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Pine Needle Publications

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Vera Edfors

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The PINE NEEDLE

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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

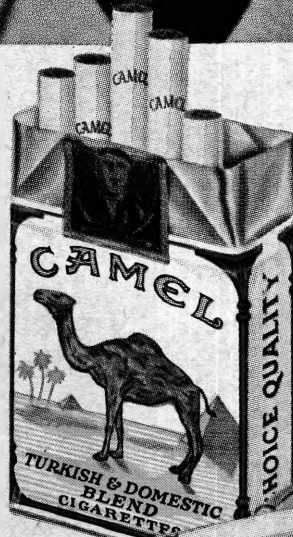
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hundreds of Camel smokers,
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**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF
THROAT IRRITATION
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THE PINE NEEDLE

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE HUMOR MAGAZINE

EASTER

1949

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Editors' Page

The Easter season brightens the way for spring. And with spring comes fresh little leaf buds which grow and spread to a prominent, but still green, existence. They thrive in the glory of sunlight and flourish themselves too gaily in the light breezes of temptation until nature is tired of appreciating them and their stems become broken away from their source of nourishment and sanction. Then they fall to the ground where they shrivel up to await the inevitable tromp of a boot that will crush their brittleness to the dust of a past season.

Like this cycle of a leaf is the term of a *Pine Needle* editor. The most prominent compound leaf in *Pine Needle* history was ever-branching Ray Cudahy. His many petioles grew with the mag for years, but at last he has gone his deciduous way to add his withered self to the incinerator called the *Bangor Commercial*.

The sessile leaf known as Dick Sprague, for a single successful season, kept one branch solidly tipped. Now his lobes are contracted to squeeze their remaining sap into the struggle with comprehensive examinations.

The smoothy of the past was entire Claire Chamberlain. His veination of prose and poetry has coursed its last through these pages. He has been parched by graduation and is now being buffeted about by the winds of a treeless world.

For a time, the serrated edges of a Sam Jones leaf scratched this piney tablet and his chlorophyll gave its surface a controversial color. Now his energies are expended along a clutching tendril to female interests in Boston. He is seared beyond use, and will probably be raked from our literary lawn.

What may you now expect from

the new leaflets which cling so precariously to the end of this swaying limb? We can't tell you that we are good. Or that we are qualified for the job. Or how long we expect to stay lush and healthy. One of us has the habit of biting on one plastic bow of his glasses as he cautiously weighs even the slightest decision with knitted brow and grim consternation. Here we have back bone and confidence. Another one of us once had something to do with a high school year book, and has since been beating out crumby poetry and writing stories about this and that with dubious success. Here we have literary genius of a simple degree. Still another one of us has been ill prepared for his present job by once handling an MCA publication and reading hunting and fishing magazines. What we have here, we don't know but it might grow into something useful.

We have an extremely pleasant office. The door is open all the time simply because it won't close. The floor is well padded against noises of all types with a thickness of rubber. We have one good chair and four which we use for our guests. A telephone is here for some reason and one dust gagged typewriter fills out our list of equipment, although we intend to buy a dictionary. Climbing to and from our garret, we develop leg muscles and become well known to the off-campus girls.

So, with all these qualifications and diversifications we intend to give the students of Maine an entertaining magazine for their two bit investment. If we don't blossom out as you wish—let us know about it. If you like our foliage—we will continue to flourish and hope the orchardists will not be able to reach us with a pruning hook.

We think you will agree that the present art staff of the *Pine Needle* is most able. The cover of this issue was done by Len Keenan, who is somewhat acquainted with the habits of rabbits. The page of "Good-nights" is a leaf from Dick Selleck's sketchbook. Then those cartoons that constantly feature youthful maidens with prominent profiles are created by the pen of Bill Fogler. Also, dependable Lloyd Shapleigh is still with the mag and is always ready to dash off a picture of humor.

In each issue we hope to publish at least one outstanding student written short-short story for your enjoyment. Ted Gridley's writing seemed tops to us this time. So we doff our literary caps to him and will keep an eye on *Post* and *Colliers* for his byline in the future.

Poets are a little more uncommon but we claim a valuable discovery in Kinley Roby. Other rhimers wished their work used without their names listed.

Our fashion editors, Pussy and Vera, have knit together a unique article to go along with some very eyeable photos. That department should keep the interest of our female readers as well as the bug-eyed boys.

Two people happened to be walking along a road together. One was a young woman, the other a handsome farmer lad. The farmer lad was carrying a large kettle on his back, holding a chicken in one hand, a cane in the other, and leading a goat. They came to a dark ravine.

Said she: "I'm afraid to walk here with you. You might try to kiss me."

Said he: "How could I, with all these things to carry?"

Said she: "Well, you might stick the cane in the ground, tie the goat to it, and put the chicken under the kettle."

—*Yellowjacket*

* * * *

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

—*N.Y.U. Varieties*

For the last issue of the *Pine Needle*, our cameraman crept into various Maine dormitories and found some of the most voluptuous torsos known and unknown to Maine men. He gained the girls' confidences and requested them to don their most figure flattering bathing suits and to strike a comfortable pose with an arm this way or a leg that. The resulting pictures were complete in every detail up to the alluring slope that connects the neck and shoulders of each Maine Miss. Above that line was a blank. One bathing suit was flowered. Others were adrift at the middle, but they were all full.

Men all over the campus sat with the *Pine Needle* open to the middle page as they pondered the possibilities and searched their memories for some tell-tale clue that would help them identify these headless females.

One of the unpractised models had overlooked the removal of her

THE PINUPS PINNED DOWN

watch before posing. As a result, two men were seen in Carnegie for three afternoons in a row cautiously sliding up the sleeve of each girl that entered, but they were unsuccessful in finding the watch in the picture.

Some fraternity men tried to trick their dates into wearing bathing suits under the pretense of a costume party in hopes that they might find a familiar swim costume.

A few brave males frequented the women's gym during Phys Ed classes. They were doomed to be disappointed, however, for they never discovered the smallest mole that would match.

One keen eyed sophomore dis-

covered a ring on the finger of one of the decapitated ladies. He thought this was the answer, but alas. It was no good. During the next week he met four different Maine coeds that wore rings comparable to the one in the picture.

Thus it went. Everyone tried to work form details with no success. It became evident that these wheels about campus didn't know the girls as well as they claimed. Although one or two said, "These legs look familiar," no student was able to look at one of those pictures and say, "I know her." It was a sad defeat for the ego of the persistent "door-call" and the connoisseur of college

(Continued on Page 14)



Joe Smith oggles with the goggles

Ted
Newhall
Photographer
to
the
Pine Needle
is happy to
offer his services
at all times to
the students of
the University.

Appointments May
Be Easily Arranged

Come as you will
and choose your own
pose. We take your
picture the way you
want it.

Bank Building Orono
Call 8171

On An English Instructor

Virago in her office dully thinks
on rule and rank, reports and allied
stinks.

Alone of all the department to hatch
not sense, but wits that creep and
parts to match.

Either in banal impotence she speaks
or as her master whispers so she
squeaks.

She mouths blunt phrases, ragout
of the arts

"Masterpieces" taught with minor
parts.

Pedantic in the classroom, thick
outside,

bludgeons poetry, thinks hair's the
hide.

Dictating what she copied years be-
hind

substituting penmanship for mind.
All Hail, Virago! Hail, O plodding

goad
O narrow natured! O bleak witted
toad.

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.

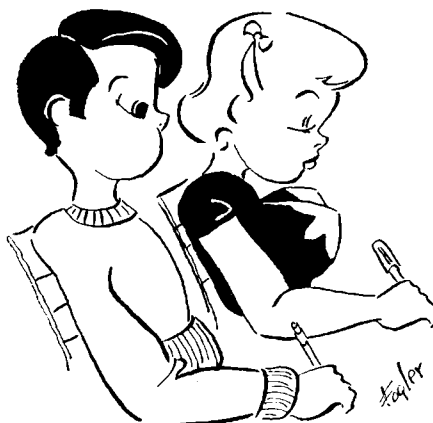
—*Missouri Showme*

* * * *

"Im sorry," said the girl, "but
this two-dollar bill is counterfeit."

"Ye Gods," the woman uttered,
"I've been seduced!"

—*Missouri Showme*



What are famous geological features
of Wyoming? "Oh, yes. The Grand
Teton Mountains."

Maine's Miss Coed Entry

Back in 1947 *The Pine Needle*
first sponsored an entry in "The
Miss American Coed Contest" con-
ducted by *Varieties Magazine*. That
year Miss Jan Brown from Maine
was judged fifth from the top
among all American college entries.
She received favorable comment
from the famous model man, Mr.
John P. Powers, and her picture
was published in *Life* magazine.

Last year Miss Polly Marcous
was chosen by this magazine to
represent our University. From a
field of ninety contestants, Miss
Marcous ranked eighteenth on the
beauty list. The twelve finalists
were saluted on the Chesterfield
Supper Club, coast-to-coast radio
show, and were flown to Virginia
Beach for the final judging where
Miss Pattie Cotter of L. S. U. was
picked as Miss American Coed of
1948. She received about five thou-
sand dollars worth of prizes.

For the past few weeks the editors
of this magazine have been scanning
the faces along the bookstore coun-
ter, watching girls trotting to and
from classes, perusing dormitory
lounges and smokers, comparing
crossed legs under snack bar booths,
and guessing at what might be hid-
den under winter coats and book
worn countenances. Blondes, brun-
nettes, tall girls, short girls, wheels,
unknowns, open dates, steadies, and
athletes or dean's list. We studied
them all and we are not saying that
it wasn't fun. We considered their
picture potential. We thought of
them in evening gowns, in a sweat-
er, in rain coats, and in bathing suits.
Then we took our discoveries to a
photographer and came up with half
a dozen shots of a girl that seemed
very pleasing. This year the *Pine
Needle* magazine is sponsoring Miss
Pat Simmons in the national college
coed contest. Good luck to you, Pat.
See you in the movies!



(Photo by Newhall)

Patricia Marie, her mother named her on February 28, 1930, in that little old town of Oakland, since exchanged for hometown Bucksport. She is now the rare combination of beauty and brains and personality which all Maine males worship. Besides all this she is a wheel of no minor revolution. Vice President of '51, soprano in the glee club, an Eagle, MOC worker, member of the Publications Committee, and she wears an AOPi pin. On the lighter side she enjoys jitterbugging and all kinds of sports. She swings a softball bat with an ease equal to the swing of her 35" hips. She is not satisfied with the old State U, though, for she never misses a Bowdoin houseparty. Her dark brown hair curls just 5' 3½" from the floor to frame a light complexioned face and bright hazel eyes. An odd fraction makes an even figure with a 25½" waist and a 34" bust. She is 117 pounds of loveliness that is slipping away from us for next year her plans take her to Cornell to finish a five-year nursing course. Oh, the pleasures of the infirmed.

THE

There had been other early Springs.

There had been other early Springs when Jan Marlow had crossed the bridge. It wasn't terrifying then. There were no voices whispering inside her. Other early Springs she was holding someone's hand when they crossed together; and his hand was warm. And he smiled security at her.

But it was different crossing alone.

She was only as secure as her two feet on the melting snow. Sometimes it was snowing pitifully shapeless flakes that stuck where they landed. And if the flakes didn't find quick reinforcements they melted against the steel girders and under her soggy overshoes. And the crisp, scintillating winter was over and she was alone between seasons. And the ice was breaking up under the bridge.

But there had been other early Springs.

And Fred was walking beside her; and she was between the

wooden wall and his protecting hand clasp. His hands were warm, and he warmed her mittens, and he wasn't afraid.

Perhaps he would speak. "It's a beautiful night, isn't it?"

And she would agree, because walking across the bridge with him was beautiful. The trucks rumbling behind her, their lights bobbing as they hit the rise at the end and jogged over the loose planks, vibrating the bridge in the middle, then shifting gears as they ascended the hill on the other side—all was shut out and distant as she walked with Fred.

As she walked with Fred she didn't notice the bent girders that misjudging drivers had hit. She didn't see the temporary wooden bracing strapped to the steel girders. She didn't realize how the entire bridge shuddered when more than one truck crossed, when trucks passed, or when heavy traffic made it spring up and down.

It was only when she was alone.

Only alone could she feel alone.

Only walking that short distance across the bridge could she understand its length. Only alone did she realize it was suspended weakly at both ends. Only alone—and afraid—did she question the strength of the old girders.

She asked herself and answered herself.

And an intense fear gripped her as she envisioned the twisting steel girders tumbling into the icy flows. There was nothing to hold to but the girders and they were curling and buckling like burning cardboard. There was no Fred to control her, to act quickly and wisely. There was only horror, a scream that nobody heard, icy water, and bending steel girders. She pictured herself—her back against the wooden wall. It held her. She couldn't jump if she wanted to. She was trapped in the folding, screeching bridge.

Yes, perhaps another truck would be too much. The ice had weakened the bridge and it would buckle and crumble this Spring.

Perhaps she would die this early Spring.

So Jan Marlow thought as she walked towards the bridge. It was Friday evening; it was early Spring; and she was alone.

"It's foolish," she said aloud. "Alone is no different than being with someone." But she knew it was the difference that made her notice the difference. "Fred is no loss. It's a gain." But the two words "a gain" ran together in her mind and she unwillingly repeated them—again. There was something of Fred that wouldn't, couldn't be forgotten. Fred had nearly erased the silly illusion about the bridge. When they were together it was no problem.

Jan resurrected the conversation as she took her first footstep on the bridge. It would convince her, she thought. She could use his argu-



"Oh? Did you let him kiss you goodnight?"

BRIDGE

ment without him. Somehow the words were repeated—almost as if he were there.

"Afraid of this bridge?" Fred smiled.

"Yes." She gripped his hand more firmly.

"Why?"

"I don't know. It's just . . . just old . . . and it shakes."

"Just hang onto me. If it falls we fall together." He smiled.

She didn't want to remember that line.

"I've always been afraid of this bridge. There's nothing supporting it," she said.

"Nothing but those steel girders."

And they looked strong and reassuring when Fred was there. She wasn't afraid when he was there.

"Feel the snow crunch under your feet?" Fred said.

"Yes."

"Look back. See? We set up two paths." And he bent down and packed a snowball and threw it over the side of the bridge. "Maybe it will go out to sea on an ice cake," he said.

And they were across. The bridge was behind and Fred was still holding her hand. The childish fear was somewhere in the past, and it would become less and less prominent as they crossed and re-crossed the bridge.

Summer would follow Spring, Autumn, and then crisp, scintillating Winter. Then Spring, and the river ice would break up and . . . suddenly she was alone.

The conversation was over and she was alone.

Their reconstructed talk didn't take long enough. Jan was only in the middle of the bridge. Dreams are quicker than realities, she thought. Something of the gestures, the smiles, the laughing is missing. There is just a quick review, and the symbolism had failed.

Jan was in the middle now, and a truck bounded onto the bridge behind her, its lights bobbing weirdly on the skeleton structure of the bridge. Shadows grew tall and short, planks clattered, and the shuddering filled her body as the truck drew nearer. She wanted to look back to the imagined conversation, to her path in the melting snow. But there was only one path. She tried to remember a song, a name, a place, anything.

But there was no memory.

There was only a solitary oil truck, its cab bounding by now, the trailer heavily following behind leaving a deep imprint in the slushy road.

This could be the one, she thought.

Jan backed against the green painted wall and dug her fingers into the woodwork. She didn't see the figure coming from the opposite

end. She saw nothing. She could only feel—the swaying rhythm of the bridge as it struggled before tottering into the snowy, icy mass below. She shut her eyes and opened her mouth, breathing deeply.

Seconds were centuries as she waited for a crescendo of splitting timbers and twisting steel. She was ready.

"Why, Jan!"

She opened her eyes. "Fred!"

"What are you doing here—like that?" He automatically grasped her hand and felt the damp perspiration. "What's the matter?"

"Fred." Jan was breathing in heavy gasps. "Fred . . . where did you come from?"

"I was just walking across and I saw you standing here."

"Fred, do something for me."

"What?"

(Continued on Page 12)



HOW DO YOU SAY GOODNIGHT?

ARE YOU



... NONCHALANT?

ART BY

Pellecko

RESEARCH BY

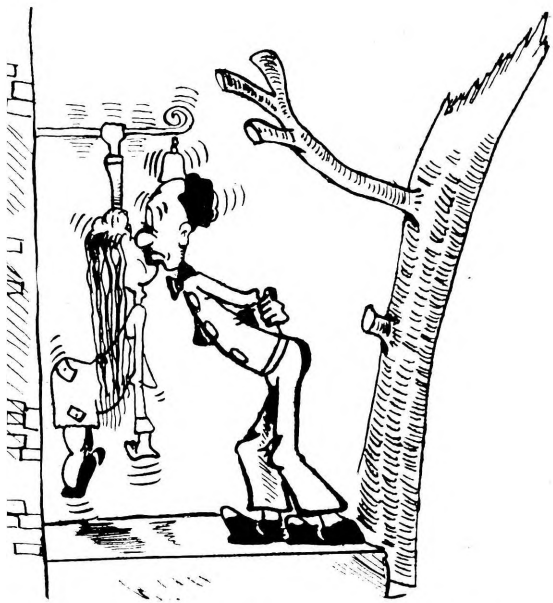
Brennan



... EASILY FRUSTRATED?



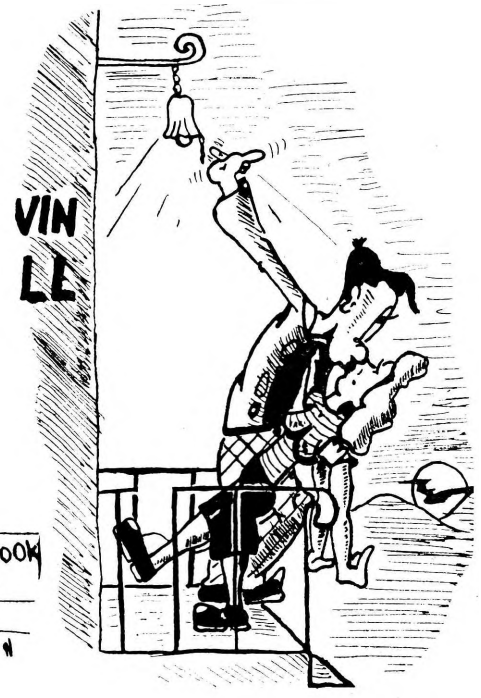
... HUNGRY?



... A BLIND DATE?



... PASSIONATE?



... OF A LOVER?

The Maine Crampus

Published Weekly by Some Students of Maine

Vol. Z 000

Orono, Maine, April 12, 1949

Number II

Hornblende Does Most For University

At the recent student elections, Rex Hornblende was voted the man who has done more for the University of Maine than any other senior. As a result of this, Mr. Hornblende will be given the Woolworth Watch Award, the Plaque of Maine Citizenship, and an interview with Mr. Brockway of the placement bureau.

Rex Hornblende's selection by the student body as the man most valuable to his school climaxes a college career of many activities, high academic standing, and popularity. During his first year at Maine, Rex became known to football fans as the best tackle in the state and was later chosen as All-New England in that position. Later in the year he was active in the MOC, College 4-H Club, and the Men's Senate.

He was chosen to be an Owl at the beginning of his sophomore year, pledged to Sigma Kappa Omega, and elected to the Men's Athletic Association. That year, too, he headed the Good Will Chest drive, played first string center for Maine's court quintet, and in the spring, he pitched the baseball team to the state championship.

Throughout his junior year, Rex played a horn in the band, headed the Scabbard & Blade organization, served as president of the Agricultural Club, and acted as secretary to The Young Republicans. He also broke the New England six hundred yard dash record, tied the international collegiate record for the pole vault, and shot consistent "possibles" with the Maine rifle team. He received the H. P. Hood and the A. & P. Scholarships.

This year Rex became president of the General Senate, the Senior Skulls, and the Inter-Fraternity Council. He has played the lead in the last two Maine Masque produc-

(Continued on Page Four)



Rex Hornblende

Casque Presents Flop

Presenting another of its undulating successes, the *Casque* went before the footlights last night in the musical, "Now It Is Tomorrow." The last presentation of the current season, under the direction of Eggshell Breaker, was received by a well-filled house whose enthusiasm was spontaneous, necessitating the help of the Orono Fire Department.

Pale Pallson was supported through his role by the entire cast although Grusilda Crockin did most of the carrying. A story of a student without a car, the original show treated the situation with sympathetic humor. Such songs as "I Walk Alone," "Rain, Rain Go Away" and "No Car Have I" livened the musical score.

FACULTY FACKS

A familiar and well-known figure about the campus of late is our new Commode Cleaning (3-4) instructor, Miss Gertrude Gartersnap.

Miss Gartersnap is, unfortunately for Maine, a native of Boston, or rather Back Bay, Boston. In her own words, she is one of the "bluest of the Back Bay's bluest blues." Very social-minded herself, she admits that her family is so social-minded that they have all the latest social diseases. (measles)

Miss Gartersnap graduated from Wellesley in the top three-fourths of her class. While there, she majored in Whiskey Displays and Car Upholstery, and took African Lice Diseases on the side. Although dismissed for consorting with a Red-Tailed Ape and a Platter-Lipped Kurilian, she cleared herself of the charge some months later and resumed studies. Miss Gartersnap states: "The claim was preposterous; never in my life have I seen a Platter-lipped Kurilian."

Miss Gartersnap, in a recent interview, told this reporter that her hobby was collecting Algomianian relics, but added that she had a slight weakness for gin. A staunch outdoor enthusiast, she frequently walks from Pat's to the Home Plate and back again. The rumor goes that she once lost her bearings on a foggy night and went into Nichol's, but Miss Gartersnap dismissed this as a gross falsehood.

When asked by this reporter whether or not she liked Maine, she answered in the affirmative, and that she thought the "shrubbyery was wonderful." When queried upon the absence of ultra-social life, she pooh-poohed the question, adding

(Continued on Page Four)

Usually Wrong

It has recently been brought to our attention that the policy of the school is in dire need of an about-face. For instance, the facade of each and every building is waging a constant war of balance with that of its neighbor. And the shrubbery—it would seem to this writer that if the botany department is all that it's rumored to be, then it should be able to devise some way of keeping the foliage on the trees. It's absolutely disgusting for young girls coming straight from high school to be subjected to naked trees all through the winter. To hell with the administration.

On the lighter side, it is the opinion of this writer that entirely too much emphasis is placed on the morals of the campus men and women. A great many males here at school are a part of the eight million heroic, bewildered veterans, and as such they should be given a little more cooperation and sympathy. Perhaps accessibility to all coeds' rooms would be the answer; and if, upon examination, the doors were found barricaded from the inside, why it's all in fun. To hell with the administration.

To the right of this column appears "Obitchuaries," a column intended for the personal expression of any and all readers. If you think the news coverage insufficient, or that your views are not being adequately expressed, or that the editorial staff is in a perpetual cloud of semi-lunacy, drop us a line. You'll wait till hell freezes over to see it in print. For the protection of the paper, all letters must be accompanied by a photostatic copy of the author's birth certificate, plus a rapid-Hinton report duly signed by an authorized MD. And remember the door to our office is always open—just try to get in. To hell with the administration.

It's an odd thing, but true, that once a person is a winner, the rest
(Continued on Page Four)

University Sobriety

The Shorts and Halter Club of Lower Stevens North held a party last night for all the little tots in the organization.



The affair was planned for seven o'clock; however, nobody showed up until well after eight. *Miss Chokegirdle* reported that at roughly eight-fifteen couples began to straggle in, loudly telling filthy stories and singing in various discords. Little *Billy Blotterbottom* threatened to disrupt the evening when *Miss Chokegirdle* requested that he check his fifth at the door, but peace, and the bottle, were retained after the two shot fingers and little *Billy* won.

Entertainment was provided by *Baby Alice* who did an *Apache Dance* on a pile of blocks in the center of the floor. During the performance, little *Dicky Dingleburry* had to be forcibly restrained from attacking his partner, *Suzy Sloshwater*.

At nine o'clock *Miss Hemroydle* arrived to speak to the kiddies on "*Your Little Brothers and Sisters in War-Torn Europe*." She was met with cat calls and cries of, "Aw, go to hell!"

Miss Chokegirdle had planned to have the kiddies play post office, but hastily revised the game to ring-around-the-rosie. Every thing went well until little *Sandy Sudso* pinched *Baby Alice* on the cheek, whereupon she retaliated by a low blow with a cue stick. General confusion followed, with letter blocks and tootsie toys flying everywhere.

Ninety-six patrolmen under the able baton of *Police Chief Frank Cowan* broke up the riot.

Delta Phew invites all to their coming *Inter-racial Riot*. Refresh-
(Continued on Page Four)

Obitchuaries

Dear Editor:

As I sit, wreathed in cigarette smoke, laboriously bent over my books, my throat becomes as dry as the material I am reading. The very roots of my tonsils beg for the caress of liquid refreshment. My over-worked brain cells begin to conjure up the vision of ever-flowing fountains of beer. Then the idea hits me. Fountains... beer!! Yes! Let us have beer in the dormitory fountains!

To satisfy all guzzlers, my plan is to sink deep wells next to each dormitory. Into them shall be poured a mixture of my own choice. Its soothing content will even conform to the 3.2 law. Three parts wood alcohol and two parts grain of the same.

Think how satisfying this would be. Rather than quench our thirst with that weird concoction, known locally as WATER, we would only have to walk to the nearest fountain, pucker our lips, turn the handle and inhale... beer!! Aah! What relief for parched tonsils! What relaxation for over burdened minds!

—J. P. RUPERT, JR.

Dear Editor:

I would like very much to feel the warmth of someone's affection, to be, as you might say, somebody's loving girl. I think that you can help me.

In person, I can't seem to win a man's heart. I do not feel, however, that this is because I am but an Average Girl. On paper, I feel that I could get to be some man's honey. In writing, I could set down the intense emotions and profound understanding for which I have a capacity. That is where you can help me.

Do you think you might possibly print some of my comments, observations, conclusions, etc., about life and love and see what men would be interested in me?

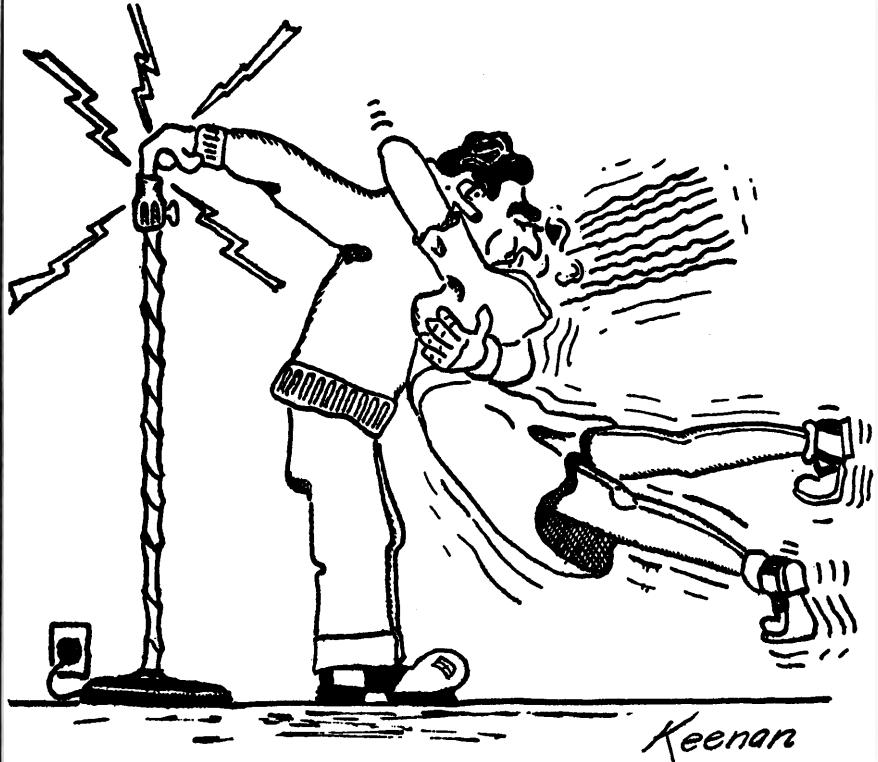
—THE LONELY HEART

Bare Facts

The annual hopscotch tournament, scheduled to begin as soon as the mud permits, promises to be a battle between the might of Beta Pu Phu and the brawn of Si Si Shelta, the strongest contenders.

Recognition should be forthcoming for the varsity team of Hide and seek players who have so consistently outthid and outsought other teams throughout the nation. At the present they are awarded only Schenley gold stars, even though they placed within three decimal places in UO4s competition.

(Continued on Page Four)



Prevent

INFLATION

PRECIPITATION

PREDOMINATION

INNATION

AGGRAVATION

AGITATION

CAPTIVATION

DISSIPATION

INTOXICATION

Sink

Your Funds in

the

Moral

Distrust Company

For Souse Parties

For Form-alls

The Knuest Design

Gownless

Evening Strap

TEASE'S

Slopedaughter

Failure Award

Joe Smoe

For never receiving

the Hillson Award

This entitles you to "sept

francs" of grass-stain

removal service

Let us develop

you!

Guaranteed Results

from

The Darkroom

of

Tred Oldhouse

Yet To Come

Thursday

- 3-45 P.M. Record Concert
Carnegie Hall
Beethoven's Fifth. Chasers are advisable but not required.
- 5-00 P.M. Black coffee will be served those attending record concert.
Auspices of W.C.T.U. board of Membership.
- 7-15 P.M. Movie, "Ectasy" banned throughout the nation will be presented for the education and enlightenment of the student body.

Friday

- 4-15 P.M. Dr. Z. B. Blastophagaion
"Why Squidgle-bugs are unhappy in the rain."
45 Bugsbee Lab.
- 8-15 P.M. S.A.P. Sorority ice-skating party.
Women's Gym.

Saturday

- 8-00 P.M. Open House. Tappa Keg.
- Sunset until 12-00 Stevens Parking lot available. Couples only.

Sunday

- All Morning Church Services for those with only minor hang-overs.

Monday

DAMN DULL ISN'T IT.

Tuesday

- 7-15 P.M. Geology Lecture. Hot Rocks and old fossils.
Dr. I. M. Intrusive
13 Amigdoloidal Hall
Shist B. Mylava
Visiting Geologist

Wednesday

- 9-00 P.M. Members of the Astronomy Club will meet at the Great Works Picnic Grounds to observe movements of heavenly bodies.

Bare Facts

(Continued from Page Three)

All the yo-yo men who want to practice after midnight Tuesdays seem to be receiving a bad deal as the practice court is barred at too early an hour for their benefit.

"Bare facts" will be one paragraph shorter if the administration ever decides to have the muskets removed from the pingpong table.

Fashion shows which have been rather plentiful recently should be eliminated for the benefit of the more athletically-minded student body. Not enough students are interested in watching long skirts walk by to justify taking up rooms where guessing games could be held.

University Sobriety

(Continued from Page Two)

ments will be vodka boilermakers. Try Felts threw a very successful *Monster Sex Orgy* last Saturday. Entertainment was provided by *Phil Phlegm* who told filthy stories to the delight of all. At one o'clock the chaperones were released and every one headed for the cars.

Pinned:

Connie Clutcher to Jerk Mouser; Phyliss Teeser to John Fathead; Stella Snatchpin to Sucker Snodfanny.

Married:

Frantic Lovelace to Disgusted Botswell; Hysterical Accident to Mortified Miller.

Usually Wrong

(Continued from Page Two)

of the world demands that he stay a winner. And if the winner fails to win, and his winnings pale into insignificance beside the winnings of some other winner, then the winning smiles of the winner's audience wins the heart of some other winner. By this time the winner of the previous winnings, no longer being a winner, wins the winning wows of no one but himself. To hell with the administration.

—BULL BIGOT

Faculty Facks

(Continued from Page One)

that she thought the "schrubbery was wonderful."

Miss Gartersnap expects to stay at Maine for at least eighteen months. When asked by this reporter why she chose such an odd length of time, she smiled and said, "surely 'tis better to be doubly sure and sure, than sure but not sure."

Hornblende

(Continued from Page One)

tions and is at present Editor of the *Maine Campus*. He is majoring in Animal Husbandry and has an accumulative point average of 3.86.

Upon being questioned about Rex Hornblende's future, Mr. Brockway replied that a job in Massachusetts or New York State might be found.

If all smokers knew what Zesterfield

Smokers know, they'd quit!

X marks the spot where you will

lie, if you smoke

ZESTERFIELD

Switch to Zesterfields and live happily

in the hereafter

Fungus Willie

Fungus Willie was a sloppy eyed
cur.

He never washed or shaved.
A hibernating cephedore
Asleep in a Stygian cave.

Willie dreamed of an April dawn,
Of Aurora by a nook,
He saw himself as a fair Don Juan
Or Narcissus o'er a brook.

Then Uncle Sam on a hoary day
Came down to his fair tee-pee.
Poor Willie served for his USA:
A martyr of KP.
Fungus Willie heard the horns,
He knew the strife had ceased.
A ruptured duck he had sewed on
"Now to enjoy the feast!"

So G. I. Bill and old V.A.
Soon helped him with his game.
And that's how Willie is today
attending U. of Maine.

I'm not writing this to bitch,
A co-ed should be pure.
It's just my room mate's with this
itch
Down necking near the door.

We girls must stick together here
You know we're here to learn
But guys like Fungus turn up where
A gal's heart can be burned.

—A SENIOR

Student in Psych Lab on tour
asked an asylum inmate his name.
"George Washington," was the
reply.

"But last time I was here you said
you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the lunatic sadly,
"was by my first wife."

"Hubert, is my wife dressed?"

"No, Sir."

"Hubert, you're fired."

Two drunks wending their way
back from Pat's the other night
bundered into one of the girls' dor-
mitories.

One of them lost his head and
ran. The other remained calm, cool,
and collected.

Helen: "How is it that Joe never
takes you to the movies any more?"

Mary: "Well, one night it rained,
and we stayed home."

Women who wear slips seldom
make them.

"Let's cut classes today and go
down to Colby."

"I can't afford to. I need the
sleep."

Last Street Down

The street of prostitutes and ten-
cent beers,

Of bleary staring windows stained
with smoke;

Garbage in the gutter, skinny cats
Dig calmly in the garbage—full of
hope.

The street that drowns in the glare
of day,

In darkness rising, opening its eyes.
And stretching, shakes the ragged
men awake

To third-class prostitutes and bars
with flies.

The street that's going nowhere,
and goes on.

Where remnant men in remnant
suits have time

To stand along the sidewalk in the
sun,

And stare at a strange face—or
bum a dime.

The dying street, the sneering street;
The street that slouches naked.

The home of men who have no
homes,

Where the good old days are most
related.

A pinch of salt is greatly improved
by dropping it into a stein of beer.

—Yellowjacket



What's the hot scoop on clothes this spring? We shall start at the bottom (of the floor) and work up. Girls must have clothes—and for every occasion. Gennette MacNair models a navy-blue marquisette evening gown with a fetching (and what will it fetch) stole which she can toss over her shoulder, wrap around her arm, or use to trip her escort. The strapless top and tight-fitting bodice of the gown have appeal for men. The imitation rose on the front of the dress adds an exotic touch, and is a very desirable feature for “no corsage” dances or penniless escorts.

Whoops—we're creeping up! Or else the legs are getting longer! An East Hall deb, Joan Cosgrove, is all dressed up to go stepping and stopping eyes. Her cocktail dress is black and white crepe with sequins scattered here and there over the blouse. A mystery man who shyly refuses to admit his appearance in

a ladies' fashion column is wearing Ted Newhall's tan gabardine jacket—just the thing for men this spring. Ted had better lock his doors! A typical Maine girl, Joan prefers to smoke a cigarette rather than to hold a cocktail. (Dean Wilson, please take note.) Joan wears the dress at fraternity parties and afternoon teas.

The suit is only an inch shorter, but we're progressing! A light weight glen-plaid is suitable for all seasons and all occasions, and Nat Tarr's suit takes her everywhere. The brown undertones in the plaid are accentuated by the brown accessories: the brown handbag, ankle-strap pumps, and silk scarf knotted through a gold ring complete Nat's ensemble. And what happened to the hat? Nat heard that hats promote middle-aged baldness and she prefers to keep her shiny brown locks for a while.

And whose is or who is the



Nat Tarr

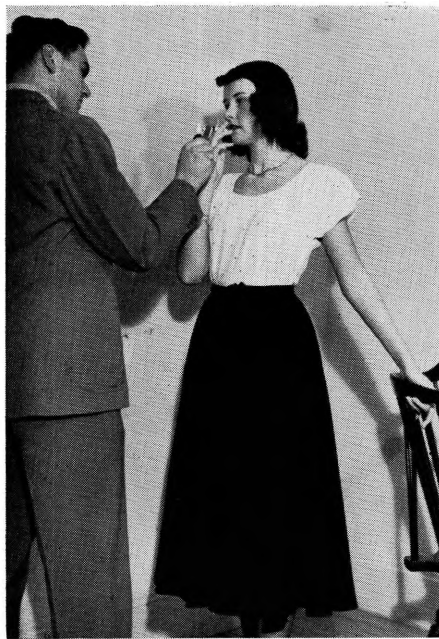
Long and

Spring Fashions

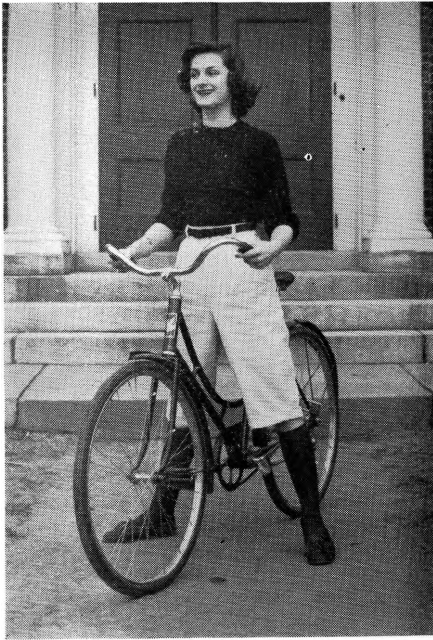
Photos by



Gennette MacNair



Joan Cosgrove



Pat Shattuck

wheel? Pat Shattuck is the pert miss from Balentine whose is (slurp) who is dressed up fit to kill any one who comes in the path of the bicycle on which she is about to wow the campus's people. The tyke on the bike will visit those "far away places" in her red woollen sweater and knee-socks, her white corduroy pedal-pushers, and her red leather belt PLUS her new Kappa Sig fraternity pin! Pat should invest in a bicycle built for two.

Ellen Stratton doesn't look very sleepy. but that's a nightie she is wearing. And we are now up to the knees! The nightie is blue cotton with white eyelet trimming down the front. The stockings Ellen models in her hair are size 9½, are made of finely combed cotton, and can also be worn on the feet. P.S. Jack is the lucky animal whom Ellen is holding so passionately under her arm.

The cute little lady on the blanket

is Martha Coles who is waiting patiently for summer. (She is wearing an ATO pin.) Martha bravely reaches the climax of our trip from the bottom of the floor up—and wears wine and white cordé shorts with a wide cummerband around her waist. Martha should plan to spend her honeymoon in a warm climate so that she can make use of these shorts.

And we had better stop here!

A New York insurance company sold a policy to a wealthy lady covering her wardrobe. Later the manager received a telegram from her saying, "Gown lifted in London." After a little thought the insurance man cabled back, "How much do you think our policy covers?"

Sigma Nu: "Ye gads, I'm thirsty."

Co-ed: "Here is a glass of water."

Sigma Nu: "I said thirsty, not dirty."

Short

*by Priscilla Nason
and Vera Edfors*

Newhall



Ellen Stratton



Martha Coles

The Bridge

(Continued from Page 7)

"Hold me."

He pulled her closely to him and felt the tenseness of her quivering body suddenly subside. Her head fell over to one side, her eyes shut. He was holding an unconscious woman in his arms. Scraping some snow from a stanchion nearby, he massaged her neck and forehead softly. She mumbled and opened her eyes half way. Fred kissed her lightly.

"Revived?" he whispered. "You passed out."

"Let me pass out again. Revive me again." Jan smiled faintly.

"We'll have to cross this bridge more often," he said.

And she realized where they were—standing, together, on the bridge. It was dark and the street lights at either end made little headway into the crisscrossed steel faintly outlined over their heads. She knew it was where she should be; where they should be.

After all, she thought, it was early Spring.

It started to snow lightly. Big, shapeless globules drifted haphazardly to the ground.

Yes, she thought, it was early Spring.

1



2



3



Single chick in a still egg-filled incubator: "Well, looks like I'm going to be an only child. Mother's blown a fuse."

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"

"Your lips?"

"No, my liquor."

Newspaper item: Mrs. Lottie Prim was granted a divorce, after claiming that her husband had spoken to her only three times since their marriage. She was awarded the custody of their three children.

"Is this dance formal or may I wear my own clothes?"

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QUESTIONS

- A** Twice here in red, two-thirds in white, Explains just why a Chesterfield's right.
- B** Four are shown and all the same In color and shape, but not in fame.
- C** You've no doubt heard it noised about that oysters "R" in season, One glance at lovely Linda and you're sure to see the reason.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

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

UNIVERSITY STORE COMPANY

CAMPUS

"NEW T SHIRTS FOR SPRING"

STUDENT COED JUVENILE

MAINE SEAL or BEAR

also

SWEAT SHIRTS

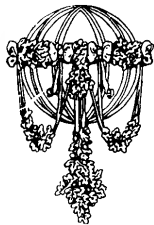
SWEATERS WITH MAINE COLORS

TURTLE NECK JERSEYS with MAINE EMBLEMS

ON SALE AT THE

UNIVERSITY STORE COMPANY

THE 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-

Pinups

(Continued from Page 3)

femininity.

But, there was one man who was not overwhelmed by this unidentified mass of pulchritude. There was one man who knew women to be more than what their face presented. The girls from Balentine and the Elms know and like him well.

To be sure it was an inside job. And then, too, this fellow had a wealth of similar material to compare with what we had printed, for he is no mean picture taker himself. He has known the girls well through the last few years for he is the janitor at the Elms and at Balentine Hall. Joe Smith is his name. This man and this man only was able to attach names and faces to a goodly percentage of these figures and he so impressed the editors of this magazine with his methods of identification that he was unanimously declared the winner of the "Torso Identification Test." Hats off to you, Joe. You have proven that you really know your "wimmin."

And now, everyone is eager to learn the names of these attractive girls that were so cooperative about giving us stock for our contest. Everyone of them is a good sport and deserves a hug and kiss and a bucket of brew from the editors. So, if you are still interested in these creatures, turn to page twenty-one ————— and whistle.

They say that if you don't drink smoke, or run around with women, you'll live longer. Actually, it only seems a lot longer.

Then there was the sweet young thing who bought a bicycle so she could peddle it out in the country.

Papa Robin returned to his nest and proudly announced that he had made a deposit on a new Buick.

—*Va. Tech. Engr.*



THE
BANGOR HOUSE
in
Bangor, Maine

It's A Short Hop

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

In the Dining Room we feature delicious dinners, prepared in the style of Maine home-cooking. And our ever popular Cocktail Lounge often echoes the Stein Song.

If you are looking for a friendly hotel, this is it—conveniently located in the heart of the city. And when the folks come to visit, why not suggest their staying at the Bangor House—famous for True Maine hospitality.

Cheerful, carefully appointed rooms from \$2.00.

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

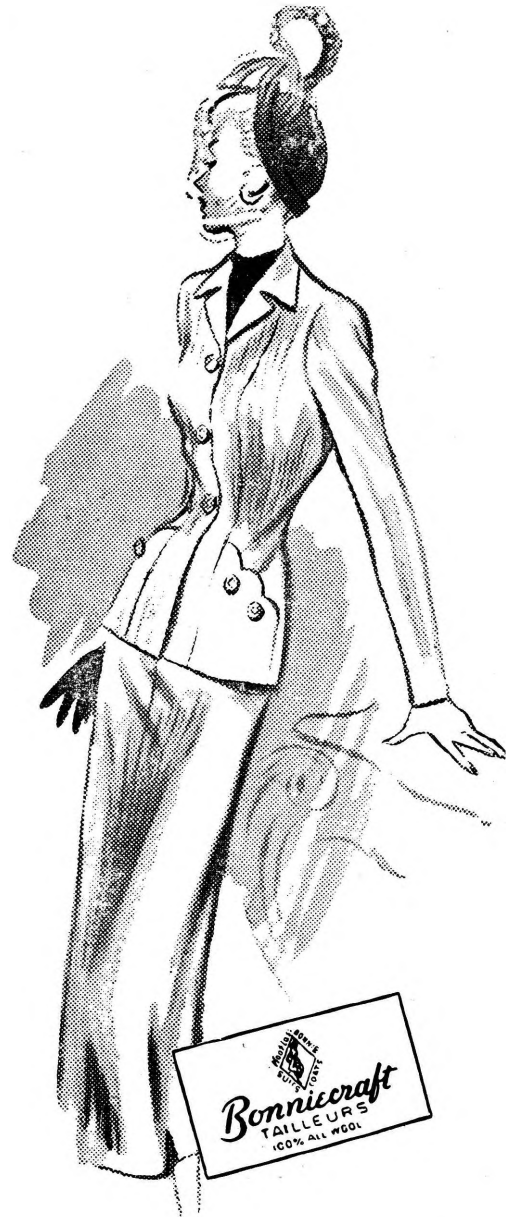
YOUR EASTER SUIT

- DONEGAL TWEEDS
- GABARDINES
- SHARKSKIN
- ALL WOOL WORSTED

Choose your Easter suit for its perfect fit...newsworthy detail...fashion significance! So typical of our prominent collection of worsted pin-checks, gabardines, pastel tweeds, shadow plaids, sharkskins, and contrast suits! So-o-o Spring '49 with their reed-slim skirts...boxy and fitted jackets...smaller-type collars...unique button treatments! Ready for your immediate preview. Come see if they don't live up to your exciting high fashion demands!

SIZES 9-15 12-20

\$29.95 to 49.95



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DEPARTMENT STORE
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Bangor, Maine

SPORTSWEAR for MEN

JACKETS

SWEATERS

SLACKS

• • • •

SHIRTS

SOX

NECKWEAR

• • • •

SUITS

AND

TOPCOATS

M. L. French & Son

196 Exchange St.

Bangor, Maine

An Ode

Man down through the ages, has
created many things:
The motor car, the bicycle, the
mouse trap and the spring.
He has written books of knowledge,
He has written songs of love
But with one obscure creation he
has bettered all above.
Though it's simple in its structure
and common to us all
It stands unchanged and steady,
while nations rise and fall.
It may be made of lowly wood and
then again of gold,
But it is used by everyone, the rich,
the poor, the young, the old.
To serve but one great purpose.
So let us worship at its feet
And pay due homage unto it:
The immortal toilet seat.

The purpose that it serves is un-
doubtedly twofold,
The relieving of the body and the
study of the soul.
The stance that one assumes, while
sitting on its frame
Is in itself conducive to the working
of the brain.
Elbow on the bended knee with chin
pressed on the hand.
The greatest men in history have
taken this firm stand.
An understanding sculptor carved
The Thinker
In this pose, and underneath The
Thinker,
Is there a hole, who knows?

—H. E. ROBY

'Tis spring come out and
ramble
The hilly brakes
heigh-ho,
And scramble in the
bramble
And sport your libido.
It's jolly fun, you know!

—SOME GIRL

And then there was the student
who wrote: "Virgin wool comes
from the sheep that can run the fast-
est."
—*Rammer Jammer*

For That Perfect Gift



BELOVED BY BRIDES
FOR ALMOST A CENTURY
(1850 - 1947)

Genuine Art-Carved rings you have
admired in your favorite magazines!
Every diamond ring is recorded and
guaranteed by the oldest and largest
ringmaker in America! Look for Art-
Carved in the ring, on the tag! See
our collection today!

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Jewelers of Distinction
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SEE THE
GALA DISPLAYS
OF
EASTER FASHIONS
AT
FREESE'S

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HATS

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STUDENTS!

WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO SERVE YOU
AT FREESE'S. MAKE FREESE'S YOUR SHOPPING
HEADQUARTERS.

FREESE'S

MAINE'S GREAT STORE

Always Buy **AB** CHESTERFIELD

"Everybody likes Chesterfield
because it's MILDER
it's MY cigarette."

Linda Darnell

Starring in

"A LETTER TO THREE WIVES"

A 20th Century-Fox Production



"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since
I've been smoking. They buy the best cigarette
tobacco grown... it's MILD, sweet tobacco."

M. H. Griffin

TOBACCO FARMER
BAILEY, N.C.

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)



MAKE YOURS THE **MILDER** CIGARETTE

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