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Pine Needle Publications

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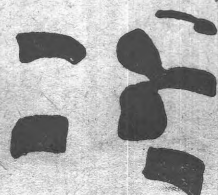
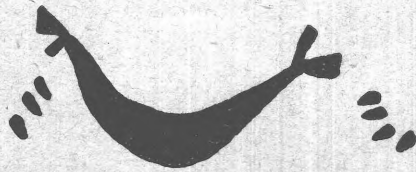
Pine Needle Publications, Biff Shalek, Jane Libby, Kay Bennett, Clair H. Chamberlain, and Sid Folsom

LE NUMERO DE LA BAIGNEUSE FRANCAISE

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THE PINE NEEDLE



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



*Merry Christmas
for every Smoker*

Camel Cigarettes

Camels are so mild . . . and so full-flavored . . . they'll give real smoking pleasure to every smoker on your Christmas list. The smart, gay Christmas carton has a gift card built right in — for your personal greeting.



Prince Albert *Smoking Tobacco*

The colorful, Christmas-packaged one-pound tin of Prince Albert is just the gift for pipe smokers and those who roll their own cigarettes. Long known as the National Joy Smoke, P. A. is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

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For Those Formal Parties

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Everything in
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for the College Man

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XMAS MARKS THE SPOT

As the editors of the *Pine Needle* were about to send this winter issue off to the presses, a familiar figure suddenly loomed in the narrow doorway of the *Needle* office. It was Stew Dentbody, the perpetually harassed personage whose caricature appears on the frontispiece of this magazine, excruciatingly impaled on the point of one of our own sharp evergreen spines.

"Stop the presses, or whatever it is you're supposed to stop!" Stew shouted, holding one hand to the seat of his slacks. "You've forgotten something!"

The editors raised a collective eyebrow at the impertinence of the uncouth intruder. Unusual, they agreed, this concern and interest in the publication of the P.N., especially from Stew Dentbody. "Unprecedented!" mumbled one editor. "Amazing!" cried another. "Miraculous!" chimed the third.

"What's your trouble, Stew?" asked the first editor. "Have we printed a Shapleigh cartoon that hasn't any sex in it?"

"No, no," blustered the irate newcomer. "But you've left out a most important thing."

"'Campus Glamor' made the issue this time," said the second editor. "It can't be that."

Stew Dentbody shook his fist at the three pale wraiths that leered up at him. "Fools, editors," he cried, "it's as plain as the no's on your faces."

"Don't tell me we forgot to take the usual crack at the *Maine Campus!*" the third editor asked with horror. "Cheese!"

Stew Dentbody grabbed the galley proofs from the hands of the stupid three. "See here," he roared, "you've got lots of good pictures of women, Shapleigh's cartoons, distinctive as always, and some decent articles and stories. But you've left out the thing that everybody's talking about. Look at your calendar!"

(continued on page 2)

Cortell-Segal's



BRIGHT
YOUNG IDEAS
by

Jonathan Logan

Doris Varnum has used Mallinson's new printed taffeta for this versatile, wearable circlet dress. Tiny collar, tiny sleeves, tiny waistline. Buttoned front to waist and flared out into a wide, swirling skirt with unpressed pleats.

14.95

This and other bright young ideas are found at Cortell-Segal's

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to
the
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is happy to
offer his services
at all times to
the students of
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Appointments May
Be Easily Arranged

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

23 Main St. Orono
Call 8171

(continued from page 1)

The three MCA attic-addicts craned their necks. There it was! *December!* And below the deadline date, printed in red, was a great big 25. Editor No. 1 gave a knowing look to Editor No. 2, whose glance was intercepted knowingly by Editor No. 3.

"AHA!" they exclaimed in unison. "Stop the presses!"

Then together, as if upon a signal, each editor broke a branch from a small pine tree growing conveniently in the corner of the office, raised it benevolently over the head of Stew Dentbody, and then lustily cheered, "MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

SPLINTERVILLE

If Hauck could hawk what I live in
It would be far from mortal sin.
The days again their hearts would
sing,
The nights again my phone would
ring,
For Betty, Alice, Jo and Jill
Would know I've moved from
Splinterville.

On campus up in Orono
We live the life of Eskimos.
Although an igloo can't be seen,
The floors are kept as nice and clean
As piggeries in old Brownville,
Resplendent suite of Splinterville.

A student of astrology
Stumped I by etiology
And racked his borealis brains for
years
In answer to my questionnaires:
"If Labrador is earth's most
northern sill,
How farther north is Splinter-
ville?"

Oh surplus-barrack home of mine
Where walls are made of cardboard
pine,
Illuminate my searching heart
Inform me when our ways will part,
And I will sing a praise, I will,
When we get rid of Splinterville.
—jerry tabor

For That Christmas 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!

W. C. BRYANT & SON

Jewelers of Distinction

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46 MAIN ST., BANGOR

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THAT OLD FRENCH BATHING SUIT

A bit of a twist of the wrist
Is all that is needed.
A bulge and a break where
A bulge and a break should be,
A small section of hide
And a curvaceous outside
Is an aid to the eye
You'll agree.

On the Riviera, it's true,
The color is blue,
The shape remains just the same
But old men in their pride
Take such things in their stride
It's the last part of their
Claim to fame.

In politer society, no notoriety
Is complete without changes of
hue.

As I said once before
A girl from Lahore
Wore one that had
Moments of blue.

Three triangles are used
(Only one to bemuse)
The others are plainly to see
But college youth
In their pride
Take such things
In their stride
Midst chortles of unholy glee.

Now 'twixt the girls that Go South
And those that stay North
The difference is quick to perceive.
Some claim it's the sun; others
Well done, declare that
It's merely the weave.

Now the lassies that head for Miami
With a last wriggle of each little
fanny,
Have been heard to declare
(I'm sorry—don't stare)
My God, what happened to Annie.

The girls who remain
In the cool state of Maine
Are shaded a different hue,
(As I said once before
The girl from Lahore)
Well, look! She was really
true-blue

Now the French bathing suit
(To wear it is moot)
Can start action in a
Great many places
As for instance these lines
In the land of the pines
Could start smiles on a
Good many faces.



But girls, just remember,
Even though it's December
And snow is the color of skin,
All colonel's ladies—and
Some Judy O'Gradys
Are sisters—or better—by kin.

Men, don't act too astounded
At the flagrantly rounded
It's there as before you well know
But lest evil minds leer,
—An undergraduate fear,
Get out, grab a handful of snow.

—RMC



THE PINE NEEDLE

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE HUMOR MAGAZINE

WINTER

1948

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The Lighter Side

"How'd you puncture your tire?"

"Ran over a bottle of milk."

"Didn't see it, huh?"

"Naw, the kid had it under his coat."

* * * *

The man in the employment office was talking to an Alabama alumnus fresh out of Commerce.

"Here's a job open in the Eagle Laundry. Think you could handle it?"

"Dunno. Ain't never washed no eagle."

* * * *

DEFINITION: Clergyman—A man who works to beat Hell.

Law school professor: "Gentlemen, this exam will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three seats apart and in alternate rows."

* * * *

"Don't get up, Mrs. Astor, I just came in to brush my teeth."

* * * *

ATO: "What in the world makes your tongue so black?"

Sam: "I dropped a bottle of whiskey on a freshly tarred road."

* * * *

SPE: "Drink?"

Co-ed: "Nope."

SPE: "Smoke?"

Co-ed: "Nope."

SPE: "Smooch?"

Co-ed: "Nope."

SPE: "What do you do?"

Co-ed: "Tell lies."

Testimonial received by the Hadacol people:

"For nine years I was totally deaf, and after using your ear drops for only ten days, I heard from my brother in South Dakota."

* * * *

Theta Xi: "The dog seems to like to watch you cut hair."

University Barber: "Not particularly, but sometimes I slip and snip off an ear."

* * * *

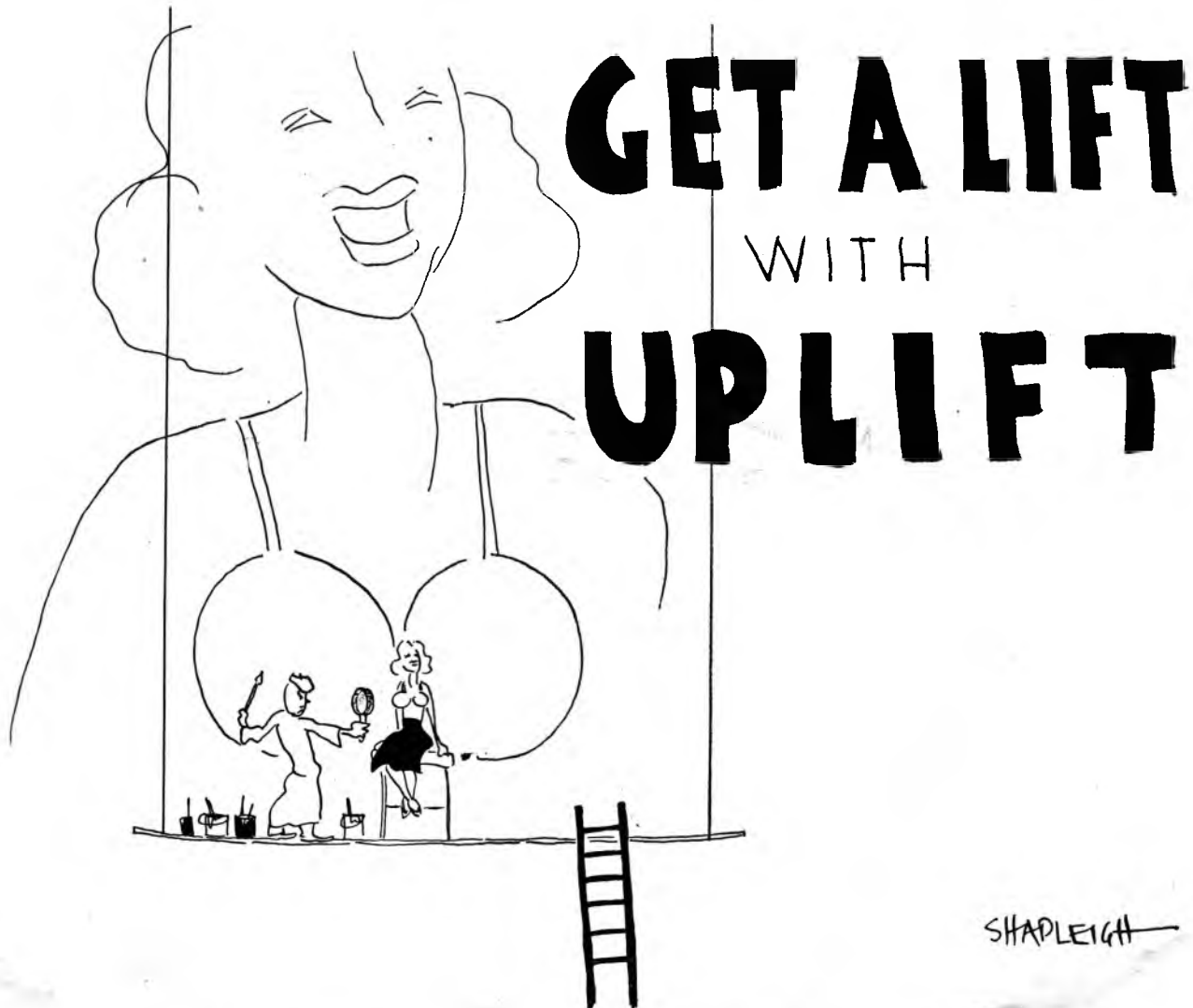
We point with pride to the purity of the white space between our jokes.

* * * *

"Not a day passes but my wife shows her incompatibility."

"Ain't it a shame the way women dress these days."

—Rammer Jammer



BOOKSTORE

REVELATION

by Biff Shalek

It was early Monday morning just before my 7:45 class in English History—the end of a perfect day—and I was sitting in the Bookstore trying to get the taste of sulphur and rotten eggs off the fuzzy coat my tongue was wearing. My eyes must have gone on the blink because when I looked up from my breastbone I thought all the coeds were wearing French, if you'll pardon the expression, bathing suits? I lit my fingers, blew out my cigarette, and looked again. By Bacchus it was horrible—horrible . . . not too horrible.

I knew the coffee that they served in this shop was not the sugar and cream I'd been used to at Hayes Bickford, but I didn't think it was strong enough to disrobe an All-Maine Woman. But there they were, as Kipling would say, the long, the tall, and the small. All they were wearing are what babies . . . I mean we blow our . . . the last time I saw them they were wearing them over their . . . but now they've got them wrapped around their . . . O, ring down the curtain mother, this act needs bubbles.

This naval battle had the Coral Sea encounter seeming like a bathtub maneuver. You know, I think you never appreciate the New Look until you see what it's been covering all these years. Although I've got to admit every once in awhile I could see what Whitman meant when he said—this procreant urge, always this procreant urge.

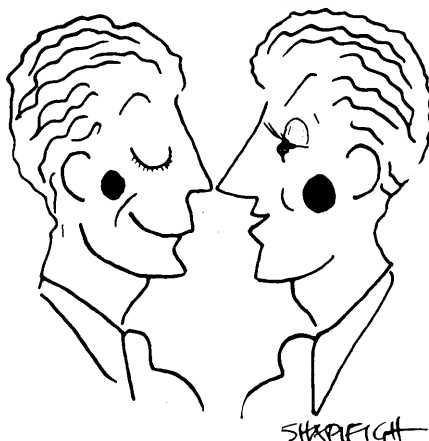
I picked up my *Complete Works of William Shakespeare* and held its cool cover to my aching eyes, but

the heady stench of the earthy coffee forced me to look again. There, there on the Bookstore floor, stood the flower of our Maine Womanhood with almost every petal showing.

You think I'm kidding you knock-kneed sons of Technology? Throw a couple of sliderules on the fire and gather round while I tell you more.

Herself, the Grand ole Dragon, came in, breathing fire and scratching her hoof on brimstone.—Girls, she blasted—Don't you know that nine out of ten girls are sociable, and they all flunk out at the end of the first semester!

This was getting too rough for me, after all I'd paid my dollar to the MCA. Why should I lose my good standing? It was those fifty million Frenchmen, DeGaulle, Boyer, and Vyshinsky, that got me into this. Why didn't they leave the cold war in Berlin? Did they have to bring their front over here? Is this the result of the Marshall Plan? A rag,



Are there any vices you *don't* have?

a bone, and a Hanky? Look to what this could lead. The advertisers would rent space on the bra for moving pictures. This would be interesting. But on the Maine Campus where sex is known but not admitted . . . Never, by gad!!

Do you understand—men? Do you realize what was happening? Our dear ones who shriek and blush 212 degrees at the mention of unmentionables were parading around in selected short subjects and coming attractions. Our Bookstore, the only place a poor man can drink peasoup, and a rich man pass the time of day over a tomato and limp lettuce, was being overrun by luscious, curveous coeds clad in flimsy gossamer wisps of flimsy gossamer wisps. O, my sabbatical back!

I quaffed more of the murky brew; perhaps next would come dancing girls with fans. The rich liquid coursed through my veins, firing my blood, stoking my boiler. Then I looked up. Eyes extended . . . nostrils wide . . . head back . . . stomach in . . . onetwo . . . onetwo.

And then a high bosomed bosom left the herd and bosomed her way toward me. Closer . . . yet closer! She gestured with the hand, beckoning like the green cobra who lives on the Nile River Delta and has red spots and is only poisonous during the oyster season. Then she opened her pomegranite lips and spoke softly. It was like the cool summer sea caressing winter pebbles.

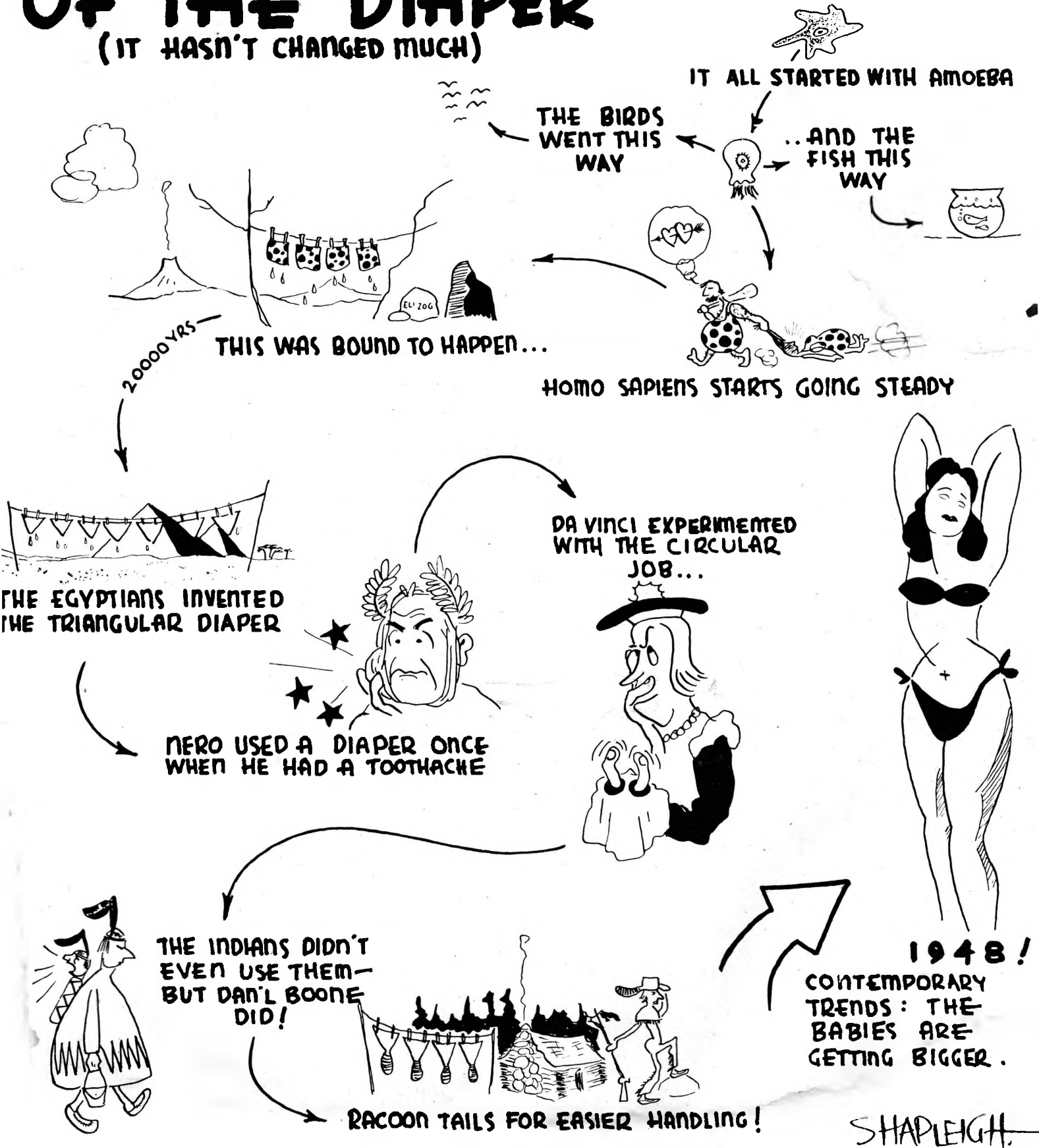
— Hi —

Yes, you T-squares, she said Hi. Do you think a French bathing suit could change a Maine girl? Do you? Hah? A good clean living, strong limbed, wholesome, Maine girl? Never.

I went on to my English History Class shouting so that the ears of the world could hear—On Edward I, you Justinian you—for it the good ole Maine girl forever! Semper fidelis und Semper paratus!!

THE EVOLUTION OF THE DIAPER

(IT HASN'T CHANGED MUCH)



SHAPLEIGH.

Pincurls At Midnight

—Hair Styles—

by Jane Libby and Kay Bennett



Jean Cunningham

"Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred." There, the mop is now a shimmering waterfall, and the next time we see our heroine her head will resemble a mine floating on a sea of white pillows—those beastly bobby pins poking into her head all night!

And then there are those who have naturally curly hair and are able to look beautiful anyhow—even getting a restful night of sleep.

Take Jean Cunningham for instance; with a brush and a pat her hair is ready for any occasion. When you're as busy as Jean is all the time, we really don't know when you'd have time to fuss with it. Her hair style, typical of the short bob, has been cut by a professional, but Jean touches it up once in a while with a "snip." Notice her new slant on hair parts—very good for that cowlick problem.

We wanted a man's viewpoint on short hair, and a likely prospect was Curly Gorden, an up and coming young man on campus. Mr. Gorden said, "I like short hair; it's so pert, and besides, you can kiss her behind the ear so much easier." Of course he could be prejudiced!

On the other hand, Sam Jones, that cowboy and fellow-writer, has a different slant on the subject. Sam says, "I won't let my girl cut her

hair. Some fellows like ankles, some fellows like knees, but I like long hair. But I must admit that when not carried to extremes some girls look quite nice in short hair."

We think Jean's hair style fills that last bill rather nicely; so keep on snipping, Jeanie.



Joan Craig

To make a short story long, we present Joan Craig. We'll wager there aren't many who haven't turned for a second look at that gleaming golden head and pretty smile. And yet, it's a very simple hair style, and its effect is achieved by this simplicity. Cockscrew curls and spicurls would rather detract—whereas the way Joanie wears her hair shows its softness and great mass. Joan has the stature to carry that mass, too. Think of the variations she can achieve with her hair on the tiniest whim—an up-sweep, caught in the back and loosely flowing, or braided and wrapped in buns over her ears. But for campus life we'll take it as it is.

Another authority on hair styles, Charlie Loranger, told us, when we asked him what hair-do was most conducive to love-making, "I like a long page-boy—it's so much more glamorous. It doesn't get in the way, just enough to cover the neck so you can lift the hair to get to the neck."

And Bill Stickle confirmed that statement by saying, "I like long blonde hair; it never bothers me or gets in the way."

To especially please the men who like page-boys, here's Jan Lapworth. You've seen a brunette and a blonde so here's the redhead; one of the brightest spots on campus! Jan's page-boy is just in between the awfully long and the awfully short—fit for any occasion. It is simple as it should be with such a beautiful rusty tone. Jan's hair isn't naturally curly, but she gets that natural look with nightly pincurls, and, we imagine, a nightly brushing keeps it soft and gleaming.

We asked John Steves, a married



Jan Lapworth

Photos

by

Newhall

man, what he thought about the "long hair versus the short hair" argument and he said, "I don't like short hair if it isn't naturally curly. These crew cuts aren't so sharp. My wife has straight hair, and she wants to cut it. I don't want her to 'cause it's sure to be straggly. Of course, I don't get to the Bookstore as much as I used to, so I can't look around as much to see what the girls are doing to their hair."

Jan's hair is long so that should please the men who go for long hair. As to hair color—we asked Bill Brennan this question. If you saw three beautiful girls coming down the street, one a redhead, one a brunette, and one a blonde, which one would attract your attention the most? Bill answered, "Probably the redhead would catch my eye sooner—but lots of things such as eye-color and the shape of the nose would attract my attention more."

With long hair you can do almost anything, and Carolyn Gerrish has the right idea when she sweeps hers



Carolyn Gerrish

up on top for a formal night out with that certain someone. It requires more time and energy for this effect but it certainly is worth it when the finished product is like Carolyn's. For all who wish to try, a hair brush and pomade are the two essentials—also tight pincurls at midnight. Not too many girls can wear their hair in an upsweep without having that "Raggedy Ann" look, but if you have a good hair line, tiny ears, a clear complexion, and a personality and figure that isn't dwarfed, by all means "upsweep" on your next big formal occasion. Or as Bob Bouchard ex-



Barbara Hart

pressed it when we approached him with the question, "When out dancing do you prefer your date to wear an up-do?" "An up-do depends on the girl. I like upsweeps if it's strictly formal—man in tux, girl in gown—it lends atmosphere!" John Ballou, star of stage and radio, when asked his opinion on this same question merely laughed. We imagine he is concentrating more on her feet than the girl's hairdress when waltzing.

For another angle on this style of hair we asked "Irv" Marsden what type of hair *he* considered most conducive to love making and his reply was, "I never stopped to consider it—sweeps are out. I like medium



Eleanor Mahaney

long hair; too long hair gets in the way. I like to whisper in girl's ears."

It would seem that ear whispering could be carried on rather successfully with hair swept off the ears. Oh, yes, we remember now, you men like to remove the hair to get to the ear. Men, men!

Up with braids, drake's tails in the back, and doughnuts over the ears are all informal ways to take the hair away from the face. And there's nothing like it in the good old summer time—except maybe a short cut. What a vicious circle we're going in.

That circle leads us right around to the very pretty hairdo of Barb Hart. Barb's hair is that manageable kind—she never does it up; it just seems to fall into a pleasing arrangement. The center part is always good for a person with Barb's face shape—not too round, not too short or long, but just right. She wears it various ways; even in pigtails when the time is right. Here we've caught her with it pulled back over her ears in one of the latest fads. It meets the requirements of both the long and the short, all according to the way you look at it. And, don't you like those bangs? They add the finishing touch.

We asked Ken Vennett what he

(continued on page 19)



Application for a

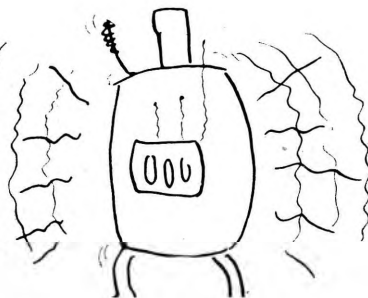
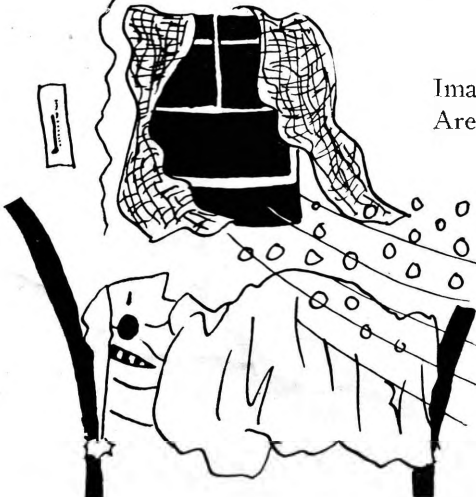
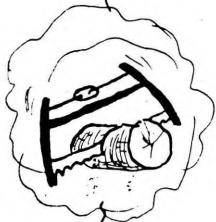
Summer is only as far away
 As wings can carry one in a day
 The land of stucco, of sunlight hours,
 Poinsettia, magnolia, and ginger flowers,
 Beaches, oranges, pelicans, palms,
 Trade winds, sunburn, and tropic calms,
 Mangoes, mosquitoes, and suntan lotions,
 Refutes this matter of crossing oceans.
 Why be seasick and stay in bed,
 When it's simpler to be airsick instead?

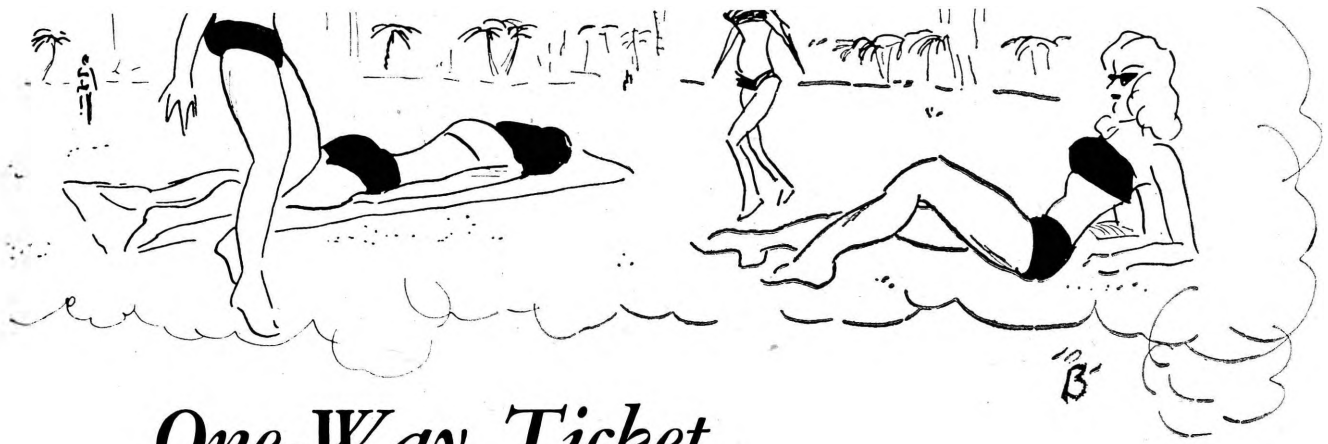
*(Outside the weather's a howling blizzard
 That chills my feet and cramps my gizzard.)*

The moths have punctured my bathing suit,
 My surf-casting outfit's a bamboo shoot,
 Palm Beach, Catalina, Waikiki,
 Wouldn't allow them, even from me.
 And summer is only as far away,
 As wings can carry one in a day
 The sport supplies are rather appealing,
 And the new bathig suits are more revealing.
 It's better to travel light by air,
 The latest styles await me where
 Waikiki is a silver crescent,
 And Diamond Head is omnipresent
 And a "uke" costs \$94.63,
 When bought at a shop on Waikiki.
 Hotel reservations are doubled by two
 At the Royal Hawaiian on old Oahu,
 White elephants, pink zebras, and spotted giraffes,
 And Chinese junks sold on quarters and halves,
 Sarongs, silks, and miscellany,
 Plus everything else that's a pretty penny.

*(Meanwhile, the heater is singeing my hide,
 And the blizzard begins to slowly subside.)*

Imagine the white-sanded Florida Keys,
 Are only a stone's throw down the seas,





One-Way Ticket

Oranges, pelicans, that good Gulf Current,
 Could not exactly be termed abhorrent,
 Palm Beach and the Keys, a hop to Bermuda,
 Or a short trip to sea for a barracuda,
 Freedom from worry lying prone on the reaches,
 No fear of invading the private beaches,
 A view that stretches for miles and miles,
 Lovely girls wearing loveliest smiles,—
 And bathing suits slightly longer than they do in Hawaii,—
 I'm sure that the Southland is singularly for me
 And the wealthier homes are built of stucco ;
 Yet, when I think about it, I really don't know . . .

*(The house hasn't creaked for over an hour,
 And the fierce wind of winter has lost its power.)*

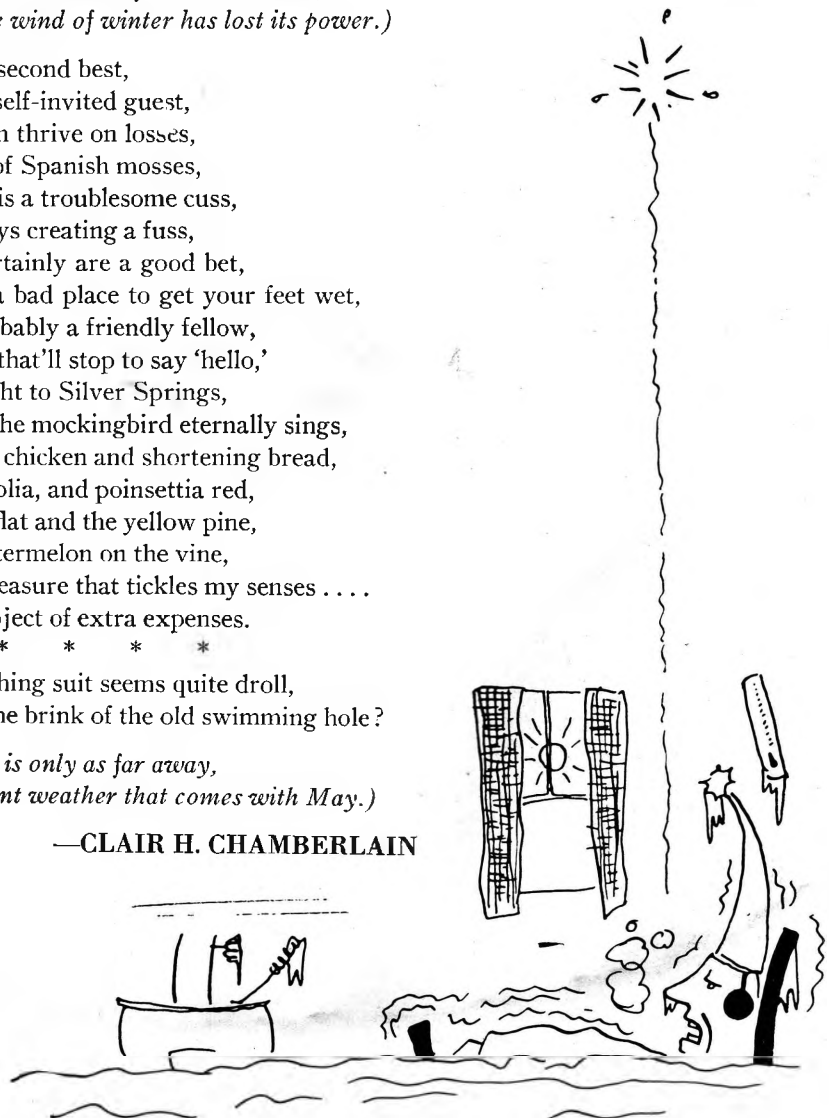
A Florida picnic is second best,
 With the red ant a self-invited guest,
 Real estate salesmen thrive on losses,
 And eyes get tired of Spanish mosses,
 The razorback hog is a troublesome cuss,
 The termite is always creating a fuss,
 The Everglades certainly are a good bet,
 But they're really a bad place to get your feet wet,
 The Seminole's probably a friendly fellow,
 If you can find one that'll stop to say 'hello,'
 It's only a short flight to Silver Springs,
 To the land where the mockingbird eternally sings,
 To the yam and the chicken and shortening bread,
 To sorghum, magnolia, and poinsettia red,
 But the land is too flat and the yellow pine,
 And the watery watermelon on the vine,
 Deduct from the pleasure that tickles my senses
 To bring up the subject of extra expenses.

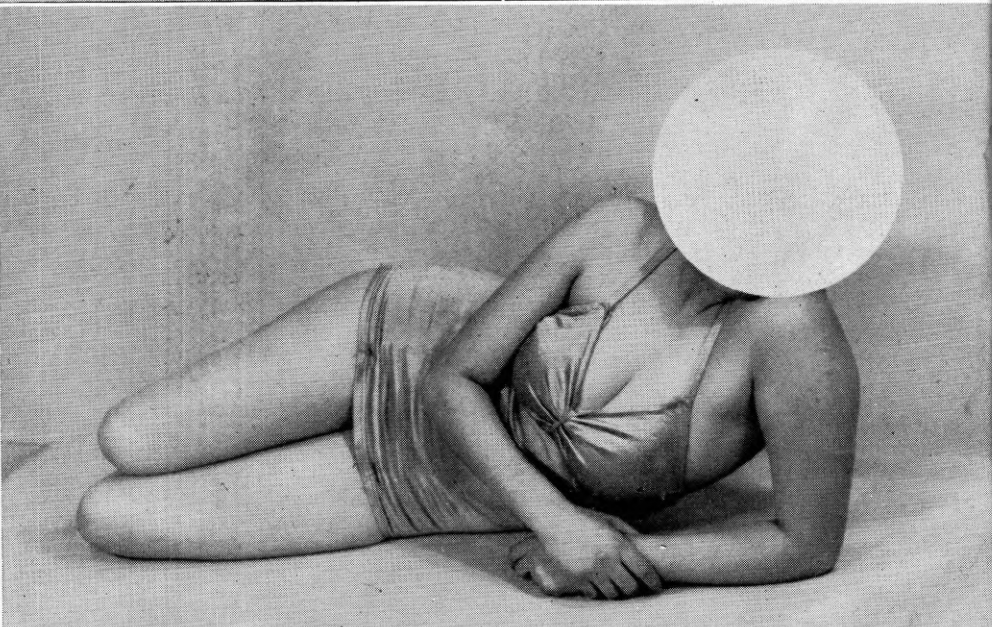
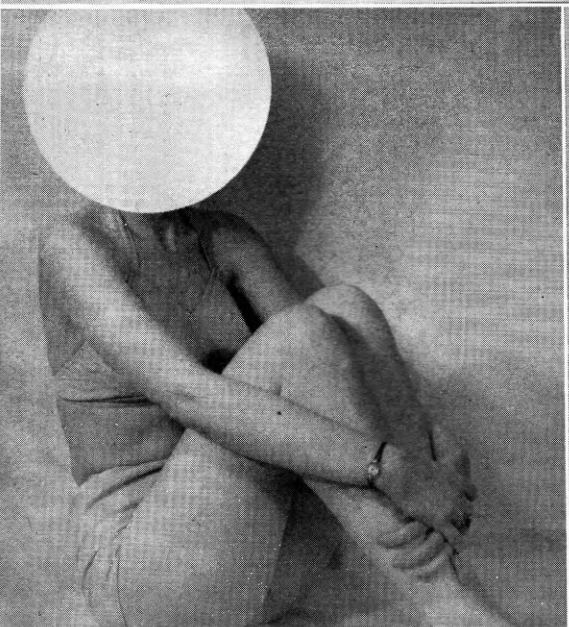
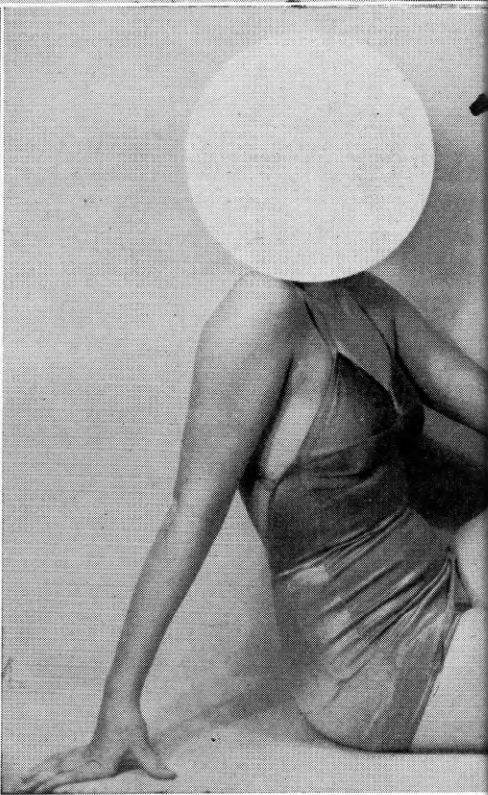
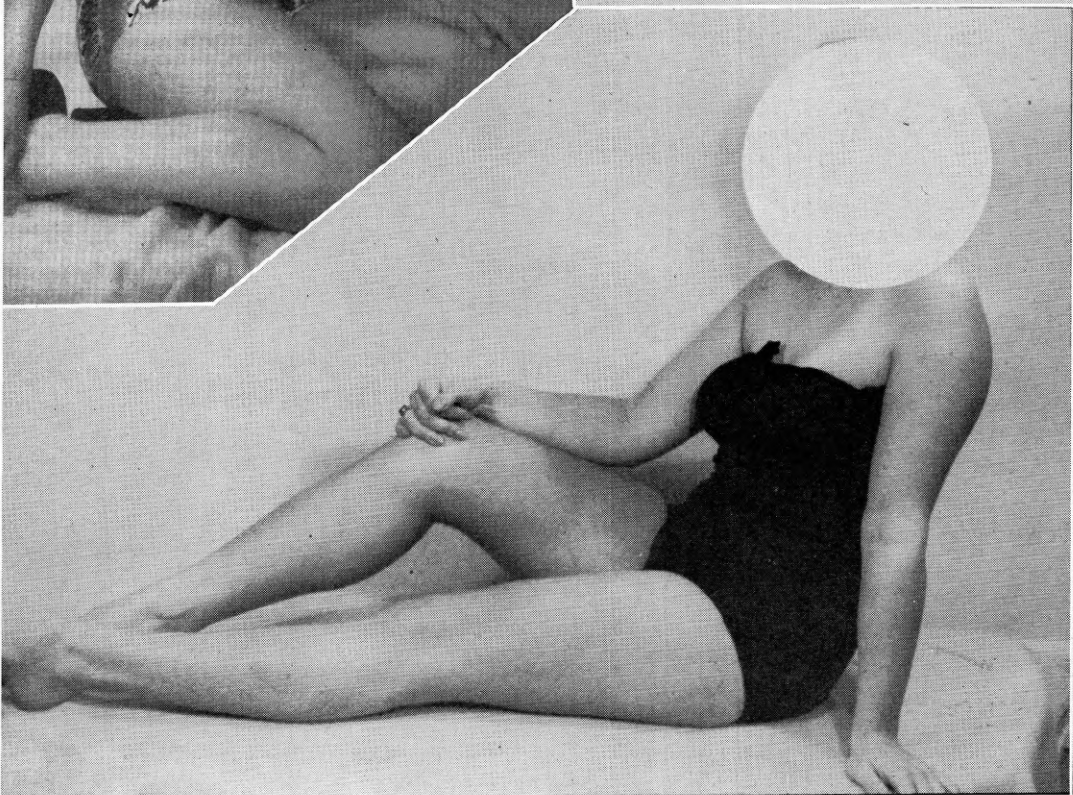
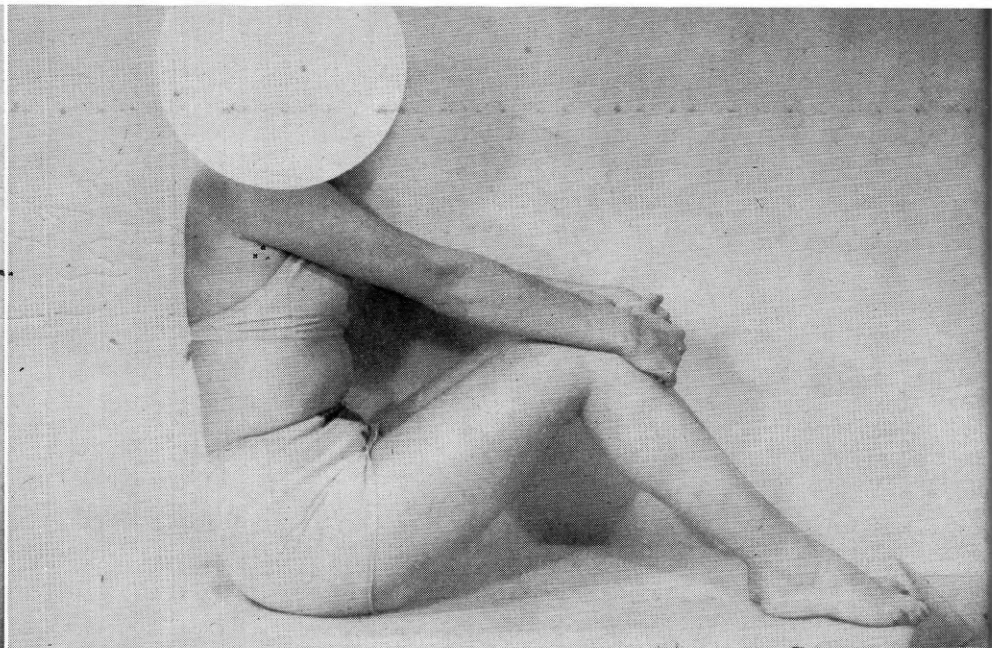
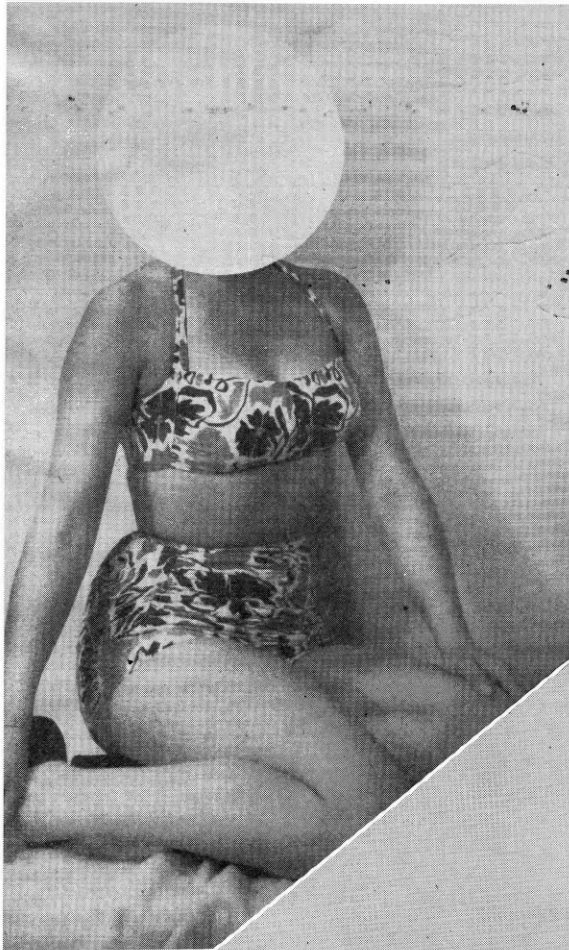
* * * * *

Who minds if a bathing suit seems quite droll,
 As you dive from the brink of the old swimming hole?

*(Yes, summer is only as far away,
 As the pleasant weather that comes with May.)*

—CLAIR H. CHAMBERLAIN





PIN DOWN

THE PINUPS

Now that you've had a good long look, we'd like to tell you a little—but not too much about the eight lovely but decapitated ladies of the Left . . . rather on the left.

After carefully polling a good many eligible Maine males as to what they looked for most in a woman, editors of the *Pine Needle* also sent out stock questionnaires to eight of the country's leading psychologists.

Their answers, couched in terms of percentage, ranged all the way from a solid fifty to seventy-five and ninety.

The question: How much feminine allure is due to male imagination? Other samples. "Is it the face, the figure or the personality that counts? How observant are U. S. (i.e., Maine) males?"

After carefully considering the answers from the authorities (the *Pine Needle* just loves its authorities) it was agreed to put the matter to a test, and you have the questions in their proper form, neatly arrayed on this page.

Now, men, is the time to trot out your radar! You may have rubbed elbows with these girls in the bookstore . . . on the other hand some of these poses may have graced the pages of national magazines . . . you may have danced with one of them in Memorial Gym or at one of the fraternity houses. The one in the upper left hand corner may be from Balentine. On the other hand have you checked to see if that snapshot pinup of your buddy's is still tacked on the wall. He'll be awfully angry when he sees that it's missing.

Now of course the girl in the center could be from Balentine. In fact she might be in your Refresher French class . . . or in one of the art

classes in Carnegie. It's hard to say.

There are some who would swear that every one of these pinups on the left is a University of Maine coed. Yet who would be so brash as to actually make such an accusation. You see, there are so many, many possibilities.

But, for the sake of argument, let us say that one of them is. Maybe the little girl in the lower right hand corner is the one you had a coke with just yesterday. For the sake of debate, let's say that they're all University of Maine coeds.

A strong point in favor of their being right from the campus is the fact that none are clad in French bathing suits. Because, naturally, no Maine girl would pose in a French bathing suit.

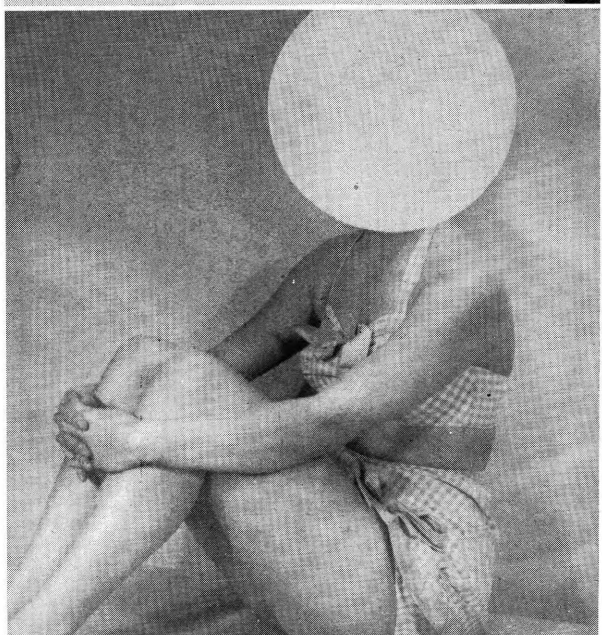
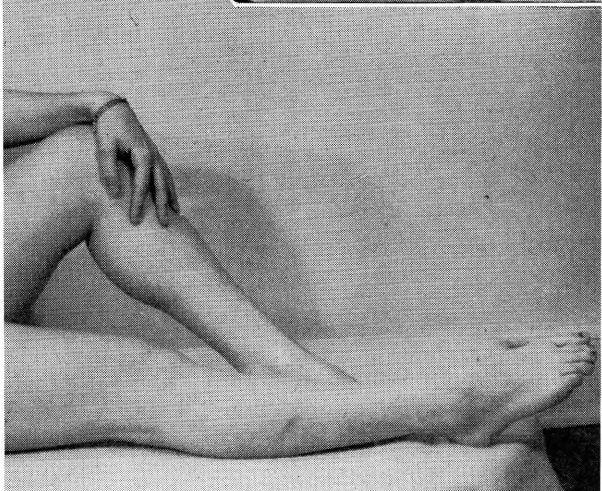
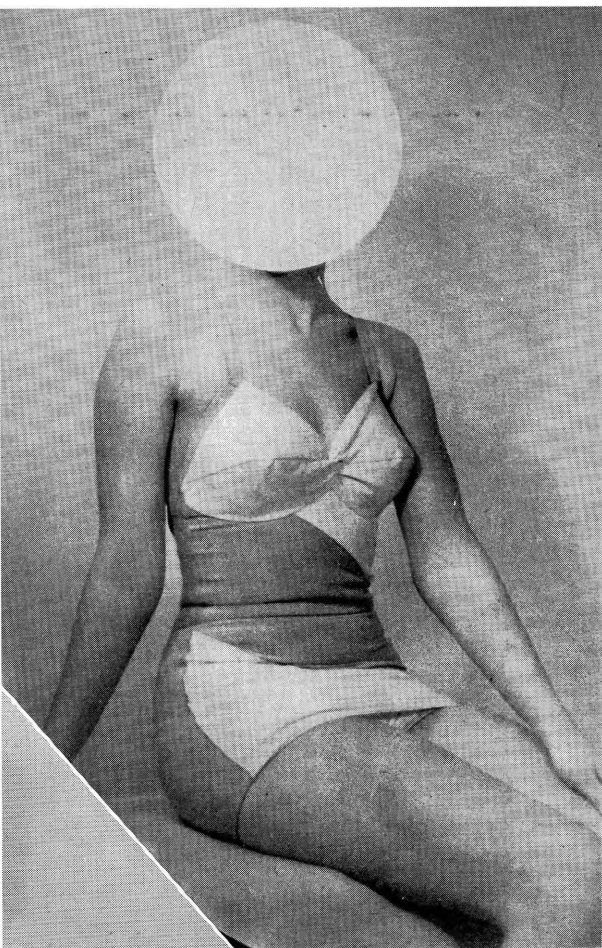
As we said before, sharpen up your radar. Refurbish your rusty powers of observation. See if you can recall somewhere, sometime, having glimpsed any one of these girls. You shall not go unrewarded.

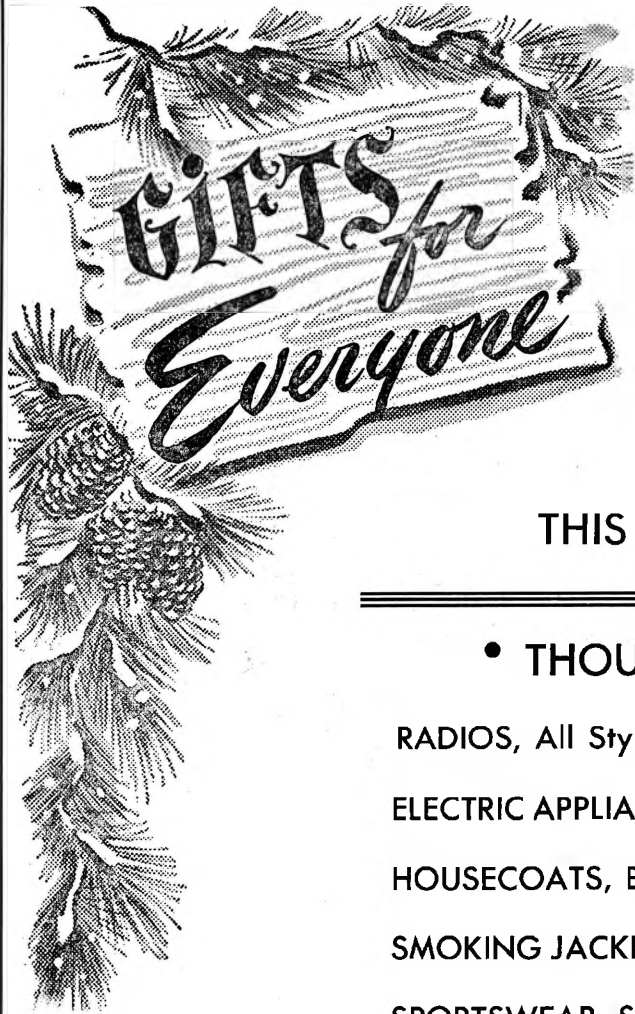
For the editors have determined, that that male, that keen eyed, virile, questing Maine male, shall not labor for naught. Eight naught naught four th—whoops, that is not the reward.

However, to that lucky individual who identifies the greatest number of coeds correctly (whether one or eight) will come his just reward.

We are not allowed, at this time, to divulge the nature of the award. That is something that only March and our Houseparty issue, will contain.

But, brethren, rest assured, the award will more than satisfy you. It's up to you now. Simply drop a note with the eight girls and their positions on this page listed to Box 155, *Pine Needle*. We'll do the rest.





BE SURE
TO VISIT
FREESE'S
CHRISTMAS
WONDERLAND
THIS FRIDAY and SATURDAY

• THOUSANDS OF LOVELY GIFTS!

RADIOS, All Styles 14.95 to 179.95

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

HOUSECOATS, BED JACKETS

SMOKING JACKETS, ROBES

SPORTSWEAR, SKI SUITS, JACKETS

MEN'S TIES, GLOVES, SHIRTS, Etc.

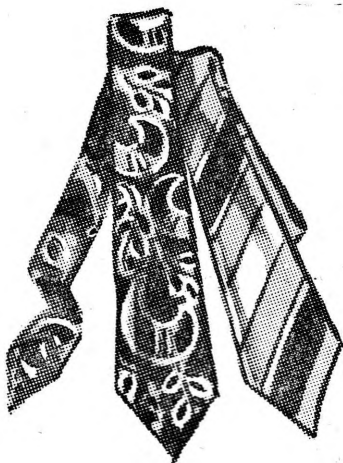
LINGERIE, TOILETRIES, BOOKS

STATIONERY, JEWELRY, HANDBAGS

SLIPPERS for the FAMILY

GLOVES, SCARFS, MITTENS

VISIT FREESE'S GIFT SHOP,
HANDKERCHIEF VILLAGE, the
TOY SHOP . . . YES! ALL SIX FLOORS



FREESE'S . . . MAINE'S GREAT SHOW SPOT

Campus Glamour



Jean Harding

The dark-haired girl pictured above answers to the name of "JeJe," but refuses to acknowledge low-pitched whistles as becomes a University of Maine coed. Twenty-year-old Jean is a transfer from Colby Junior College. She was born February 29, 1928, but declares the avid gleam in her eye is due to slight astigmatism and nothing more. A sociology major, she calls Melrose, Mass., her home town, is a member of AOPi, and delivers the following statistics: 34", 31", 34", 5'9", 134 pounds.

(Photo by Newhall)

FRENCH LEAVE

by Sid Folsom

Ah, the French bathing suit! A boon to mankind! A gift to long-suffering humanity which has seen yards and yards of material added to milady's gowns with the arrival of the New Look. Hemlines have been lowered, and men's faces have grown longer. No more is it a pleasant afternoon's pastime to stand upon a windy street corner and observe the delightful scenery. But now, at last, a light has dawned. The source of all that material has been discovered, and the bathing suit has given ground, little by little. And the male world, needless to say, has been watching the turn of events with great interest. Once again boardwalks are lined with watchers, all admiring the earnestness of the young ladies on the nearby beaches in their worship of the rays of the sun.

The now-famous French bathing suit first saw the light of day along the French Riviera, famous resort of the well-to-do. Perhaps it might be more correct to say that the French bathing suit there made its first attempt to *avoid* the light of

day, for from all appearances, the garment itself seems to be continually trying to make itself of smaller and smaller size, and for what reason other than to avoid the intense rays of the sun? A situation brought about by the color-bleaching properties of the sun's rays, no doubt.

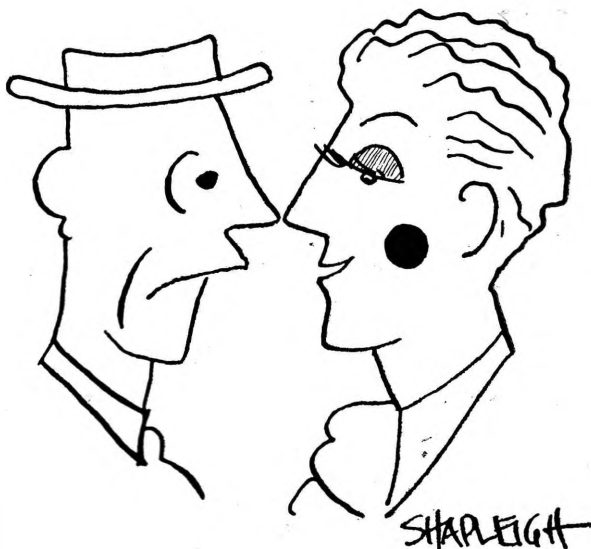
The all-over tan effect was welcomed by style leaders throughout the world as the new summer garb. Why not, they asked, gather as much of that tan upon one's body as possible? Why not indeed? The French bathing suit, then, could make this possible. And the utilitarian value of the new bathing suit was even more to be praised. No longer need milady spend hours shopping for outfits when now she could simply collect a couple squares of cloth, handkerchiefs if you will, and merely knot them in strategic places, and be ready for the beach. Next stop, band-aids!

No gain is made, however, without an accompanying loss. And so it was with the French bathing suit. Much to their regret, many of the early acceptors of the style dis-

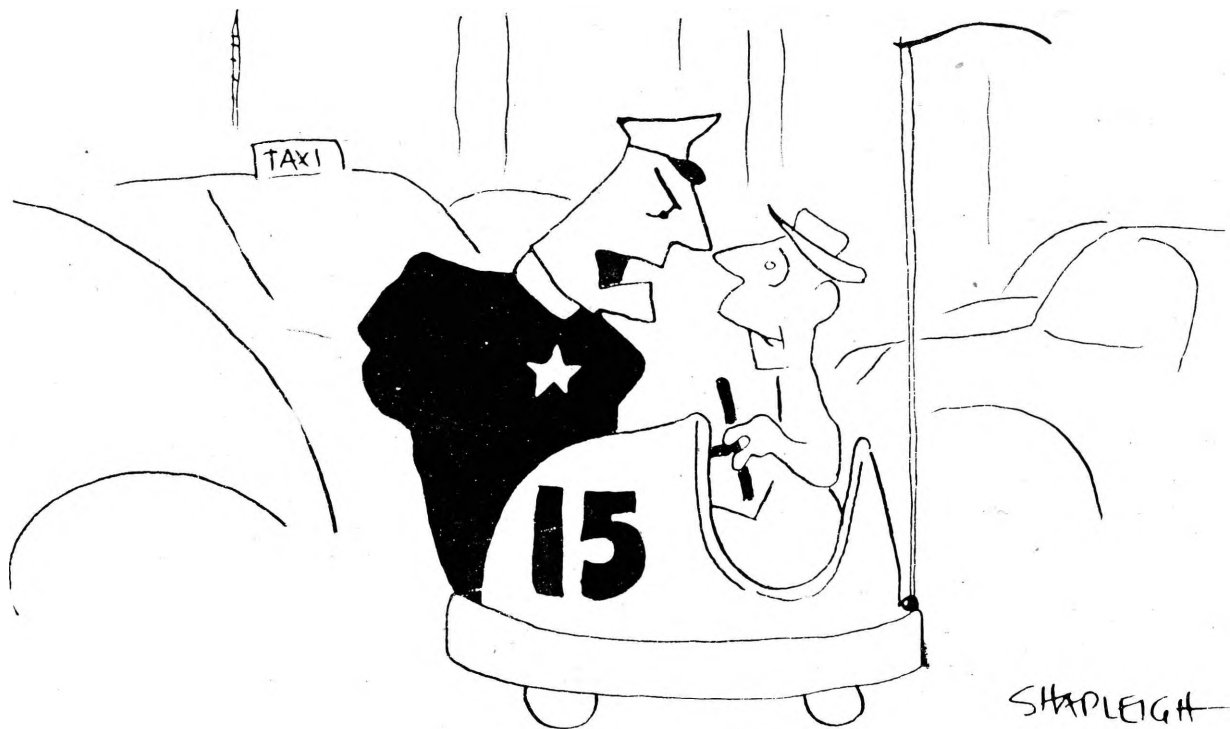
covered that the suits were really not fitted for swimming. Because of their inherent design and construction, it seemed to be asking a little too much of them to stay put while the wearer went through the motions involved in swimming. And so it was that a few of the early users discovered the *naked* truth about the matter.

The next stop of the French bathing suit was the United States, a close second to France in setting female fashions. Here the suit itself was Americanized, and a few flourishes and attractions were added which diminished the rather barren look afforded by the pure French version. The American wearers began to take on the appearance of floral gardens as they planted flowers here and there, a ribbon here and a bow there, until the already practically invisible garment had completely disappeared from view. One group went so far as to turn their apparel *completely* to flowers and adhesive tape. The basic bathing suit itself was passed by, the wearers of the outfits taking on the appearance of Eve. This style, however, flourished for a short time only, and dropped from popularity again when the flowers began to wilt.

Another fad which had momentary popularity was that of wearing various articles of household linen to make up the component parts of the outfit. This, no doubt, was brought about by the home girl pressure groups. Napkins, doilies, and small table-cloths were put to use in this new and unexpected way. The napkins were about the most useful, but only under certain conditions. Paper napkins would *never* do. The doilies were tried, but proved rather drafty. And the table-cloths were always billowing with the wind until the wearer assumed the appearance of a parachutist or a circus tent. It was with the common household towel, however, that the most success was found in this fad. Common turkish



Could you direct me to the men's room?



Yas, I know how to get to Coney Island, but I ain't gonna tell ya because I think yer a wise guy.

towels proved just the thing, as they were always plentiful, fairly comfortable, and could even be used in their intended form at the end of the day. A few individualists in this set even went in for bath towels labeled *His* and *Hers*. This occurrence, however, was rare. Evidently most of the young ladies were not in favor of being so labeled.

Next to recognize the French bathing suit was the world of show-business. In her rush to give the audience what it wants, many a French show-queen abandoned the flounces of her art to appear in the new badge of her nation, its own bathing suit. This, sad to relate, was a short-lived practice, also. The theaters, notoriously drafty, could not be expected to bow in the face of fashion, and the young mademoiselles found themselves laid low by cases of pneumonia and exposure.

If we may be allowed to break away from the main thought here, a note may well be inserted to inform the reader upon a few historical facts, relevant to French style-consciousness. Inasmuch as Paris,

France, is the style center of the world; and inasmuch as the term *revolution* applies to a change; it should be pointed out that the renowned French revolution was probably not a battle at all, or even a political conflict, but merely a drastic change in styles. Some historians will argue the point, but I must maintain my stand. Although people may have died during the period, it was certainly not due to conflict. The truth of the matter is that someone had simply started the rumor that people were not wearing heads anymore, and a few style-conscious citizens began experimenting.

But let us return to our first love, the French bathing suit. Another important field which was definitely affected by the new style was the field of photography. Naturally, commercial photographers began snapping pictures of the new changes right and left, anticipating great profits from the sales of pin-up pictures. The term cheesecake had to be modified to fit the new conditions, as it was no longer correct to consider it as referring to mere *leg*

art. Another change brought about was the modification of an old nursery rhyme to fit the situation, reading as follows:

Mother, may I go to swim?
 Yes, my darling daughter:
 But don't hang around the camera-
 man,
 Go on into the water!

More serious followers of the art recorded the change in styles for the archives of history. Future generations will now be able to look back through the pages of time to our era, and exclaim upon the great amount of clothing worn by those funny old people way back in 1948. Ah, progress! Here we are, born one hundred years too soon!

It was in amateur photography, though, that the styles really affected the nation as a whole. The popularity of amateur photography increased with leaps and bounds when the new styles appeared. And with the advances in fashion design came necessarily, of course, advances in photographic science. New light

(continued on page 21)

Do you realize the best place to shop
for some of
your Christmas gifts is at
THE BOOKSTORE?

*Christmas Suggestions for That Maine
Boy and Girl*

FRATERNITY AND SORORITY BANNERS AND STATIONERY
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE SEAL JEWELRY AND OTHER GIFTS

Take home a juvenile T-shirt or sweatshirt as a gift
to the kiddies at home.

*We hope you will have a very pleasant vacation
and holiday*

THE UNIVERSITY STORE CO.

ON THE CAMPUS



We had to! The kids over in trailertown couldn't figure out how he got down those damned stovepipes!

(continued from page 9)

thinks of bangs—to which we got a startling answer. Said Ken, "Most women don't wear 'em long enough. Bangs, in my estimation, are great, but they should come about to their chins to give that air of mystery. For a concrete statement; my wife has bangs. I like bangs, and as a matter of fact, I wear bangs half of the time myself."

Now, we never would have thought of that! It certainly would take a very poised and self-assured girl to walk into the Snack Bar with bangs to the chin. Maybe it would be all right in a Masque production though—a Lady Godiva type of thing.

To get back to the straight and narrow, may we emphasize the idea that if you wear bangs, wear 'em, but keep them even and neatly in place. Nothing looks worse than straggly, parted, and uneven bangs. They detract rather than add to the appearance of good grooming. Barb has that good grooming as evidenced in her neat hair style. And what's

better still, Barb doesn't need to have that "pincurl habit."

Another lucky lass is Eleanor Mehaney—with a twist of the wrist she is ready for the day. "Some people got it, and some people just ain't." Her short natural bob is that easy to care for, and it surely is flattering!

Blonde hair is another matter of personal, and Bill Creighton told us, when we asked him about the "red versus the brunette versus the blonde case," "I'd look at the blonde first and mostest—if the three were really goodlooking I'd look anyway." Back to that case of "conduciveness to love making" angle, Dave Cates said, "I like sweeps—they're much more convenient in close situations. And I especially like short, curly, natural blonde hair."

We decided that Dave is another of those prejudiced men. And on the short hair question we were really told by Steve Parker. He said, "I like 'em short. When you're making mad passionate love and drinking beer at the same time, it's

a horrible sensation to get a mouthful of long hair. Especially if the girl has a Toni; beer and Tonis just don't mix!"

In case you've gotten this far—here's what you've read, in a brief summary by Jim McBrady, "Who looks at hair anyway? I don't. After I get up to their hair I would take another look 'cause you can't judge by hair style or hair color."

So, girls, keep up that pincurling. Maybe your efforts will be recognized by a nice compliment someday.

MARK WELL

Look there, see how the wild blue
iris blow,
See that boy with the fresh red
raspberry stain
Upon his mouth, and watch how the
petals snow
From apple trees with the coming
of the rain.
Feel how the dry grass scratches on
your bare,
And tender feet, how the cool plunge
in the creek
Refreshes them, feel the night wind
cuff your hair,
And feel that forehead burn on your
dampened cheek.
Listen to the waves as they slap
along,
The beach, hear the long, sad crying
out
Of loons, and hear the cricket's
ragged song,
Forever rising, forever dying out.
Look well, mark well the things you
pass today,
For you will never come again this
way.

—Jean Miller

REACTIONARY

Maybe I'm old-fashioned, yet,
Just how naked can you get?
Bathing suits have run the gamut.
Let's stop before it's too late,
dammit!

—Some girl

The Lighter Side

Say—from '20 to about '25

"Why does a sculptor die horribly?"

"Because he makes faces and busts."

* * * *

"Is it proper to loosen one's neckline at an opera?"

"It's not proper, but it sometimes shows good form!"

* * * *

Once there was a little boy and a little girl—and thereby hangs the material for a naughty joke.

Or—from '26 to around '30

She was only a store-keeper's daughter, but she sure could display her wares.

* * * *

Mary and Willie went to the park to pick flowers. Mary's kid sister went along so—they picked flowers.

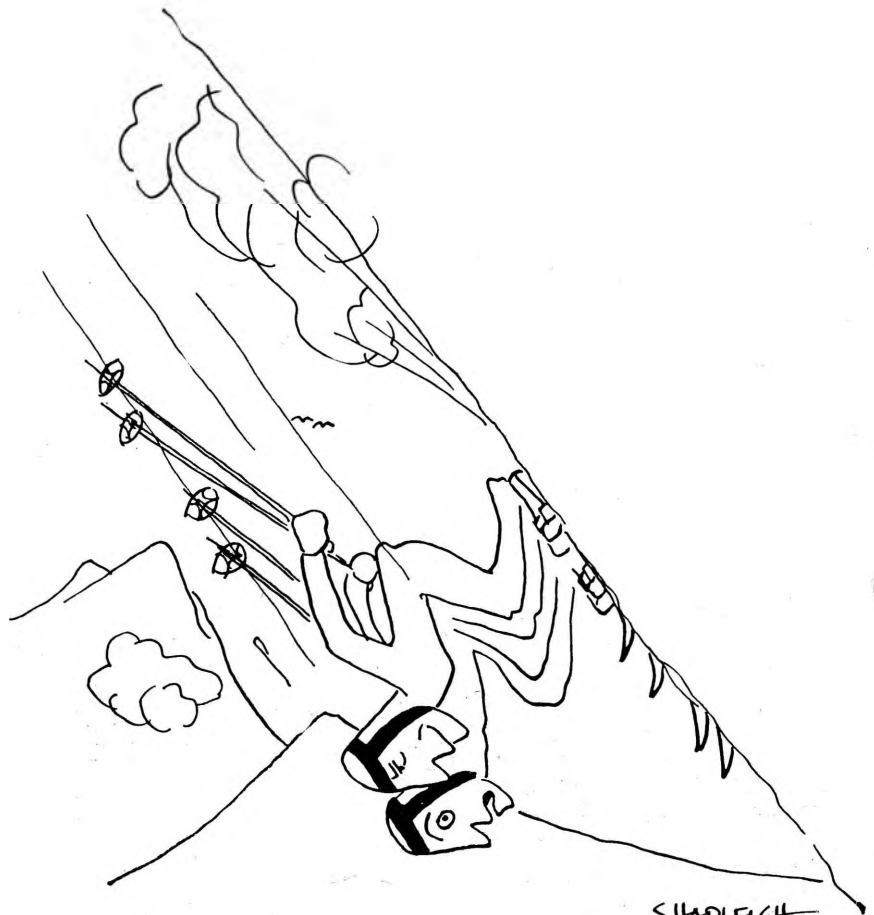
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"What is an Opportunist?"

"One who meets the wolf at the door, and appears the next day in a fur coat."

Now from '31 to '35

There was a girl from Quebec



SHAPLEIGH

Are you sure this is the headwall?

Who had a desire to neck,
So she found her a boy
(And much to her joy)
He was from Georgia Tech.

* * * *

She: "How do you like it?"

He: "I think it's ripping."
She: "Well, thank heavens it's dark out here."

* * * *

He: "My date was terrible last night."

2nd He: "I thought you said you had a good time."

He: "I did."

* * * *

There was a young fellow named Syd,
Who kissed a girl on the eyelid.

She said to the lad,
"Your aim's mighty bad;
You should practice awhile." So he did.

Maybe from '36 to '40

On Sunday two lovers went to church. When the collection was being taken up the young man explored his pockets, and finding nothing, whispered to his sweetheart: "I haven't a cent, I changed my pants."

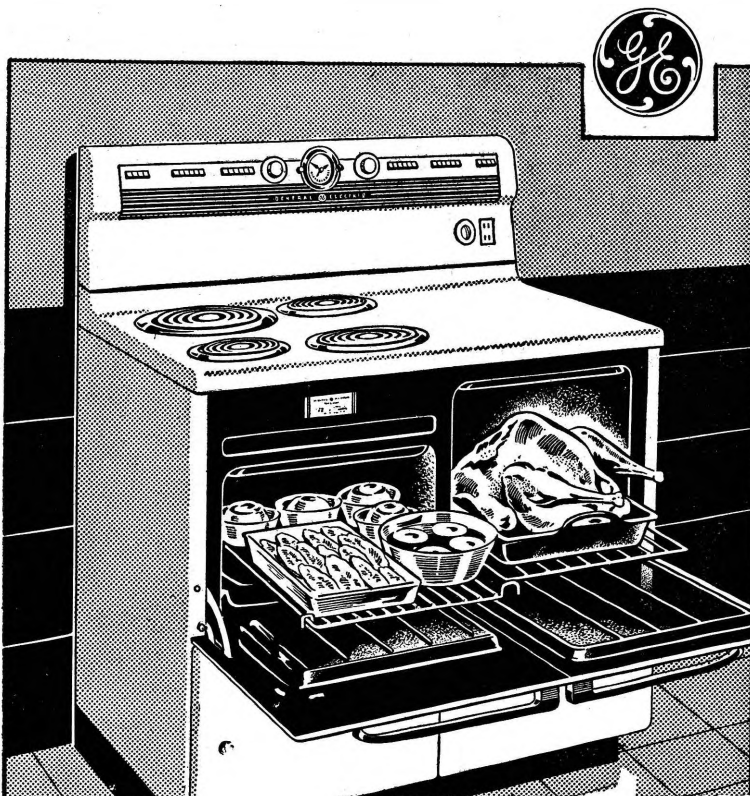
(continued on page 22)



SHAPLEIGH

No, that ain't no damn mole—it's my French bathing suit.

WHAT 'MOTHER' REALLY WANTS FOR XMAS



... the new "PUSH BUTTON"

GENERAL ELECTRIC RANGE

BANGOR HYDRO STORES

(continued from page 17)

meters were designed to judge accurately the increased amounts of exposure. Candid cameras did a booming business, and almost any photo fiend of today looks with scorn upon commercial girlie magazines. He would much rather spend his time investigating that field of picture-taking himself, and in doing so has turned his attention from *landscapes* to *see-scapes*, and occasionally when he is observed by his models-to-be, to *es-capes*.

I think it is obvious, from what we have seen of the changing America recently that the importation of the French bathing suit has had a decided effect upon the course of national affairs. And yet it might be well to point out the fact that America is not the only country to become decidedly aware of the new trends. In keeping with the thought expressed in the popular song of a year or so back, "South America, Take It Away!" the Latin American countries have applied the idea to bathing suits, and have their own counterparts of the French style. Instead of covering the garment with floral decorations, however, as we have done, they follow the leadership of Carmen Miranda and decorate with fruit salads, bananas, pineapples, grapes, etc. In these days when a suave senor from south of the border makes reference to a couple of peachy babes he saw the other day, he may possibly be quite correct in his terminology.

Russia, too, has its version of the French bathing suit. The young Russian misses cavort gaily about their ice-covered beaches in fur-lined versions of the new style. Russia's morale, it seems, was falling a bit low, and directives came from the Kremlin ordering the acceptance of the new trend. Morale is now bubbling over, already.

But the French bathing suit, in spite of its previous fame, had not seen its prime of life until its arrival at the University of Maine a short time ago. The origin of its popular-

(continued on page 24)

(continued from page 20)

Meanwhile the young girl had been searching her bag and finding nothing, blushed rosy red and said: "I'm in the same predicament."

* * * *

"Since that girl of yours has been in show business, she's got some pretty swell parts."

"Yes, I've been noticing them myself."

* * * *

There was a young lady from Banker,

Who went to sleep while the ship was at anchor;

She woke in dismay

When she heard the mate say—"Hoist up the main sheet and spank'er."

He: "Let's sit out the next dance in the conservatory."

She: "What's the matter? Doesn't my dancing satisfy you?"

* * * *

In the Ozarks, where water is used only for washing feet, strange ideas prevail as to just what intoxication really is. In a village one Sunday, a man lay in the middle of the street in the broiling sun. "He's drunk, I'd better lock him up," the sheriff said, sympathetically. "No, he ain't drunk," a woman interrupted, "I just seen his fingers move!"

* * * *

It takes two to make a marriage—a single girl and an anxious mother.

"Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?"

"Shocked? He was electrocuted!"

Finally from '41 to '48

Mae West was in the White House looking for the ladies' room. She walked up and down the corridor without any success. Finally she met a guard.

"Where is the ladies' room?"

"Just around the corner."

"I'm not looking for prosperity, I'm looking for relief!"—*John's*

* * * *

There was a young gal from Versailles

Who ate green apples and died.

Inside the lamented

The apples fermented

And made cider insides insides.

—*Southern Planter*

* * * *

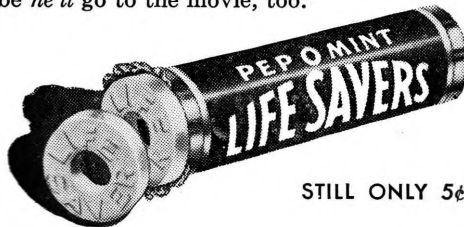
An infant was awakened from a peaceful slumber in a hospital. Look-

TIGHT SPOTS

AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



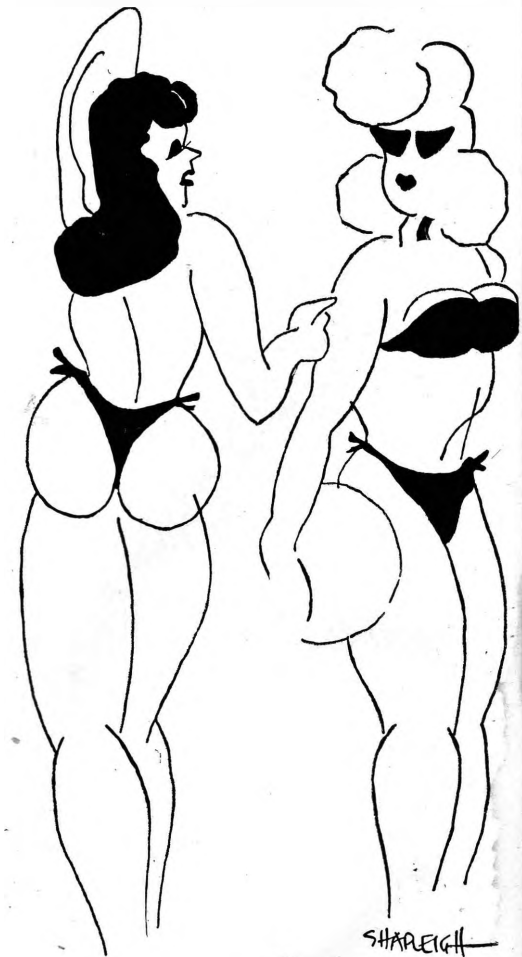
You're all agog! You meet your super dream boy when you're movie bound! And you start to feel guh-guh-guh! Don't do a fadeout! Don't resign from the human race! Just rush up and offer him yummy Life Savers. Maybe *he'll* go to the movie, too.



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.



SHARREIGH

Pardon me, dearie, but your bathing suit is showing.

The Management

of the

Chateau

Wishes

a

Merry
Christmas

to the students

of the

University

of

Maine

Don't forget

the

Saturday

night

Dance Party

with

Jim Sprague

and

The Maine Bears

ing down at his raiment he yelled
over to the occupant of the next
crib:

"Did you spill water on my dia-
pers?"

"Naw," was the answer.

The first speaker looked puzzled
for a moment and then said, "Hmm,
must have been an inside job."

* * * *

There once was a girl named Mabel.
Who was ready, willing, and able.

Although she was nice

She named her own price

And now she's all wrapped up in
sable.

* * * *

Waitress (looking at nickel tip
left by guest): "What are you try-
ing to do, big boy, seduce me?"

* * * *

With all these poems about the
rabbit

And all about the rabbit's habit,

What would we do

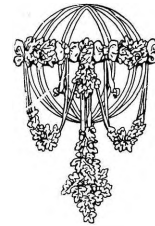
For rabbit stew

If rabbits didn't habit?



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-



so that no matter when, no matter where you may be, friends will always know your choice in solid silver. This is just one of many services we have for your convenience, one of many reasons people prefer to come to us.

Donald Pratt Co.

Diamond Merchants
and Jewelers

18 Hammond Street
Bangor, Maine

(continued from page 21)

ity at Maine is not as yet known, but rumor has it that a few of the Sophomore Owls spied some cute Freshman girls, and convinced them that French bathing suits were the badge of Freshman girls, much the same as Freshman caps are the badge of Freshman boys. Or the reason may have been that some of the coeds wanted to take as much advantage as possible of the last of the summer sun's rays when they first arrived here last fall, and the best answer to their problem of getting all the sunshine they wanted lay, naturally, in the French bathing suit. At any rate, the style is now well established, to the approval of all. Rumors are circulating at present that a cult of sun-worshippers is forming among the coeds. If this is so, let us take this opportunity to promise the support of the entire male population of the campus in the accomplishment of your aims, girls. If the trend keeps up, French may possibly prove to be the most popular course offered at the University, providing the girls dress in keeping with the subject. Photography will no doubt flourish under the influence of the style, and cheering sections may even be organized to applaud when the coeds seek their annual sun-tans next spring. And so it is that we here at Maine, in keeping with our popular good neighbor policy, welcome to our shores and campus the French bathing suit, and hope it's here to stay. *Vive la France!*

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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.

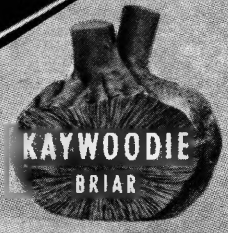
KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN-

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Our organization of pipe-makers was just 15 years old when this Indian attack took place in Wyoming in 1866. Our people travelled by stage coach across the country in those days to see their customers. Making the best pipes has been a tradition with Kaywoodie pipe-makers for 97 years. Kaywoodies are unsurpassed for smoking quality, beauty of workmanship, and long service: "Drinkless" stem in shank has proved to be best of all pipe filters. Kaywoodies range in price from \$3.50 to \$25. Identify by Cloverleaf . 20-page booklet on request. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

"NINETY - FIVE"
KAYWOODIE, \$20. Its handsome band is solid, reinforcing the shank of pipe. Walnut-finish. Shape No. 12B.

"CENTENNIAL" KAYWOODIE, \$25. A pipe that is as rare as a perfect diamond. Natural finish reveals beauty of grain. Band is solid. Shape No. 17.



Sock 'em with a Load of Good Cheer



Give 'em by the Carton!

Give 'em to everyone who smokes—the family, the neighbors, your friends—everyone who's been good to you all year. Chesterfields are the best tip I can give you at Christmas time or any time. When you give Chesterfields you *sock 'em with a load of good cheer.*

Merry Christmas Everybody
Arthur Godfrey

ABC
Always Buy **CHESTERFIELD**