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Pine Needle Publications, Clair Chamberlain, Sid Folsom, Carroll Page, Bill Brennan, Larry Pinkham, Bob Slosser, Kenneth Zwicker, Russ Meade, Jarry Tabor, and Ray Cudahy

THE PINE NEEDLE



FALL ISSUE

TWENTY FIVE CENTS

LION ON THE LOOSE!

Zoo Curator
Clyde Gordon
finds **EXPERIENCE**
IS THE BEST TEACHER
—in handling "big cats"
...and in choosing
a cigarette, too!



EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER*

LONG EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT CLYDE GORDON NEVER TO SHOW FEAR TO AN ANIMAL. HE STANDS HIS GROUND... SPEAKING SOFTLY, INSISTENTLY... WHILE DIVERTING HER ATTENTION WITH BROOM HANDLE.



* TRUE, TOO, IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE! WITH SMOKER AFTER SMOKER WHO TRIED AND COMPARED—CAMELS ARE THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!



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



Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!



T for Taste... T for Throat

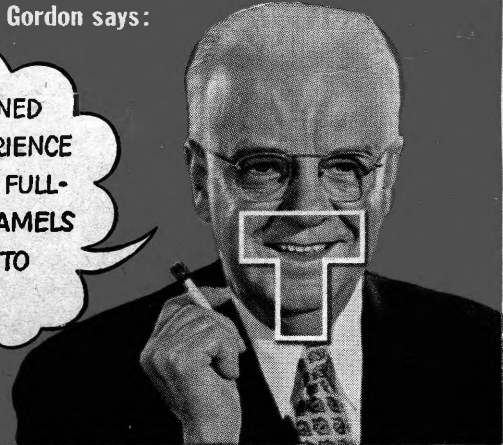
... that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

Zoo Curator Clyde Gordon says:

I'VE LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT MILD, FULL-FLAVORED CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'!

Clyde Gordon

General Curator and Director
Staten Island Zoo



According to a Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

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



CAMELS—the Choice of Experience!

AN ALUMNUS OF MAINE, UPON RETURNING
TO THE UNIVERSITY AFTER MANY YEARS' ABSENCE,
POSES QUESTIONS TO AN UNDERGRADUATE:
(with apologies to A. E. Housman)



"Is my team playing,
That I used to boo
And cheer upon occasion
When I was student too?"

Aye, the halfbacks trample,
Along the calm Stillwater;
No change at your returning
To dear old alma mater.

"Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather
Now I stand up no more?"

Aye, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul.
Unsubsidized athletics
Still keeps us in the hole.

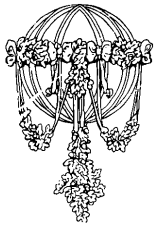
"Are the girls happy
That I found hard to meet,
And have they tired of fashions
That hang down to their feet?"

Aye, the "new look" prospers,
Their nights are filled with fun.
But men are ill-contented
Outnumbering four to one.

"Is my friend passing
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better class than mine?"

Aye, lad, I sleep easy,
I pass as lads would choose.
My C's I crib from another's pen.
Never ask me whose.

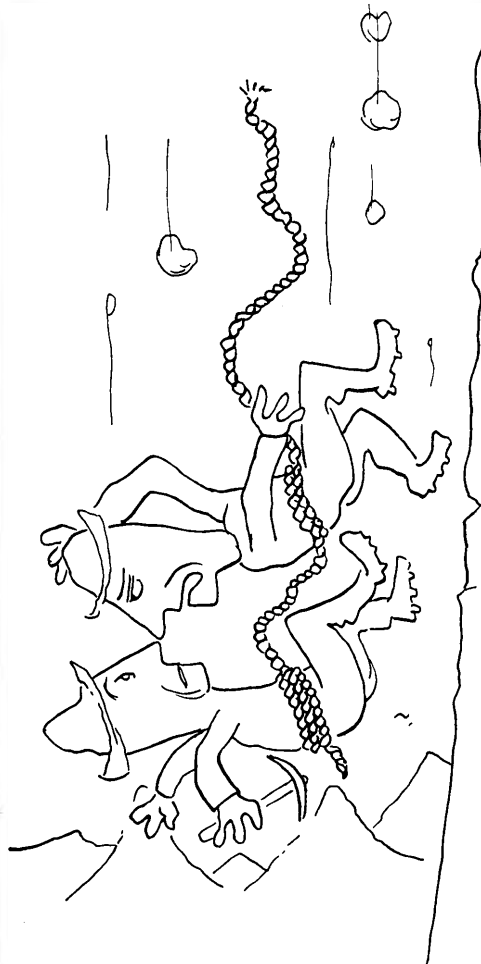
THE most effective way to express your pleasure in your house party date is with flowers and to do that best, get your corsage from us.



**BROCKWAY'S
FLOWER
SHOPPE**

15 Central Street
Bangor, Maine

WE DELIVER
ANY PLACE
ANY TIME



SHAPLEIGH

"You and your damned Sears-Roebuck rope."

The Management
of your
Chateau
Extends
a
"Welcome Back"
to the students
of the
University
of
Maine

Don't forget
the
Saturday
night
Dance Party
with
Jim Sprague
and
The Maine Bears



THE PINE NEEDLE

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE HUMOR MAGAZINE

FALL 1948

CONTENTS

A Jab of the Needle.....	1
The Whimsey Report.....	4
Change in <i>The Maine Campus</i>	5
What's New For '52.....	7
The Maine Sports Scene.....	8
Mainly About Music.....	10
Campus Glamor.....	11
On the Student Senate.....	12
How Do You Rate the Profs?.....	14
Two Lights In the Night.....	15
Checkmate	16
Behind the Closet Door.....	18
What Does It Cost at College?.....	23

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The Whimsey Report

by Clair Chamberlain

Orono, September 20. . . . Dr. Tomaso Q. Whimsey, director of the Seeing Eye Institute of Public Opinion and for many years the most popular research psychologist into the causes and effects of male misbehaviorisms, has just published the first volume of a seven-volume report on the strange bedtime habits of the American male.

Stirred to action by the countless requests received from his publisher and reader alike, Dr. Whimsey scores a success with this Best Smeller in recent years. The volume, *Strange Bedtime Habits of Mr. America*, is well-heeled with valuable material about male malcontents, dyspeptics, pyromaniacs, schizophrenics, and nuts in general.

"Whereas, in Mexico, the *peon* wears his *sombrero* to bed," Dr. Whimsey reports, "in America the proletariat has long been accustomed to wearing his shoes on similar occasions, a thing unheard of in Latin countries." The final analysis of 17,222,107 clothesline observations on 52 consecutive washdays formed the basic for this important research opinion.

Dr. Whimsey, in his report on the pyjama, nighty-night parade, reported that bitter winter weather causes more males to wear pyjamas than ever before. He was pleasantly surprised to find that 9,277,546 males questioned had largely forgotten that night-shirts were once standard bedtime apparel. "Only in the rural areas, among the older members of society, are night-shirts still worn," the research reveals. "Slumbertime is not complete without an array of brightly-colored pyjamas in woolly-woolly fabric with print patterns in the new sun-

burst, eternal rainbow, and remembrance orchid shades. Deep purple and evening star designs are no longer fashionable."

Commenting upon the lack of advertising, in newspapers and magazines, from the pyjama industry, Dr. Whimsey reports: "Advertising is not needed. Pyjama manufacturers well know the value of their product. Only among 7,738 lumberjacks and steelworkers was it found that pyjamas were not customarily worn to beddie-bye. If all the pyjamas manufactured in this country in a single year were laid end to end, they would form a natural bridge 7 feet high and 33 feet wide between the North and South Poles." With his amazing knowledge of statistics, Dr. Whimsey, astronomically speaking, fills his volume with little-known, exciting facts for female readers who want something to talk about.

In routine examinations of 13,111,528 clothes closets, Dr. Whimsey found that pyjamas are standard wearing apparel and that they are worn in 4 out of 5 American homes sometime during the day or night. "Pyjama manufacturers are the newest rich class found in this country," he said.

The Whimsey Report discloses



that American men bathe and brush their "toofies" before retiring, that they comb their hair if they are fortunate enough to own any, and that a few men say their prayers upon occasional forages to the frigidaire when Junior has left his toys on the stairs, or when they return late after having a few with the boys.

"Only 1 male in every 94 sings in the shower or bathtub," the report says. "Many males never sing *basso profundo* or recite Homer as they shave before retiring."

The long and exhaustive research of Dr. Whimsey has never shown itself more profound or accurate in its observations than when it states, "The divorce rate in this country and the rapid rise of juvenile delinquency problems that flood our courts at present are largely due to the great increase in the number of men who chew tobacco, or smoke their pipes and cigarettes in bed, thus disturbing the marital happiness of the family.

"Only 1 in every 1000 men eat crackers in bed," Dr. Whimsey said when questioned by 8 jurors, 5 justices, and 1 housewife who complained that her spouse was guilty of extreme cruelty and tantrums. "He often ate crackers in bed to spite me," she said. "He was the crumbiest man I ever knew."

The Whimsey Report has taken Dr. Whimsey over 9 years to complete. During this time, he visited countless homes, observed 87,001 cases of extreme melancholia on washday, talked to 22 college students who threw nuts and bolts into his mental machinery and caused a severe disruption in his mental processes, felt 103 female pulses for fever, consumed 22,443,615 aspirin tablets, and carried a bale of cotton across the Mississippi on a flatboat. It is almost certain that future historians will find this intensive research project, and the six, morocco-bound companion texts to follow, a valuable source for their own research labors.

A CHANGE IN THE MAINE CAMPUS

The weekly publication known to the students and faculty of the University of Maine as *The Maine Campus* announced through its editorial columns a month ago, that it was shifting the scene of its editorial department.

How many noticed the announcement of the shift, and more important how many others were interested might be novel to review.

It's a little too late right now, to do anything about it. It's not too late to wonder how and why such a move took place, and also to know what that movement from the MCA to the East Annex entails.

In the first place the decision to move was made last June, among a right little tight little group. And this plan to move into the East Annex etc. was presumably made with the knowledge and approval of Professor Wayne Jordan.

The desire to move under the benevolent wing of the Journalism Department was not influenced entirely by Professor Jordan though, however desirous he may have been to bring the *Maine Campus* under his influence and direction.

Part of the reason lay in the inefficiency of the editors who directed the policy of the *Campus* for the previous year. Neither put in sufficient time and effort to replace key personnel from lower classmen and allow for a period of experience and seasoning. The result was a publication which did little credit to the University, bored the faculty and the student subscribers, and afforded little in the way of satisfaction for those who did work on it.

Now Professor Jordan is an individual who is well qualified to direct the *Maine Campus*. He has

held executive posts on both the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and on *Business Week*. In such capacity, it has been necessary for him to make decisions and make sure that they are carried out.

His knowledge of the technical aspects of the newspaper business will also prove invaluable to the staff of the *Maine Campus*.

All this is very fine. But the question is—is the *Maine Campus* to be a proving ground for Department of Journalism students, run and guided by the head of the department of journalism—or is it to remain an independent newspaper for the students of this University.

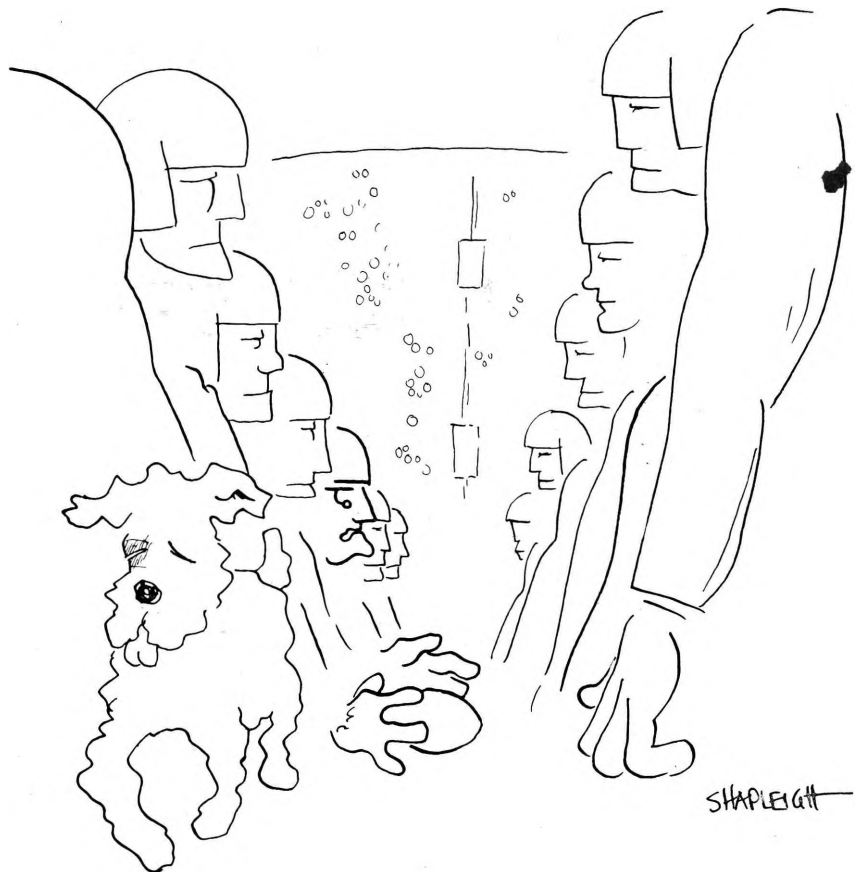
Now this position of the *Campus* is not an absolute fact as the situa-

tion now exists. The possibility that it may assume such an aspect is a very real one. As one member of the *Campus* staff put it, "From now on the editors will be handpicked." The individual, incidentally, has turned in a consistently good job as a member of the *Campus* staff and drew no C's or D's from Professor Jordan.

We repeat, that such a situation does not exist at the present time. If uninfluenced elective processes are permitted to continue in the election of students to *Campus* posts, the move to the East Annex will be a good thing.

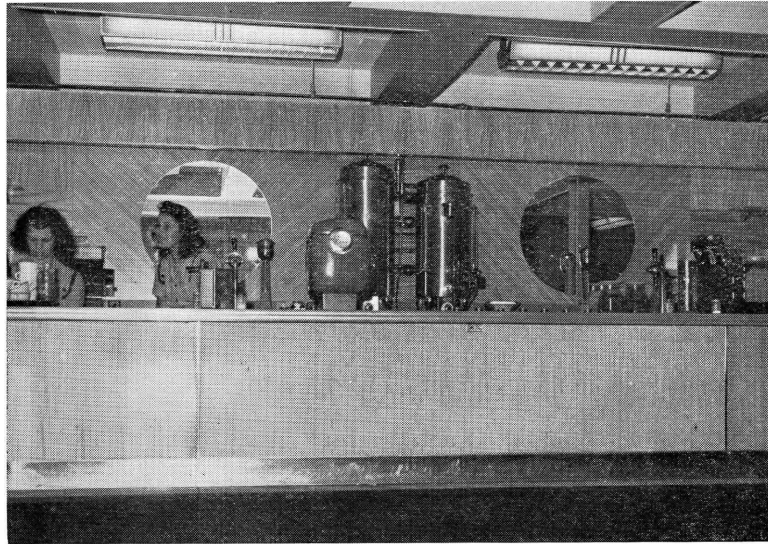
One more point, perhaps the most important one of all, should be

(continued on page 16)



“Maine’s Newest Look”

The Carnegie Coffee Shop



Compliments of
UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE

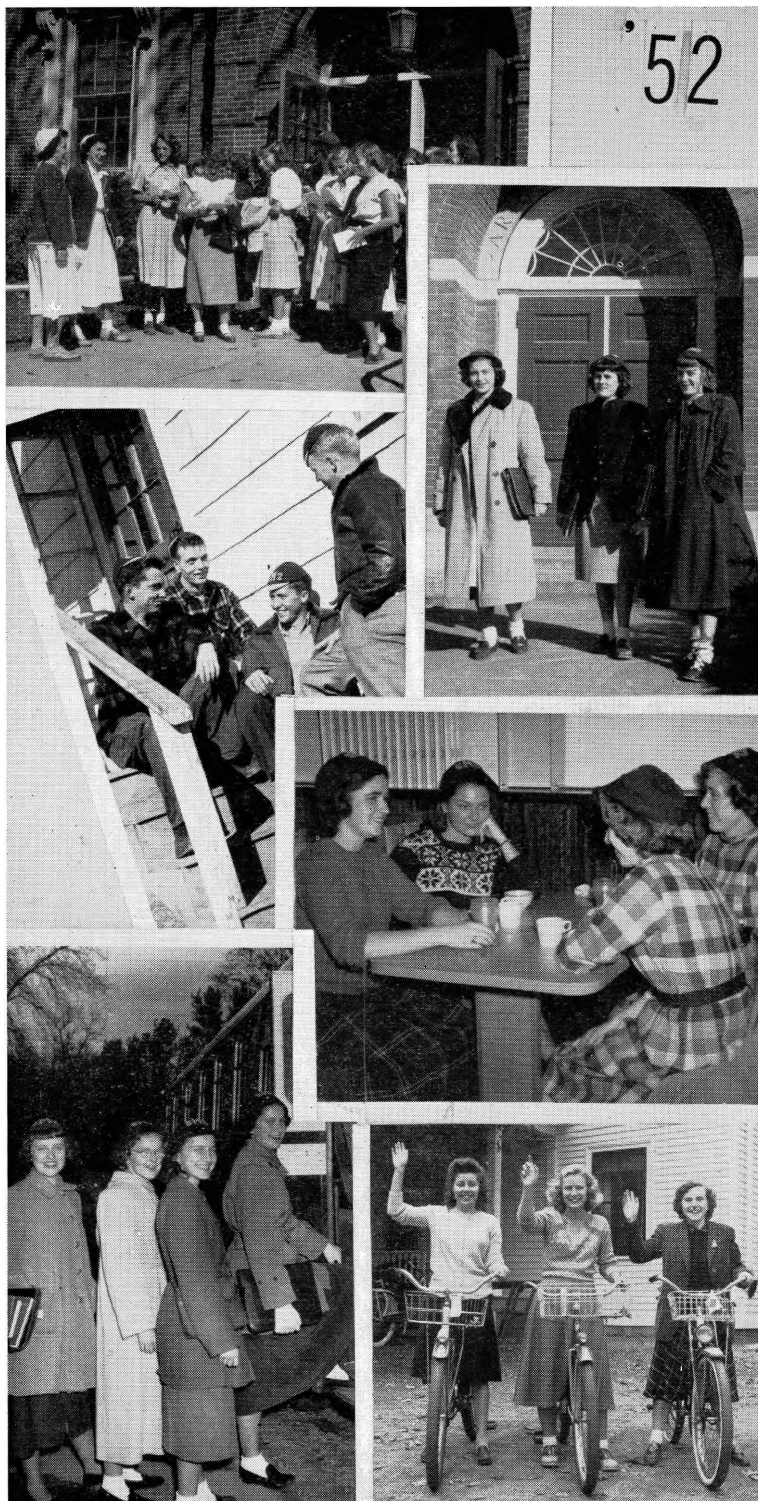
WHAT'S NEW FOR THE CLASS OF

by Sid Folsom

Sadly enough, one cannot enter college with a full understanding of college life already in his mind. It takes time and often pain to learn how to do things the right way, the collegiate way, the MAINE way.

The whole thing started for the Class of '52 back on a certain day in September. That was the time when the frosh lined up to pay over their summer's earnings to that all-powerful man, the Treasurer. Then came questionnaires, orientation, exams, and assemblies. And last but not least, the famous freshman caps. While most of the girls adapted their caps to their wardrobes, and their wardrobes to their caps, the male portion of the freshman class seemed to find enough trouble to make up many times over for the girls' lack of it. Crewcuts, it seems, are not well adapted to holding a cap on one's head in the face of the stiff breezes common to the U. of M. Neither is the cap much protection from the elements. Also, the deep blue of the caps, although very beautiful and inspiring in itself, seemed to add not a bit to the male wardrobe. It was with a sigh of relief, then, that most of the freshman veterans learned that they were not required to wear the caps, and were able to tack them up on the wall as a symbol of University spirit. All are inclined to accept the fact that the caps are nice traditionally and nice to look back on, but not nice to wear.

But all in all, it seems to most of us that the Class of '52 is adapting itself to the life of the University very smoothly, and in a short time many members of that class will have earned their places in Maine's Hall of Fame, alongside all their predecessors who in their time, also, added much to the spirit that is Maine. And so, with a more or less all-inclusive glance at the Freshman



class, the Class of 1952, as we see them around the campus, in the bookstore, in bull-sessions, in the lounge, in the dorms, and in the classrooms, we, the members of the

three classes here at Maine who rank ahead of you in time but not in spirit, wish you the best of everything that's good, and hope that your stay here is a pleasant one.

Why No Hockey?

A source of never-ending amazement to people outside the state of Maine is that the northernmost college in this state, one of the northernmost in the country, does not sponsor a varsity hockey team.

It is understandable, this surprise that people have. Maine borders on Canada, a country famous for its fabulous hockey players. And yet, the college which bears the name of the state has no hockey squad.

It is a sport which Maine should foster. There are students on campus who would be happy should the administration find the resources to reinstate the game as a varsity sport.

At one time, the University of Maine did boast of a hockey team. During the years of 1922, 1923, 1924 squads were sponsored for intercollegiate competition. The 1924 outfit was particularly impressive, as the hockey squads went, having a split season of three wins and three losses. Among their competition, the icemen met Bowdoin, Colby, Boston University, and Bates in their regular season. An addition to the season took place when the Bear skaters took a swing up through Canada, meeting three Canadian athletic club teams. The squads during the three years of existence were coached by Stan Wallace.

The reasons for the death, or at least the temporary passing-out, of hockey as a varsity sport after 1924 were two-fold. Climatic conditions (the only facility available for a playing surface was an outdoor rink), and the failure of fans to support their team by attending games, gave hockey the hit in the head which pushed it into the back-ground.

A valiant effort to bring back the sport was made in 1929, but it promptly fell through, and the ad-

ministration decided that the idea would be shelved until more favorable facilities could be provided. Along this end, it was determined, and is still stated, that a closed rink is necessary.

By the time enough interest had again been aroused, World War II forced another postponement of preparation. The high cost of materials and the general lack of active players during the years 1942 to 1946 were further responsible in many ways for the let down of the sport.

Last year a small start was made toward increasing the waning interest. An invitation to all men interested in playing was sent out, with about 60 candidates answering. Of this number, however, only about half were eager enough to play to help get ice in condition at any time of the day or night, and willing to play whenever conditions of ice and weather were right, regardless of the time of day.

This year is the time for the hockey fans and players to show the administration that they will actively support a club, and do desire to have hockey back as a varsity sport. There seems to be a definite opportunity to reinstate the sport here at a varsity level.

Dean of Men and Director of

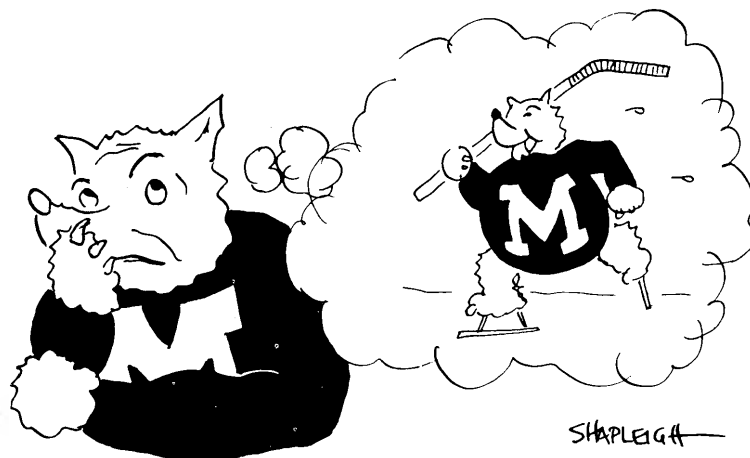
CARROLL PAGE, author of the "Pine Needle's" feature sports article this issue, was a general staff member of the old "Navy News," a daily service newspaper edited in Manila. Following his discharge, he was a staffer on the "Maine Annex," specializing in sports writing and photography. A capable writer, he has done much research on his interesting hockey article.

Physical Education Elton E. "Tad" Wieman has already appointed a committee, composed of both faculty and students, to consider the pro and con as to having an intramural schedule for the coming season. The members of the committee studying the problem are Professor Wallace, Ted Curtis, Francis McGuire, and A. Barr "Whoops" Snively, representing the faculty, and Carlton Smith, R. Dagdigian, and Jack Zollo, representing the student body.

It is understood that the administration, after seeing if there is popular demand for the sport, will do all it can to increase the importance of the sport here, and in the future perhaps once again give it varsity recognition.

Hockey, of course, is an expensive sport, with extensive equipment needed in order for it to be played effectively and safely. In fact, a hockey player wears nearly as much equipment as does a football player, for it is no easy jolt when you are hipped against the

(continued on page 23)



Athletic Injuries and You

Do you participate in athletics? Have you ever been injured while engaging in an athletic contest? Did such an injury require medical care over and beyond that usually given by a first aid station?

If you can answer "no" to these three questions, you'd better read on. And, if you can answer "yes" to any of the queries, you too had better continue reading.

Without trying to sound overly pessimistic, the chances are that sometime in the future, if it has not already happened, you will be injured while participating in athletics; injured badly enough to require the care of a doctor or even hospitalization. Are you prepared for it?

Before this begins to sound too much like a piece of ad copy for an

insurance policy, let us explain just what is going on.

Here at the University of Maine, every member of a regular athletic squad—any team playing in the name of the University—is guaranteed complete medical care for any injuries he may sustain while engaged in actual competition, or while practicing for that competition. Each year the Athletic Board sets aside a certain amount in its budget for that purpose.

But, if you are injured while participating in intramural athletics, physical education activities, or just "messing around" with a football, baseball, or what have you, the only care you can get is at the University Health Service.

This means that should you be seriously injured you would, unless

BILL BRENNAN has returned to the position he held two years ago as sports editor of the "Pine Needle." In the interim, he has been employed by numerous state daily papers, both as staff member and university correspondent. He has directed publicity for two seasons at one of Maine's summer theatres, and is an associate editor of the Maine Campus.

you could take advantage of VA facilities, be called upon to bear the major costs yourself.

The Faculty Committee on Student Health has been studying this problem for nearly a year now, and has had under consideration student insurance plans such as those in operation at Bates, the University of Illinois, the University of Pittsburgh, and many other institutions.

However, the committee is stopped every time when it realizes that veterans can be treated for major injuries by the VA, and that an

(continued on page 23)

LARRY PINKHAM, former managing editor of the "Maine Annex," breaks into print on the Orono campus for the first time in his amusing article on the bone crushing sport of field hockey. A regular columnist on the "Annex," Pinkham shows promise of becoming one of the University's outstanding sports writers. He has plans of taking a master's in journalism at Columbia.

That isn't mass homicide going on at the women's athletic field—it's a dainty sport bearing the deceptive title "field hockey."

Field Hockey, the modern derivative of a game played by the early Greeks, was brought to this country from England in 1901 by Constance M. K. Applebee. She first introduced it at Vassar, Bryn Mawr, and Smith, and from there it spread rapidly, gaining in popularity each year. The game is now played in high schools and colleges the country over, the University of Maine being no exception.

The sport has been popular here

for several years, and although no games are scheduled intercollegiate-ly, lively competition is provided by teams representing the four classes; Frosh, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors. After extensive practice the games get underway in the early part of October and continue through the month, until Homecoming Weekend, at which time the Freshman Hat Game is played between the Freshmen and Sophomores. In the event of a Sophomore loss, the Freshman women are allowed to cast off, once and for all, their little blue beanies.

The regular intramural schedule is arranged as a Double Round Robin Tournament, each team playing each other team twice. Women from all classes gain points in this tournament that contribute toward their W.A.A. total. Each year, at the season's end, an All-Maine

Wild Women With Sticks

Women's Field Hockey Team is selected from the four competing teams.

The game itself is somewhat like ice hockey. There are eleven players on each team, five forwards, three halfbacks, two fullbacks, and one lonely goalkeeper. Each player uses a crooked stick to whack a hard, leather-covered ball, in an attempt to put it across the opponent's goal. The only protection worn by the players are shin-guards, which cover their shapely legs from the knee to the ankle.

Mute evidence to all those who consider this sport a "sissy" game is the fact that a few short weeks ago a member of last year's All-Maine team staggered from a practice session minus four front teeth! Wonderful little sacrifice for Dear Ole Alma Mammy, wouldn't you say?

MAINLY ABOUT MUSIC

by Bob Slosser

Once again Jim Sprague is fronting his college jazz crew, the Maine Bears, making it three years in a row that he has been at the head of one of Maine's outstanding dance bands. Having graduated from Maine last August, Jim is finding himself very busy running his musical aggregation between hours spent working at the Allan-Lewis clothing store and hours spent with his wife and baby, Jean and Sandy. Nevertheless, Jim has come forth again this fall with a band that may not be as good as his bands of the past two years, but it is still a band that finds no equal in this vicinity.

The best thing about the Maine Bears this year is the library which consists of the better tunes used by the band last year supplemented by some very fine arrangements by Bob Lindemann, former pianist with the Bears who is now doing night-club work in the Middle West. Bob's stuff is definitely on a modern bop kick, and overlooking some faulty execution now and then by the boys in the band, it is really great. To the average dance fan, some of the tunes like "High How The Moon," "I Surrender, Dear," and "Paper Moon" are a little too much; but to a trained and appreciative ear they show a definite similarity to this thing called progressive jazz being played by Kenton, McKinley, and ol' Diz himself.

The biggest complaint coming from Jim's more rabid fans is that he has become too commercial. In trying to please the cats(?) that pay for the bread and butter, the big boy has gone off the deep end. In a set of tunes that Jim picks out, you will find one slow ballad, two novelty



BILLIE HOLIDAY

tunes, and one semi-jump arrangement. The squares, the dancers, and the cats are all disappointed in this. It's true that the dance public likes to be entertained, but novelty tunes lose their entertainment value and become boring when they're overdone. My advice to Jim would be to reduce his novelties to three a night and give the dancers a break. He and the boys should stick to their musicianship and cut out some of the clowning.

A new band on campus has come forth with shining success this year. Its leader is Kenny Erickson, ex-altoman with the Maine Bears, who has gathered under his arms some capable musicians to form a very danceable combo called The Collegians. The group plays Friday nights at the Chateau Ballroom and frequently works the Saturday night dances at the Memorial Gym. The music is nothing sensational, but as I said, it is danceable. Keep it up, Ken.

The music business is slow all over the country right now. Nothing too great or new has happened lately. Stan Kenton is still on tour, having great success, at least financially. Dizzy Gillespie is still blowing real frantic at the Royal Roost. Doris Day is having a lot of success as a single these days. Woody Herman is still blowing great bop, telling the public to "leg it" if they don't like it. All the boppers in New York are starving, but they still continue to hang on and play great stuff. Billy Eckstine is singing as great as ever. Billy Holiday (Lady Day) is back in business again with a new look and a new voice. All the cornballs, Lombardo, Kaye, King, Barron, etc., are still packing them in. And worst of all, Petrillo's record ban is still in effect.

IS THERE SOMETHING I MAY SAY?

Is There Something I May Say to say I'm sorry that I said it?

Is There Something I May Say before those friends of mine have spread it?

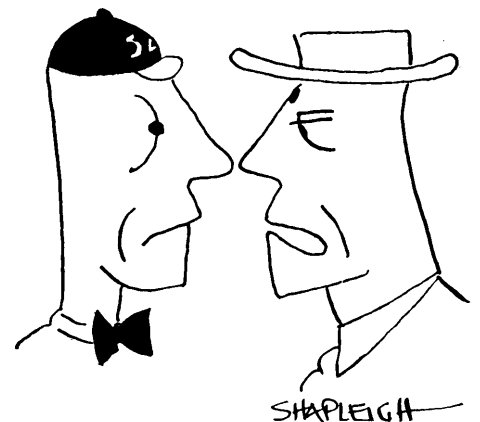
I'll admit that I'm a cat

To have said a thing like that!

It was just the female instinct in the bowels of my brain

That prodded me to criticize the vastness of your frame.

—Jerry Tabor



"No, I ain't no damn owl—that's a mole."

Campus Glamour



"Flatterer, I'm still just a Freshman!"

SPORTSWEAR for MEN

JACKETS

SWEATERS

SLACKS

• • • •

SHIRTS

SOX

NECKWEAR

• • • •

SUITS

TOPCOATS

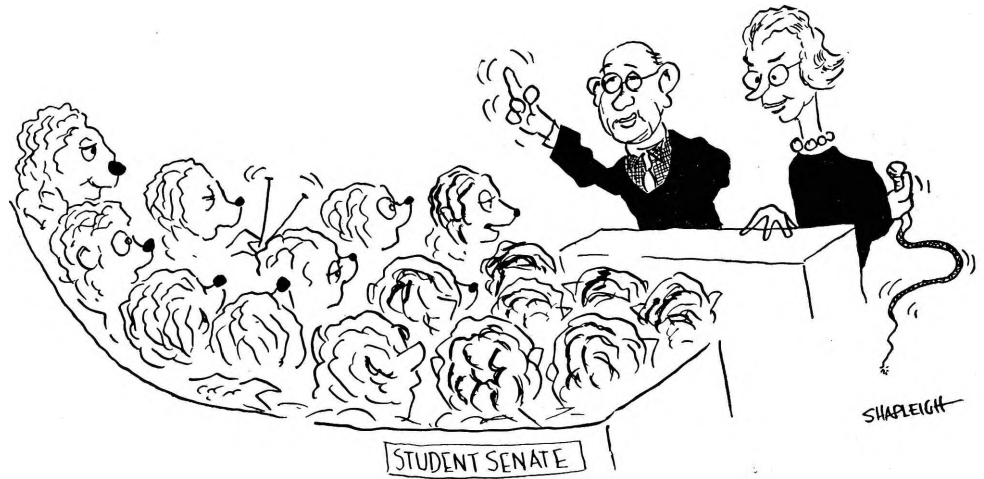
OVERCOATS

M. L. French & Son

196 Exchange St.

Bangor, Maine

REPORT ON THE



Although members of the Men's Student Senate are elected by the various residence groups every fall, many students on campus are unfamiliar with just what this organization is and how it functions.

The Men's Student Senate is the governing body for men's activities on campus. Its 50 members are elected by the various housing units throughout campus — fraternities, dormitories, and off-campus groups. These members represent their respective groups in much the same manner that a Congressman represents his constituents.

The Senate meets every other Tuesday evening at Coburn Hall to discuss current campus problems and attempt their solution.

Each residence group is entitled to at least one representative, who is a member of the residence group electing him. Each group is represented in the ratio of its membership to the total number of male students.

By a three-fourths majority vote of members present, the Senate has the power to dismiss any member for sufficient cause.

The Senate consists of a president, vice president, secretary, and an executive committee, formed at the be-

ginning of the school year. The size of the committee is determined each year by the Senate elected for that year.

The executive committee has the power to act for the Senate whenever the situation requires immediate action that cannot await a regular meeting of the entire Senate. To authorize the action, all members of the Committee must be present. Any action taken in this manner by the executive committee is reported at the next regular meeting of the Senate.

The Men's Senate represents all the men students in matters that require discussion and adjustment between the men's student body and the administration.

The Senate has the power to investigate and supervise all men's campus-sponsored organizations when the activities of the organizations affect the male students, or whenever the activities of a given men's organization could be altered to improve conditions affecting the men students.

The constitution of the Men's Student Senate may be amended whenever three-fourths of the Senate deem it necessary.

The present problems being han-

STUDENT SENATE

by Kenneth Zwicker

dled by the Men's Senate include the campus traffic set-up, and the traffic problem that arises from speeding on the main highway in front of the campus. These problems are discussed with members of the administration, and people who are in a position to alleviate the problem. The question of speeding on the main highway will be discussed with local and State police officers.

The officers of the Men's Student Senate for the coming year are as follows:

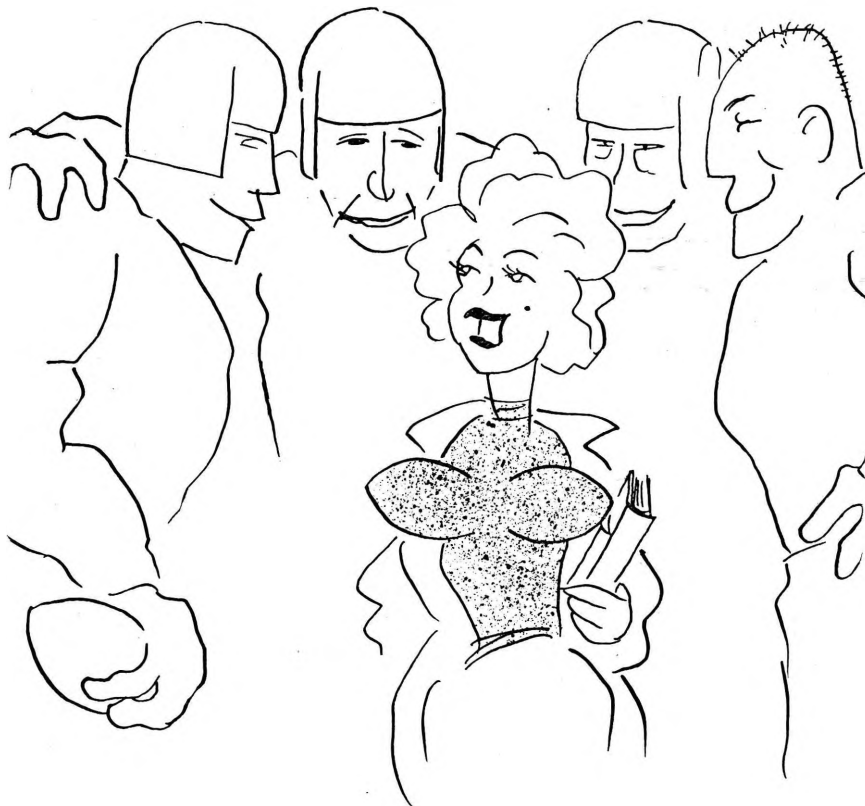
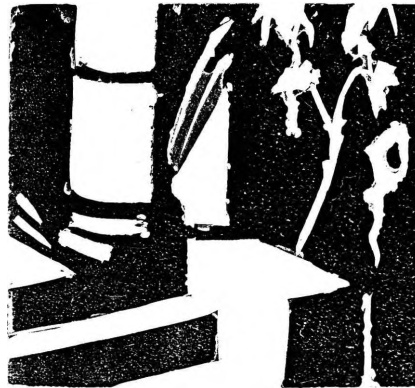
Kenneth F. Vennett, South Apartments, president; Robert P. Fletcher, Milo, vice president; William A. Newdick, Augusta, secretary.

There is no treasurer, for obvious reasons.

The executive committee is as follows:

Bradley T. Shaw, Portland, dormitories; Alton M. Hopkins, Augusta, fraternities; James A. Hinds, Old Town, off-campus; and Olaf L. Mercier, Madison, committeeman-at-large.

The Men's Student Senate governs under a constitution that was drawn up May 11, 1948.



How should I know who's been stealing your old equipment?



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.

How Do You Rate The Profs?

by Russ Meade

RUSS MEADE is a boy from Auburn who elbowed his way through soph comp his freshman year. Starting as a forestry major, he now has dropped from the limbs to the rock pile to earn his degree in geology with the class of '51. Prior to college days, he has written for outdoor magazines.

Over a couple of cups of java at Carnegie lounge, in the fraternity houses, in the dormitories, and even between the halves of a football game nobody has to evesdrop to hear students asking and telling what makes or breaks a prof. It doesn't take the average student long to decide whether a prof is good or bad. You form opinions and conclusions quickly. What is underneath these conclusions?

We realize that the convictions held by one student perhaps do not coincide with those of others. However, after talking to representatives of all departments and classes, we feel qualified to present you with our opinion of your opinions.

The freshman girl here is in a new world. She enters the University with the belief that the term *professor* applies only to a person possessing extreme intelligence, all the qualities of a statesman, an education beyond belief, and the kindness of a father. She soon suspects that other beings than her godly idols are cloaked with such a title.

Her appraisals are not, perhaps, the most substantial or respected judgments, but they are what makes that girl happy or discouraged with a class. One such young femme was heard to say, "He is big and handsome but I still don't like him." A little investigation disclosed that the prof in question had been quite particular about a certain recitation and had attracted more attention to the

little lady under the blue hat than her still bashful nature cared for. The girl lost faith, the prof lost points, and probably a lower scholastic average will be the result.

Other criticisms from freshman women were equally irrelative to the usual slant of evaluation. One pretty little miss babbled on about her geology prof but said that she just couldn't bring herself to respect him completely until he had his suit pressed. When this occurs she will be able to find no fault with him. So we see that Mr. Trefethen may hold his class in rapt attention as long as there is a crease in his trousers, but the day his pants again take on that baggy look the girls will cease to appreciate his teaching efforts.

Home Ec majors offered some food for thought. It might be that they are a little more interested in their subjects than other students. They seem well satisfied with their lot and put forward as few gripes as any other group. All of them mourned the tardiness of this article. They spoke of a now retired P. Greene as a source of amusing material. Some of these future home makers remarked that a few of their instructors were "a little old-maidish and stuffy." We asked on what grounds these evaluations were made and in answer to our question came another question.

"Why shouldn't we have an instructor that is practically trained as well as educated in theory?" they said. This required a little mulling over but then along came the explanation. "We have a class entitled *The Pre-school Child* and our instructor is dwelling in her silver fifties with not a sign of a gold band on the proper digit. It would seem much more real and interesting

if she were a mother with practice in all the aspects of her teaching behind her instead of being backed only by her college degree."

Here we see that the student stresses practical experience as a greater asset to an instructor than school education. This view is shared by many in other departments but none with such good cause. We wonder if there is a woman who has finished college and guided her four children through their first eighteen years and who still is interested in the subject enough to take a flock of young potential mothers under her wing and teach them the ways and means of burping junior.

Nearly all students are of the opinion that a professor is no good if he cannot fill the class period with an interesting lecture. In fact, glibness of tongue, we found, should be a prerequisite for an instructor. Repeatedly we heard, "He may know his stuff but he can't put it across." Comments like this came mostly from forestry students, engineers, and a few business majors. The theory that more can be learned from a young instructor who vividly orates the lesson than from a narrow old doctor with his musty quantity of book-bound knowledge sounds reasonable. The doctor's answer to this might be that students are lazy and would rather have facts and theories thrown at their faces than to spend a little time trying to interpret the text and to understand the points of the class. Then the student could counter with the fact that a professor's job is to teach.

These distinctions between young profs and old are not always the same. Too many instructors are only able to conduct a class when

their noses are buried in their notes. Take away their notes and they would fit better in a little seat facing the rostrum. Contrasting the old-fogy-prof conception is the top man in the English department who becomes so carried away with Victorian poetry that he leaps and staggers about the room in pantomime while the class becomes so amused by his contortions that Victorian poetry never has a chance.

An enthusiastic interest in his subject is necessary if a prof is to be popular. We learned that the School of Education has an over abundance of phlegmatic instructors who can't help but transmit their boredom to students. A senior major in education gave us her version of a typical prof in that department.

"He droops into the room, opens the text at the book mark, fishes a watch from his vest and lays it in front of him. His droning lecture continues without interruption or elaboration until one minute before bell time and then he closes his book, retrieves his watch and leaves. The members of the class shake each other awake and head for the book store for a cup of stimulant."

Once again we found a contrast, this time in the art department. Another female senior seemed anxious to tell us about her class in Art Appreciation. "I entered the class with a completely apathetic view of its worthiness but I was immediately taken up by Hartgen's fiery interest in his subject. Now, I do more work for that class than any other," she said.

We stopped a few men carrying slide rules to round out our interviews. Bitterness concerning the management of the EE department showed itself but whether caused by the subject or the instructors, we couldn't tell. Several names came quickly to light. Doctors Tebbe and Martin seem to hold the lead for respect in the chem labs while Biscoe took most of the honors in the physics classes. "Squeaky" Bennett

TWO LIGHTS IN THE NIGHT

by Jerry Tabor

Upon this rock a love was found
Above that windswept coastal town.
October, with her balmy seas, her cirrus clouds, and purring trees,
Looked on this rock that night and saw—two figures:

Two of brick and mortar laid,
Two from Adam and his maid;
Through hail and fog and clearest weather,
Though yards apart, they stood together
To cloak the boats from Norway came,
Or from that river we call Thames,
In brilliant candle-powered light—
Two Lights in the night.

Of golden, soft, silk, silvery hair
An angel with me, standing there
Beside the rolling, singing sea
That men have feared for centuries,
Who cast a beam with mine—outright—
Two Lights in the night.

Exclaimed a captain far off shore,
"A sight I've never seen before!"

But that was past, so long ago
No longer four their beams may throw.
Now only two may pierce the sky,
This lonesome guiding light, and I.

is a name familiar to many engineers, but where some found only virtues, others discovered glaring inadequacies.

It is a varied and critical eye that evaluates the faculty of the University of Maine but as a whole, the students are satisfied with their professors. Few failures can be blamed on the prof and some successes can be credited to him.

A professor cannot be candled like an egg and graded as either good or bad. His reputation hinges on many things which vary in importance to different individuals. His job demands first that he be above average in intelligence and possess an extreme knowledge of his subject. This is the back bone of his prestige. Next, he must have a suitable personality for teaching; one that includes humor and an interest in people to enable him to conduct a pleasant, friendly class. He

must be interesting and persuasive in speech so that even a dull subject can be presented with a minimum of agony to the receiver. To keep his subject up to date, and to keep himself from growing stale, he must correlate his teaching with practical applications and current articles. He must keep the reputation of being a fair ranker and not allow himself to catalog his students from first impressions. If he is young he must not act too old. If he is old he must not act too young. Besides all this, the perfect professor must be known as a good all round guy, and he must keep his pants pressed.

Thus, through quizzing people here and there on campus, we have been able to set down a rule of thumb for professors. Its use and accuracy is limited. Searching for the perfect professor is like hunting for a universal solvent. After we find it, what shall we keep it in?

Checkmate

by Ray Cudahy

"Morris," called Reba from the living room, "come by the window once."

Morris, thickset, with a chest that sloped out into the comfortable mound of his stomach, pushed back from the kitchen table. He acknowledged her voice with an absent minded grunt and sank back again into his newspaper. He was in the midst of a story concerning the discovery of another lovenest in the city, when Reba called again.

"Morris," she cried, her voice hardening with impatience, "come at once."

With a sound that started as a grunt and ended in a sigh, he rose from the kitchen table, and still holding the paper, waddled into the living room that looked out over the narrow street.

"So?" he inquired sarcastically. "What is the world-shaking event?"

Reba was at the window, her heavy, thick hand holding back the white curtains a little. She spoke without turning.

"Across the street, they're giving them the bum's rush," she said sadly. Morris moved slowly across the room. Peering over his wife's shoulder, he saw a young couple come out of the house across the street and add some pieces of furniture to a growing pile on the sidewalk. The girl bent over a stroller next to the furniture for a moment. She kissed the child and then started back to the steps that led back into the apartment house. Next to the stroller stood McGinnis the cop, his round, red face popping out of a tight collar, trying to look both sympathetic and stern.

"That one," Reba muttered, twitching at the curtains. "She should live to see her own son hang.

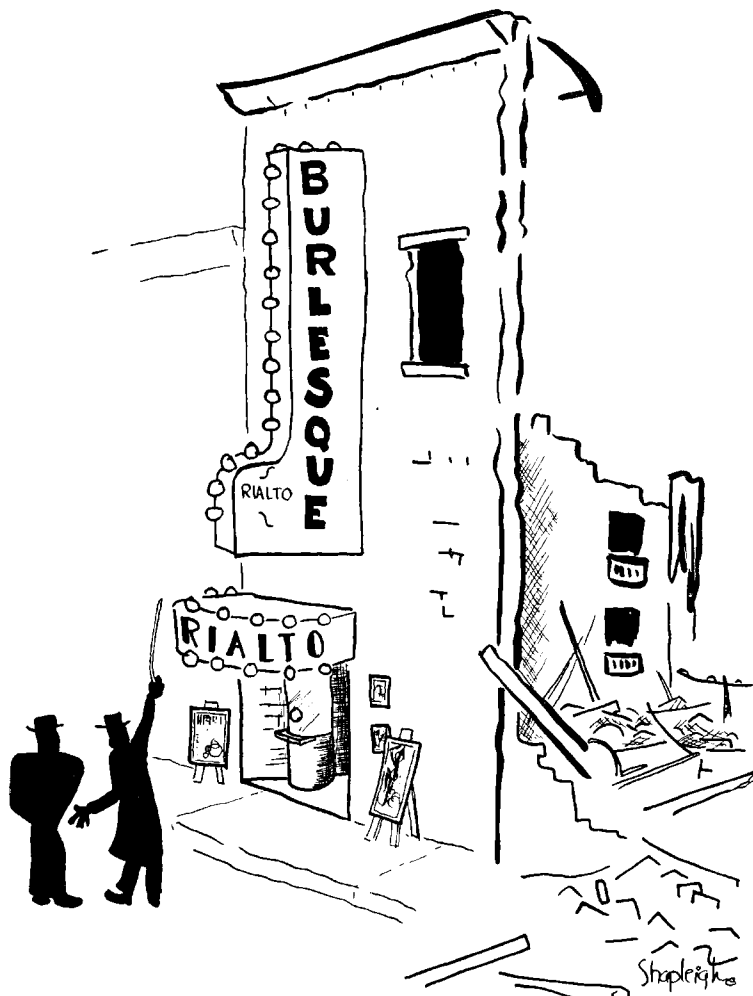
Putting them out like dogs." She straightened from the window and turned towards Morris.

"And for why, Mr. Kirstein?" she demanded.

Morris shrugged and walked over to the armchair that stood near the imitation fireplace built into the wall. He was anxious to get back to the story. As he sank into the chair its sagging springs dropped the seat even closer to the floor. Morris stretched his short legs out in front of him for a second before

letting them drop to the floor. Then he brought the paper up close to him. His eyes, china-blue, peered over the rimless glasses that perched on his nose. They began to sparkle as he discovered the place where he had been interrupted.

Reba turned from the window and moved across the room until she stood directly in front of her husband. Her eyes fell on the rounded shoulders, sloped like a bent clothes hanger, then dropped to the short legs. Her gaze softened



"I'm still saying Goyem, we should've stuck to gee-strings and left the French bathing suit alone."

for a moment, then hardened with determination.

"So, Kirstein," she snapped, "I'm talking."

Morris let the paper fall into his lap and brought one hand up to



gently stroke his almost hairless head. He looked up at her, hopelessly.

"So, Reba, what is?" he asked. "Somebody's being put out, you should go crazy maybe. Let be, let be."

He reached over and turned on the lamp in a gesture of dismissal. The light spread around him, falling in deference to the square lampshade; some of it spilling onto the dark, red rug, threading in the center, pile thick around the book case and fireplace. He had gotten as far as where the young model confessed that the rich old man had had a guiding hand in her career before he sensed that she was still standing near the chair.

He crumpled the paper into a loose ball, then bounced back even deeper in the stuffed chair and looked up at his wife.

"Morris," she said, her hands sliding up to rest on thick hips, "we should take them in."

"Take in, take out, heltzen schmeltzen, take who in?"

"Them. The young ones." She walked over to the window and began looking out into the street again as she talked.

"Morris," she said softly, "we could give them up near the attic. Three rooms, a little stove. It's

warm in winter. It wouldn't cost much."

"Much," groaned Morris, slapping his hand against his forehead. "The poorhouse I can see already. Much she says."

He thrust the glasses decisively up the length of his nose, and continued to stare at the wall. "Much she says" he murmured to himself. He turned his face towards Reba.

"Right away I can give you five hundred and fifty reasons who no. First, your own son maybe loses his rent, he comes home. So? Second, two weeks somebody pounding up and down over the bedroom. Hah!" He struggled up from the depths of the chair.

His wife did not turn around from the window. "Please, Morris," she said, "no play-acting."

"Me, play-acting?" Morris shouted. "Me?" Then he fell silent and after a moment began to grin impishly at his wife's broad back. He began to rock back and forth on his feet, the grin widening as he did so.

"Aha," he chuckled, "play-acting. A think once, now, makes me remember a certain Mrs. Rabinowitz who lives across the street and who ain't too popular with some parties I could mention." He gazed at the window for a moment.

"Not popular," he repeated, "but what bagels!" He kissed his fingertips enthusiastically.

"Hmph," said Reba. "A certain Morton Kreisler can play chess, nu?"

"He should live so long."

"So how about last night, he beat you three games in an hour, you're back raving worse than a maniac, yet."

"Lucky, lucky." Morris moved across the room and looked out the window. The young man, his blond hair ruffled, was talking earnestly to McGinnis. He had his hands half extended. They dropped hopelessly to his sides at a shrug of the cop's shoulders. McGinnis turned

away to look down the street, and Morris determined to lock all the candy counters the next time the big policeman came into his store.

His eyes moved to the young woman just coming out of the house across the street. Morris pushed his glasses up on his nose. Her eyes looked swollen, and he felt himself weakening. Then he remembered his wife's praise of Morton Kreisler's chess playing abilities. He turned from the window.

"Tonight," he announced, "I'll tie him in knots so fast, he'll . . . he'll be a checker player the rest of his life."

"Maybe you should live so long," she answered, a smile lifting the corners of her mouth. Morris reddened.

"With one hand I could beat that Kreisler. I tell you. With both hands tied behind me I could send him home. With my nose, even, I could beat him."

His wife turned to look at that broad, short feature, and then turned back to the window with a dismissing grunt.

Morris watched her for a moment, satisfied at having the last word. He walked stiffly back to the chair and threw himself down in it. With a triumphant rattle of paper, he started reading his story again.

After a moment his wife started across the room towards the kitchen, then stopped in the doorway.

"Morris," she said. "I need some

(continued on page 22)





Behind the Closet Door

Fall Fashions

by Janie Libby and Katy Bennett

We've come a long way since Adam and Eve—we even buy our apples at the grocery store. Did you ever wonder why people started to wear clothes? They were cold. And up here in Orono it gets mighty cold! Do you wonder that the girls like long skirts; and besides, men stopped wearing knickers long ago.

Granted that there are extremes, we've rounded up some styles that we think are functional as well as timely.

For instance, take a quick look at the above, then a long hard look—. Notice the stole worn by Raema Schultz? You may have seen one on grandma a few years back, but it didn't look like Raema's, certainly. This woolen accessory can be worn a dozen different ways, around her neck, over the shoulders and belted at the waist, or draped over the arms.

Some stoles even have pockets. Eighteen-year-old Raema, from South Estabrooke, catches more admiring glances than ever when she is parading her new stole.

And speaking of parades, it would be a pleasure any Sunday "to take Miss Mary" (Snyder) to services at the Little Theatre, or a tea in honor of the Dean of Women, or—just strolling! Mary's doing things up brown (*the color this fall*), from the provocative bow on her bonnet to the latest in pouch suede bags and her longer brown suede gloves. And anyone knows her wardrobe isn't complete unless she can flaunt a color-splattered square of silk to add the finishing touch!

We bet we'll see a lot more veils floating on Sunday chapeaux after you've seen the effect on Mary. In case you're wondering, Mary is a

freshman who rooted for Orono High last year. (P.S. She's just as sweet as she looks.)

But hold on there, before we get too sugar-coated, we want to present you with the very talented and bewitching "Barbie" Sewell, sitting there on the steps. Did we say this gal was talented? Well, let us repeat it again; "this gal is talented!" We were astounded and set back about three paragraphs when Barbie very casually mentioned that she had woven the material from the fleece of her pet lamb, dyed it a rich, royal blue (blueberry juice), designed, and tailored her suit down to the slit in the skirt, which was "cut." That designing job brought out some of the best points of fashion—the cape effect at the shoulder line, the cardigan neckline, emphasized by the scarf, the tiny waistline, and the overall silhouette of fall. The color is what gets you, and combined with that smooth gabardine it's a suit that will go places—figuratively and literally.

Combination, blending, and experience are the key words in almost any advertisement you read today. We can elaborate on combinations





right now with the twins from Caribou, Marilyn and Carolyn Harmon. They look alike, act alike, think alike, and dress alike, which makes it doubly nice for anyone who meets them. They blend their ideas to come up with an outfit that is right for a stag dance, a movie, or having their picture snapped at Delta Tau. Together the dress and coat are matchable; as separates they are just as functional. The gold buttons and belt on the rayon crepe print blouse are in pleasing combination with the black skirt—and the green topper blends nicely with the green in the blouse. So, it's experience in choosing clothes that makes for a dual treat like the Harmon twins.

These clothes are just a sample of the good looking ones on campus. They are clothes that belong to college and coeds. There are some which seem a little, shall we say, "too, too," but on the whole they are practical and pretty. The only one we think might complain is Dad, when he gets the bill from "ye olde dress shoppe." Nevertheless, year in, year out, it's the same refrain, "But, Dad, I haven't a thing to wear;" and "Everyone else has got one." So you see, clothes are a necessary—"Eve-1."

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to find
THE PERFECT GIFT



UNITED STORES

5 Main St.

Bangor



le Front Cover

AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM

.....	2
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.....	6
.....	12
.....	13



Specialists in

Fashion, Friendliness

Convenience, Value

and quality for the

Smart Co-Ed

The Rines Co.



NORMAL

ou'll be a dream to dance with
 one of our romantic dresses
 y Beautime. As featured in
 Seventeen," "Charm," and
 lamour."

Behind the Closet Door

Fall Fashions

by Janie Libby and Katy Bennett

We've come a long way since Adam and Eve—we even buy our apples at the grocery store. Did you ever wonder why people started to wear clothes? They were cold. And

Some stoles even have pockets. Eighteen-year-old Raema, from South Estabrooke, catches more admiring glances than ever when she is parading her new stole.

Senters

DEPARTMENT STORE
 99 Main St.

Bangor, Maine





THE PERFECT PLACE
to find
THE PERFECT GIFT

UNITED STORES

35 Main St.

Bangor

ADVERTISING INDEX

Camels.....Inside Front Cover

Brockway's Flower Shoppe..... 2

Chateau 2

University Bookstore 6

M. L. French & Son..... 12

Bangor House 13

The Rines Co..... 19

Senter's 20

United Stores..... 21

Lifesavers 21

Lougee-Frederick Floral Art Shoppe..... 22

W. C. Bryant & Son..... 23

Freese's.....Inside Back Cover

Chesterfield's.....Back Cover

TIGHT SPOTS

AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



You meet heart-throb #1 as you enter the Cake House with a dolly on each arm. Don't goof off! Don't get "discumbobulated"! Just pass yummy Life Savers all around. They're wonderful little tension-breakers. Before you know it, that week-end date's yours.

THE CANDY
WITH
THE HOLE



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 that someone
special . . .*

If she is worthy of your attention she is worthy of OUR flowers.

*"The nicest for the nicest
in the nicest way."*

The Lougee-Frederick

Floral Art Shoppe

Bangor, Me.

699 Broadway—Dial 3713

11 Broad St. —Dial 6954

See our agents on the campus
or contact us direct.

(continued from page 17)

things, a little butter, a little cream. You'll take a little run by the corner?"

Morris carefully folded the paper in his lap, then methodically began to tear it into strips. His wife watched him impassively. He bounced out of the chair.

"Reba," he began, "Reba, so help me." He began striding up and down the room, his short legs moving very quickly. "A man can't read his own paper in his own living room," said Morris. "A man can't read his own paper in his own kitchen."

He brushed past her, the torn newspaper still in his hand.

"And nothing can be done about it, nothing," he muttered. He whirled and pointed his finger at her. His face was quite red, and a few wisps of hair sprang crazily from his balding head. "Someday," he said, shaking his finger solemnly at Reba, "someday there'll be a law."

"A pound of butter and a pint of cream, Morris," she said, "and please, no excitements."

"No excitements," he repeated, "no excitements. Who's excited?" he shouted. "A man marries once and is ten times a fool, that's all. He grabbed a leather jacket from its hook on the wall and went out, slamming the back door. It opened almost immediately.

"And no boarders, either," he shouted, and was gone.

Reba turned and hurried to the front door. As soon as Morris had disappeared around the corner, she opened it. Glancing up the street, she saw a moving van start to round the corner. Across from her, the cop and the young couple waited on the curb.

"Mistah McGinnis," called Reba, "be so kindly as to come a minute and bring the young man, please." When they came up the steps, Reba saw that the young man was much younger than she thought. His eyes made him look old, she de-

cid. His eyes and the way his shoulders drooped under the light tan coat.

She glanced hurriedly down the street, then began to speak rapidly, looking from the young man to McGinnis as she did so. Every few seconds she would look in the direction of the corner store.

As he listened, McGinnis' face cracked into a wide grin. His companion had a strange look on his face, as if he were dreaming and trying to wake up. McGinnis chuckled and slapped him on the back. Then he caught him.

Reba made a shooin' motion with her hands.

"That's right," she hissed, "stand like blocks. Across the street, now, quick."

She was in the kitchen again, when she heard the light knock she was waiting for. She dried her hands on her apron as she hurried through the living room and into the hallway, stopping a moment to look at the reflection of her quiet face in the hall mirror. For a fleeting instant, a tender smile flicked across her lips and then she moved to the door.

When she opened it, Morris stepped in quickly followed by the young couple. The girl was holding the child.

"Mamma," he said, his eyes looking everywhere but at Reba, "meet Paul and May Brandon. They're going to stay upstairs." The girl smiled anxiously at Reba.

"And the little one?"

"His name's Martin," the girl said quickly. Her voice was low, and very soft. Reba moved towards her.

"Standing so long," she said, "he must be heavy. I'll hold him a little." She took the baby, and felt it snuggle against her neck, the head burrowing into her big shoulder.

"Where's the furniture?" she asked suddenly. Paul started towards the door.

"Morris," said Reba. He looked

up absently, then turned to follow Paul, but Reba had caught the satisfied gleam in his eye and laughed inside herself.

Later, when the new family was settled for the night and Morris was winding the clock in their own high ceilinged bedroom, Reba turned on her side and stared at him until he raised his eyes from the clock and looked at her.

"So?" she inquired. "A change of the mind like lightning? Explain, please."

Morris set the clock carefully on the small table beside the bed and leaned over to turn off the light. He lay back in the bed, his hands under his head, and stretched luxuriously a moment before speaking.

"Mistah McGinnis called me over to meet Paul," he said finally. "Such a worried look he had. We talked a little." He was silent.

"Morris, explain."

"A fine young couple," he commented. "A fine young fella, he goes by the college yet."

"What does he do by the college, that he's so fine, so quick?" she demanded.

"How should I know?" he grumbled.

"Morris, a reason."

Morris rolled over on his side, cushioning his head on his hand. He yawned.

"Mr. Kirstein!"

"A chess man," chuckled Morris. "Team captain, yet. Morton Kreisler, hah!"

"Hah," said Reba softly.

DECISION

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

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

—R. M. Cudahy

(continued from page 8)

side-boards. The most costly item right now, however, would be the erection of some sort of shelter to cover a rink, protecting it from the elements, which are disastrous to ice conditions.

Several years ago, Bangor High School attempted to support a hockey team, but the weather defeated the try. Through this and similar attempts it has been proven that a rink in this part of the state must be covered.

To make hockey possible here, the students must first support it and then must show that there is material here capable of making a team powerful enough for inter-collegiate competition. Once the administration realizes the demand for the sport, it is possible that it will put aside some finances for equipment, etc.

The students' part is clearly defined, however. Show support and produce the raw material—the players. With these two goals in mind, the student body can bring back to the Maine campus the fastest game in North America—hockey.

(continued from page 9)

excellent health service is already in operation.

The question is this: Are you willing to spend from ten to twenty dollars a year, dependent upon the type and length of the policy, and upon the sex of the policy holder, to be assured that you would not have to bear the full burden of a possible expensive operation, or extensive medical treatment?

The committee thinks you might be. If you are a non-veteran student engaging in any athletic pastime, the committee is interested in your reaction to the above question.

One thing is certain. The chances are that you will someday be injured while participating in athletics; injured badly enough to require the care of a doctor or even hospitalization. Are you prepared for it?



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!

W. C. BRYANT & SON

Jewelers of Distinction

for

Three Generations

46 MAIN ST., BANGOR

Tel. 2-1767

(continued from page 5)

brought out.

College courses, by and large, do not necessarily make the student think. Many of them are hangovers from a high school curriculum which places the emphasis on a neat sequence of facts and incidents which are to be memorized by the student.

Social activities in college are a different matter. Whether it be as steward of a fraternity house, manager of an athletic team, or circulation manager of the *Campus*, the individual develops the ability to organize and direct a group, as well as the very important asset of getting along with that group and getting them to work for him.

Out of this stems the necessity for making decisions, and out of those decisions evolves the thinking individual and not one who has merely a blackboard for a mind, and a sponge for a receptive memory.

The academic aspect of college is pretty well regulated. The social side allows for a great deal more development on the part of the individual in the respects mentioned above.

But if you take those prerogatives away, the necessity for and the development of the ability to make decisions, you are defeating the primary purpose for any student using

four years of his life in an academic environment.

And that is the final reason why a clear cut stand should be made as to the position of the *Maine Campus*, its relations to the students it is supposed to serve, and to the journalism department from which it should receive a certain amount of qualified aid.

HUNGER

We quarreled, not often,

But enough to soften
Each bold unnatural appetite

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

—R. M. Cudahy

COMMUNION

When I was younger,
I used to wonder
Why men steeped themselves
In hot sunlight
And in garden loam.
Now that I'm older
And yet; no bolder,
I feel fingers thrust,
Soul twist, towards home.

—R. M. Cudahy

GLADTUHSEEYAAAAAH

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack,
The office machine!
Hurry up back, hurry up back,
Stoke your body engine.
Don't despair, you'll get there,
All off here for *you* know where.
Clickety-clack, clickety clack,
Pass the Benzedrine.

—R. M. Cudahy

QUESTIONS

- A** A field of red where tragedy lies,
A cheerful thing when it's something of Ty's.
- B** The shamrock and the blarney stone
Have helped to make its power known.
- C** Ten to the sixth say they satisfy.
Ten to the zero will echo their cry.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

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.

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS
IN NEXT ISSUE





ALL "MAINE" MEN and WOMEN!

FREESE'S In Bangor

"MAINE'S GREAT STORE"

Welcomes You!

"Meet Your Friends At Freese's"

CHRISTMAS OPENING

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, Nov. 19-20

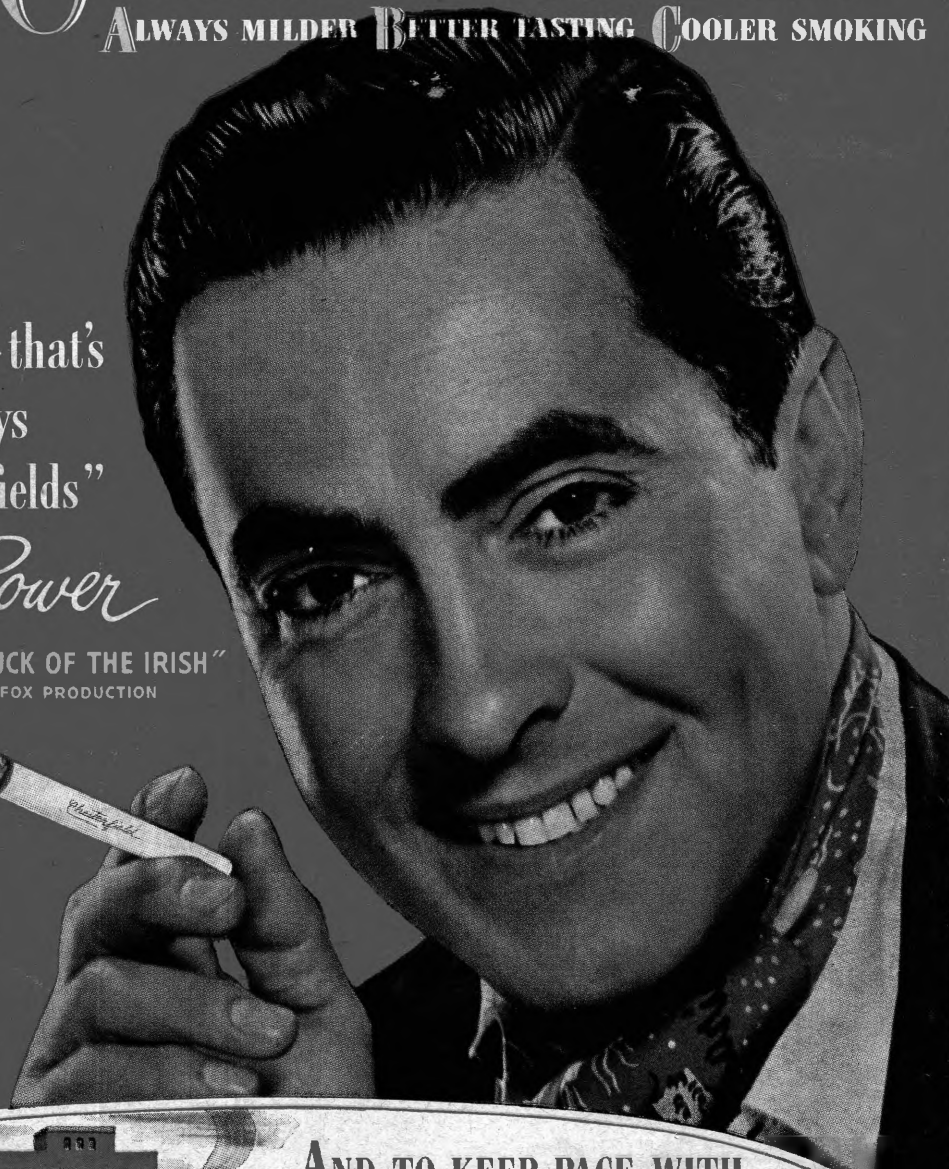
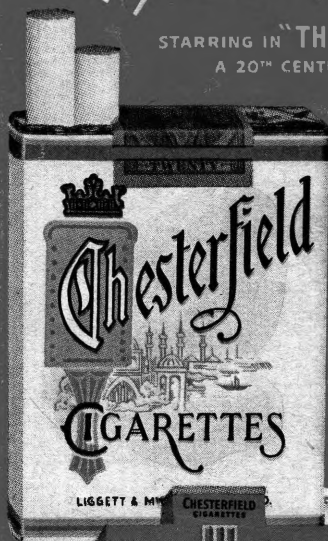
ALWAYS BUY ABC CHESTERFIELD

ALWAYS Milder BETTER TASTING COOLER SMOKING

"They're Milder - that's
why I always
smoke Chesterfields"

Tyrone Power

STARRING IN "THE LUCK OF THE IRISH"
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION



AND TO KEEP PACE WITH
THE EVER-INCREASING DEMAND
Chesterfield is building another factory

— it's large — it's modern and in the very heart
of Tobaccoland where the Chesterfield Factory
group and tobacco-ageing warehouses
are already "A city within a city"

SO MILD *they Satisfy Millions* SO MILD *they'll Satisfy You*