was pensive; he seemed to be quite satisfied with himself.

"What was wrong with it, Alphonso? What did you do to it?"

"Now, Dolly, what the hell do you know about a car? It would take me ten minutes to explain it to you, and then you wouldn't know what I was talking about!"

AD

Co-ed: It says here that the "Handy-Sized Merriam-Webster" is based on the Supreme Authority.

Slapstick: God! What a dictionary!

—Maine Campus

The Engagement Ring



and Wedding Ring



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

DONALD PRATT CO.

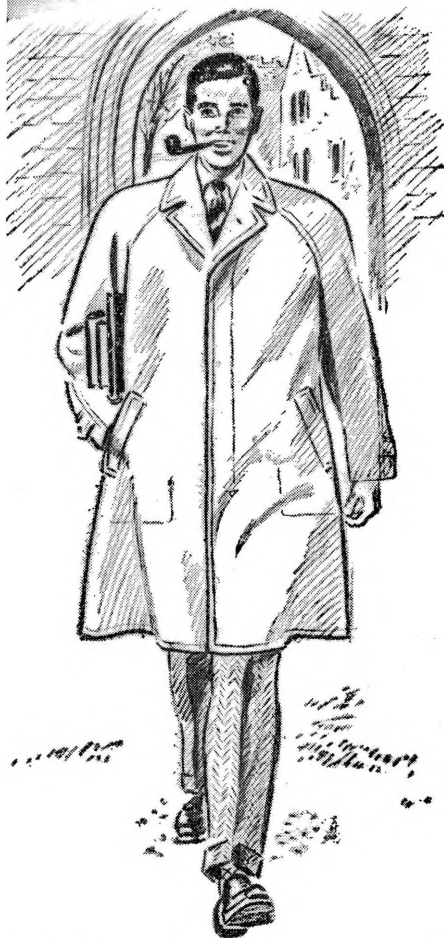
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PLYMOUTH MANUFACTURING CO.
495 Albany St., Boston 18, Mass.

About Our New Library

(Continued from Page 7)

alumni. As construction proceeded the initial estimated cost of the library was revised upwards. Although no figures are available at present, final expenses are known to be considerably in excess of the approximate \$400,000 originally appropriated. Additional funds were supplied by the General Alumni Association and the mill tax.

The new library was designed as an answer to specific questions posed by the situation arising out of the rapid expansion of the University. The immediate needs of today and the probable demands of the future have been carefully planned for. Efficient and useful in simple Georgian Colonial design, it is attractive and dignified in appearance, and in harmony with other campus buildings. Located centrally, directly opposite the Alumni Memorial Gymnasium, it is accessible to all parts of the campus.

In 1906, when the Carnegie library was built, student enrollment was 576. In 1939 it had increased 350% to 2,063. The fall semester of 1947 smashed all records, when 3,382 students registered at the Orono campus alone. The old library seated only 189, when by college standards it should have accommodated 500. The total seating capacity of rooms in the new library is over 600 with a proportional increase in floor area per reader. A main reading room, a reserve book room, and an education room at present offer greatly expanded opportunities, and additional reading, periodical, and reference facilities will be reconverted from space presently being used as drafting rooms.

Capacity of stacks in the new library is 280,000 volumes, more

than enough to take care of the present inventory of 200,000 volumes. Additional stack capacity for 100,000 more volumes can be made without new construction.

The library provides for increased efficiency of the administration. Office space for library officials is greater and properly equipped rooms for cataloging, book repairing, indexing, and other clerical and technical services will enhance the usefulness of the building.

The new library is completely fireproof, featuring metal stacks, concrete and metal floors, and stairways, and fireproof roofing. Modern lighting, heating, and air-conditioning equipment makes the building comfortable and pleasant.

Special features incorporated in the design of the new library include a number of seminar rooms, an exhibition and lecture room, and two large rooms to house collections of both University of Maine and State of Maine historical material. In the exhibition and lecture room are well-lighted display cases for trophies, awards, etc.

At the present time several of these special rooms have been temporarily converted to engineering drafting rooms, other classrooms, or office space. This action has been necessitated by the huge enrollment and the resultant overcrowding. Let it be understood that this arrangement is merely temporary, however, and that the original plans will be carried out as soon as feasible.

In becoming the physical, as well as intellectual, center of the University the new library occupies an important position in the academic life of the student. Its construction was a venture of

faith by everyone concerned with the funds campaign and the ensuing construction problems.

Alumni and friends on Homecoming Day will find their faith in their University richly justified when they see the new library dedicated. They will find their

pride in Maine redoubled as they realize the following words of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler: "A library is not only a monument to the academic progress which has marked the years that are gone, but it is a prophecy of academic accomplishment yet to come."

LUCY HARRIS

(Continued from Page 11)

lately. I reckon I know what my daughter's doin'."

"No you don't, Paw," says Lucy, an' she's standin' right in front of him. She's talkin' back, an' she ain't showin' no respect. "You heard wrong."

"Everyone can't be wrong."

"Everyone can be wrong," says Lucy. An' she's spittin' out them lies as fast as she can. "You ain't seen, nothin' wrong. Nobody's seen nothin' wrong, 'cause we ain't got nothin' to hide."

"You're as bad as your maw," says old man Harris, an' he's just lookin' at the wall, an' he ain't seein' anythin'. It was the first time anyone ever heard old man Harris mention his wife. She died just after Lucy was born, but people knew about her. The doctor said it was "unmentionable" when gossips was quizzin' him. The preacher said she dies of an "internal turbulence." Mrs. Hatchett an' the ladies said it was "retribution." They wasn't too many words wasted on old Mrs. Harris, an' no tears was shed when she died. Everyone knew, an' she was punished. So besides bein' born under the sign o' the Ram, an' puttin' a lightnin' hex on Mr. Ferguson's woodshed, Lucy Harris had bad blood, too. It didn't really surprise old man Harris, or me, or Davis Corner when she married that Homer Bacon from Merchantville, 'cause old man Bacon never worked much, an' he played slot machines, an' went fishin' on Sundays.

"Where'd you get married?" says Mr. Harris.

"In the Congregational Church in Merchantville. Parson Daniels married us." Lucy was doin' all the talkin'. Homer was standin' around wantin' to get out.

"Why didn't you get married here, by Mr. Hall, in the Baptist church?"

"He was away," says Lucy.

"Away, eh? You're sure he didn't refuse?"

An' Lucy's about to cry. She looks at old man Harris like'n she's twenty-two years innocent, an' she's talkin' quiet an' defeated.

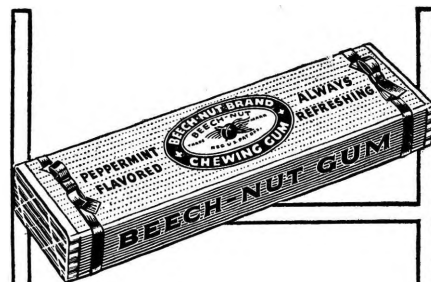
"All right, paw," says Lucy. "You think what you like. Homer's my husband an' I'm his wife, an' I ain't your daughter any more."

"You never was," says old man Harris.

An' when he says "you never was" I near dropped my trash basket. Now I knew somethin' in Davis Corner that nobody else knew. They was a lot o' talkin' before, but no one ever had dirt proof. It's lucky I was cleanin' trash for old man Harris that day or I'd never found out.

Lucy turned an' walked out, an' Homer was runnin' in front of her. Well, 'twasn't long fore Homer brought his disrespectin' crowd over to Davis Corner for a housewarmin'. Homer an' Lucy had a little house next to the Romano's over on the far side o' Davis Corner. An' it wasn't a housewarmin'.

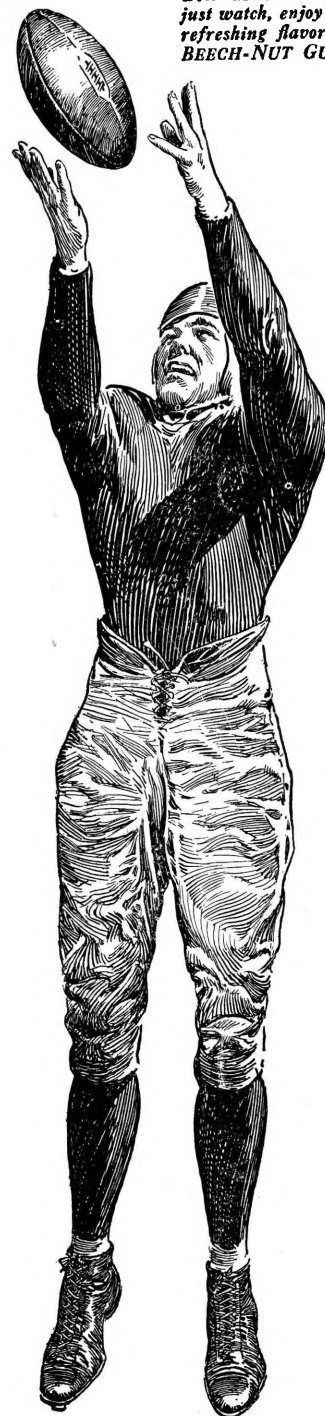
(Continued on Page 30)



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9 CENTRAL STREET

23 HAMMOND STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

LUCY HARRIS

(Continued from Page 29)

neither. It was a stomach warmin', 'cause the Romano's was there, an' they drink wine, an' the Merchantville people was there, an' there ain't a doubt but Lucy an' Homer was drinkin', too. You know about them birds of a feather. The party broke up 'bout two. Least that's what Mr. Finney says.

It wasn't long enough after that marriage an' party when Homer an' Lucy had a daughter, an' they called her Lucy, an' she was born under the Hydra. It ain't easy to forget the day, 'cause Jimmy Bowman stepped in a hornet's nest and he was stung all over. Little Lucy wasn't baptized, an' she was playin' with the Romano's 'fore she could walk. She had them blue eyes, an' everythin' was all right with her 'cept for her hair. Homer's blond an' Lucy's blond, but little Lucy had brownish-black hair. Nobody seen her the first few weeks 'cept Mrs. Hatchett, an' when the club met the next Thursday, everybody heard. Mrs. Hatchett can't keep nothin' to herself. No need sayin' that Lucy was carryin' on where old Mrs. Harris left off, an' little Lucy was gonna follow.

But the last coupla years, things kinda changed. Jimmy Bowman told someone we didn't really see nothin' down by the creek, an' it turned out old man Harris was just talkin' when he said Lucy never was his daughter, an' Reverend Hall wasn't in town when they was married, an' little Lucy's hair finally turned blond, an' old Mr. Ferguson got a thousand dollars the day Jimmy Bowman was stung, too. I never did believe in all the old tongue waggin', anyway. 'Course, it don't make things no different for Lucy an' Homer. They're still livin' over near the Romano's. An', anyway, she was born under the sign o' the Ram.

ALL MAINE MEN
AND WOMEN!

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*Quality Footwear
for
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- Foot Pals

FOR WOMEN

- Florsheim
- College Bred
- Gold Cross
- Kalesteniks

40 Main St.
Bangor, Maine

THE CELLOPHANE PRINCESS

(Continued from Page 17)

Petrol, lured by the toffee, comes in from off-stage, followed by the cellophane, the bone, the hound, and the three fat choir boys. He hesitates, as though seeing Abner for the first time, picks up a piece of toffee, puts it in his mouth, and chants as he pulls out his bow and arrow:

Stummy wuther,
M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m
I'll shute yu whuther,
M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m
Can't help
Breaking ur selfane.

Pearl throws her basket at Petrol, and scores a ringer. The arrow misses Abner and flies out of sight into the audience. There is a howl of pain. For the first time, contact has been made with the audience. The choir boys sing to an inspired audience, and swing an old-time ditty:

When you drank a julep,
A nice, frosty julep . . .

The hound swallows Petrol. Pearl gives Abner a blood transfusion. Three little gremlins, replicas of Petrol on a smaller scale, troop out of the bargain-basement, and down the steps toward Pearl. They sing-song:

We want ice cream!
We want ice cream!
We scream ice cream!

Curtain. Finis. That's all, folks.

* See P. 3: This operetta was banned in Boston.



"Okay, I'll bet you all of Argentina and half of Australia and I'll raise you my last pack of Dentyne Chewing Gum."

"It's no bet, Pal—you gotta have a sure thing to risk your last pack of swell-tasting Dentyne Chewing Gum! For my money, Dentyne wins on flavor and on the way it helps keep teeth white."

Dentyne Gum — Made Only By Adams





EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Sing a song of sixpence, pockets full of dough. Here's the way you'll get it from Pepsi-Cola Co. Make us laugh . . . if you can. We'll pay you \$1, \$2, \$3 . . . as much as \$15 for stuff we accept — and print. Think of it. You can retire. (As early as 9 P. M. if you like.) You don't have to mention Pepsi-Cola but that always

makes us smile. So send in your jokes, gags and no bottle tops to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. The very next day you may receive a de-luxe radio-phonograph combination and a nine-room prefabricated house. It won't be from us. We'll just send you money if we feel like it. Easy Money, too.

Little Moron Corner

Mohair Moron, the upholsterer's son, was found huddled up and shivering in his refrigerator one day. He explained by saying, "I was th-thirsty for a P-pepsi-C-cola and was t-told it should be d-drunk when cold. Now I can drink it. I'm c-c-cold!"

You don't have to be a moron to write these . . . but it helps. \$2 for each accepted we'll pay you, and not a penny more.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year we're going to review all the stuff we buy, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

—HE-SHE GAGS—

If you're a "he" or a "she" (as we suspect) writing HE-SHE jokes should be a cinch for you. If you're not a "he" or a "she" don't bother. Anyway, if you're crazy enough to give us gags like these, we might be crazy enough to pay you a few bucks for them.

* * *

He: Give me a kiss and I'll buy you a Pepsi-Cola . . . or something.

She: Correction. Either you'll buy me a Pepsi . . . or nothing!

* * *

He: When a man leans forward eagerly, lips parted, thirsting for loveliness, don't you know what to do?

She: Sure, give him a Pepsi-Cola.

* * *

He ghost: I'm thirsty. Let's go haunt the Pepsi-Cola plant.

She ghost: That's the spirit!

* * *

\$3.00 (three bucks) we pay for stuff like this, if printed. We are not ashamed of ourselves, either!

CUTE SAYINGS of KIDDIES

(age 16 to 19 plus)

A famous sage has said that people are funnier than anybody. If that were true, all you'd have to do would be listen to what the kiddies are saying, write it down, send it in, and we'd buy it. If that were true. It might be, for all we know. We haven't the slightest idea what we'll ac-

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



This is easier than taking candy away from a baby. And less squawking. Maybe you don't want to be rich, but just force yourself. You'll like it. And, if we like the title you write for this cartoon we'll force ourself to give you \$5. Or if you send us your own cartoon idea we'll up it to \$10. For a cartoon that you draw yourself, we'll float a loan and send you \$15 if we print it. Could you expect any more? Yes, you could expect.

cept. Chances are it would be things like these unless we get some sense.

"My George, who will just be 17 on next Guy Fawkes Day, had his appendix removed last month. When the doctor asked him what kind of stitching he'd like to

have, George said, 'suture self, doctor!'"

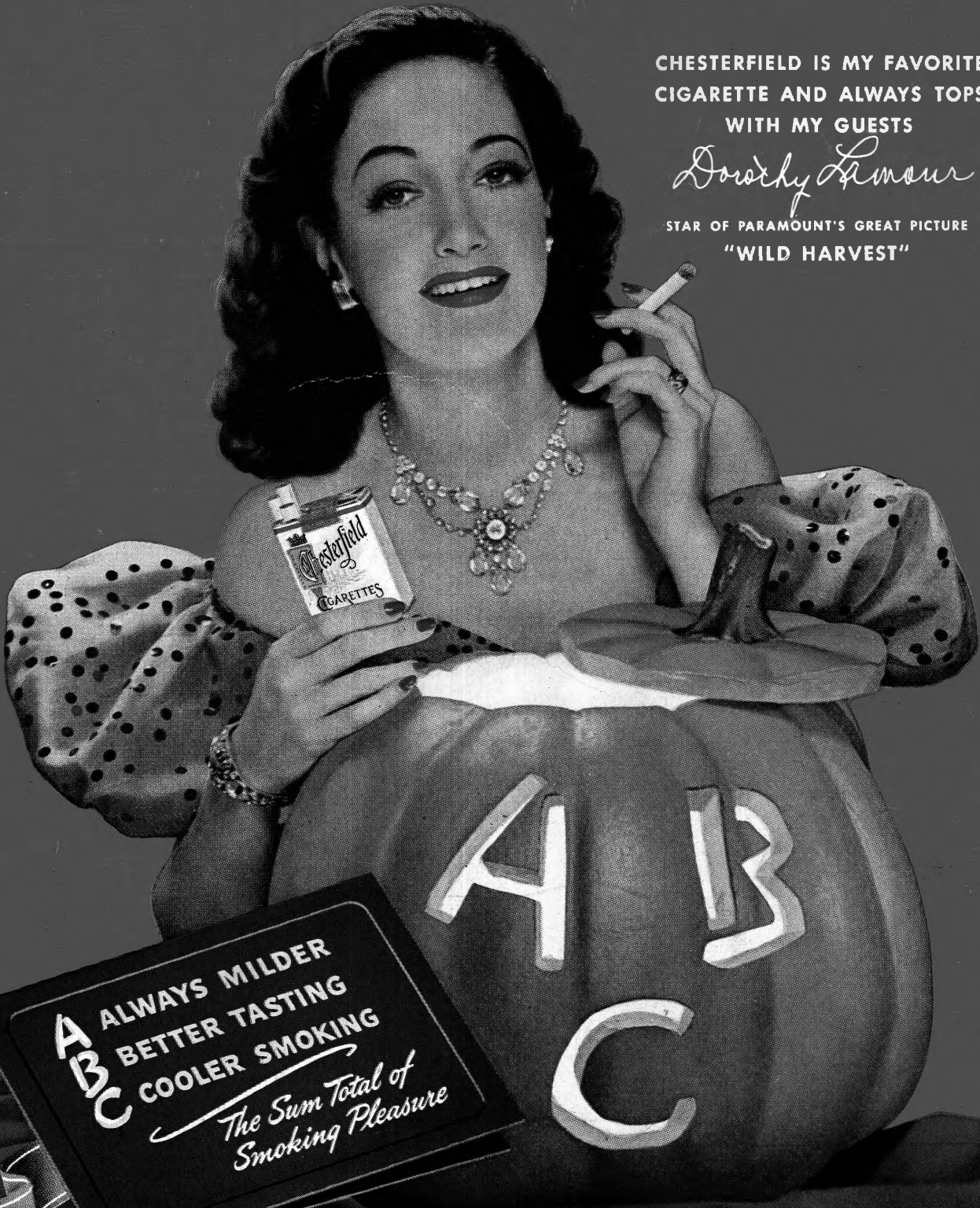
"Elmer Treestump says his girl Sagebrush, only 22¼, brings a bottle of Pepsi-Cola along on every date for protection. She tells everybody, 'that's my Pop!'"

\$1 each for acceptable stuff like this.

CHESTERFIELD IS MY FAVORITE
CIGARETTE AND ALWAYS TOPS
WITH MY GUESTS

Dorothy Lamour

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S GREAT PICTURE
"WILD HARVEST"



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BETTER TASTING
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*The Sum Total of
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