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The Pine Needle, December 1947

Pine Needle Publications

Ted Gridley

Frank O. Stevens

Oscar Davis

Monty Higgins

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Authors

Pine Needle Publications, Ted Gridley, Frank O. Stevens, Oscar Davis, Monty Higgins, D. S. Thomas, Rip Haskell, Clair Chamberlain, and Pat Woodward

PINE NEEDLE



A Merry Christmas

**FOR EVERY
SMOKER.**

CAMEL

CIGARETTES

A carton of Camels will bring a happy Yuletide smile to any cigarette smoker on your list. These cartons come all dressed up in a strikingly handsome Christmas design with a "gift card" right on top. Remember: More people are smoking Camels than ever before!



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



PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO

Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco — for pipes or roll-your-own cigarettes — is America's biggest-selling tobacco. Smokers know it as the National Joy Smoke because it's so rich tasting, so mild and easy on the tongue. You'll enjoy giving Prince Albert—in the colorful Christmas-wrapped one-pound tin.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed.

It has been called to my attention that there is a crying need for a humor magazine on this campus. Official sources are investigating this situation. You have been recommended to me as one who might be acquainted with the problem. What do you think the chances are of establishing a publication with a few laughs in it?

(Signed) Earl White

Pres. Men's Student Senate
You should live so long.—Ed.

Dear Ed.

I enjoyed your homecoming issue very much, but you caused me some pain. I spent three (3) days trying to find my self on the picture on the cover, but to no avail! I even wore out my slide-rule trying to find where I was.

Here with, please find enclosed a bill for thirteen dollars (\$13.00) so I can buy a new one (1).

Yours respectfully/

Alfred J. Drinkwater

To reader Drinkwater, Tau Beta Pi, A.S.M.E., our orchid of the week for proving that tech students are really broadening themselves.—Ed.

Dear Ed.

It is with extreme displeasure that we remind you once more that your checking account has been overdrawn by the sum of 53c. Restitution must be made immediately.

Merrill Trust Co.

Orono, Maine.

How in hell did that get in here.—Ed.

Senores:

Por que en Hell no escriben ustedes en espanol?

Pablo Gonzales

Madrid, Spain

We get 'em from all over.—Ed.

Dear Ed.

I am a co-ed, class of '48. I am five-five, weigh 110 pounds, and a perfect "thirty-six." My hair is brown, eyes also, and I have the cutest dimples on—if you'll pardon the expression—my knees. All the boys I go out with say I bring out the fiend in them. How do you pick your Campus Glamour, anyway?

Verna Curtis,
Beta House

Now how did I overlook you?—Ed.

Ed.

... after reading your magazine I don't know why I dropped!!

Mumbles

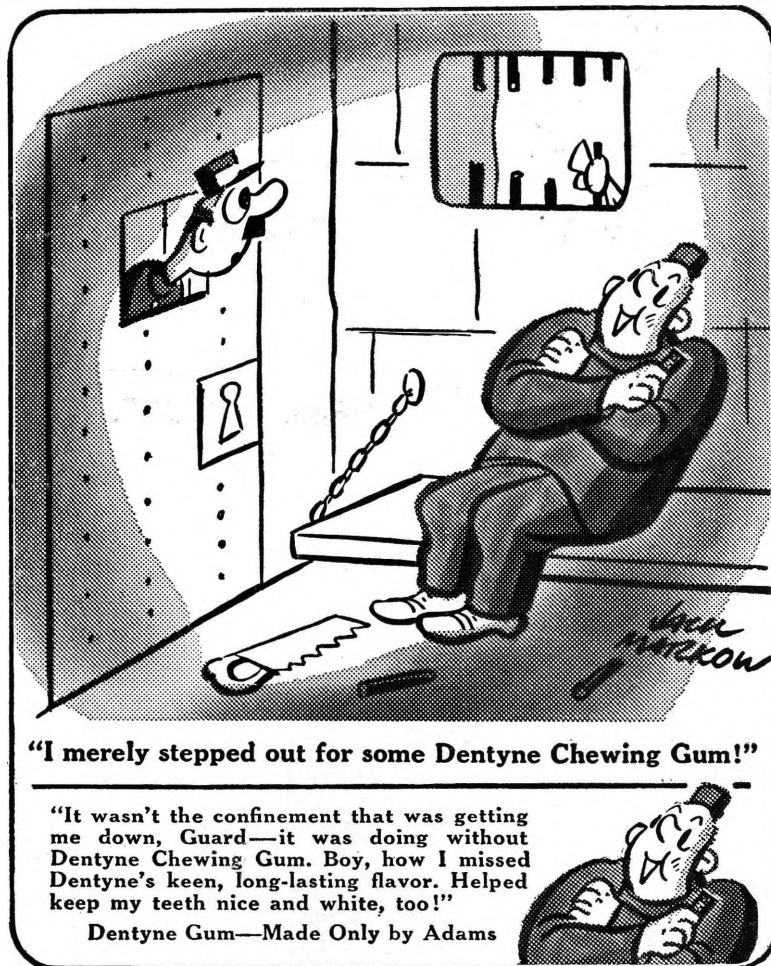
What did he say?—Ed.

To the Editor
Pine Needle
Univ. of Maine
Sir:

This is to inform you that there will be adequate space for your publishing offices in the new Mayor Merchant Memorial Building to be erected where the New Library now stands. In spite of some criticism we have received, it is felt that the site of the New Library would be the only logical location for such a tremendous building as the Merchant Memorial.

The Merchant Memorial Building is to be 24 stories high. An additional story is to be added each year His Honor lives thereafter. Full details of the new structure will be released after the \$12,000,000 bond issue has been fully subscribed and the New Library has been sold for scrap.

The special Gifts Committee re-





MAKE
EVERYONE
HAPPY
on
CHRISTMAS
DAY

SELECT YOUR
GIFTS

From the thousands
on display in our
69 DEPARTMENTS
6 HUGE FLOORS

Clothing - Sport
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ONLY 10 MORE SHOPPING DAYS!

FREESE'S IN BANGOR

“MAINE'S GREAT STORE”

Cocktails

PARAMOUNT

Chinese Specials

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Our

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Steaks

PARAMOUNT

22-24 Post Office Square
Bangor, Maine

ports as of this date, that it has received several gifts totaling 83c, thus showing the keen interest of the student body for such a worthwhile project as the Mayor Merchant Memorial.

(Signed) James H. Firmin, Director
Memorial Buildings
Office of the Mayor
Univ. of Maine

Dear Ed.

. . . this is to inform you that I am bringing libel charges against your magazine for calling me a stinker in your last issue. I am also bringing charges of slander against the alleged writer of the alleged operetta in which I was called a "foul and filthy gremlin."

Yours in Civil Suit,
Damp Petrol
Well, not "filthy."—Ed.

Dear Ed.

Why don't you forget the whole thing and move over. The Prologue is coming.

Jane Hanson
Prologue Rep., U. of M.
We have not yet begun to fight.
—Ed.

Dear Ed.

This foolishness has gone far enough.

Don Gross
Make-up Ed., Pine Needle
O. K., Don.—Ed.

He knocked at the door my room.
"May I come in? It's the room I had when I went to college in '09," he said.

I invited him in.

"Yes, sir," he said lost in reverie. "Same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl, terrified.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story."

—Kitty Kat

The Management
of your

Chateau

Sends

SEASON'S
GREETINGS

to the students

of the

University

of

Maine

Don't forget

the

Saturday

night

Dance Party

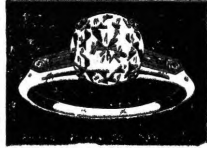
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Jim Sprague

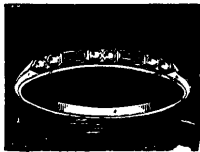
and

The Maine Bears

The
Engagement
Ring



and
Wedding
Ring



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

**DONALD
PRATT
CO.**

*Diamond Merchants
and Jewelers*

18 Hammond Street
Bangor, Maine

A Jab of the Needle

The first issue of The Pine Needle brought forth wide and divergent comment.

A fraternity brother of the editor said he couldn't read any of it. But he tried.

A pledge to the same fraternity said he couldn't lay it down.

Perhaps they were prejudiced.

Several people insisted that the stories were lewd, smutty and immoral.

Others said they weren't; but ought to be.

Standards varied.

Some few brave souls admitted that they hadn't seen the mag. Nor did they care to.

Others stormed the office to subscribe to the remaining issues.

While others wanted to know where the hell their copies were. They had already subscribed.

Through all this hub-bub and confusion the editor remained calm and aloof.

At night his attendants took him out for walks. His padded cell was so stuffy.

At other times, he amused himself by clipping jokes from other college magazines.

He reapproached normalcy.

Eventually he called for his hypodermic needle. It was time to get started on the next issue.

In case you haven't noticed that's Frank—the campus police force—who has apprehended S. C. on the roof.



Letters to the editor is a new feature. Your correspondence will be appreciated. If we don't print it, we have a large wastebasket. If we do, you will receive a large carton of rejected copy. Bob Winship does a fine job of editing this mess.

Also, don't forget that Life Savers Corp. hands out a carton of their delicious product to the student who submits the best joke for the next issue.

Merry Christmas from the staff.
R. W. H.

A bachelor met a girl at a party and fell madly in love with her at first sight. "You're the girl of my dreams," he kept telling her during the party and on the way home. When they got to her apartment, he took the key and opened the door. And there in the middle of the living room floor was a dead horse. The man stared, horrified.

"Well, for goodness sake," said the girl, "I didn't say I was neat, did I?"

—Aggievator

Epitaph on old maid's tomb: "Who says you can't take it with you."

—Urchin



PINE NEEDLE

Christmas — 1947

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THE HOUSE . .

By
Ted Gridley

Russell, Easton and Barrows had the most dignified, reliable name in advertising. Partnership in the firm was no mean accomplishment.

"Where to?" said the driver.

"The House," Russell answered.

The House. He made a brief comparison. It was all too senseless to visit The House again. Who would call a hovel The House? he thought. The House was a dim memory. Imagine the look on Easton's face if he ever saw this place! Or Mrs. Barrows riding in the back seat of this "taxi" with a spare tire to rest her feet on. Russell snickered to himself. Yes, his Short Hills home on the upper side of Wyoming Avenue was somewhat different, wasn't it? The grubs had eaten the new lawn by the south vista, and Mrs. Faulkner's school had failed miserably with the children, but it was hardly comparable to life in Truro. Witch grass lawns, and the stench of seaweed at low tide.

"Don't live around here, do you?" said the driver.

"Hardly," Russell replied.

Hardly. It would be wasted breath to acquaint this taxi driver-lobster fisherman with 58 West 60th Street; with walnut tables, venetian blinds, and executive meetings. Evidently a double-breasted English tweed had made its impression. New York was in another hemisphere for these people, anyway.

"Been here before?" said the driver.

"Yes," Russell answered. It had been quite some time ago—42

years, to be exact. Living a ridiculous life in this ridiculous place. School taught by a woman who never went beyond sixth grade herself. Dungarees, lobster traps, and the cluttered general store window.

"Here y'are. The House," the driver announced.

Russell climbed out and with a curt "Wait for me, my man," he turned to face The House.

It was no worse and no better than he had expected. It still crouched on the rocks with the spruce grove behind it. It still had sand around it to hold the eel grass. The gray, salt-spattered shingles, the gray roof, the rocks. It was all familiar, all the same, all so different. Had anyone seen him standing there in the late afternoon shadows they would have stopped, looked, looked again, and wondered what he was doing there. He was a man of the world out of the world. He stood and looked. A sea breeze kicked his thoughts away. He shrugged,



"Well, yes, son, I suppose you might call him a proletarian Santa Claus."

tightened his ascot, and walked over the smooth rocks to The House.

Gossamer clouds enveloped him once more. The hurricane had caught The House and shaken it severely. The wind had tested its beams, found two shutters unfit for survival, lashed the roof, and toppled the chimney. The day after, as The House rested wearily, they had repaired it. Since then it had settled and one side tilted towards the sea.

"Excuse me, but are you looking for someone?" The voice belonged to an elderly woman, obviously a native. She was wrapped in a leather jacket, her hands stuffed in her pockets.

Russell turned.

"No, no," he said. "Just walking."

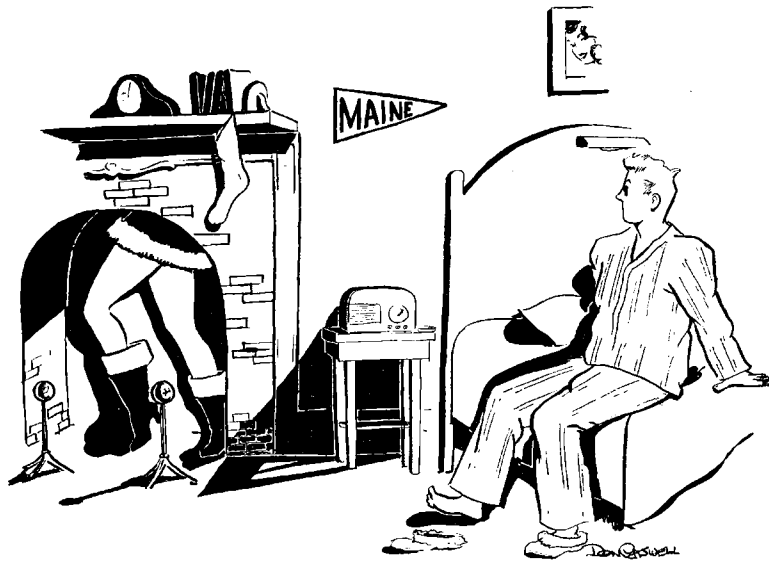
"Pretty dull walking," she said. "Used to be nice here."

"That so?"

"Yes, before the owners died and their only son ran away. Left when he was only ten. He hated this life and blamed his folks. Wanted the city. People say he's a big man now, rich and successful." She changed abruptly. "High wind blowing. Storm."

Storm. He remembered the wind that throttled The House so long ago. He had tried to save the rowboat. Evelyn Mason and Tommy Thompson were there. Odd how names would recur like that. Forgotten them for years, and now the wind and sombre clouds put them on his tongue again. The storm struck so quickly they had been unable to save the boat. The three had just stood there, leaning on the wind, and watched it smash out its helpless life on the rocks.

Afterwards Tommy had salvaged a catboat and bought it from its owner. That was when the lobsters crawled thicker than pots could be made. It was when people made a lot of money for a while. It was when hushed winter nights were spent inside The



House preparing lessons for Miss Boyle. It was before Russell knew Miss Boyle had only gone through sixth grade. It was before he lost respect for her, for his folks. It was when the alder fire crackled, smoke curled into the winter sky, and the days were changeless.

"Good by," said the woman. She walked away and disappeared behind the hump-backed rocks as quickly as she had come—and as quietly. Queer people anyway, Russell thought. Never were very sociable. Live their own secluded lives hoping the next season will be better. It seldom is, but they keep digging quahaugs and hauling pots. Digging, and hauling, and dying.

Russell glanced down where the rowboat used to be anchored. There was a man bent over some old traps making repairs. He hadn't been there a few minutes ago, but there he was in a thick, grey sweater trying to make his pudgy hands straighten the lines. He worked silently, oblivious to anything around him. Russell went down the mossy rocks, watched him for a few moments, and then spoke.

"Hello, there," Russell said.

"Hello, son," said the old man.

"Those your traps?"

"Yes, they're mine."

Russell knew better. The traps had been left there years ago when The House had fallen into disuse. Now another fisherman had taken them—too late—and tried to press the relics into service again.

"You live around here?" Russell asked.

"Lived here all my life."

"Have any help?"

"Used to. Work alone now."

"But you're past that age," protested Russell. "This is a younger man's work."

"So it is, my boy, but the younger man seeks fortune elsewhere."

"Don't you have a family?" Russell asked.

"Used to. Just my wife now."

"Your wife?"

"That's right, lad. You were just talking to her up on the bluff by The House."

Russell stepped back. He looked up at The House where the woman in the leather jacket had spoken to him. The spruce trees, the crippled House, the missing shutters. All was in disordered order. All was quiet.

"Good by, my boy," the old man said.

"Good by."

The man moved off and disappeared behind the rocks.

Russell glanced at the rocks, then at the traps. They looked the

same as before—the splintered staves, seaweed, a tangle of line dangling from them. The old man had accomplished nothing, and he had left the traps as they were—useless, beckoning the wash of another high tide.

"Hello," said a voice. It came from a little girl sitting in some damp sand between two rocks. She wore dungarees and had natural brown curly hair that hung down over a dirty yellow jerkin.

"Hello, little girl," Russell answered. "I didn't see you."

"I've been here all day," she said.

"What do you do?"

"I go to school. This is vacation."

"What do you do during vacation?" said Russell, making conversation.

"I used to play in a boat—a rowboat—but the storm smashed it."

"When was that?"

"You don't come from around here, do you? It was just yesterday."

And in the same breath the little girl offered "I have a boy-friend, too."

"You do?" said Russell.

"Yes, but he doesn't like it here. And I know a secret."

"What is it?"

"It's a secret. I can't tell."

"You can tell me," said Russell, bending down to listen. "I'm old enough to keep a secret."

"He's going to run away," said the girl.

Russell shuddered. The wind seemed to have caught every limb and frozen it at once. He turned up his collar, turned to look at The House, the traps, the girl. She was gone. The woman by The House, the old man with the traps, and the girl in the sand. It was too fantastic, Russell thought. What were these people doing by this desolate spot late in the afternoon? There was nothing here. Why did they appear, talk, and leave so suddenly?

(Continued on Page 26)

S L E E P . . .

by SIMONTON

Next to eating, sleeping is probably the most important function the body has to perform. To the scientist, this practice is known as *getting-in-sack-time*. Sleeping has many curative effects such as resting tired muscles and jangled nerves. (It also makes one forget his Physics assignment.) Sleeping is pleasant as well as necessary; in fact, it is estimated that people have more fun in bed than anywhere else. (Eating is also fun unless one eats at the Field House.)

The first symptoms of sleepiness is inability to inhale enough oxygen to satisfy the system. This produces a wide opening of the oral cavity known as *yawnus halitosis*. Dr. Joseph Q. Schmidtlab performed several experiments intended to prove the angle of the yawn to be inversely proportional to the oxygen content of the air. (Dr. Schmidtlab was subject to epileptic fits.)

The second symptom is the drooping eye-lid. Professor Lunkenheim of the University of Hautenschlabbe, Germany, in his paper entitled *Geshlepen Mitoudt Znoren* describes a man from Baden-Baden whose right eye-lid droops before the left. (It is suspected that this man had no right eye.)

The third symptom is the nodding head. Dr. Schmidtlab claimed that this function occurred at the same time as the drooping eye-lid. This contention was later disproven by Dr. Edward Erp of the Erp Foundation. To do this, Dr. Erp fell asleep in a chair in a darkened room. Observers agreed that the eye-lid drooped several seconds before the nodding of the head. (While performing the experiment in Buffalo, Dr. Erp fell from his chair and received a severe brain

concussion when his head struck the floor.) Dr. Schmidtlab attempted a series of head-nod and eyelid-droop tests similar to the yawn experiment described above. He was later black-balled from the Association of German Scientists. He attempted to continue his experiments on Russia but was sent to Siberia. (Siberia is noted for its salt mines and Siberian ground squirrels. The extreme cold forces these animals to hibernate twelve months of the year, and they are consequently seldom seen by man.)

Dr. Lucius Lunkenheim, (no relation to the professor) specializes in the study of unrelaxed sleep. From a study of one hundred seventy-three college students, he found that one hundred seventy-two of them slept during lectures. (One of the students suffered a nervous breakdown and was forced to leave the group.) They were asked their impressions while dozing in class. The impression most frequently expressed was that the lecturer should have stayed home. From this research, Dr. Lunkenheim derived his Theory of Fits and Jerks, which explains the convulsive behaviour of a person sleeping in a sitting position. Summing up his findings in this field, he said, "Gaschleppen der sackenhauser ist verschnitzel und midt lebensraum verschtunkelheimet." (The doctor was taken away before anyone was able to find out the meaning of this sentence.)

In considering relaxed sleep, we must keep in mind that most civilized peoples lie abed while sleeping. Most modern beds are provided with springs so that everyone in the house may know when *sacking down* takes place. (Guest

rooms are usually supplied with the addition of small black objects known as *bed bugs*.)

When the prospective sleeper first gets into bed, he will find himself in one of three states. In the first of these, he is fortunate enough to fall asleep, and will probably remain in that state until three o'clock in the morning when a cat fight usually develops under the window. (These cats are sometimes furry feline quadrupeds.) The fight may be broken up with a dish of hot water. (This is not used to soak the feet unless epsom salts are added.)

The second state finds the sleeper with eyes wide open staring at the ceiling. The hands are often engaged in a convulsive plucking at the sheets which are usually soggy to the touch. This state lasts about as long as the first.

The third state is So. Carolina, but is left out of many treatises on this subject since it is considered by many to be a pun. (Frankly, I never could see much sense to it.)

In the consideration of dreams, we have first the nightmare. There are many forms of nightmare, of which we will consider only two. The first is the transition type, in which, for example, a large Kodak camera comes rolling out of the woods. It is on elliptical wheels which give it a peculiar rolling motion. To make it more terrible, it is uttering guttural Tibetan curse words and chewing garlic. As it is almost upon the victim, it turns to a ferocious red-eyed field-mouse wearing Army brogans and brandishing a flaming licorice stick. (Dreams of this type are usually caused by mince pie and beer, a bad combination before retiring.)

Oh Lovely Maiden

— Sejones



H WHAT is so pretty as a pretty . . . oh so pretty . . . pretty-girl . . . and where does one find this rarest of earth's creation creatures . . . find them one can neath mink-fur and otter-fur and false-fur . . . hovering about where the money clinkest with the most continual sound . . . wait do they beside each tavern and bar of bright light and false gaiety . . . the neon glaring enticement . . . growing to play . . . to love . . . to live . . . capturing the pulsating hearts of the innocent male . . . stealing them from the warm youth-bodies . . . flaunting these trophies like the scalps which the red-red savage knifed of old . . . cataloging them in viscious woman-mind . . . tabulating them for future mercenary pursuits . . .

And what do these misguided freud-complexed feminine genders speak of . . . cackle and talk-tear their species apart . . . hanging out their neighbor's reputation as they hang out the wet-wash . . . days of their lives spend themselves in bigotry perjury . . . and what does she think in her waspish small-speck man-quested mind . . . of paste beauty and the feline claw over Man . . . of drink alcoholic and food excessive and scandal and naughty talk repressive . . . o parasitic woman . . . draining the man-money . . . the father and husband-money . . . to satisfy the jaded faded desire for recognition . . . the sheer falsity of she assuming the flamboyant color clan plumage of cotton and wool and silk raiment glaring . . . grimacing neath the weight of powder and paint and lacquer polish . . . applied by

chicle-chewing facial mechanics squirming neath the icyness of the rare-river ooze . . . suffocating neath the hooded monster that swirls waves of electrified heat beating against her platinumed pate . . . all for the self-satisfaction . . . she craves affection like the animus domesticus . . . demands attention . . . clings to romance . . . is nurtured in tenderness . . . like a fire . . . first quietly warm and untempestuous . . . then fierce flaming destructiveness . . . a perfidy . . . o ignorance . . . a lies-deceit . . . paradoxical sweetness . . . tantalizing woman . . .

Would we that you were not that which you would want to be . . . had you that which would make you such as this . . . would we rather that you had remained a rib . . . a dried old ribby rib . . .

Another type is the change of scene nightmare in which the victim is suddenly transported from a gay masquerade to a coraline cave surrounded by Japanese soldiers. (Japanese are noted for their hairy legs and poor diction.)

Some dreams are pleasant on the surface. For example, there is the dream in which a man's mother-in-law dies leaving great wealth in button hooks and corset stays. Unfortunately, he awakens only to find his spouse's mother very much alive. (This, of course is actually a nightmare.) Dr. Erp has found that nightmares are the result of ipsochmic constriction of the fobulic tutialaries. (He is not altogether sure what this means, either.)

It is probably correct to mention here the phenomenon known as somnambulism. Dr. Iban Kutcherlegoff reports a high mortality rate among sleep-walkers living in tall

buildings. These findings did not help the doctor very much. He died of Cyanide poisoning. (Cyanide is a chemical complex whose compounds have a very unpleasant taste when taken in large doses.)

Professor Johannes Pfeuffengleib conducted experiments with subjects strapped securely in form-fitting cement beds of the supposition that this would allow a greater degree of relaxation. (The doctor is now testing one of these beds on the bottom of the East River.)

Dr. Marie dePinci tells of a little girl from Versailles who suffered from acute attacks of juxtaposition in which she awoke to find her feet where her head had been. As she grows older, Dr. dePinci reports that she often awakes in an entirely different bed. (The author plans to go to France to make an extensive study of this case.)

It is the custom in some parts of the United States to tie a towel

about the waists of small children with a knot in the middle of the back. Some people believe that this makes wash days easier. Scientists do not recognize this theory. (On the other hand, they don't wash clothes either.)

There are many positions taken by a sleeper. For the student who is interested in studying these positions, I recommend Kickenpoofer's paper entitled *Position in die bedden Mitoudt Schleppen*. (Unfortunately, most of it was censored by the authorities.)

It is estimated that sleeping is one of America's favorite indoor sports.

Beta—What a crowd. Something happen?

Sigma Chi—Man hit by a train.

Beta—Was he hurt bad?

Sigma Chi—Can't tell. Only found one leg so far.

—Columns



Mainly About Music

by Stephens
and Davis

As this is a musical column we feel that we have to devote some of it to the musical organizations on the campus other than the dance orchestras. We would like to take our hats off to the fine start the varsity band has this year. They have played good music at the football games and rallies under the direction of the student director, Evan Johnson. Mr. Shaw is in charge of the band this year and as we can see from here, the band ought to have a very good season.

Our one hope is that the alumni got a good look at the band homecoming weekend and went away with the realization that a University Band needs uniforms to set it off and have the necessary spirit. Our band is a good one and there is no good reason why the whole band shouldn't be in snappy uniforms. If we are going to have a varsity band with mixed personnel that's all the more reason why they should look good.

In former years the band has been strictly male and part of their duty was the R. O. T. C. parades and such. Therefore, they could wear the R. O. T. C. uniforms. Now we have two bands, one for the R. O. T. C. and the varsity band. It stands to reason that the girls can't get into the R. O. T. C. uniforms, so the band looks disorganized at college functions. The writers of this column don't know where pressure should be placed, but we do hope that this little eye-opener is seen by those "powers that be."

* * * *

The Maine Bears had the honor of playing and broadcasting for the formal opening of Station WGUY, the new American Broadcasting Company's affiliate in Bangor, the 23rd of November. The boys played two half-hour spots, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening. The new station is owned by the Gannett Publishing Company, which also owns and operates WGAN-CBS in Portland. WGUY is both AM and FM and will be one of the most powerful FM stations in upper New England.

A recent change in the Maine Bears lineup was made a few weeks ago when Leo Thayer replaced Ed Stoddard on second tenor sax. Leo is a fine musician and hails from Bangor. He used to play with Nat Diamond's band and has had a lot of experience in the lead tenor chair.

The Bears' arrangement of the month is "Imagination" by Bob Lindemann, pianist with the band. Here is an oldly all dressed up by Bob and it's really fine!

* * * *

The campus is fortunate to have a dance band that had the Brunswick Annex jumping this last year. We speak of Ken Allen and the Maine Pandas, formerly the Cubs at the Annex. It seems that there are too many small outfits here on

campus known as Cubs or Bruins. Ken changed the name so the students wouldn't get mixed up. The band is small—just what we need for club dances and house party dates. The boys play good music and are playing regularly around campus now.

* * * *

Record News: SAM DONAHUE—"Red Wing" and "The Whistler." "Red Wing" is an obvious emulation of Miller's "American Patrol," but a very welcome one since it gives the Donahue crew a chance to take off and Sam, himself, an all-too-rare chance to play the sort of tenor that made him famous when he was with Gene Krupa seven years ago.

There are also some trombone bits on this record that certainly make for added listening pleasure. The reverse side is a novelty that starts out with the infamous whistle used on the radio and screen series. The number of this record is Capitol 472.

Harry James has come out with a winner on Columbia 37929. On one side "I Still Get Jealous" and "Sentimental Souvenirs" on the reverse. "Jealous" starts out with another bit of first chorus horn with emphasis on music rather than wailing, while the band moves more than customary. "Souvenirs" is nothing to rave about, but it is good danceable music.



Campus Glamour

Let's have no rush for Colvin Hall, fellows, but if you're interested that's homebase for our glamour girl of the month. Luscious Marge Waterman was snapped in

this captivating pose in the midst of house parties, and it looked so good we just had to share it. Nice, what?

—Photo by Newhall

S. S. Fission Frazer

Susan Darling:

As I write this we are off New Mexico just inside the demarcation sphere marking the beginning of high space. I am dashing this off to send back by the pilot when we drop him at the pilot station in the ionos-or-something-sphere, and since the pilot station is only a thousand or so miles from here, I must hurry. I could have written when we were still tied up in White Sands, but the pilot was cussing that if we didn't leave on this tide we'd have to wait another month. Of course he didn't mean a high water tide, but when the moon—the moon is the force which causes sea tides as I tried to explain to you—anyway, when the moon is on our meridian thus giving us the benefit of the greatest pull. Which reminds me, we are on an experimental voyage to the moon.

I didn't mean to sign on for such a long trip. When I went to Boston last Tuesday to see old Cap'n Haynes at the union office, I told him I wanted only a short trick to get the extra month of sea time I needed for my chief mate's ticket and to renew my license for another five years. But—Cap'n Haynes told me shipping was slow and to come back tomorrow.

So I spent the rest of Tuesday shaking dice for Jamaica Coolers in the Whaleboat Tavern. By and by this character with glittery green eyes sidles up and asks am I a sea officer. I gave him a hard look, rattled the dice in the cup, and clattered a seven onto the walnut bar before shifting my Down-East nasal twang into low and drawling. "I be." "Well, well, well," green eyes says, rubbing his hands together. "I have always been interested in navigation—strictly from an amateur standpoint, just a hobby, you know."

Then he asked me a lot of technical questions, and I quoted from Bowditch's American Practical Navigator almost word for word since I had but lately been boning up for that chief mate's exam. Well, I hate to mention it, but I must admit he whispered he had a spot of real Old New England Rum on his ship. And—so as not to insult the management of the Whaleboat—I followed him into the alley and quaffed a slug.

That was Tuesday. This evening, Thursday, a chubby guy, smoking a cigar and wearing a ruffled white suit and a tie painted with brilliant tropical fish, roused me out and told me he was the port delegate from the Spacefarers Interplanetary Union. He asked for ten bucks as down payment on my initiation fee. When I in turn asked where the hell was I and what the hell was going on, he told me I had scrawled my name on the ship's articles last night as assistant navigator and that we were aboard the *Space Ship Fission Frazer* of the Frazer Space Lines. He told me they didn't expect much navigating from me, but the government franchise specified there must be a licensed officer aboard. "Really no point to it," he said. "For instance, what kind of license you got?" "Second Mate, New York License,

by Monty Higgins

Steam, Unlimited." He chewed his cigar to the other side of his face. "Well, you see? Steam, Unlimited. Why, this here's a rocket and double-reduction-g geared, turbo-jet ship." He asked if my license were in my suitcase, which they had brought from my hotel in Bean Town, and I told him to look under the socks. After reading my license, the delegate filled out a six months probationary membership card for me, collected my ten squibs, and blew ashore. I got up, dressed and brushed my teeth. Nice accommodations aboard this ship, there is a head, shower and washbowl in my room. After digging my floppy, old high pressure hat out of the suitcase, I wandered up to the bridge for a look around.

Above decks the confusion was worse than whenever that banana boat I shipped on four years ago left Honduras. The old man was trying to have all the Customs Guards and Western Union boys put ashore so we could leave, and the pilot, as I mentioned, was squawking about leaving on that tide. My boss, the chief navigator, turned out to be the green-eyed scab who shanghaied me in Boston. He had a floppier high pressure hat with a greener gold chin-strap than I. "Good evening!" he greeted, holding out his hand. "Sorry to have misled you so, but



your union never sends us men." He ordered me to stand-by on the engine-order telegraph while leaving port.

We rang up "Stand-by Engines" at 2020. At 2026, the second mate phoned "All clear aft," and we rang our first "Slow Ahead." We whipped out of White Sands at eight knots — and when these spacefarers say knots they don't mean nautical miles per hour, but space miles per minute! The space mile is the same, by the way, as the nautical mile, 6080.27 feet. For a departure fix, the chief navigator squinted through the pelorus of the stern televisior and took cross bearings on the Empire State Building, the Top of the Mark, Key West, and a cross check on a blast furnace in Pittsburgh which showed through the soot for an instant. The bearings made a neat cross on the space chart, so the navigator nodded to the captain who ordered "Full Ahead." Someone explained to me that even so the engines were not working as hard now as when we left because of our accumulative inertia and lessened resistance in space—but the engineers take care of all that, so let them worry about it.

The navigator said I could help him take a star fix if I wanted. But when I went below and fetched my Hughes & Son Sextant, Hull, U. K., which I bought second hand for twenty pounds from the chief mate of the *Cranston Victory* and which doesn't even have a micrometer tangent screw, I saw it would never keep me abeam of

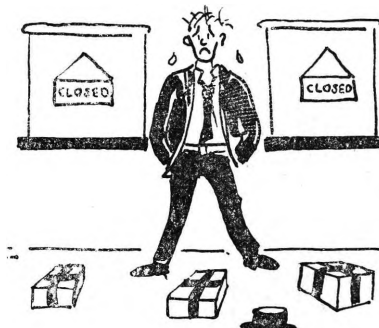
him with his special Radar-Loran, Double Bubble Star Night Sextant. So—I came back below to write you this letter.

It seems the caliph of this ark, Captain Frazer—he named the ship for his infant daughter, Fission—quietly figured out the hull design for this tub and the scheme for mooring the pilot station and refuel stations in space and was working on the power supply problem when the atom boys and the German V-2 lads gave him a boost. He's a bit jealous that he didn't figure it all out himself and drinks to forget. But then, I've never sailed with an old man who didn't live on booze, so I expect it. The government granted him permission to make the flight but didn't issue publicity for fear the public wasn't oriented enough yet to believe it, and I don't believe it—but here I am to prove it.

I must get this letter to the space pilot before he leaves. He will mail it when the pilot station space launch comes in for supplies.

Now, I don't know if the souvenir shops will be as good as in Honolulu, but I will try to pick up something for you and something for Jimmie. I allotted you all of my pay but twenty a month. You will receive semi-monthly payments. I thought you wouldn't mind the twenty since I have to get cigarettes, razor blades, tobacco, and—I expect—some long johns from the slop chest. As always,

Love,
Davy



The Pledge's Lament

I was rushed by many houses.
God, they sought me out like ferrets.

And how little did that hinder
Me from learning of my merits.

I was a wheel.
I could not conceal
My many skills and talents.
And I managed to show
To Delt and A. T. O.
My admirable poise and balance.

Now I felt when they entreated
Me to join the Kappa Sigmas
That I stood with Zeus and Juno
On the heights of Mount Olympus.

A legitimate Greek
Invited to seek
Fraternal joy inordinate.
But I could not foresee
That my rapturous glee
Was shortly scheduled to terminate.

Soon disaster fell upon me,
Something called initiation
Likened to infernal torture
It's a damned good imitation.

A mousty pledge,
Frayed nerves on edge,
I suffered pain and sorrow.
Incredible woe
Crumpled me low
Filling my soul with horror.

Though the memories of Hellweek
Have grown dimmer year by year,
Yet I know I can't forget it.
It's engraved upon my rear.

Yes, a massive great scar
Will forever mar
A fixture I strive to conceal.
But now I'm a brother
I'm like every other.
I'd give any pledge the same deal.

TO ALL MEN

Greetings!

—D. S. Thomas



Jan

The time of year has rolled around
When greetings, Christmas, all abound.
And so, we'd like to take this time
To send our wishes out in rhyme.
First of all, we'd like to send
A greeting to the soldier's friend;
To Jan Scales, Colonel, crowned by Prexy,
So sweet and neat, and oh—so—pleasant.
And greetings, too, for Marcous, Queen,
For Stebbins,—Margie, and Campbell,—Jean,
For Higgins,—Monty, Andrews,—Bonnie,
Brennen,—Bill, and Ballou,—Johnny.
Let Santa also kindly be
To Spiller,—Don, and Davis,—Lee,
To Folsom,—Bob, and Lambert,—Bryce,
To Barbie Day and Betty Price.
And may the Christmas stocking yield
Gifts for Lorraine Littlefield,
And gifts for all the football horde,
The Rabbit and Adams, Wing and Lord.
Presents for Gordon, flashy person,
For Phil Coulombe and Steve MacPherson.
Presents, too, from Santa's pack
For Murdock,—Phil, and Zollo,—Jack,
For Oddie,—Lou, and Emerson,—Bob,
For Hal, who handled the quarterback job.
And while we've got the Christmas spark,
Gifts for Marsanskis, Benson, and Clark,



Polly



Lydia



Arnold

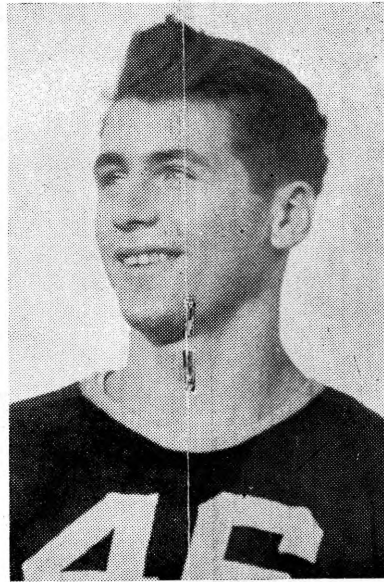


MEN

Greetings!

—D. S. Thomas

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 When greetings, Christmas, all abound.
 And so, we'd like to take this time
 To send our wishes out in rhyme.
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 And while we've got the Christmas spark,
 Gifts for Marsanskis, Benson, and Clark,



Rabbit



Gifts for Merchant, our favorite Mayor,
 Gifts for Shalek, and Chamberlain,—Clair,
 For Haskell, gifts, and Cudahey, Ray,
 Gifts for Welts, and Kennedy, Kay.
 As for wishes, let there be,
 Joy for Sawyer and Evans, D.
 Let zeal be undiminished in
 Dean Wilson's constant search for sin.
 And may all sinners, dorm confined,
 Pardons in their stockings find.
 For the men of normal mind,
 To whom the "New Look" is unkind,
 Let skirts throughout the next year be
 Just half an inch below the knee.
 Let John, the Goff, get one big cheer,
 Give Paul G. Ford sufficient beer.
 Let deadline problems never harry
 Campus Editor, Jenness,—Larry.
 As for presents, let's send a hankie
 To Colbath,—Arnold, Magnificent Yankee,
 Send one to Lydia for a wonderful job,
 And one to Withan, and Arnold,—Bob.
 Last of all, may Santa find,
 For being to us all so kind,
 A present for his royal self,
 A gift surpassing power and pelf,
 Hidden in his Christmas sleigh,
 As his own present, Jennie Day.



Lydia



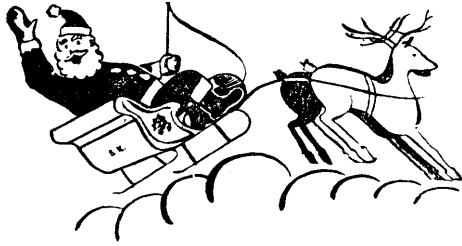
Larry



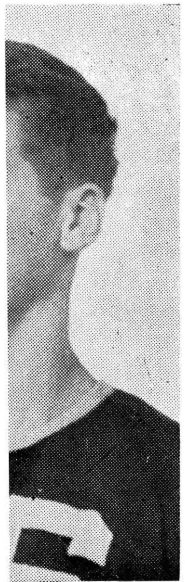
Arnold



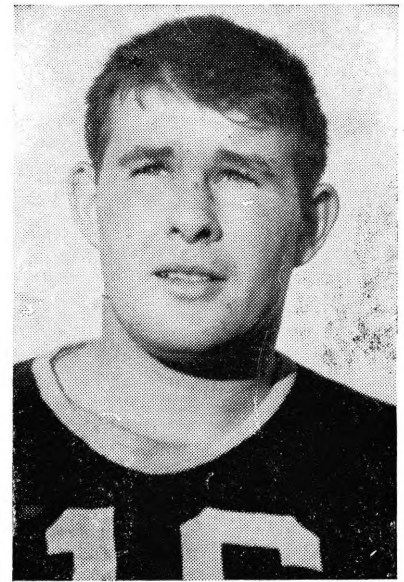
Don



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 A gift surpassing power and pelf,
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 As his own present, Jennie Day.



it



Jack



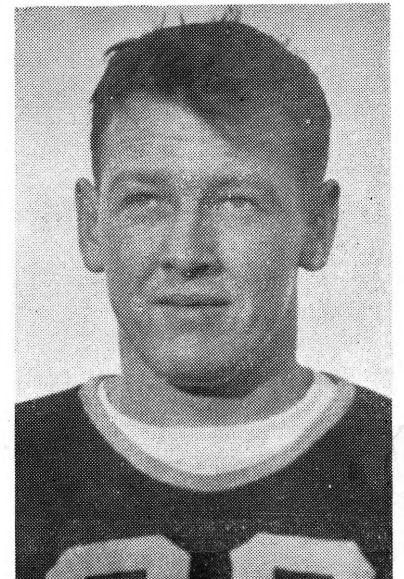
His Honor



Larry



Don



Hal

HOW TO MAKE LOVE IN FRONT OF A FIREPLACE

The procedure in making love before a fireplace is a variation on the old practice of making love before an open fire, which originated with Og of Oola in primitive days. The main difference is that you wrap a shack about you. It is generally recommended for not more than two people. Preferably, one should be a girl. The other can be a guy—or another guy.

The first step is to situate your fireplace in a cabin on the shores of Lake Winadobo. This beautiful body of water is accessible only by dog sled or autogyro. Here you have reasonable assurance of privacy.

Most reliable sources recommend the following props:

1. A bearskin rug.
2. A portable combo with a choice selection of records.
3. A two-gallon thermos filled with such ingredients as the ratio of resistance requires.
4. An invisible little gremlin to come in and replenish the fire from time to time.
5. A modicum of initiative.

This last should most certainly be included. Else you shouldn't be there anyway. Else you shouldn't even be reading this.

The next step consists of setting the atmosphere. If you're a guy, this consists of pouring numerous drinks and betting the girl she can't chug-a-lug them. If you're a girl, it consists of smiling invitingly.

If conversation is considered apropos, it is suggested that some

of the following openers will prove adequate:

"Don't you think conventions are silly?"

Or,

"God, you're lovely tonight! So beautiful and desirable!"

(This is best spoken by the male, and should always be uttered in a guttural tone, as if the tongue has swollen to the roof of the mouth.)

Or better still,

"Want another drink?"

To which the most appropriate reply is generally,

"I shouldn't but damnit, I'm going to live tonight. Leave out the ice cubes."

Thus the stage is set.

So we pull down the curtain. If you can't go on from there, write to your parents. They should have instructed you.

(This is the first in a series of articles on how to make love under varying ideal conditions. It is offered in answer to the wide demand for escapist literature.)

Doctor: "You must avoid all forms of excitement."

Freshman: "Can I look at them on the street?"

—*Mis-A-Sip*

"I'm a dairy maid in a candy factory."

"What do you do?"

"I milk chocolates."

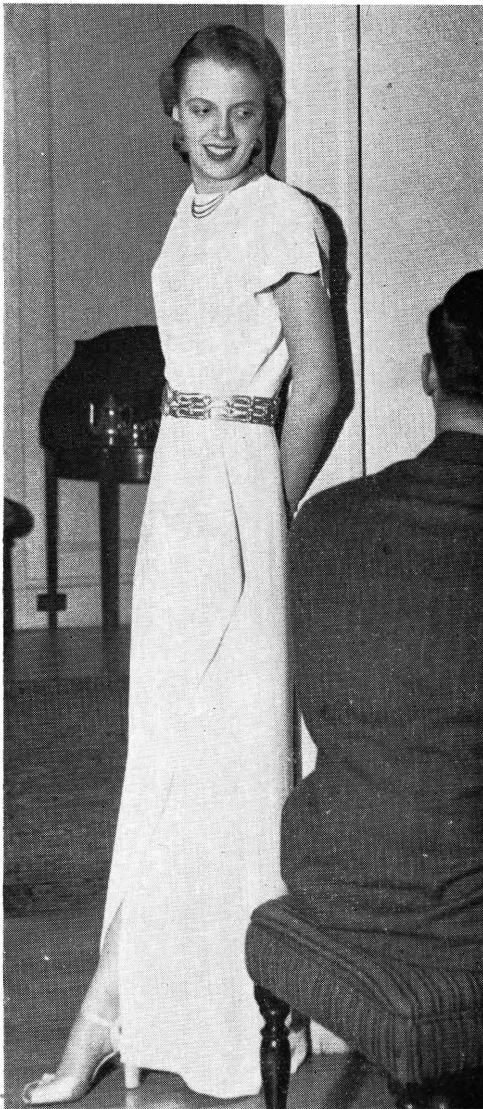
—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket*



FASHIONS

by

*Andrews
MacDonald
Marcous*



Jean Campbell puts her best foot forward in a Greek-goddess-like gown. It is striking white with cap sleeves and narrow drape skirt. Her date seems to approve. Her necklace and belt are gold.



Barbie Whalen and Pokey Watson are all ready for the gala formal of the coming Christmas season. Barbie is wearing a blue net gown with black lace ruffles on the bodice, waist, and skirt-top.



A flounce and large at-the-shoulder bow helps to make Pokey's blue organdie an eye-catching number.

Happy holidays, girls!

At the telephone Marguerite Sullivan appears in a black strapless. Note the caught-up skirt with the pink showing. The skirt is full with tight bodice and wide fold around the shoulders. Sully completes her ensemble with pink mitts.

Eva Stinson models a formal of yellow net. Her tight bodice is dotted with tiny silver sequins, lending brightness and charm to the over-all effect.

By the way, who's calling?

From

Friar Maladjusted's Diary

by

Rip Haskell

The just Lord shall surely stay me if this which I now recount is not true, and of my own experience.

In the second season of winter, while still I traversed the land of Mayne, I was driven with fear and trembling to take refuge from the highway, and to throw myself upon the mercy of strangers. For wolves did prowl the countryside, and threatened to shortly end the days of my service to God upon this earth.

The robes of my office did surely recommend me to all hospitality, fortunately; and I took up my abode in a great castle that stood hard by the way upon which I traveled.

Now this castle, which was called Alphadelt was of magnificent proportions, and richly ornamented and hung with all manner of trophies; and it was the envy of all the lords of the countryside, for it housed a nobler order of knighthood, renowned in the land. Well trained were they in the arts of battle, and frequently did amuse themselves with jousts and tournaments, and oft did they prevail over the nobles of other companies.

But now that a time of peace reigned, more often did they give themselves to the joys of the winepots, and the gaming tables; and though I must blush for their lost knighthood's sake, it must be recounted that they took pleasure in the company of loose women, and such sport, and were given to revelry and debauching.

Yet were they zealous after their own honor, and their squires wrought many noble deeds and performed many menial tasks that

they might win admittance to that fellowship. For the order of Alphadelt held great fame throughout the kingdom.

Anon, one day, the captain of this host did wait upon me and expressed a desire that I join his company that eventide. For he informed me:

"The solemn day of bestowal is upon us, and tonight the squires who have bound themselves to this order shall be tested, and their worthiness proven. And such as are of merit and endurance shall receive the order of knighthood."

"And I?" I enquired.

"It is well that a man of your holy calling be in attendance, for great is the ordeal, and hearts grow weary, and your comfort will aid many."

Methought this a strange thing, but I answered him: "I shall gladly lend my presence for what it may be worth, and may it betide that their hearts shall be strengthened."

So entered we into the great hall, where the great ceremony had commenced. And I was placed beside a fellow of curious countenance, whom I knew to be a surgeon by the lancet with which he was cleaning his fingernails.

Now did the proceedings intrigue one greatly, for the first initiates did grovel upon the floor, and call upon the company to witness their unworthiness, and damned themselves with invectives. Then they did crawl about

the hall from station to station, till their knees were bit raw and their blood stained the harsh flagstones. And though they suffered much, still did a serene obsession seem to hold them fast in their purpose, as if already they felt a nearness to their objective.

For many weary hours did this continue.

And finally they were brought into a great circle, and told that they had done nobly, and were ordered to prepare to receive their sword.

Then were they undressed, and clad in light raiment, and told to bow before the altar.

And the position they were forced to assume was strange to my eyes.

For they were made to bend forward at the waist, and grasp firmly each hand about the ankle.

And suddenly to my consternation, the assembled knights did snatch up cudgels and staffs, and set upon the initiates with such ferocity, that in a short time several expired upon the spot.

Forthwith, the surgeon and I were called upon to administer to those who had fallen, and the punishment continued.

And my oath is here taken that I did a greater business by far than the surgeon, for I did shrive the souls of many that night, and sped them to their master.

And finally did but two sturdy squires remain, and they alone were able to receive knighthood.

And one of them walked with a grievous limp.

And I thanked the Father that the Cross and not the sword had called me.

To Hell With the Slicks

By Kenny Zwicker

The Widow Appleton paced the kitchen floor, stopping frequently to peer anxiously out of the window. Her six children sat around the rickety old table, munching bread crusts. Poor little things, she thought, nothing to eat, and in a few hours they wouldn't even have a roof over their heads—unless a miracle happened. But the Bible states very explicitly that the day of miracles is past, regardless of what authors do. What could possibly happen, anyway, before the greedy Squire Bowswowski came to foreclose the mortgage? (I suppose you have never heard of a Squire named Bowswowski, but this setting is during the Red Scare of the early twenties.)

Tears were streaming profusely down Widow Appleton's tired face. (Bearing six children is

enough, in itself, to make anyone tired.) She brushed the tears away with a gnarled old hand, noticing, as she did so, that her fingernail polish was chipping off. Suddenly a loud knock came to the door. (—if you can figure out how in hell a knock can come to a door, or any other place.) The widow shuffled over to open the door, catching one of her mules in a loose splinter in the old, soft-wood floor. (The splinter must be loose, otherwise how could she get hung up in it?) She wrapped her housecoat tightly about her and opened the door.

The gentleman in charge of the Miracle Department would have to work fast, now, because there was

Squire Bowswowski standing in the doorway, with a cigar in his mouth, and a long, brown envelope in his hand. (This is just pure narration, because, actually, he would look extremely stupid with the cigar in his hand, and the envelope in his mouth.) The Squire snarled and showed a very uneven row of tobacco-stained teeth.

"Well, Widow Appleton, in just one hour and twenty-seven minutes you will no longer own this property. At that time, this house and everything that's in it belongs to me. This junk you have for furniture is not worth carting away, but it's mine, and I mean to have it! I'll be back in two hours, and I'll expect you to be gone!"

The widow began to cry again, and wrung her hands in anguish.

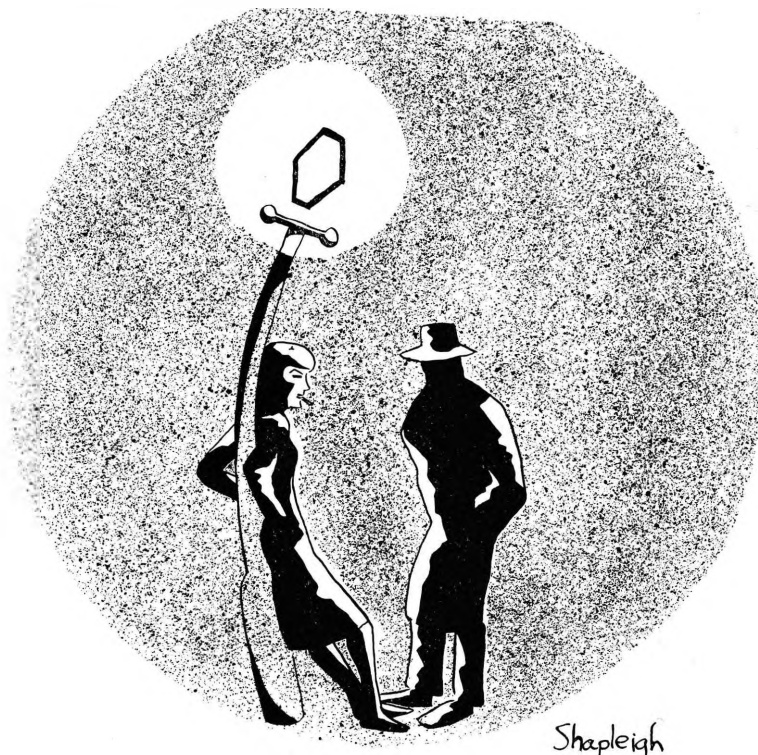
"But, Squire, where shall I go? I'll be out on the street, and with these six children . . . Can't you see it in your heart to allow me just thirty more days? I'll get the money somehow, I swear it! Please, Squire!"

"I've listened to that yarn too long, now. I've already given you sixty days, and I can't wait any longer. That's all there is to it!"

The widow stopped crying, raised her head, and thrust her firm chin out. Her voice was stronger and calmer as she spoke again.

"All right, Squire. I'm sorry I broke down. I'm afraid I forgot myself for a moment. I'll be out when you get back. There is one little favor, though, that I would like to ask of you. (That's right, there's a picture.) It's that picture of my great-grandfather that hangs

(Continued on Page 25)



Shapleigh

"Go to hell, big boy, I don't care if it is Christmas."

THE LAND OF CHRISTMAS

by Clair Chamberlain

The young woman walks by herself through the crowd that thickens into the late afternoon streets; feet are tired from hours of walking; eyes dazed by the warm green and red window displays, yet greedy for the warmth of a smile, answering flicker of eyes, the familiar lift of a shoulder; her hands clenched about a few brightly wrapped packages; her mind a tired buzz like the faint purring of a telephone left off the receiver, her blood tingling with vain hopes half realized. The young woman walks alone searching through the crowd with tired eyes, vainly seeking a last-minute gift for a certain someone, by herself, alone in the vast multitude.

The windows are full, yet empty. All day long, people have packed into subways, climbed into street-cars, pushed and shoved in the department stores, elbowed into overcrowded elevators. In the show window two sallow window dressers are bringing out a dummy girl in a red evening dress. The crowds push on. From the terminal comes the deep rumbling of a slow freight train getting under way. A Salvation Army lassie shivers in the cold nearby. A tug hoots far away.

The young woman walks by herself, far but not far enough (faces slide out of sight, talk mingles with scattered laughter, trucks rumble, footsteps scuffle on the concrete); she must catch the last subway, the street car, the bus, run up the escalators in all the last-minute rushes in all the department stores, price all the goods upon the counter, investigate for herself all the ads in all the papers. One ad is not enough, one store is not enough, one life is not



enough. At night, head swimming with wants, she walks by herself alone.

Not enough presents, too many relatives, not enough money, no time.

Only the ears busy to catch the sounds are not alone; the ears are caught tight, linked tight by the tendrils of phrased words, the sing-song tinsel of a faded story, the gruff fall of a sentence; linking tendrils of sound twine through the city blocks, spread over pavements, grow out along broad parked avenues, echoing with the passing hours, catching the last subway, the street car, the bus, trying to meet a schedule that can



STEIN SONG — GERTRUDE THAT IS . . .

There was a man. There was.
He came to Maine. To Maine he came.
To study life. He did!
Time went by. It flew.
He studied. His books he read?
His degree he got. As others did.
A job he took. Money for to make.
He married. Poor fool.
He bred. Three sons.
He died. Life left him.
There was a man.
So what? What so?
So what?

—Sejones

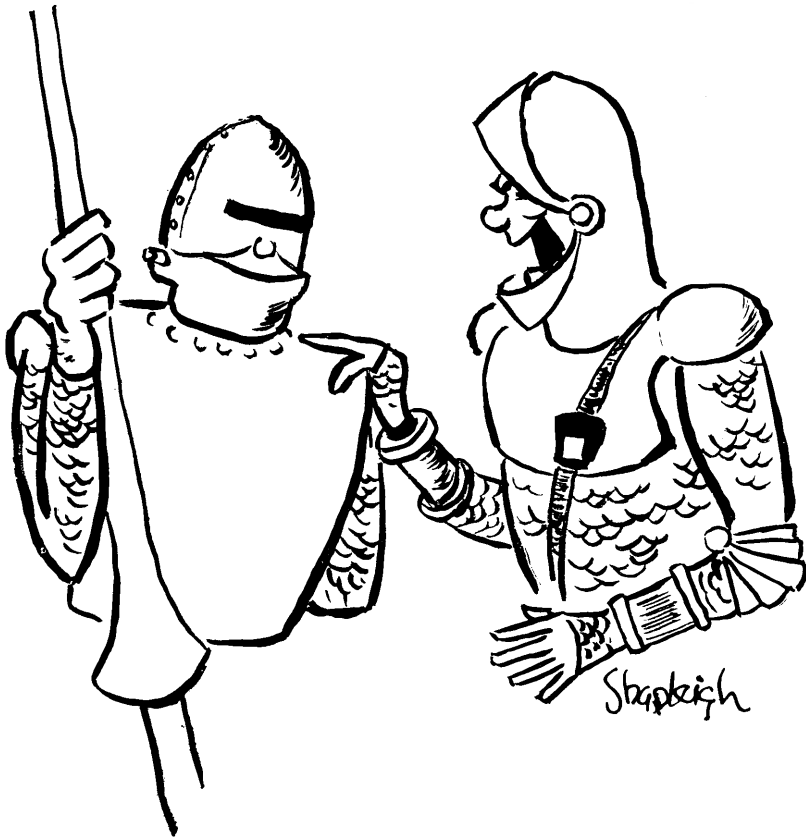


never be met, a schedule of mails caught up and pressed onward by the ever-speeding trains, the avalanche of crushing, last-minute greeting cards, the urgent snows that reach everywhere.

It is not in the long walks through jostling crowds that she is less alone, or in the busy elevators, or on the ever-moving escalators; but in her mother's words telling about long ago Christmases, in her father's telling about when I was a boy, in the kidding stories of uncles, in the lies of the kids at school, the hired man's yarns, the tall tales of the WAC's told in barracks. And now she must walk among the multitude surging like the changing tide, seeking some small remembrance, some token of her affection. The sadness of her failure, her longing to do something for so many people, make her most alone.

Christmas shopping is a slice of life. It is a group of holding companies, some aggregations of trade unions, a set of laws unbound in calf or anywhere else except in the mind, a radio network, a chain of department stores, a column of last-minute orders, windows with invisible glass that hold sallow window dressers and bright color. Christmas shopping is a set of big-mouthed officials with too many bank accounts. But, mostly, when all is said and done (the overdrawing of checking accounts, the angry words, the blistered, parboiled feet, the share the wealth of too little money to spread among too many people) it is the spirit of the people.

(Note: The writer is much indebted to the friendly cooperation of John Dos Passob, a friend in need, a shield in time of trouble.)



Chivalry?

Gadzooks, the bones of Lancelot
 Can have no rest indeed,
 For Chivalry has gone to pot
 Since Knighthood went to seed.

In those days when a gay young
 blade
 Fought giants by the score,
 The words, "Hold, Knave, unhand
 that maid!"
 Sufficed to start a war.

But long ago men were content
 And quite without remorse
 To settle any argument
 By falling off a horse.

A horse on honor's field was
 weighed
 With iron by the ton;
 His senses reeled, his spine was
 frayed
 Before the day was done.

The horse's reign is done, you see.
 His armor's rusted well.
 Nor will it soon be clear to me
 Why he endured that Hell.

If someone else her liking flattered
 Today, we'd scarce assume
 To leave his bloody entrails scat-
 tered
 'Round milady's room.

We all *could* be like men of old,
 Constrained, restrained, and too,
 Depressed, repressed, suppressed,
 and told
 Exactly what to do.

For Chivalry was fine in days
 When Knighthood was in flower,
 But I can't see how that stuff pays
 In this enlightened hour.

R. H. C.

The most effective
 way to express your
 pleasure in your prom
 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

sea food



BROUNTAS RESTAURANT



Sizzling Platters



68 Main Street
Bangor, Maine

THE ROAST

by Pat Woodward

I roomed in a most unusual house; it had no back door. The man who built the house had forgotten it. No one wanted to hurt the old fellow's feelings; besides, it made one less entrance for the flies. That's the way life was lived in that Vermont town—free and easy.

Mrs. Burton, the next door neighbor, visited us at odd hours to fritter away twenty minutes or more in amiable gossip. It was at one of Mrs. Burton's numerous bridge parties that I met Blossom Fairbanks. Blossom was both young and impressionable; inevitably she found herself inviting me to tea.

It was only a step from the office to the Fairbanks' homestead. I walked up the path, and the late sun sifted through the elms, warming my back through my silk dress. The doorbell was one of those worked bronze knobs which adorned the most respectable door- fronts of the nineteenth century. When I pushed the knob I could hear the echo down the hall. For months I had admired the outside of this mansion, now I could hardly wait for Blossom to display its interior. Heavy footsteps sounded, and Blossom opened the door. She smiled and drew me down the musty hall, through the dining room, down another hall, and into the kitchen. I caught a glimpse of two living rooms, a golden oak stairway with an ornate gas lamp on the newel post. One more turn and we entered a gloomy pantry. In the center stood Mrs. Fairbanks, a massive replica of Blossom's large self.

She was carving the prettiest roast of beef I think I had ever seen. The meat was pink and well

fatted. As she sliced, it fell away in succulent, pink ribbons. She handled the knife with such professional skill that my eyes bulged with awe. After Blossom had introduced us. Mrs. Fairbanks answered my unspoken query with the remark that she had once studied surgery in England. It had not been possible for her to complete her training, she added abruptly, but I noticed that she executed what knowledge she possessed of the art with no mean ability. Her accents were English, and when I could lift my eyes from that flawlessly cut roast of beef, I saw she had the genuine bulldog jaw Dad mentioned when he spoke of the English.

She wiped her hands on a clean white towel, and slid the service onto a tea wagon. She was talking all the while in that throaty voice of hers, but she was watching me with those shrewd, blue eyes. I managed to keep my poise, answering her questions in a voice thinned by nervousness, but she dominated the scene: her voice, her strength, her mind dominated mine, and she knew it. Her eyes twinkled. She was amused at my discomfort; I could imagine her saying to Blossom when I left, "What a silly little goose!"

I tried not to crook my finger as we drank our tea, but I was on the defensive, and I could feel every nerve arch like the back of a scared cat. I surveyed the room furtively hoping to find something on which to make an intelligent comment. Mrs. Fairbanks saw my glance hesitate at a rich oil portrait, even as she was busy plying me with hot pastries filled with slivers of beef. Mrs. Fairbanks, however, was only too pleased to

NEEDLE NUBBINS

JOURNALISTIC BREVITY

The young reported was told to cut his story to the bare essentials. So his next one came out this way:

"J. Smith looked up the elevator shaft to see if the car was on its way down. It was. Age 45.

—*Covered Wagon*

So learn to fry an egg, my boy;
Then list to freedom's bell.
If wifey says, "I'm going to mother,"
Tell her to go to Hell.

—*Rebel*

"When is the only time a woman is justified in spitting in a man's face?"

"When his mustache is on fire."

—*Covered Wagon*

THE CONVENTIONAL THING

Of course, my dear, I always have

The very best intentions—

When making love in a rumble seat,

O, fierce are my conventions!

—*Clair H. Chamberlain*

talk about the gentleman who had sat for the portrait.

It was Blossom's grandfather, Thaddeus. Old Thad had Fairbanks Paper Company, Woodsville's main industry. Thanks to him more than half of the easy-going population now made a comfortable living there. Except for his high collar and combed whiskers, he looked just like our egg man. I could imagine him spitting tobacco juice over the frame when Mrs. Fairbanks wasn't looking.

I looked at my watch; it was five-thirty. I thanked Mrs. Fairbanks. She smiled approvingly, and I felt like a peasant who had just been received in court. There was something cloying about that house; I was anxious to be free of it.

The next evening Mrs. Burton fluttered in, and perched on the couch. I mentioned my little excursion in the Fairbanks' house. I was curious about Blossom's family, Mrs. Burton was eager. She lit a cigarette, and launched away.

"The name Fairbanks has always been on the tips of townspeople's tongues! Old Thad, with the whiskers, had an only son, Edward. The two of 'em were as different as night and day. How Thad ever sired a son as practical as that we never knew. He was even too practical to get himself a wife. Not that the girls didn't give

him the eye. He was rollin' with money. He would probably spend the day in the office, and most of the night reading Shakespeare in his library; what did it matter if he was a bore? But, oh—no, Edward waited till he was fifty-nine, then he went to London and brought back this English woman. And if she wasn't a hellion! 'Guess she warmed his bed all right!

"We never saw those three in public together. Old Thad used to walk to work every morning. We'd see him pokin' at the dandelions with his cane. For a man of eighty-five he was right smart. Edward traveled everywhere on business for the firm; we never saw him. But Teresa—that was her name—Teresa was always around. When you couldn't see her stridin' down Main Street, you could hear her singing in that powerful voice of hers. We all thought that woman was too much for one house to hold, even the old Fairbanks'. Nights when Edward was away we could hear her laughter above the clop-clop of horses' hooves and the whir of carriage wheels. Teresa was buggy ridin'—and not alone! Seems as if she'd taken a fancy to Charlie, the butcher down at the city market. He was a handsome devil, and usually had his way with the ladies. 'Course we all knew about Teresa and Charlie, and old Thad

XMAS

Greetings

from

Bangor's

Gift

Center

The Perfect

place

to

find

The Perfect

Gift

UNITED

STORE

35 Main St.

Bangor

XMAS GIFTS

for
Young Men

Shirts . . .

2.95 to 6.50

Neckwear . . .

1.00 to 5.00

Hosiery . . .

.50 to 3.50

Hats . . .

6.50 to 15.00

Sport Coats

Slacks

Sweaters

Footwear

SHOP EARLY

M. L. French & Son

196 Exchange St.

Bangor

was no fool. Thad said if Edward thought he was so smart marrying a 'furriner,' let him handle her; besides, she was a damn fine cook, and he'd hate to lose her by causin' trouble.

"Old Thad had always liked Charlie, and thought this was a big joke on that close-mouthed son of his. But Thad didn't laugh long. He begun to fail, and late in the fall he had a grand funeral. It was then we noticed Teresa was in the family way. Edward didn't travel as much as usual, but nights when he was away we could sometimes see Charlie's shadow movin' across the big lawn. Then one spring night (I remember it was spring 'cause the Passumpsic River was actin' up about that time), we heard gunshots comin' from the direction of Main Street. Seems as if Edward had come home early from one of them trips and caught the two of 'em. Edward didn't say a thing; just shot Charlie right through the stomach; but Charlie bein' as he was a big, strappin' fellow, picked up the letter opener from the desk and slit Edward straight from stem to stern. They had a double funeral. At first Teresa looked as if she'd been hauled backwards and forwards through a knothole. We all felt sorry for her, but land, you know how the English are! She had Blossom that summer. 'Course we wondered who Blossom would look like, but the funny part of it is she looks just like her mother!" Mrs. Burton paused for breath as the clock struck five.

"Well, how I have run on! I must get home and put the roast in the oven!"

"Roast." I mused to myself as I followed Mrs. Burton into the hall. Suddenly, I could see Mrs. Fairbanks slicing that beautiful roast, watching me with those shrewd, blue eyes.

Then there is the story of the dead dachshund. He met his end going around a tree.



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*

Bangor House

And in Newport, Maine

Jones Inn

is also operated by the
Allen Hotel Co.

TO HELL WITH THE SLICKS

(Continued from Page 19)

in the parlor. (It's the picture that's hanging, naturally, because the plaster in the parlor isn't strong enough to hold up a body.) It's the only picture I have of him, you see, and it really wouldn't be of any value to you . . . and it means so much to me. It has been in the family for generations, and I just can't bear to part with it! Please, Squire, could you see it in your heart to . . ." (This is just plain drivel, but some people lap it up.)

"Oh, all right! Take the danged picture, then!" said the Squire, and started to back out through the door. (The door was open.) "But, by Godfrey, you'd better not take anything else, because I've got a list here of everything in the house! Now, I'll be back in two hours, and, as I said before, I'll expect you to be gone! Goodbye!"

After the Squire had gone, Sonny, the eldest of the widow's brood, came over to his mother where she stood by the window, crying. ("Sonny" is an asinine name for a character, but, what can you do?) He put his skinny, little arm around his mother's waist and tried to comfort her.

"Don't cry, Ma! We'll make out somehow! (An amazing bit of philosophy for a child of eight years, but, in a story of this nature, someone has to say, 'we'll make out somehow,' and who else is there to do it?)"

Sonny's childish sympathy was too much for the widow. She broke down completely, and heaved mournful sobs against the window casing. For a few moments she cried as if her heart would break. (Doesn't that sound familiar?) for, in truth, her poor heart *was* breaking. Then, she dried her eyes on the sleeve of her housecoat and turned to speak to her children.

"Well, children, get your clothes

on. (The children weren't naked—she meant for them to put on their outdoor clothes.) We must be out of here by the time the Squire gets back. Sonny, you go take down your great-great-grandfather's picture. Be careful, and don't drop it, son."

Sonny went into the parlor, and dragged a chair over under the old picture. He stood on the chair, but, even then, he could barely reach the nail on which the picture was hung. (Yes, he will drop the picture, and the back will fall off.) The cord was wrapped around the nail several times, so the picture would hang evenly, and, as Sonny was unwinding the cord, the nail pulled out of the plaster, and the picture dropped to the floor with a crash.

The widow heard the crash, and knew instantly what had happened. (Probably sneaked a look at the script.) She ran into the parlor, sobbing, "Oh, Sonny, you've broken it!"

Sonny's face was as white as a sheet (Is there any *better* way of expressing whiteness?) as he jumped off the chair and helped his mother pick up the pieces.

The back had fallen off the picture, and, as Sonny stooped to pick it up he shouted in surprise.

"Ma! Ma! Look here! Look! Look at this, Ma!" he screamed hysterically.

The widow knelt down and looked at the object of her son's excitement. She slapped her hands on her portly thighs, and rolled her eyes up to the heavens.

"Well, God bless us all" she breathed.

Sure enough, there they were, hundreds of them—*more* than enough box-tops to get Sonny that Lone Ranger Outfit that he has been wanting so long. (There, damn you!)

Smart Rainwear for Men

PLYMOUTH'S
"REGATTA"
as sketched by
RUNNETTE
Famous Men's Fashion
Illustrator

Want to look your best rain or shine? Step out in the double-breasted Plymouth Regatta which doubles as topcoat or raincoat. The popular Regatta, a Plymouth Weatherproof, is available with or without warm zip-out lining, at better stores everywhere.

Plymouth
OF BOSTON
WEATHERPROOFS

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

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



Art-carved
RINGS BY WOOD

*Trade Mark Reg.

The same 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

THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 7)

There was yet another. A small boy ran up the beach to him. He wore knickers and a brown cap. For a moment Russell thought he recognized the boy. He looked somewhat like his own son.

"Hi, mister," the boy said.

"Hello."

"What are you doing here?"

"Just looking," said Russell.

"Nothing to see here," said the boy. "I'm going away."

"Why?"

"So I can be somebody."

"What about your folks?" asked Russell.

"They'll get along. I'll send money to 'em."

"Are you coming back?"

"Maybe. When I'm rich I'll come back. I'll ride up in a taxi and I'll be somebody."

"Is that good?" asked Russell.

"I'll have a house—a big house—and rich friends."

"You have a house and friends here."

"I've made up my mind, mister. So long." The boy ran off down the beach.

Russell walked up the rock ledge to The House. The door was half open and slammed as the breeze demanded. Russell felt the shingles, rubbed a few remaining particles of paint between his fingers. It had been a long time ago, he remembered. Days when they painted, painted everything in sight: the boat, the shed. The House, these shingles.

"Hey, mister! Goin' back? It's getting dark!" It was the driver shouting from the taxi.

"Yes, I'm coming," said Russell.

"You've been standing out there about an hour. Lonely place ain't it? Not a soul around."

"Yes, it is quiet."

"Back to town?" questioned the driver.

"Yes."

Yes, back to town. Past Fer-

nald's General Store, Mrs. Crockett's house, and the graveyard. Past the cove, Haley's inlet, and the salt pond. Best herring run around here, Russell knew. The day's school was missed to drive minnows. The "baby blue" season every September.

"You work in New York?"

"Yes," Russell answered.

He was a partner in Russell, Easton, and Barrows—a "name" in advertising. He sat at a walnut desk where people rushed in, people rushed out, and the air was full of smoke. He thought. Up the elevator at 9 o'clock, stop at 17th floor . . . "Good morning, Mr. Russell." . . . "Good morning, Miss Davidson." . . . into the private office . . . Easton in Chicago on Lucky Gum deal, \$500,000 or nothing . . . important . . . Barrows in next office . . . now he's on the wide. . . . "Yes, Barrows, right. I'll see him." . . . coffee . . . more coffee . . . a cigar . . .

"You live in New York or you commute?"

"Commute," said Russell.

He commuted five days a week. Saturday was a day of golf by doctor's orders. Sunday was a day of rest, a time when he wrote a weekly letter to the children at Mrs. Faulkner's school. He thought. Commute . . . breakfast . . . Lackawanna Station . . . Hudson tubes . . . subway . . . five cents in the turnstile . . . push your way in . . . jostle with the crowd . . . man on the left looks like a pickpocket . . . woman on the right is asleep, night worker . . . 60th Street, get out . . . newspaper from Johnny . . . into the building . . .

"Live in New Jersey?"

"Yes."

Yes, he lived in New Jersey, northern New Jersey. Ninety miles from the Poconos, fifty miles from Ocean City, twenty miles from



For a lady of fashion . . . our new season selection of winter wise coats. As luxurious-looking and flattering as they are warm . . . you'll find our low prices a pleasing surprise.

The Rines Co.

43 Main Street

Bangor Maine

Newark, thirty minutes from New York. He lived in a beautiful town, on the side of a mountain. A beautiful town with cultured people. He thought. Beautiful town . . . except in summer . . . heat, oppressive heat . . . like the Carolinas . . . humidity . . . smoke from Paterson, Clifton, and Newark . . . soiled everything . . . winter . . . "clean your own sidewalks" and nobody did . . . no snow removal . . . kids miss out on skating . . .

"Here we are," the driver announced.

"Thank you."

"Train be in in about five minutes. Cape Codder. Straight through to New York."

"Yes, thank you."

Russell of Russell, Easton, and Barrows had seen The House, the ridiculous people, the ridiculous life. A porter, shower, and some filtered air would take the salt stickiness out of his hair. A cocktail in the lounge, a good cigar, the evening Sun and solid comfort. Goodbye eel grass; hello New York. Goodbye, House—worn and battered. Goodbye. Yes, he thought, goodbye.

The train whistled.

Prof.—How long did you study?
Student—From "Blondie" to the ten o'clock news.

—Whizbang

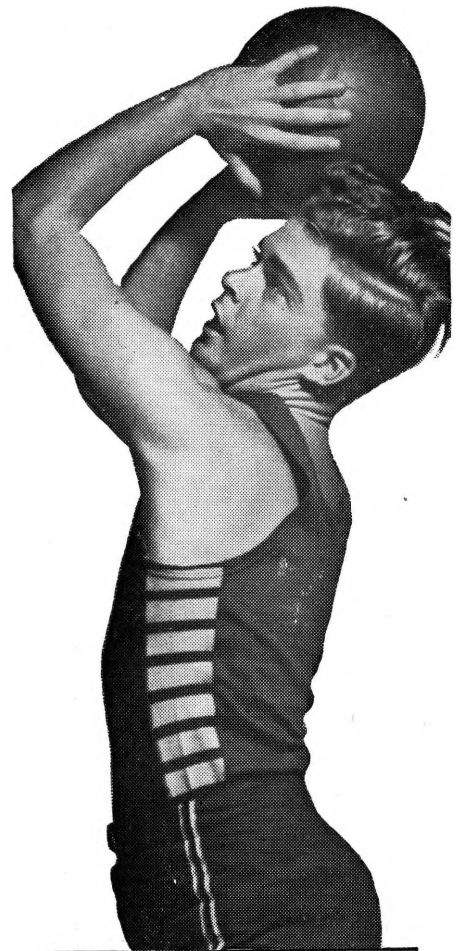
Mother—Well, how did you get along in school today?

Johnny—All right, but that new teacher is always asking us some fool question! Asked everybody in the class to tell where they were born!

Mother—You certainly knew the answer to that question—the Woman's Hospital.

Johnny—Betcha life I knew! But I didn't want the whole class to think I was a sissy. I said the Yankee Stadium.

—Log



WHETHER you play basketball or are one of its host of enthusiastic fans, you will enjoy the refreshing flavor of . . .

Beech-Nut Gum

Everywhere it goes, the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it.



The yellow package with the red oval

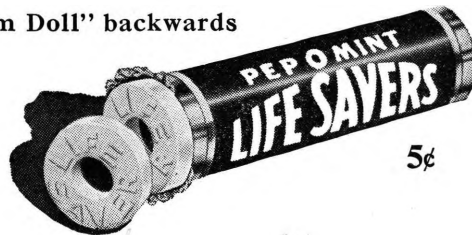


Are you a
*Llod maerd**



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

* "Dream Doll" backwards



—Whoever, in the opinion of our editor, submits the best joke for the next issue, will receive a free carton of Life Savers.

Last month's winner —

Miss Patricia Woodward
North Estabrooke

A clergyman, accompanied by two charming girls, stood admiring the beauties of a little stream. An angler passing by said, "Any sport?"

"Sir? I'm a fisher of men," replied the parson with dignity.

"Well," retorted the fisherman, glancing admiringly at the girls, "you have the right bait."

Visitor—Are there any slick crooks in this town?

Rough—Slick crooks! Why, one evening at a dance they stole my pants and hung weights on my suspenders so I wouldn't miss them until they had gone.

—Jester

You haven't had a real hangover until you can't stand the noise made by Bromo-Seltzer.

—Pointer

"Are you sure my bawth is warm, Rastus?"

"Yassuh, the wahmest ah was evch in."

—Log

A genius is a man who can re-write a traveling salesman joke and get it accepted by the Ladies' Home Journal.

—Exchange

The little moron's watch had stopped ticking and he tried to find the trouble. Finally he took the back off it, went into the works, and found a dead bug. "No wonder it doesn't work," he said, "the engineer's dead."

Theatre Manager: "I hear that you and the leading lady are on the outs."

Electrician: "Yea, it was one of those quick change scenes with the stage in total darkness. She asked for her tights and I thought she said lights."

—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket

"Pilot to tower, pilot to tower: plane out of gas, am 1,000 feet, and 300 miles over ocean. What shall I do?"

"Tower to pilot, tower to pilot: repeat after me . . . Our Father who art in Heaven . . ."

—N. Y. U. Varieties



Are you dough-shy? Get us! We give the stuff away. Folding money, too. Yes sir, Pepsi-Cola Co. pays from \$1 to \$15 for gags you send in and we print. Why worry about an honest living? This is easier. Just send your stuff, along with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, Box A, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

There's nothing to it—as you can see from the samples below. If, by coincidence, the words "Pepsi-Cola" turn up somewhere in your gag, don't worry about it. We don't mind. (Matter of fact, we kind of like it.) So start your stuff in now—for Easy Money.

GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

\$100.00

LITTLE MORON CORNER

Our well-known moron-about-campus, Murgatroyd—now a student in the school of agriculture—has developed a new theory on sheep-feeding. He makes a daily ration of Pepsi-Cola an important part of their diet. "Duuuuuuuh, of course," said Murgatroyd recently, when questioned as to his reasoning, "everybody knows that Pepsi-Cola is the drink for ewe!"

\$2 apiece, believe it or not, for any of these we buy!

Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



This is easy as falling off a log. A small log, that is. Just send us a caption for this cartoon. The best line gets \$5. Or you can send in cartoon ideas of your own. For cartoon ideas we buy, we pay \$10 apiece . . . \$15 if you draw them.



HE-SHE GAGS



If you're a He, and know a She—or vice versa—this should be your meat. Here's your chance to strike a blow for the home team in the battle between the sexes—and maybe win three bucks besides!

★
He Ubangi: I hear that Mbongo has left his wife.

She Ubangi: Really? Why?

He Ubangi: He says that every time she drinks a Pepsi, she smacks her lips, and he can't stand the clatter.

He: Why do you call my date "Pepsi," when her name is Betty?

She: Oh, we all call her "Pepsi" because she goes with anything!

★
He: I never knew what real happiness was until I married you.

She: Darling!

He: Yes, and by then it was too late.

★
Three bucks apiece for each of these we print. Let your conscience be your guide.

Daffy Definitions

Here's a column that must have some deep underlying significance. Darned if we know what, though. All we know is that these rate a buck each—and the daffier, the better.

Frustration—having a Pepsi-Cola and no bottle-opener.

Stork—bird with a big bill.

Professor—textbook wired for sound.

Thirst—obsolete term; dates back to pre-Pepsi-Cola era.

Cooperation—one bottle of Pepsi with two straws.

* * *

Paying \$1 apiece for these is like giving you a license to commit burglary. But—\$1 apiece for those we buy.

CHESTERFIELDS OF COURSE—
THERE'S LOTS MORE SMOKING PLEASURE TO THEM

—SAYS *Alan Hale*

FEATURED IN WARNER
BROS. TECHNICOLOR
PRODUCTION
"MY WILD IRISH ROSE"

*A Hale and Hearty
Good wish—
More ABC's to You*

A ALWAYS MILDER

B BETTER TASTING

C COOLER SMOKING

— THAT MEANS *They Satisfy*

Always Buy **CHESTERFIELD**