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## The Pine Needle, Spring 1949

Pine Needle Publications

Bob Lord

Sash Weight

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PIN ON NEEDLE



SPRING PARTY ISSUE 25



# Camek

## FOR MILDNESS!



*Gene Bearden*

Voted the "Rookie of the Year" in the American League with an earned run average of 2.43, Gene was the pitching hero of the '48 World Series... stepping out on the mound to wrap up two big climax games for the Cleveland Indians.

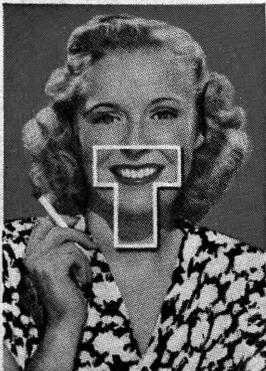
*Johnny Vander Meer*

After many seasons with the Cincinnati Reds, he has more strikeouts to his record than any pitcher on the Club. Vander Meer is the only big leaguer to pitch two "no-hit" games in a row.



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# Letters to the Editors . . .

Gentlemen (ugh!):  
Sirs (ugh!!):  
Well, anyway:

As president and only member of the Maine Committee for Suppression of Vice, I wish to register a protest against the recent issue of the *Pine Needle*.

This publication, obviously the result of some small thinking done by perverted adolescents, is a disgrace to the University where it was published, and should be banned completely until the editorial staff sees fit to make an entire change of policy.

The high moral character of the students is certainly not reflected in your literary trash.

Revoltingly yours,  
J. G. Barrows

—**Bravo, Mr. Barrows! But didn't you buy a copy of the *Pine Needle*?**

—Ed.

Dear Editors:

We have been slighted! Our spirits have been crushed. No longer shall the long walks from Campus to the Elms be filled with exuberance. Gone are the carefree days of yore. Your magazine has slighted the Elms.

Your page of cartoons in the last issue portrayed the light-hearted recreation which takes place on the steps of the other girls' dormitories during late hours and late permissions. Colvin Hall was glorified. Estabrooke was recognized. Balentine was depicted. But Elms was neglected!!

Are we to be separated from the University campus in spirit and thought as well as in space? We too are clean-cut typical American co-eds. Let the cry ring out! We want representation. We want consideration. We want attention.

Ours is a noble cause. We will crusade. The Elms, too, will become notorious upon the printed page. Revenge is sweet. Victory is ours. Down with the *Pine Needle*!

Smugly yours,  
Joan d'Elms and her  
loyal droops. . . .

—**Pax vobiscum, girls. We'll arrange personal interviews to pacify you all.**—Ed.

Editors  
*Pine Needle*  
Dear Sirs:

This is to notify you that my position with your magazine has be-fouled my reputation. I was going from dorm to dorm, putting up posters to induce people to buy the *Needle*. In East Hall, a girl looked at me scornfully and asked, "Do you have anything to do with the *Pine Needle*?" In my modest way I answered, "Oh, they only let me do the dirty work." Thereupon the little minx tossed her yet unsoiled locks and sneered, "Well, then, you must do the whole magazine!" Defamation of character, I read somewhere. I'd sue if you had any money.

Insulted,  
Ray Douglas

—**Ray, where did you say you were putting those posters?**—Ed.

A sweet young thing breezed into a florist shop, dashed up to an old chap puttering around a plant and inquired, "Have you any passion poppy?"

The old boy looked up in surprise. "Gol ding it!" he exclaimed, "you just wait until I get through prunin' this lily."  
—*Santayana*



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BANGOR HOUSE  
in  
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## *It's A Short Hop*

to Bangor, where the University of Maine student may enjoy the hospitality of this famous hotel.

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Cheerful, carefully appointed rooms from \$2.00.

FRANK F. ALLEN, *Manager*  
Allen Hotel Co.

# A Job of the Needle

The *Needle* staff is agin aptitude tests. We lost a good man that way. Dick Selleck was all set to make us famous with his cartoons when somebody in the psych department talked him into taking one of their solve-all aptitude tests. The results showed that Dick was about as fitted for biochemistry as the Economic profs at Maine are fit for their salaries. So, with a clear conscience, Dick packed his toothbrush, stomped on his test tubes, and headed for a school where he could major in art to advantage. We suspect that the *Pine Needle's* loss will someday be *The New Yorker's* gain.

Last week, we of the editorial board were asked to meet with the Student Publications Committee (a slight misnomer) to discuss our

financial standing and editorial policy. Those boys over there claim to be in a position to help us a lot. They offered to let the members of our editorial board be members of their committee so that the magazine could be cared for as is the *Maine Campus*. We are proud people over here with our lone typewriter, tho. Could be that there would be advantages to such a set-up, but the *Pine Needle* has an individual personality that would become buried if subjected to all that control. We'll stay in our lonely garret as long as the MCA will let us bang up and down their rickety stairs.

So we put a padlock on the door; locked the single attic window; and even had some workmen come and put some shingles on the roof. *Pine Needle* office is safe now, we

thought. So we went to class.

But you know rabbits. Must we say more?

We never should have used that last issue's cover.

Could we help it though?

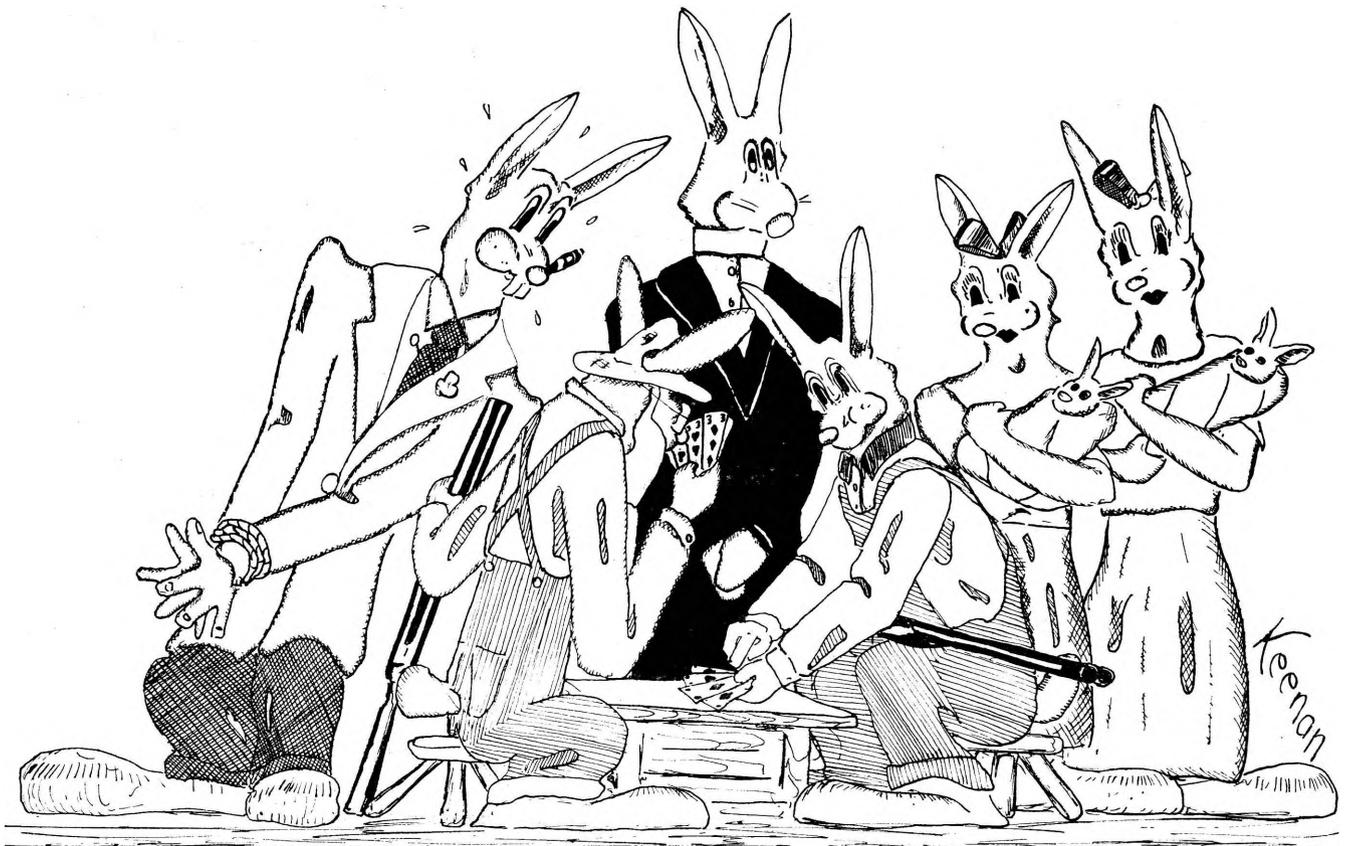
Can you Engineers and Arts and Science majors figure out the cartoon down below? Or shall we hand out blueprints?

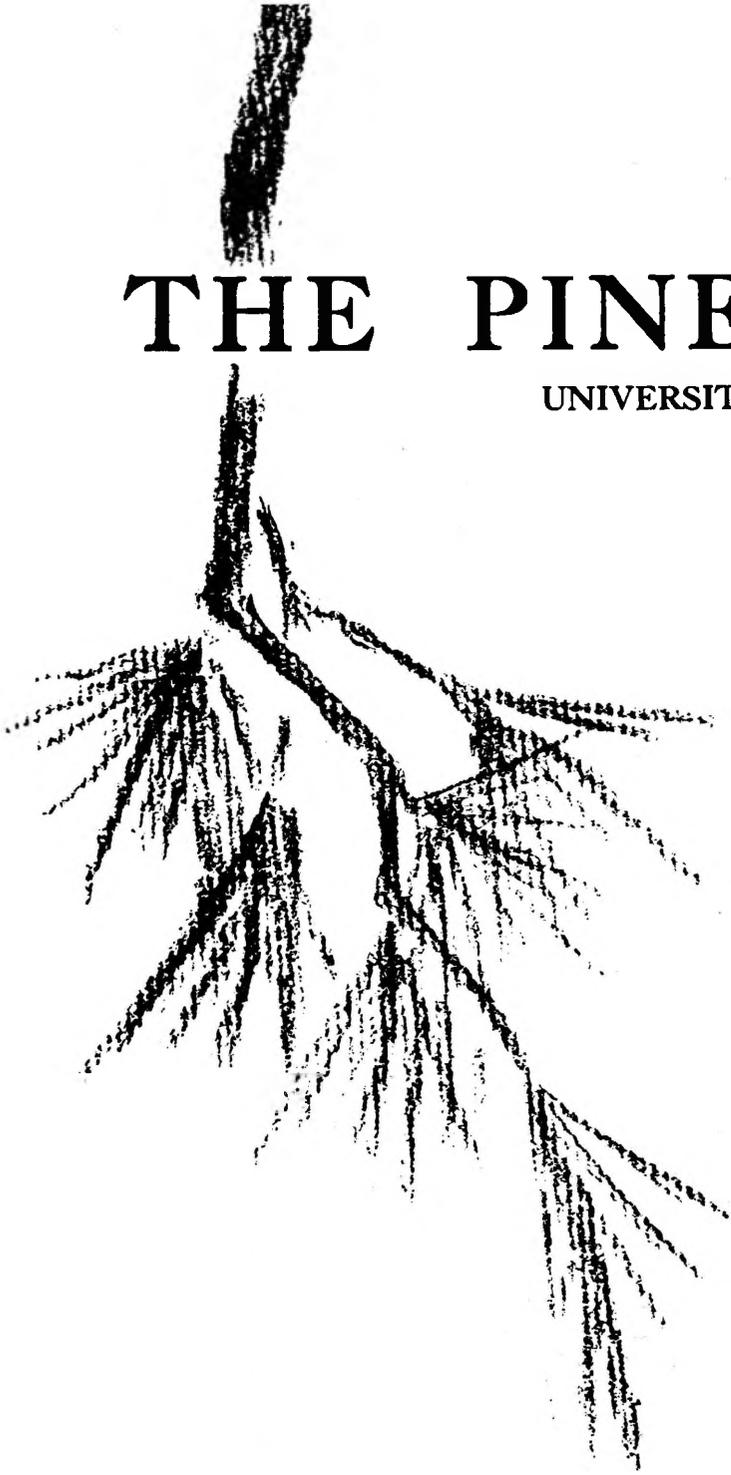
Could we keep from our readers what we found behind supposedly sealed doors? And if we did, how long before a Western Union girl would tell her sweetheart what was in the telegram on our desk:

Editors  
Pine Needle  
University of Maine  
Orono, Maine

Old type A.B. degree required for beginning salesmen has been replaced **STOP** New Chateau-Farnsworth-Estabrooke Obstacle Course required **STOP** Gives degree of Doctor of Grass Steins. **STOP**

Ajax Sales Inc.





# THE PINE NEEDLE

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE HUMOR MAGAZINE

PARTY ISSUE

1949

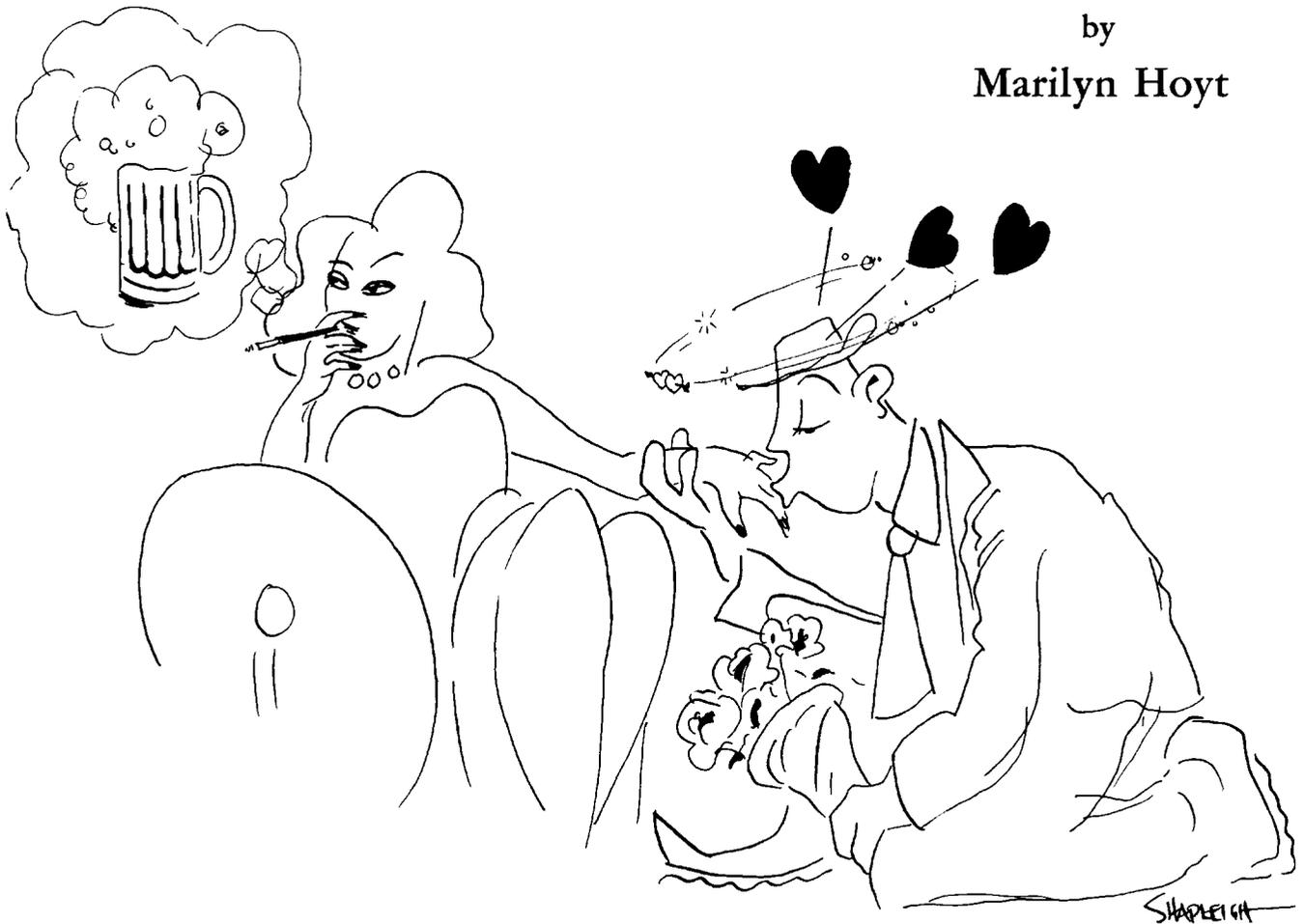
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# The Gay Deceivers

by  
Marilyn Hoyt



**"These fellows up here just don't know how to treat a woman."**

The coffee slopped out of Dick's cup, as he blinked twice and looked hard at the girl. He repeated again in astonishment, "You say you've been down to French Island?"

The pretty blonde pushed back her hair and gave him that aren't-I-a-devil look, and said with a flippant smile, "Sure I was down there last Saturday night."

"What did you do?"

"What does one usually do? My father would have had kittens if he could have seen me, but by this time he should know I drink. My God! This vacation almost finished me off." She gave a languid sigh and gulped down the last of her coffee.

Dick gazed at her uncomfortably

for a moment then said, "Did ya ever have any White Lightning?"

The girl's face clouded blankly, and she replied in a regretful tone, "I don't think I've ever had any. What is it?"

Dick's face cleared happily and he announced triumphantly, "It's home brew, best stuff ya ever drank."

The girl took a long last drag on her cigarette, and through the smoke, she looked at him narrowly through half-closed eye-lids. "Really Dick," she drawled nastily, "I should think you'd have more taste. Honestly, the way some of you college boys carry on. I should think you'd have more personal pride. But then..." With that the

sweet young college co-ed gathered up her books and haughtily stalked out of the bookstore.

\* \* \*

"You look beautiful tonight," murmured Dick, as his admiring glance took in Jane's dress.

Jane shrugged her shoulders disdainfully, and announced loudly, "In this old rag? I got it years ago in New York. I really shouldn't have got it then, but it was one of Francois' latest creations, and I simply couldn't resist it. My father almost bowled over when he got the bill, but you know how fathers are."

Dick grimaced and replied lamely, "Yeah, I know."

Jane hummed happily, and over

Dick's shoulder gave the stag line the glad eye. She glanced up at Dick and asked with feminine curiosity, "Dick, who's that tall good-looking fellow standing over there by Ann Grant?"

"I don't know who he is, but I've seen him around campus a lot. He's quite an operator."

"Is he? Gosh Dick, you should see the beautiful car he's got. It's absolutely out of this world. And he's simply wonderful to Ann. He buys her presents all the time. Just look at that enormous corsage of orchids she's got on. Isn't it gorgeous? They say that his father is just swimming in money. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a guy like that on a string?"

Dick took a deep breath and muttered, "There is a big crowd here tonight. The orchestra is pretty good don't you think?"

"Oh, it's fair. Nothing to get up in the middle of the night and rave about. But I suppose I'm kind of spoiled. I've seen so many big name bands play, that I really can't get any pleasure out of these small time orchestras. I remember the last formal I went to. Stan Kenton played. The boy I went with was in the oil business with his father. He was *so* nice, Dick, and *so* distinguished, and simply out of this world. He brought me white orchids, and afterwards we went to some elite little place and had champagne and steak. Oh, not that I don't love roses, and I don't mind beer and hamburgers, but give me New York, with its lights, excitement and glamour."

Dick flushed and he remarked woodenly, "Someday, after I'm graduated and making piles of money, my date won't have to drink beer and eat hamburgers."

Jane looked up at him and smiled sympathetically. "Of course she won't. Dick dear." Then she dreamed wistfully, "But someday seems so far off, doesn't it?"

\* \* \*

The moon had just gone under a cloud as the couple ambled up the walk that led to Jane's dormitory. She drew her coat closer as the cutting wind swept around the corner of the building. "How could you?" she asked, berating Dick with a stinging glance.

"How could I what?" Dick repeated stupidly.

Jane bit her lip to keep the tears from coming, and whispered hoarsely, "Oh you fool! Mortifying me in front of all those people. I could've gone right through the floor, I was so embarrassed. I should think you'd know when you've had enough. You didn't even drink half as much as I did, but I conducted myself like a lady."

"Half as much? Oh, come on now. I could drink you under the table any night, and I wouldn't have to make faces while I was doing it. Just name the night."

"Just—oh, there go the lights. I have to go in. I suggest you go home and grow up. You might turn into a nice guy someday, who knows." She turned to go, then, "I had a nice time, except for the last half of the evening. Good night, Dick."

"Aren't ya even going to kiss me goodnight?"

"Kiss you goodnight? What for?" But she turned and lightly kissed him on the cheek. "Goodnight." She shut the door after her.

(Continued on Page 20)



"Seems to me I've forgotten something."

Getting

Married?

---

Have

Formals

and

Candids

Done

by

Ted

Newhall

Photographer

to

the

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AT THE RECEPTION

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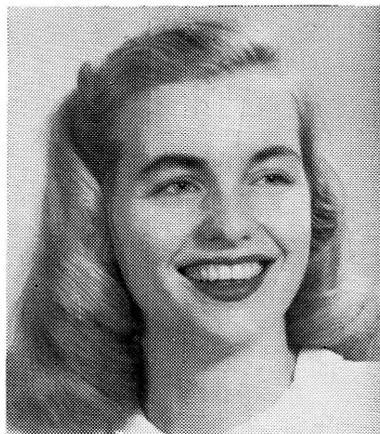
PICTURES

ARE A

PLEASURE

# Pine Needle Sponsors Miss Maine Candidate

Once again the *Pine Needle* editors have scanned the campus for a beautiful specimen of co-ed pulchritude to boost to fame. This time the changing season has been cooperative in bringing forth the good qualities of many of our co-eds, and "Old Sol" has caused a revelation of personality which we never dreamed existed.



**Muriel Applebee**  
Miss Maine of 1948

On bright afternoons we might have been seen peeping from the bushes back of Estabrooke, or staring at the Balentine tennis courts, or once or twice taking a short cut across Colvin's back lawn. During some of our interviews our own epidermis acquired the color of the blazing sun itself, but we lived and thrived until we finally followed up a tip from our fashion editors, and discovered the long-sought beauty of our dreams.

We were down by the Elms, wandering along the bank of the Stillwater, when we came upon a quiet little glen sheltering a shapely girl in a blue bathing suit. We stopped to chat and, with a calculating eye,

estimated her relaxed length to be about five feet, six-and-one-half inches, with a pleasing variance in proportion along the way consisting of thirty-six inch hips and a twenty-six waist, complemented by an easy thirty-five bust measurement. Hmmm, we thought. Looks like a nice healthy girl, with her brown hair flickering in the sunlight and her fair complexion lightly tinted by the sun's rays. Her hazel eyes smiled as she told us her name was Shirley Johnson, and that her hometown had recently been changed from Portland to Augusta. We hazarded another guess and proved correct in that she weighs about one-thirty and is a phys-ed major in the class of '50. Then we remembered that Shirley was one of the most exuberant of Maine's cheerleaders and that her fame as a female athlete was widespread. Later the *Prism* told us that her talents connected her with such activities as field hockey, basketball, softball, tumbling, and modern dance. Besides these achievements, she performs excitingly in a grass skirt to the rhythmic beat of south sea island music. All of which adds up to the fact that Shirley is a talented and pretty girl for her nineteen years.

That was all we needed. We rushed her to the photographers and decided that the *Pine Needle* should take Shirley D. Johnson to the Skowhegan Fair this summer to enter as a candidate in the Miss Maine Contest. We say that she will have little trouble in capturing the glances and the votes of all seven judges who will view her appearance, first in a bathing suit and then in an evening gown, and will

(Continued on Page 18)



—Newhall Photo

*Shirley Johnson*

# COTTON UTOPIA

by Pussy and Vera

**W**E have dreamed up a Utopia—the best of them all. Down with Plato and More—listen to us! The sun is sunning, and so are fifty girls behind South Estabrooke. All classes have been called off. Maine students are to enjoy themselves for two weeks, just lounging under trees or on the library steps or strolling along the river or along the road leading to the orchards. And imagine a fancy cotton dress on a warm spring day on a pretty Maine co-ed!

No Utopia, nor any co-ed for that matter, would be complete without cotton dresses.

A bright-eyed maiden appears suddenly beside a tree (she is rehearsing for the formal which she will attend this evening). She is Mary Dirks in her chintz striped evening-gown. The dress is white with stripes of green, yellow, and orchid; and the top is strapless and is tucked between the stripes. The big bustle adds “back interest,” and



**Mary Dirks**



**Mary Helen Oak and Shirley Johnson**

it sure is interesting to look at Mary from any angle! Dainty Mary lives in Colvin Hall and is an almost four-point student. Mary approves wholeheartedly of the new Utopia system and asserts that the plan should be applied throughout the school season.

The 8:35 and 9:35 bells chime forlornly and in vain. Finally, at ten a little life stirs on the campus, and people meander toward the snack-bar for coffee and doughnuts.

Posing beside the snack-bar are Mary Helen Oak and Shirley Johnson. Mary Helen is wearing a sundress which can be worn either with or without the jacket. The material of the dress is chambray with wine and white stripes, and around the top of the sundress is a white band. The jacket has three-quarter length sleeves with white cuffs. In our new Utopia girls may wear sundresses, and are allowed to expose their bare shoulders! Mary Helen is a freshman from West Hall, sings in the Glee Club, and has always thought the University of Maine was Utopia. Shirley Johnson is wearing a white peasant blouse and a skirt made from Bates cotton material. The skirt is black with a printed design of white, yellow, and green encircling the skirt. The stole which matches her skirt she wears

# FASHION PHOTOS

by Ted Newhall



**Dot Lord**

around her shoulders—just to add oomph! What Shirley likes most about the Utopia are the new machines which have been installed in the Elms: there's an automatic food cooker, table setter and server, dishwasher, cleaner, and a mechanical man who puts all the girls to bed at night.

Now the bells chime 10:35—and here are Margie DesJardins and Connie Cook, a pretty picture for any Utopia. Margie sports her sundress without the bolero, but the bolero is there in case she needs it. The dress is made from light blue chambray, and there is white eyelet around the top of the sundress and around the bolero. Margie, a sophomore in North Estabrooke, likes fun, a certain Phi Kap, singing in the Glee Club, and playing the piano. Her only criticism of the Utopia is, quote, "There simply aren't enuf men."

Connie Cook is a freshman from East Hall and from the county (the only one). She was one of the cheerleaders who made the hit song, "We're looking over the fields of clover" such a hit. Connie wears a dusty pink poplin dress. The full cap sleeves and the three bertha collars in the front add fullness, and the white crocheted edging is a pretty detail.

Finally, the troops must rush to get ready for the formal this evening when Vaughn Monroe, Woody Herman, and Les Brown will alternately play for a thousand Utopian students.

Dot Lord suddenly appears beside the same tree where Mary posed at 9:45 o'clock this morning. Dot is wearing a white waffle-weave pique dress which has a wide band of white eyelet around the top. Dot's

dress also has a bustle in the back made from a band of white eyelet. Dottie's dark tan is definitely Utopian, and it is shown to full advantage in the white dress.

And now the strains of music are heard over the campus. We watch the sun set and catch the stars sneaking into the sky. Such a Utopian, romantic setting! Books collecting dust and girls collecting dance programs, and boys—just collecting.



**Margie Desjardins and Connie Clark**

AH, Carnegie! Of thee we sing....

Carnegie! Habitat of the comando carnegus, and of the coeda carnivora. For the Maine man, 'tis not sleep, as Bill Shakespeare once said, that "knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care and is the balm of hurt minds"; for peasants from North Dorms and bourgeoisie from Oak and Hannibal Hamlin alike, the panacea for each day's trials and tribulations is none else but Coffee at Carnegie. It is here that a man can rest his soul and body, park his chin on a coffee cup, and observe campus society at work. The ones with financial resources, those who are well-heeled, are able to promote the conversation and company of the opposite sex through the treat of a cup of coffee, and possibly the promise of a ride in a new convertible. But the majority of the boys, flat broke, can do nothing more than stand back and watch the campus cuties on parade.

To a man who is dead broke, needing a shave and a clean shirt, having none of the traditional time on his hands, nothing can be so inspiring, stimulating, and at the same time frustrating, as the presence, within 100 yards, of a clean-cut, cute, cavorting co-ed. Her conversation may amount to nil, her intelligence the same, but her mere appearance sends thrills through the male population. Tempting but almost unattainable, cute and also coquette, tall enough to dance with yet small enough to sweep into one's arms, she reigns supreme. All eyes are on her... until she makes her departure, promptly at the hour of 9:30 p.m.

After that time: men, beware! There lurks about the place an entirely different type of co-ed. Gone is the wide-eyed, "get me home early" look of before. Here is a new look! The men who are still hanging over their last cup of coffee, the ones who have stayed till the bitter end, are now confronted with a change of atmos-

## OWED TO CARNEGIE

phere. The very air in the place, once clear and pure and holding nothing but the aroma of fresh coffee, now seems to hold little but blue smoke and the odor of stale coke (Gad!).

The door flies open to admit the library lions, those intellectuals who spend their hours struggling with musty, dusty volumes of philosophical theories, mathematic monstrosities, and historical hysteria. An outsider watching them at work within the walls of the library would consider them to be holding a marathon to determine which pen has the most ink. Actually the struggle determines whose cigarettes last longest, and whose gripes are loudest. Corridors echo with groans and laughter intermixed with more blue smoke. At times the study rooms are practically empty, save for reserve books marked at certain pages with crib-notes and good intentions.

But we digress. Our stronghold is the Passion Pit of Carnegie Hall. Seeming to be all things to all men, it is at various times the Cave of Cokes, the Den of Doughnuts, the Maelstrom of Music, the Garden

of Gams... last but not least, it is the Castle of Co-eds. Everywhere we see co-eds, bending over the counter, leaning against the walls, leaning over tables... they all seem to harbor strong leanings toward social gatherings. But social or otherwise, pity the poor male who gains the favor of their company at his table. Nice to look at in the distance, a co-ed's complexion is helped very little by close inspection under the haze of blue smoke. Witty though they may be, popular as they may pretend, these females are a source of disillusionment under such circumstances.

Picture two or three tired, hard-working Maine Men, inhaling a Last Cup of Coffee, bought with the Last Nickel, fighting over the Last Cigarette, gazing at the Last Pairs of Gams, hanging their weary bodies unassumingly over the tables. These men are hardly what we could call lively. Their day is not yet done. Books are ahead, work is foreseen. Any spurt of activity at this time would result in an onset of extreme fatigue, even collapse. These men are trying to get through college.

But then, la la, who should appear on the scene but co-eds! Casting about for a place to sit, they spy our heroes. With the wink of an eye, they occupy a corner of the booth, crowding until the men finally deign to make room. The co-eds sit on one side, the men on the other. Who wants to sit next to a co-ed anyway? Especially when the lights are on... besides, it's nice to sit opposite, where all charms can be observed, also avoiding the possibility of covering the co-eds with drool, which is very unsanitary.

Introductions are made, hands are crushed, eyes are winked, and the gab-fest is on. Politeness reigns at first. My prelim was divine, how was yours? He has the cutest mustache! Why don't you grow a beard? Why don't you drop dead!

Politeness disappears. Boys talk

*(Continued on Page 20)*



"Mama!!!"

# Mr. Williamson Forgets the Chocolates

by Ted Gridley

**P**OOOR old Mrs. Williamson was the oddest woman. And her poor husband. He had to bring home chocolates every Tuesday night on his way from work. A one pound box with sweet meats, caramels, and mints mixed in. He bought them at the Wee Shoppe on the corner of Walnut Avenue and Centre Street. Every Tuesday, for absent-minded poor old Mrs. Williamson, a pound of chocolates.

Poor old Mrs. Williamson. She had lost it and she couldn't find it anywhere. And as she busied about the house Wednesday morning she wondered what she would do.

Would the milkman know, she wondered?

And when the milkman arrived, she asked him.

"Would you know where I left my paring knife?"

"No, Mrs. Williamson, I wouldn't," the milkman said.

"But can't you guess?"

"On the table in the kitchen?"

"No," said absent-minded Mrs. Williamson.

"Perhaps on the stove?"

"No."

"In the pantry?"

"No."

"In the cupboard?"

"No."

"Well, I'm afraid I don't know," said the milkman. He left a quart of milk and hurried back to his truck.

Poor old Mrs. Williamson. She had lost her paring knife. And the potatoes were all ready, too. Perhaps the mailman would know, she thought.

"Would you know where I left my paring knife?"

He handed her a letter. "No, m'am," he said.

"But can't you imagine?"

"In the sink?"

"No, I looked there."

"On the kitchen shelf?"

"No."

"In the ice chest?"

"No."

"On the serving table?"

"No."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Williamson, I can't guess." The mailman turned and left.

Old Mrs. Williamson was distraught. She was concentrating hard now. The paring knife must be around here somewhere, she thought. The iceman comes today. Perhaps he'll know.

Absent-minded Mrs. Williamson asked the iceman.

"Would you know where I left my paring knife?" she asked.

He pushed the ice into the ice box. "Sorry, m'am."

"But please tell me."

"Maybe you left it upstairs."

"No."

"Outside? In a snow bank?"

"No."

"In your pocket?"

"No."

"In the knife rack?"

"No."

"Well, I'm busy, m'am. I have to leave." Before Mrs. Williamson could speak, he had turned and left.

Oh, Heavens, she thought. Where have I left it? The meal is all ready but for the potatoes. It must be around here somewhere. Nobody else will call today. I'm alone, and I must find it.

She hurried from room to room.

Upstairs, in the closets, in the bathroom, the bedrooms.

In the cellar, the play room, the steam room, the trunk room.

On the first floor again.

Into the living room.

"Oh, of course," she smiled. Mr. Williamson was lying face down on the divan. She drew the knife from his back. "You bad old man," she said. "You forgot my chocolates last night."

Poor old Mr. Williamson had been absent-minded, too.



*Yes, you said my blind date has black hair + What?*

**M**Y God, how drunk can a guy get. He's sure to drop dead before this dance is over. A cute little man though, rather pop-eyed. My eyeballs would pop, too, if I'd been drinking the stuff he's swigging down. I suppose he thinks I believe all those yarns he's so diligently spinning. Entertain me. Sorry, had to get the kid sister a date for houseparties. Well, she got me one! "He's from the same frat as Throckmorton is, so he must be nice." Nice, huh. He was swell. Grandmother must have let him out for the big reunion. I didn't mind his bald head. I didn't even mind bending over backwards to keep from squashing his protruding stomach. Did I like older men? Of course I did; I did until I met you, you old vulture. You're so old you're getting senile. It was when he asked me to go out and (HA,HA) have a beer that I decided little sister wanted to dance the next one with another man.

Then I met Shorty of the fabulous stories. Where had he been all my life? Well, too far I know. Not any more. Oh no? Where did I go to school. Miss Schoenfeldt's School for the Mentally Incompetent? That's a new twist. These wise guys are always thinking up new twists. I'd like to give him one.

That tall redhead; with him I could wear my triple decker spikes. Well, yes, I would love to dance with him. I can see he's really taken out lots of girls. What a line! He said one line to me all during the dance: "It's a good party, isn't it?" Of course it was. The band was real gone. Pete and his Petrified Players. I could go on like this forever. At least this one is sober. Poor Pete must be exhausted. He's finally stopped playing. I guess I should go to the powder room and repair my floor burns. "Oh, I really must. It's been real." "Real what?" I should have known he'd ask that; but he'll learn. They all do. Learn what? This could become quite a rut if I let it go on.

## A Dance With You?

There goes Pete again. I'd know him anywhere. Well, I must dash out into the fray, I suppose. This is my lucky day. The guest of honor is going to ask me to dance. Dizzy Gillespie, no less. This cat must have grown the goatee special for his houseparty debut. Those glasses are real sharp and there's nothing like a tam of sorts—but at a formal! He must be their protegee; probably that drawl attracts girls like flies. What a dance this is! This guy is very, very fine. When I can stop to breathe I'll get his dossier for further reference. "Oh, I'm completely exhausted. Wouldn't you like to sit out the rest of this one? I've noticed you dancing like this all night. NO, I do believe you could keep it up forever, but I—of course I'm no square, but—" Thank heaven the music's stopped. "Yes, again." Again if he can dig me out of my burrow.

This blonde is more my type. He really seems to have some sort of appeal. Very blonde men complement me. Not a bad dancer, not as good as Diz, of course. "Enjoying the party?" "Yes, but why does everyone have to get stoned to have a good time?" (me playing the naive innocent type) "It adds life, zest, zing, you know what I mean." I knew what he meant—and how. "Want a drink?" "Well, yes." Oh woman, your defenses are collapsing. The blond bomber leads me to the bar. You meet more people there; I had no idea there were so many people in the place. One drink—two drinks—three drinks—four—uh uh! "Come on, there's only one time like this a year." Why didn't we go out to his little car for some air. They're all alike; the faces are different so you can tell them apart but they're all alike. "No, I really have to find my sister, Lulu." Dear Lulu, probably passed out under

some stray table. Undoubtedly it is *the* thing to be pinned but it does have its disadvantages.

Intermission. I feel like an intermission. It's about time someone thought of having one. A girl can take this for only so long—say a week or so. Half the night gone. About time I started looking for someone I can make an impression on. It's funny I never thought houseparties were like this. All these girls being simply wonderful about my dances with their men. Lulu should have let me in on the "in." This is something that I might try more often. Well, there goes Pete, right there on the beat—only a few measures behind the rest of the banjo-players.

Hmm—seems to be losing a little hair; can't hold that against a good man. Dances quite well, pleasant personality, possibly good for a sugar daddy. I wonder if that sweet young thing throwing daggers at me could be his forsaken one; not that it matters but it is nice to know such things. "Been on campus long?" "No." "Like to go out and look it over?" In the dark? Sure 'nuff, one sees a lot in the dark. How long does this he-man think I've been living. "Thank you, no. I'd love to (huh) but I've promised the next one to the chaperone. So sorry."

"Dance?" You don't know it yet but I could go for you. How tall, dark, and sexy can a guy look! On and on and on; we seem to be hitting it off. "Where do you live? O.K. if I call you next weekend? I may be down that way or maybe you'll be up this way. I could get you a room at the Penobie if you haven't anyplace to stay." It was getting rather stuffy in there so we went outside for a while. He put his arms around me and kissed me a few times and then we went over to

his car for a cigarette. He wasn't bad, no he wasn't bad at all. One conquest tonight. A girl can tell; some people don't think so but she can. "Take you home?" Of course he could; I was sure my grandfather wouldn't mind. I hadn't seen him since I'd arrived anyway. He took me home. I made out quite well on that one. He's planning to see me again—often. It *was* an evening. It really was.

"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"I'm not experienced."

"You're not home yet."

\* \* \* \*

He: "I'm groping for words."

She: "I think you're looking in the wrong place."

\* \* \* \*

And then there was the E.E. who called his girl "Carbon," because her resistance went down when she got warmed up. —Dooley

G.I.'s letter to wife: "Please send ten dollars for shaving cream and stuff."

Wife's answer: "Honey, enclosed is twenty-five cents for shaving cream. The stuff is back home."

He: "Dearest, this is heaven."

She: "Yeah, well I'm not your harp."

Girls who claim that they are surprised, Should be psychoanalyzed.

Rhumba: An asset to music.

"Madam, I want to see your daughter."

"No, get out and stay out!"

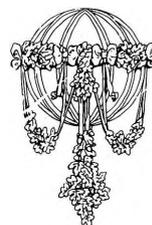
"But, madam, see this badge? I'm a detective."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Come right in. I thought that was a fraternity pin."



Let's sit this one out. My back is killing me.

**T**HE most effective way to express your pleasure in your house party date is with flowers and to do that best, get your corsage from us.



## BROCKWAY'S FLOWER SHOPPE

15 Central Street

Bangor, Maine

BOB WHITE

Beta House

—AGENT—



**Batting practice: Joe Nickless steps into it while Blacky Turmelle catches.**

# Sports . . .

**by Bob Lord**

**photos by Newhall**

With all Spring action now in high gear, it's time to look around the diamond, the track, the golf course, and the tennis courts to get hep to who's who in varsity sports here on campus. And the sports program is an ambitious one all the way around, especially highlighted by two Yankee Conference meets here at the University—one in track and the other in golf.

When Spring rolls around, guys think of gals and gals think of defensive tactics. Occasionally people think of baseball so we'll use the diamond game as a starter. Read on, friend, you may even find your name listed here because you are varsity stuff, or because you are a bat boy, or because we've made a msitake. Although not a bunch of world-beaters, the varsity nine nevertheless has plenty of spirit and hustle which please Coach Bill

Kenyon. Several new faces have shown up this year. Dick Bouchard, Paul Beaudry, and veteran Roy Dieffenbach have all performed on first base so far in the campaign. The initial sack has been somewhat of a problem because injuries cropped up during the exhibition games. Ed Woodbrey and Nort Sawyer have worked around the keystone position where the injured Jim DeLois usually played; and Reggie Lord, a good sticker, has been scooping up everything at shortstop. Veteran Lowell Osgood completes the infield at third base. All in all, this infield has come along well and for the most part has been tighter than a rich alcoholic at a cheap bar.

Joe Nickless, Clyde Douglas, Hank Emery, and Joe Pruett are all seeing a lot of action in the outfield positions. Most of the pitching

has fallen on slender Vic Woodbrey, Phil Archibald, and Marty Dow. Other mound artists to show their stuff, however, are Dick Preble, Ernie Martikainen, and Marv Dow. Newcomer Bob Davidson along with Mike Cherneski and Blackie (Yogi) Turmelle have been alternating with the flingers at the backstop position.

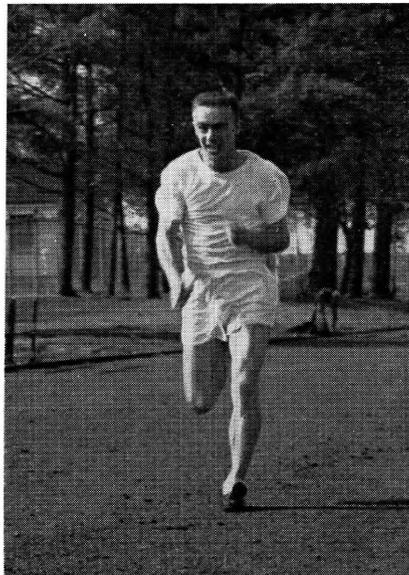
And while the pastimers swing their bats, the golfers are swinging their mighty clubs. The golf team, although not publicized as the so-called major sports teams are, certainly deserves some sort of a bouquet from our little corner. After all, these boys hardly bang a little ball around the course just so they can lose it and spend all day searching through the woods. Let's face it. When the golfers tee off, they mean business all the way, as can be seen by their excellent

record compiled to date. Bob Webber has been a standout on the links for Maine this spring, and Andy Bunker has also shot well against the Pale Blue opponents. Phil Bickford, Don Brown, Dick Smith, and Warren Wilson round out the swing session sextette to make the team a well-balanced and winning club. Even the loss of Gene McNabb, New England King a year ago, has failed to stop Coach Emery's golfers in their winning ways.

It is said that some sort of Spring sports—varsity and J.V.—are practiced at the Carnegie Lounge, but since no official coach has been named there, we'll ramble on up to the track. And this season, following an undefeated indoor record, the track team is pretty potent. Bill Hammond has been strong in the dashes this season while veterans Blaine Beal and Scott Webster have been placing in the hurdle events for the Bears. Moving along into the middle distances, Wally Brown and Sam Silsby usually score in the quarter mile run; and newcomer Red Eastman, along with Tripp, runs the 880 yard race. Johnston and Packard are consistent plodders in the one mile run. The longest distance event is the two mile run which is more of a grind than a woman driver shifting gears in a new car. Wallace and Harndon are the two thinclads who feature in this gruelling event for Maine, both having grabbed points for the Pale Blue in past meets. Dick Gordon and Floyd Milbank have been carrying the weights—or, to be more explicit, throwing them. Gordon also does a bit of neat tossing in the discus event as does Totman who sometimes scores double with a bit of broad jumping. The two springy gentlemen, Jerry Haynes and Cliff Manchester, who appear to be playing in the sawdust at each afternoon practice, are a pair of excellent jumping artists. They have been placing consistently in the broad jump and have also done some work in the high jump event.

Red Higgins, another high jumper, and Bill McLeod round out the squad with some fancy pole vaulting.

Following along on the sports front, no column would be complete—though this one is desperate—without mentioning the boys who swing the racquets. Tennis has taken a mighty step forward this season, and Coach Small believes that the University of Maine is fielding its strongest squad since the end of the war. With three veterans back on the courts and a lot of new



**Speedster Will Hammond**

talent as well, Small is very optimistic about the Bears' chances in the coming state title matches. The returning old timers are Larry Van Peursem, Fred Herman, Frank Potenzo, and Harry Allen. Bob Sullivan, Bob Thoits, and Ben Blanchard complete the racquet team. Although a precedent last year, this season has proved that the trip down South has distinct advantages. It gives the boys an opportunity to meet some really good teams—and probably some really good gals. Anyway, Coach Small maintains that the tennis players picked up a lot of experience.

Spring football also came in for its share of publicity with a policy which has never been seriously attempted before. Coach Dave Nelson wanted to get in some really good practice in preparation for the tough schedule coming up in the Fall. A hard worker and driver, Nelson no doubt was happy to see such a record turnout in response to his call for candidates. But all his plans were shattered when enthusiasm made an about-face. Evidently Spring had taken her toll and the guys were out throwing passes at some cute skirt. It certainly must be tough for a coach to have all his tedious work and plans suddenly go for naught. It was a rapid turn in events to have football players flock out like kids for free ice cream and then forget to come out a few days later. Some allowances, however, should be made for late classes by which the University of Maine stands firm and cannot—and does not—re-arrange.

All's well that ends well, but the only thing that's healthy about this column is that it stops here. On the other hand she had a glove and her engagement ring was hidden so how can we tell whether the Red Sox will win the pennant or if spring training will continue at Carnegie or out near the cannons?

Two country lads were kicking a football around one day. One of them kicked it into a neighboring yard, where there were some chickens. The rooster walked up to it, looked it over, and said to the hens: "Girls, I'm not complaining, but look at the work they're turning out over in the other yard."

—*Yellowjacket*

\* \* \* \*

He: "Everything I touch seems to go wrong."

She: "Don't touch me then."

—*Syracusan*

\* \* \* \*

Conscience gets a lot of credit that belongs to cold feet. —*Yellowjacket*

# Routine

by Sash Weight

THINGS were routine at the 400 Club. It was four in the afternoon. There was very little activity. A slow rain had caused the cocktail hour to fail and only three people made "open for business" a reality.

"Donkey" Moran, a newspaper reporter, sat on a bar stool talking with the bartender. Behind the bar, Henry stood. He was well known for daiquiris, grapevine information, and his lieutenant-commander's uniform. He had prestige, but it was between hours and in between hours he served thirty-five cent beer to Donkey.

Donkey was talking. "Now I mean people like that." He pointed to the only other person in the club. She was well-dressed, nervous, and a little apprehensive. "The rain's got her worried," Donkey said. "It might spoil her hat, or it might make her hair fall, or it might get her pretty silk stockings all wet." He was both observant and sarcastic—hangovers of a deadline met an hour ago. Donkey asked, "Tell me, Henry, what does she know besides cocktails and bridge parties?"

"She knows good liquor," Henry said.

"All the same." Donkey turned on his stool so he could see her clearly. "What about all the other people in the world?"

"I don't know," Henry said.

"All the guys who are working for a living?" Donkey paused a moment. "Tell me, Henry, how long has she been here?"

"She came in about one."

"One o'clock. Now it's four. Three hours. Sipping on a daiquiri. Does she know McAlpin was killed two hours ago?"

"I guess not."

"Of course not. She only knows it's raining." Donkey paused to light a cigarette. "She doesn't know McAlpin worked hard for a living, fought his way up, and then was murdered. She only knows it's four o'clock and James is late with the limousine."

Henry set a fresh foaming beer in front of Donkey.

"This McAlpin was a big shot, wasn't he?" Henry asked.

"Pretty near a city father."

"See his body?"

"Yup. What was left of it."

Henry leaned over the counter. "What do you figure happened?"

"They don't know. I was sent over from the office. Coroner said he was smothered and dismembered afterwards." Donkey took a sip of beer.

"What motive?"

"Can't tell."

"Huh."

"But it's news. And that dame sipping a daiquiri doesn't know and doesn't care. She reads her own name in Society, pastes it in a book, and that's the newspaper."

Henry dried the counter where Donkey's beer was.

"Who do you figure killed McAlpin?" Henry said.

"Hard to tell. I looked up his business friends. Not much there."

Just then a well dressed man in tan coat and tan fedora entered the Club 400. He smiled at the woman in the booth, then strode over and sat with her. A girl took his order.

"Scotch and soda. Daiquiri, dear?"

"Yes," the woman answered.

He looked across the table at her. "Hold your sides," he said. "Something terrible has happened."

"What? What happened, Roger?"

"Beverly, McAlpin has been murdered."

The woman sat back suddenly limp. She took a large swallow of a fresh daiquiri.

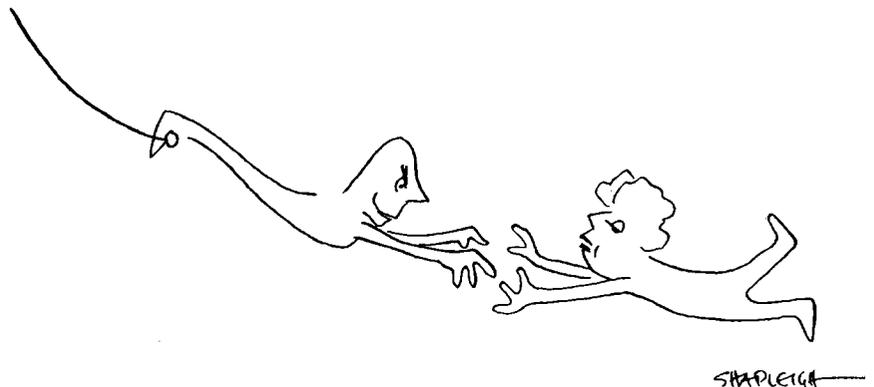
"No," she said.

"Yes, about two hours ago. Papers are full of it. They'll probably want to see me. Routine police investigation."

"But why?"

"Because I worked with him." Roger drew a cigarette hurriedly from a gold case. His voice was irritated and he sounded nervous. "I know it's a terrible end to our honeymoon," he continued, "but it will all be straightened out."

She watched her husband as he spoke. His words were clipped, unplanned explosives. Only a week ago everything was beautiful—Canada, the Thousand Islands, Nova Scotia, and now home, and this. She saw him act and speak as he never had. It was a great shock



SHAPLEIGH

"Well, here we go again, clammy hands."

for him, she thought. He needed rest.

"Who would want to harm Mr. McAlpin?" Beverly said.

"I don't know."

"How did it happen?"

"How should I know? I just heard about it myself." He fired back an answer that said "stop questioning," but she unwittingly pushed deeper.

"It's terrible," she said quietly.

A fly lit on the side of Roger's glass. He swept quickly at it but it escaped his grasp, flew a quick circle around his head, and landed mockingly out of reach on the wall.

At the bar the conversation continued as it had. Donkey criticized a woman he didn't know and cared about for being a knowing person who didn't care. Now he added the man in the booth to his conversation.

"Who's the guy with her?" Donkey said through a lung full of smoke.

"That's Roger Bancroft."

"Roger Bancroft!" Henry had thrown a body blow and Donkey sat up quickly. He pushed his beer back. He was about to start an interview but then thought better of it. Instead he interviewed Henry. "You didn't say that was Mrs. Bancroft," said Donkey.

"I know."

"He's one of McAlpin's closest friends."

"Good tipper," Henry said.

"I don't care about that! How often does he come in here?"

Donkey had forgotten to know all the answers.

"Did she come in here alone? Was Bancroft here a couple of hours ago?" Donkey's questions were spitballs against masonry. Henry wiped the counter. "You're withholding information," Donkey said.

"I just work here."

"How long have they been married?" Donkey was trying to decoy Henry's defense.

"A week. Don't you read the papers?"

"I read news, not Society."

Henry smiled and poured another beer for Donkey. At the table the honeymoon had come to an abrupt end over a scotch and soda, a daiquiri, and a murder. Roger and Beverly Bancroft were trying to understand each other. It was the first time they had really had to try.

"But you're not implicated, Roger."

"Of course not."

"You went to see him and he was dead."

"Yes, that's right."

"You will be cleared immediately."

"Yes."

Beverly mumbled to herself. "Oh, who could... smothered... arms and legs... and..."

"What?"

"It's so horrible, Roger."

"Try to forget it, Beverly. It's much worse on me. He was my closest associate. Imagine how I feel."

"Yes."

Roger twitched and his hand trembled as he lifted his scotch and soda to his lips. Beverly watched him. A few hours ago he looked wonderful, but now he was strained, taut, and tired. It had been a terrible shock, she knew. He needed rest.

The fly left the wall and attacked Roger's drink a second time. This time he snatched quickly and caught the fly in his hand. He closed his fist tightly. He tried to smile.

"Everything will be all right," he said.

"Of course." Beverly changed the subject abruptly. "The furniture will be moved in tomorrow."

"Yes." Roger lifted his glass and drank with his left hand. His right hand was tightly shut over the captured fly.

"I'm so glad we can use so many presents right away." Beverly was valiantly making petty conversation. She had seen Roger catch the fly. She was surprised at his quick

*(Continued on Page 18)*

## TUXEDOS

*Single or Double  
Breasted*

• • • • •

## Tux Shirts

• • • • •

## Ties—Links—Studs

White Dinner Jackets

## "Bold Look" Shirts

in all the popular  
new shades

## Sport Shirts

## Slacks

## Sport Coats

## Hosiery

## Neckwear

## Footwear

## M. L. French & Son

196 Exchange St.

Bangor

(Continued from Page 17)

dexterity. Now she was surprised he didn't release it.

Finally he did.

The fly dropped to the table—suffocated.

Roger Bancroft, for the moment, had forgotten Beverly. He had forgotten the Club 400, his drink, himself. He picked the fly up gingerly by the wing with one hand. He supported the body between thumb and forefinger of the other hand.

He smiled warmly as he had so often at Beverly.

He plucked the wing from the fly.

"Wing."

Beverly sat immobile watching Roger—an entirely new, different, fantastic husband. He acted like a vulture. But his eyes were so calm, kind, and soft. As Roger dissected the other wing she made the inevitable comparison. It was unearthly. It was wierd. She knew she was miles away as she sat across the table from Roger. He had something that interested him terribly. He daintily plucked a leg from the fly.

"Leg."

The word was hollow. Beverly's face was drained of color. She wanted to mask him out with a feverish scream; to run fast and far away; to shake him fiercely until he woke. But he was awake, too much awake. He was there, sitting opposite her. Without reason, without motive, Roger had subjected the fly to a most careful, complete dissection. Beverly could not speak.

At the bar the conversation was hit and miss now as late afternoon customers wandered into the Club 400. Donkey had finished his sixth beer and Henry was monotonously wiping the counter in front of him.

"No, not a chance." Donkey was saying.

"I guess not."

"No guts."

"No."

"Anyway," Donkey said, "he had

## LOST WEEK END

Dial your sweetheart;  
Wire for Gold.  
Hope the tuxedo  
Isn't too old.

Gowns are altered  
Into the night.  
Usury flares.  
Florists delight.  
Ties won't knot.  
Cuff-links rankle.  
Shoulders are bared  
To hide the ankle.

Off at seven;  
Gone 'til two.  
Pockets left empty;  
Bottles, too.

Songs and kisses,  
Sad—"Goodnights."  
Corsages wilted;  
Ties too tight.  
Blery morning;  
Shipwrecked house.  
It was worth it.  
Long live the carouse!

—kinley e. roby

no motive. Mama's boy. Spends his time here drinking scotch and soda and catching flies. See the way he puts on his coat? See the way he walks? No, you can tell a murderer a mile away."

The girl cleared the table, looked under the ash tray, and shrugged her shoulders at Henry.

"Funny, no tip," Henry said. "First time he's done that."

"Newlywed." Donkey smiled as he left.

"Yea. I guess so."

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

(Continued from Page 6)

also judge her with respect to talent, personality, and poise.

The contestant who is named "Miss Maine" by the judges will be awarded a \$500 scholarship by the Skowhegan Fair Association and will also receive a wardrobe of evening gowns and a trip to Atlantic City, New Jersey, to take part in the internationally famous "Miss America" Pageant. If she is selected "Miss America," she will receive, besides the national title, a \$5,000 scholarship to any school of her choice. There will also be selected 15 runners-up for the title, each of whom will receive scholarship awards ranging in value from \$1,000 to \$3,500.

So, we'll all troop down to Skowhegan on August 15th and 16th to see Shirley Johnson, discovered by the *Pine Needle* on the banks of the Stillwater, and watch her compete with other beauties from all parts of the state of Maine. We have great confidence in Shirley. She has great possibilities. Best of luck to her!

Platonic love: The gun you didn't know was loaded.

Once upon a time a boy penguin from the north pole traveled south and met a girl penguin from the south pole. Some time after returning home, the boy penguin received a telegram. "Come quick—I'm with Byrd."

It was so hot and dry that the trees were going to the dogs.

Two old maids drinking in a cocktail lounge.

"If I have another martini I'm going to feel it."

"If I have another martini, I won't care who feels it."

In a kick it's distance. In a cigarette it's taste. In a rumble seat it's impossible.

Why take life seriously? You'll never get out of it alive anyway.

—*Naval Acad. Log*

\* \* \* \*

"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 up stairs, and then two doors to the left."

—*N.Y.U. Varieties*

\* \* \* \*

"Is she a nice girl?"

"Moraless."

"We are having a raffle for a poor widow. Will you buy a ticket?"

"Nope. My wife wouldn't let me keep her if I won."

\* \* \* \*

If you want to hear what the KD said on her wedding night, then dial 2092, and listen.

\* \* \* \*

Golf teacher: "No, use your brassie."

Fair golfer: "But I don't wear any this hot weather."

\* \* \* \*

Men who dwell in primal fashion  
Are ruled exclusively by passion;  
While we of more progressive lands  
Are regulated by our glands.

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

A man's ear was bleeding like a stuck pig. "I bit myself," he explained.

"That's impossible," said the doctor. "How can a man bite himself in the ear?"

The man said, "I was standing on a chair."

—*Wampus*

\* \* \* \*

He: "I had a dream about you the other night."

She: "Did you?"

He: "No, you wouldn't let me."

\* \* \* \*

"I don't mind you kissing my girl but keep your hands off my fraternity pin."

\* \* \* \*

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



(Continued from Page 5)

Dick stood a long time, and watched the closed door.

\* \* \*

"Why didn't you go out tonight, Jane?"

"I didn't want to, Pris, I had so much studying to do, that I thought I'd better stay in and get it done."

"Say, did that Dick fellow ever call you up again?"

"Nope. He was awfully nice too. I liked him a lot. I must have said something, or done something that..."

"No, I don't think so." Pris pulled back the covers and climbed into bed. "The fellows up here are all the same. All they can talk about is getting drunk, or how much they can hold, and how many women they have in tow. Honestly, wouldn't you think they'd pay a little more attention to the type of girl they were out with. I guess their main trouble is that they don't know how to treat a woman."

Jane nestled deeper into her pillow, yawned and asked, "Pris, have you ever been down to French Island?"

"No, have you?"

"No, but I've heard a lot about it. It must be quite a place." Jane sat down on her bed and dreamily gazed into space. "Gee, Priscilla, do you think my father will let me go to New York this summer?"

"I think he will."

"I certainly hope so. To think I've never been any farther than Boston in my whole life. You know I told Dick that I got my gown in New York. The one I made myself. And he believed me. It's fun to string a guy along a little, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it is."

Jane yawned again and gazing up at the ceiling, she added philosophically "Life would be awfully boring of we didn't."

MARILYN HOYT

Rushee: "Before I decide to pledge, do you all drink anything?"

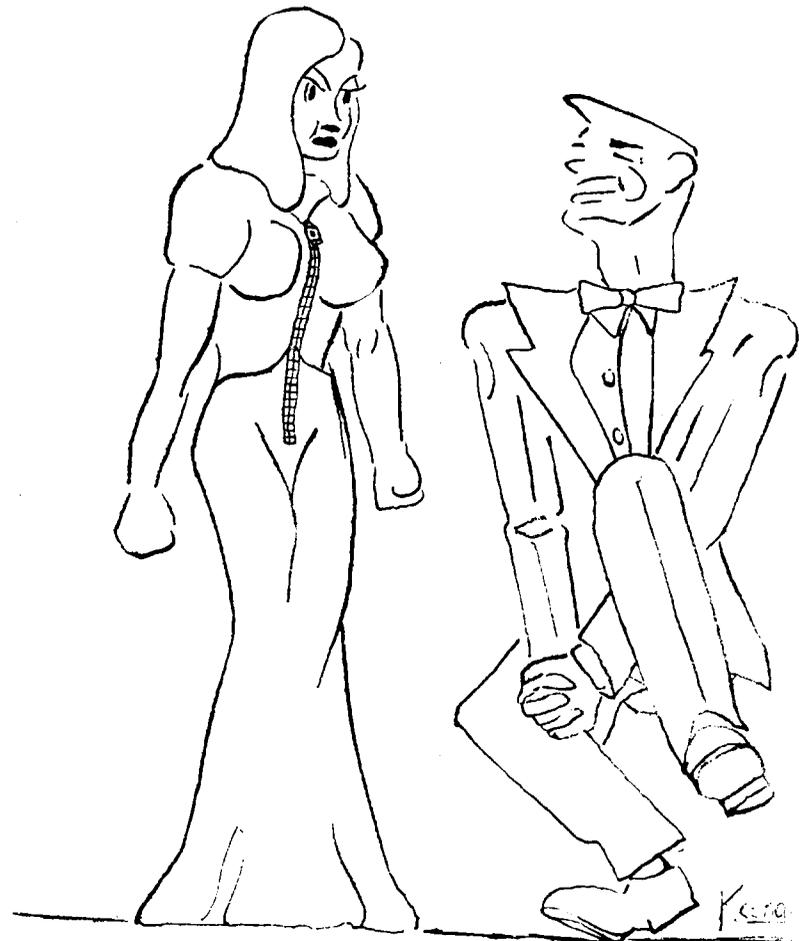
Alpha Sigma Phi: "Anything!"

(Continued from Page 10)

to boys, and co-eds talk to co-eds. The co-eds' presence irritates the boys no end, and it cramps their conversational style. The boys can't stretch their legs for fear of dirtying the co-eds' bobby-sox. They can't stretch their conversations for fear of dirtying the co-eds' minds. They can't exhale their pipe-smoke for fear of dirtying the co-eds' lungs, and blinding and choking them (hmmmm!).

And then it happens. I see a corner booth! Ah! Get something round... we'll have a ball!! Here we go. D-Day! Moving in! We all land and the fun begins. Round-table discussion reigns supreme. My room-mate has the loveliest sweater. Your eyes are bloodshot. This coffee tastes bitter. Don't blow smoke in my eyes! I want a coke.

Get me some coffee? Those doughnuts look good! Got a butt? Got a light? Ah, light somewhere else! Huh? This coffee tastes bitter. Say, big boy, don't I appeal to you? Naw, my feet hurt. Does your face hurt? Why? It's killing me! Ha, Ha, Ha, Huh, Huk, Kuk, Kuff, Coff. Coff... don't blow smoke in my face! Well, girls, it's late; gotta' be goin'. Ah, wait a while, it's early yet. OK, you talked me into it. Gee, you're cute. Blue eyes, red lips, glasses that point up at the corners... your eyes are like pools... and your nose, your nose is between them. Your eyes come closer and closer to your nose. They come to the bridge of your nose, and then they... they... they cross! Drop dead. This coffee is bitter. Well, girls, it's late; gotta' be goin'. Ah, wait a while, it's early yet. Gotta



Don't you dare!

prelim tomorrow. We won't let you go, then. Help, murderrrrrr!!

And so, gentle reader, there it is. Coffee at Carnegie. Carnegie... habitat of the commando carnegus and the coeda carnivora. Many a man has entered with the thought of "bring 'em back alive." Often he returns with merely the thought of "back alive." Beware the combination of too much coffee, too much Carnegie, too many co-eds. Men, the time has come. Organize, unite, on to supremacy! Our cause it is just!! Will co-eds terrorize the realm of Carnegie? Never! We have the strength, we have the power, we have the organization. Will we succeed? Will we??

I see blue eyes, smiles, legs, glasses that point up at the corners... Through the blue smoke, frivolous words fill the air, the coffee steams and stimulates, the co-ed

does that same, her eyes flash, her words fall on eager ears and entertain them. Ah, bliss...

Ah, nuts! Men, shall we be vanquished? Shall we be driven from supremacy? Shall we drown our sorrows with co-eds and coffee, and thus forget our troubles? Never! We'll face reality. Ours is a struggle, but it's all ours. We'll become hermits. We'll retire to the backwoods. We'll renounce society. We'll be awfully lonely, tho...

SF

Newspaper Item: Mrs. Sadie Word was granted a divorce when she testified that since her marriage, her husband had spoken to her but three times. She was awarded the custody of their three children.

Her head was nestling in the hollow between his chin and his shoulder. Her hair tickled his nose and made it wrinkle up, allergic. He twisted her head back until he could see her face, and kissed her softly on the nose. She opened her eyes. "Oh, Arthur," Linda said, "you're so impulsive."

\* \* \* \*

Two little girls were busily discussing their families.

"Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" asked one.

"I think," said the other little girl, "that she's cramming for her finals."

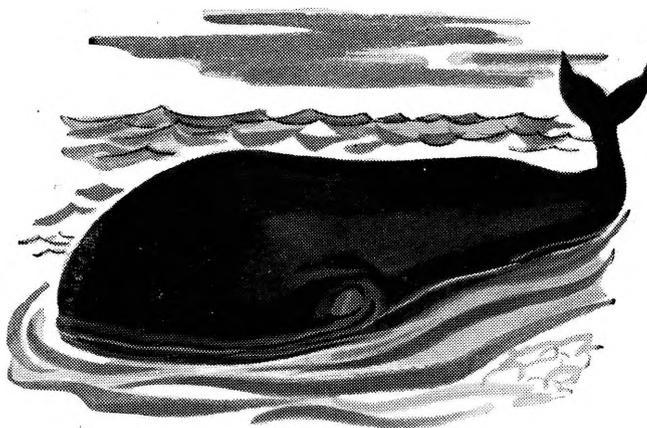
\* \* \* \*

Host: "That whiskey, sir, is twenty years old."

Guest: "Rather small for its age, don't you think?"

## HISTORY REWRITTEN

JONAH AND THE WHALE



"Things look pretty black for me in here!  
Wish I had a Life Saver!"



Still Only 5¢

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

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



FOR A DELIGHTFULLY

*Different Vacation*

VISIT COLORFUL CUBA, HISTORIC VENEZUELA  
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COLLECTION  
BEFORE YOU BUY

## W. C. BRYANT & SON

*Jewelers of Distinction*

for

*Three Generations*

46 MAIN ST., BANGOR

Tel. 2-1767

### QUITE !

Lo! Through misty streets there comes

A youth, his gait a staggering one.

See! The street-lamp brings to light  
The shadows lurking 'neath his eyes.

A rheumy stream trails down his cheek ;

His hand shakes ; he mumbles to himself.

Wake! Rouse your nostrils to the scent

Of alcoholic beverage, which no doubt

Produces this infirmity of person.

His pallor, look of guilt and shame

Show him for what he is—a student.

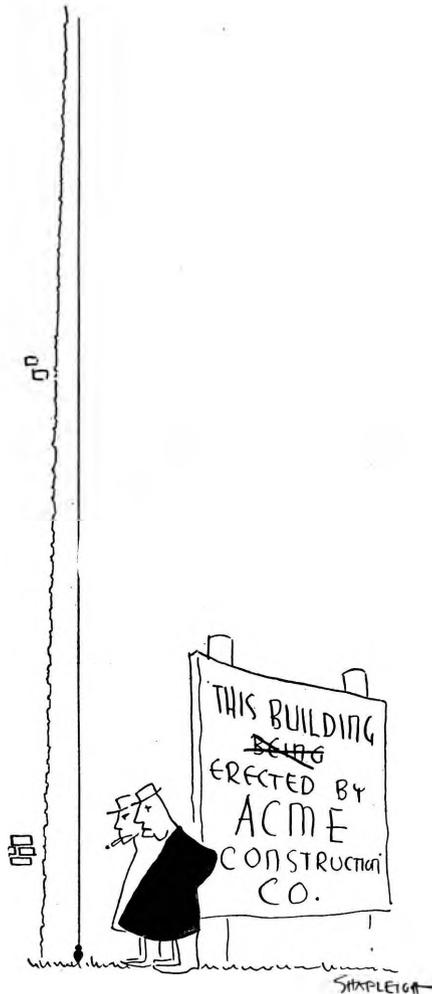
—J. G. B.



## Formal Loveliness

Dainty and dramatic gowns, perfect for your summer evenings, can be found at the Rines Co.

Sketched: Lace and chiffon in white, black, and pastels . . \$35



"This is really a hell of a time to really find the plumb line."

LOOK AROUND IN THE STORE  
FOR THOSE LITTLE GIFTS

To Take Home  
To Your Friends.

JEWELRY

BANNERS

KNICKKNACKS

and

NOTIONS

UNIVERSITY STORE CO.

HIC !

Whirlin' 'n swirlin', roun' 'n roun'  
Feet tha' hardly touch the groun'.  
People swayin' to music's rhythm  
Seem's my head is swirlin' with 'em.

Naked shoulders, cloth-draped legs,  
'Nother bottle drained to the dregs.  
Tuxes aboun', white shirts galore,  
Think I'll have jus' one drink more.

My, that music seems ta roar,  
Damn 'n blast these rockin' floors.  
Look a' that little cutie flirt.  
Pardon me, darlin'. I trod on your  
skirt?

Why, tha' girl there has four eyes,  
She's winkin' two at one o' those  
guys.

In love's chain each action's a link  
Pass tha' bottle 'n let's have a drink.

Couples go out 'n couples come in  
(Gimme' 'nother shot o' that gin.)  
Little pink elephants all over the  
floor.

Quick, somebody, the way ta' the  
door.

Room is whirlin', swirlin' aroun',  
Somebody tell me which way is  
down.

Once I was strong 'n hale 'n hearty.  
Blast 'n damn this here house-party.

"I'm getting married."  
"How careless of you."

## QUESTIONS

- A** Diverse in prominence, yet alike in taste,  
On each an apostle his name has placed.
- B** Enclosed by two comparatives of "mellow"  
Unscramble "chum", here underlined in yellow.
- C** Where the Amazon and rubber meet you locate me,  
Hood, McKinley or Rainier completes my picture, see?

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



**RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST**

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

**LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS**

- A** The word "milder" appears twice in the ad in red letters,  
and the word "mild" (two-thirds of "milder") appears in  
white letters. They all explain why Chesterfield is right.
- B** Four eyes (Darnell's and Griffin's) are the  
same in color and shape, but not in fame,  
since Linda Darnell's are much more famous.
- C** The pearl earrings worn by Linda Darnell.

**WINNERS...**

The following students were awarded a carton of Chesterfields  
for correctly answering the questions in Chesterfield's College  
Magazine Contest.

- |                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| Ginny Stickney | F. L. Pontbriand |
| Bob Taylor     | Dana Whitman     |
| Jan Bannister  | Phil Flagg       |
| Bob Rendall    | Jean Gager       |
| Charles Kelson | Margaret Murray  |

The contest was under the supervision of Chesterfield's Campus  
Representatives, Judy Newton and Don Waring.

# The "WASH" word IS LAUNDROMAT

THE FAMOUS WESTINGHOUSE AUTOMATIC  
WASHER WITH THE AMAZING WATER SAVER

The  
Bangor Hydro Stores

SPRINGTIME  
IS  
PARTY TIME

Time for YOU to be thinking  
about a pretty dancing  
dress for PROMS  
and HOUSE-  
PARTIES.

AND

WE SUGGEST YOU VISIT  
THE THIRD FLOOR OF  
FASHION AT

**FREESE'S**

WHERE YOU WILL FIND A LARGE  
COLLECTION OF DEMURE AND  
DARING FROCKS IN SIZES 9 TO 18,  
AND AT PRICES FROM

**16.95 to \$35**

P.S.

(ASK TO SEE OUR FINE COLLECTION OF BRIDAL GOWNS.)



# *Always Buy* CHESTERFIELD

"When you smoke  
Chesterfield you get a Milder  
cooler smoke - that's why  
it's my cigarette"

*John Lund*

STARRING IN  
"BRIDE OF VENGEANCE"  
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



## Prominent Tobacco Farmers smoke Chesterfield

**JAMES H. DARDEN**, Farmville, N. C. says

"I've smoked Chesterfields steady for 12 years.  
They're really Milder. They buy mild, ripe, sweet-  
smoking tobacco . . . the kind that ends up in real  
smoking satisfaction."



THE BEST CIGARETTE FOR YOU TO SMOKE - Milder *much* Milder