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The Pine Needle, March 1947

Pine Needle Publications

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Pine Needle Publications, Kenny Zwicker, Tony Hillerman, Sol Wett, Robert G. Nesbit, Ike Webber, Biff Shalek, Denny Evans, Shirley Crane, Barbie Patten, and Don Gross

THIRTY CENTS

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THE PINE NEEDLE

MARCH, 1947



DON'T MISS—

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HERBY, THE BLUEBIRD *Page 13*

MARRIAGE OR MATRICULATION *Page 23*

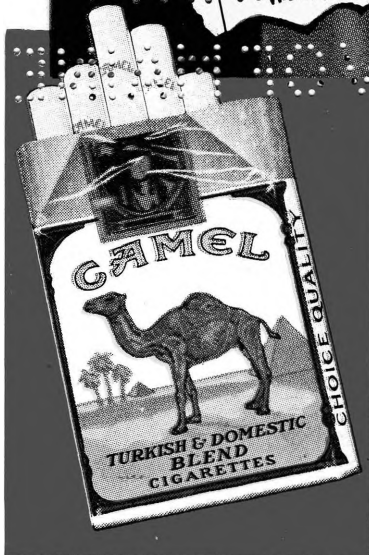
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EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



1945 NEWS ITEM
Cigarette Shortage
Still Acute
 Crowds Queue Up... Millions
 Try Different Brands... Smoke
 Whatever They Can Get.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Result; *Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.*

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not.

And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Thus the demand for Camels... always great... grew greater still... so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS
 SMOKE CAMELS**
than any other cigarette



When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!

Your "T-Zone"
 will tell you...

It for Taste...

It for Throat...

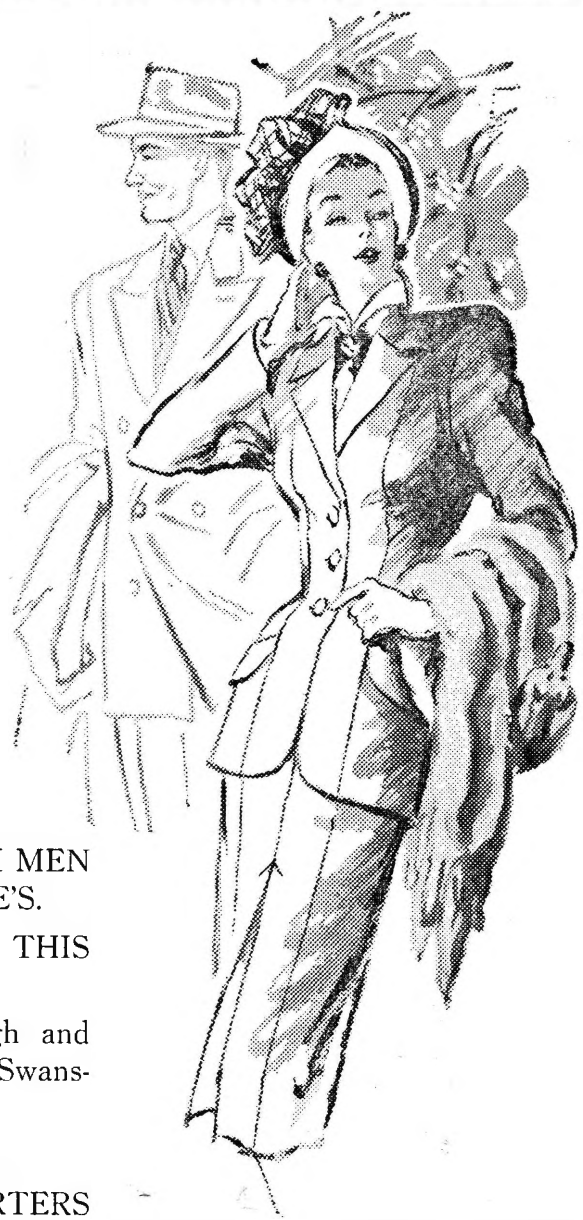
That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



All Maine Men

Their Wives and
Families Are Invited

To **SHOP** At
FREESE'S
IN BANGOR



- * SMART STYLES FOR SPRING—FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN, Are Arriving Daily at FREESE'S.
- * REMEMBER, EASTER COMES EARLY THIS YEAR.
- * See the new Shagmoor, Ekcomoor, Sportleigh and other beautifully styled coats . . . Magnificent Swans-down and other attractive suits and toppers.
- * DOBBS HATS for both men and women.
- * FREESE'S MEN'S SHOPS IS HEADQUARTERS FOR NATIONALLY KNOWN CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS FOR MEN.

It's Time to Plan a Trip to Freese's in Bangor to
SELECT YOUR EASTER OUTFIT

FREESE'S

Owned And Operated By Bangor People

Easter

Greetings

*from
Headquarters
for
Easter
Wearing
Apparel*

**United
Stores
Co.**

Bangor, Maine

COVERING UP

Color, color. Verdant green. Reminiscent of Spring in all its unrobed . . . Damn those advertisements.

Anyhow, neatly centered is Artiste Shapleigh's conception of what happens in Aroostook after the potatoes are in. Faugh Eustace Tilley.

FRONT TO BACK

This month being Spring (almost), plenty of literary talent has cast off cocoons as it were, with the result that material for this month is varied to say the least.

A true tribute to Thurber opens this issue with Kenny Zwicker's "No Limit." We need more Baxter Finnamores. Belated Advice to Incoming Freshmen (lifted bodily from U. of Oklahoma's Covered Wagon) is good for a few chuckles. Sam Jones raises a question in his essay dedicated to Maine co-eds. It's pertinently titled Marriage or Matriculation, and we expect some reaction either by letter or by an article refuting the statements of Mr. Jones.

The longest story to appear in the Needle makes its debut this issue under the title "Grand Opening." Five thousand well chosen and skillfully presented words by Don Gross.

Don't miss Biff Shalek's ding dong ditty, "Herby the Blue Bird." It's as light as a ten-minute milkshake.

Maybe it really was the influence of green things growing, et cetera, but scads of poetry footed its way in this month, ranging from "Will You Be There?" by Denny Evans, to the slightly hilarious Spring Song by Elaine McManus, and Ballads of Late Permissions by Peg Gardiner, topped off by disturbing "Questions" by Clair Chamberlain.

March well on its way as this is written, and Easter vacation peeping slyly 'round the corner, tells us it's time to stay sober, have a good time, and see you in April.



"Singing reels,
Taut lines, and
Swirling waters"

Thinking of trout fishing?

Make your first strike at

**Nimrod Sport
Store**

Corner of Main & Wilson Sts.
in Brewer

- ☐ Rods
- ☐ Reels
- ☐ Flies
- ☐ Live Bait

"compare our prices with others"



THE PINE NEEDLE

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MARCH, 1947

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NO LIMIT

By

KENNY
ZWICKER

The crowd cheered itself hoarse as Ace Finnamore braked the sleek red racer to a screeching halt. He eased his lean body from behind the wheel of the powerful little machine and made his way, through the mob of screaming people, to the Judge's Box. "You've done it again, Ace," said Mr. Flintworth, and handed him a long, brown envelope containing fifty thousand dollars. Ace Finnamore grinned modestly, and casually tucked the envelope into a pocket of his leather jacket, while a lovely Hollywood starlet stood on tiptoe and placed a laurel wreath around his neck, murmuring, "You were wonderful, Mr. Finnamore . . . simply wonderful." Ace Finnamore rubbed his square chin, in the manner his public knew so well, and replied, "My friends call me Ace, and I'll pick you up at eight and take you to dinner and a show." The Hollywood starlet blushed prettily and said, "Why, Mr. Finnamore . . . I'm staying at the Biltmore."

Baxter Finnamore drove the lumbering tractor down the last furrow, then turned it around and headed in the direction of the big red barn. His wife hailed him as he was going through the doorway, and he had to switch off the ignition to hear what she said.

"Baxter! There ain't 'ary a stick o' wood in my woodbox, and if want baked beans for supper you'd better get me some wood. I'm blessed if I'm gonna cook, churn, and do all my housework, and chop wood besides!"

While his wife was getting her breath, Baxter Finnamore snatched the opportunity to contribute a few words to the conversation. "Now

Maud," he said, "a man can only be in one place at a time, no matter how smart he is. You know that field had to be plowed today, that's all there is to it; it had to be plowed today. I'll get you some wood just as soon as I put this tractor in the barn. I coulda had it chopped and in the woodbox by now, if you hadn't stopped me for a few minutes of naggin'."

But before Baxter Finnamore had finished his last sentence, his wife had started talking again. "Baxter, you know mighty well if I hadn't stopped you, you'd be out in the hayloft this minute readin' them fool magazines that you get from that no-account farm-machinery salesman! Now you get me . . ."

Baxter Finnamore turned on the ignition and started the tractor, partially drowning out the harsh voice of the woman who, scarcely six months ago, he had promised to cherish and love until death did them part. He watched her lips moving violently and heard the word *woodbox* twice, above the roar of the tractor. He drove the tractor into the barn, shut off the engine, and walked very slowly over to the corn crib, where he faintly remembered leaving the axe. He was vaguely surprised to find the axe exactly where he thought it was; he picked it up and went out behind the barn, where a large elm tree lay, partially cut up.

"Ring the bell and get a cigar!" The barker caught sight of Kid Finnamore, and ran an admiring eye over the Kid's physique "What d'ya say, shoulders? For a dime you can show the girl friend how rugged you are!" Kid Finnamore,

the world's heavyweight champion, grinned his boyish grin and rubbed his chin, in the manner his public knew so well. Without taking his left hand out of the pocket of his gabardine slacks, Kid Finnamore swung the mallet and brought it down with tremendous force. The bell made a loud clang and springs, wires, and wood flew in all directions. Debris could be heard, seconds later, still falling on the nearby tents. The world's heavyweight champion handed the wide-eyed barker a fifty dollar bill, cuffed him playfully on the nose, and strolled down the midway with his proud girl friend clinging to his left wrist which was still protruding from the pocket of his gabardine slacks.

"Baxter! Will you please fill this woodbox before you cut the rest of that wood? My fire is almost out, and my bread shou'da been in the oven an hour ago. I declare, I don't know what ails you. I have to holler my head off to make you hear!" Baxter Finnamore focussed his eyes on his wife, and replied, "Yes, Maud, I have enough cut to fill the woodbox. I'll fetch it in right now."

"The son-of-a-bitch is gonna strafe us again Sarge . . . the rotten, slant-eyed bastard . . . shot the legs right off our machine gun . . . who said them lousy sluts can't see." Sergeant Finnamore pushed the excited Corporal down behind the parapet, saying in a calm voice, "Down, you fool, you have a wife and three kids back in Oshkosh. I'll handle this, myself." With the presence of mind and cool deliberation that makes leaders of men, Sergeant Baxter Finnamore grabbed the thirty caliber, water-cooled machine gun from its shattered tripod, and cradled it in his left arm. He waited quietly until the Zero came within thirty caliber range; then he held the trigger and sprayed the Zero's fusilage fore and aft. The machine guns in

the wings of the Zero suddenly ceased firing, and smoke began pouring from the cockpit. The enemy plane floated crazily over Sergeant Finnamore's gun position and crashed in the jungle, two hundred yards away. The Corporal sprang to his feet, shouting, "You got him, Sarge . . . you got the yellow son-of-a-bitch. Christ, I wouldn'ta believed it could be done . . . firing a Goddam thirty from the hip . . . I'm a son-of-a-bitch!" The Captain came running over to where Sergeant Finnamore was blowing cool air on his blistered left arm, and said, in an excited voice, "So help me God, Finnamore, you have more guts than any man I ever saw. You'll get the Congressional Medal for this, or I'll kiss MacArthur's backside in Times Square, and play a flute for two hours to draw a crowd! My God, man, you're hit!"

Sergeant Finnamore spat blood and gasped twice. It hurt him to breathe, and there was a rattling sound in his chest. The Captain took out his first-aid pack and tried to stop the flow of blood with the bandage. It was no use; Sergeant Finnamore, veteran of four Pacific campaigns, was sinking fast. "You have more guts than any man I ever saw!" the Captain said again, as the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Sergeant Finnamore, with seconds left to live, rubbed his square chin, grinned wryly, and said, "Well, I guess I got mine this time . . . but we can't . . . live forever . . . can we . . . Captain?"

"Doc," said the mountaineer, "I want you should fix up my son-in-law. I shot him in the leg yesterday and lamed him up a mite."

"Shame on you shooting your own son-in-law!" scolded the doctor.

"Wal, doc," rejoined the mountaineer, "he warn't my son-in-law when I shot him."

BELATED ADVICE TO INCOMING FRESHMEN

BY
TONY HILLERMAN

Lo, all ye miserable freshmen who enter through the gates of admission into the land of knowledge promised ye by the Father in Washington, called G. I. Bill, hearken to my words; for I have dwelt in this land for many semesters and mine eyes have witnessed all manner of folly and woe.

1. Gird up thy loins, my son, and take up thy texts, but act slowly and with exceeding care and hearken to the counsel of one sadder and wiser than thou.

Beware thou the official named *adviser*; he hath a pleased and foolish look but concealeth a serpent in his breast.

Trust him not when he speaketh confidentially and his lips smileth, he smileth not for thee but rejoiceth in thy youth and thy ignorance.

For he will smile and speak of requirements and work all manner of evil against thee. A wise man will heed him not, but the fool will spend long hours in the library.

Bring unto him thy schedule fully prepared lest ye rise early and journey from the north to south campus for thine classes.

2. Look ye with disfavor upon those called "doctor"; he prizeth much the title and is proud and foolish. He laugheth and joketh much with the upperclassmen but looketh upon ye freshmen with a frown.

But act ye lowly unto him and call him "sir" and he will love thee, for he would fain be Phi Beta Kappa but hath not the qualifications.

3. Know ye the Assistant Professor, for he is a man of many

moods; when he looketh pleased and his words are jovial, the wise freshman seeketh him out, praiseth his course and laugheth much at his jest.

But when he suffereth much from the night before and the sweat standeth from his brow and he curseth beneath his breath, make thyself inconspicuous, for he will fall like a whirlwind upon the idle and the unprepared shall feel his wrath.

4. Damned be he who striveth for high grades. He maketh hundreds and raiseth much the curve. He polisheth the apple.

He is thrice cursed, and all students, yea even unto the knuckleheads, revile him and spit upon him; for his name is "eager beaver" and he is an abomination.

5. Beware thou thy roommate; he weareth thy clothes, even unto thy best suit, but sendeth them not to the cleaners.

His breath smelleth of Schenleys, but he giveth thee not to drink.

6. Walk ye apart from the BMOG and trust him not.

He knoweth many co-eds and rideth in their convertibles, but when he promises to fix thee up, he doth it not.

But borroweth thy money. Yea, even unto thy terminal leave pay.

7. In times of trial, seat thyself between those wiser than thou and let thyself be guided by their papers.

For the freshmen who lingereth in English I shall surely perish, and the fool passeth many times through Math A.

Blessed is he who expecteth little; he shall not be disappointed.

sea food



BROUNTAS RESTAURANT



*Sizzling
Platters*



68 Main Street
Bangor

BALLADS OF LATE PERMISSIONS

The years have marked me, not
with charity,
My hair is graying and my brow
is lined,

Less than two-thirds of life re-
mains to me,
And but one thing I ask, if Fate be
kind;

I would live free of care while yet
I may,

Go forth in converse with my fel-
low-men,

But I must study all the dreary day;
At night I must be in by half past
ten.

My life is blameless, simple are my
joys,

A game of chess, a concert or a
show,

I do not drink, and I am shy with
boys,

And but one thing I ask, when
forth I go;

That I may spend some brief and
pleasant hours

Ere I must to my studies come
again.

I know about the birds and bees
and flowers,

And yet I must be in by half past
ten.

I have been out in the great world
outside

These brick confines; I've d,
worked, been free

To come and go, and now I must
confide

That but one thing I ask, one
boon to me,

That I may do but as I did before,
Lay by at choice my notebook,

slide-rule, pen,
And have one little tiny fling once
more,

But still I must be in by half past
ten.

Oh, Dean of Women, ruler of our
fate,

There's but one thing we ask, one
hope we ken

May well be vain, we would stay
out a little late,

And still must we be in by half
past ten?

—Peg



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 ST., BANGOR, ME.

WE DELIVER
ANY PLACE
ANY TIME

CAMPUS GLAMOUR



Blonde Ora MacDonald has been working on the Needle since its inception. Little did she know . . . quiet, you in the balcony, that she would decorate the magazine in this issue. But one of the boy's glimpsed this photograph, though the likeness was remarkable and whisssshht . . . Campus Glamor for March.

Back in the pre-war days when good reporters were a dime a dozen, a bunch of us journalism students on the make for a feature story used to do quite a bit of our research in the various gin mills on 38th Street. The only stuff we ever picked up would have made the author of Sunday Blue Laws turn in his or her grave, but it was an education of sorts and rather enjoyable.

My favorite dive was a place called The Silver Slipper. The Slipper wasn't much. The steady customers didn't seem to mind the cigar smoke and stale beer smell, and air conditioning was out of the question. The gang used to say the place had atmosphere. You know what I mean, a tinny bar-room piano with an old souse at the ivories, an Irish bartender - manager named McEvoy, and there was Linda.

We called Linda the "come on—take off" girl. She was there to get the customers buying, and give them a good enough time to insure their coming back. Linda was still good looking, as I remember her, about twenty-two, with long black hair, a thin, haunting face, and a body like—well, a body! But she liked to day dream, and was pretty easy going. That's probably what got her into the business. Her favorite recreation was what she called "intellectual discussions with the students." I guess it took her mind off the daily grind. And we were her closest friends, just so long as we could keep our minds off of her business.

The most amusing memory I have of Linda goes back to a time one fall night when we were having one of her "discussions" all by ourselves. Customers were few and far between, and I had Linda's undivided attention. We were at a corner table, working on a couple of beers and being quiet for a change, when Linda pointed with her glass to a lone man at the bar

Linda

and asked me, "Eddie, see that guy over there? What kind of a guy do you think he is?"

"That big guy in the brown sport coat?"

"Yeah. Don't he look like a swell?"

"Hmm. Maybe. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was just wondering. You know, he didn't even give me a tumble when he came in. I bet he'd be nice, not like most of the damn drunken bums that hang around here."

"Well, I'll tell the boys!"

"Aw, you know I didn't mean it that way. But just the same, I wish that there was more swells that came in here. I'll bet they wouldn't be so rough on a girl, or so damn out and out about it, either."

That was Linda, day dreaming again. She was convinced that this mug was fourteen karat. She didn't know him; she'd never heard him say a word; but she knew he could do no wrong.

I took another look at the lad. He wasn't such a bad sort as they go, big in the shoulders, a clean-cut face with maybe a wise mouth. He could be a swell. How should I know? Anyway, big shot or otherwise, he had come around to giving Linda the eye.

I glanced down at her; she didn't see him. I nudged her. "Your boy's come around, kid. He's been giving you the once over for the last two minutes."

Linda didn't look around, but reached quickly for her hair and fluffed it about, bringing her elbows high to present a good profile. Then she whispered to me. "Eddie, gimme a break and take a powder, huh? I know this guy's a swell. I just know it! Be a good boy, huh? I'll see you later."

So I picked up my beer and moved to the end of the bar. This wasn't the first time, and it

wouldn't be the last. But I had my interests in the case and kept my eyes open.

Our handsome hero gobbled up the bait like a well-trained trout. He polished off his whiskey, left the bar, and sauntered in Linda's direction. Somewhere he missed a cue.

Linda was a model of disinterest when he stopped behind her chair. She raised her head only a little when he slipped his hand down over her shoulder and bent to whisper something in her ear.

Then, comes the revolution, and all hell broke loose. Even the piano player took a break to turn around and look. Linda was up away from that table faster than a mad tiger, and whoosh—the fair-haired boy caught a beer glass with his chin.

"You can't pull that kind of stuff around here! You, you dirty bastard! I ain't that kind of a girl. Get out a here! You can't talk to me that way! G'wan, beat it!"

Linda was in there pitching for all she was worth, kicking, clawing, hitting, pushing the guy towards the door. The boy couldn't move fast enough to suit her. Finally he gave up and ran. Linda stood by the door for a moment before coming to join me at the bar. She was still shaking.

Mac gave her a sharp look, reached over the bar, and shook her a bit. "What the hell you tryin' to pull, kid? That guy spent good money here. Now he'll never come back. That ain't what I'm paying you for!"

"I'm sorry, Mac. But I was so sure. Well, just an off day, I guess. You know."

"Sure. Sure, kid. Just don't let it happen again. Now g'wan upstairs. Sam came in ten minutes ago and he's waiting for you."

"O. K., Mac." Linda gave me a wistful smile as she turned to leave. "And I was so sure he was a swell! Take it easy, Eddie."

That was Linda.



JAN BROWN

About two weeks ago, those city slickers down at New York University sent a challenge to us. Seems that their college humor magazine, "Varieties," was planning to conduct a beauty contest. "Most Beautiful American Co-ed" is the complete title.

It seems that they especially wanted entries from the four cor-

ners of the country. Maine being where it is, the editors hunted around and hunted around, certain that no matter who was picked, someone would come up and say "Why didn't you pick so and so, *she's* beautiful." However we went ahead and the charming result pictured above is the Pine Needle candidate for the contest.

Photo by Ted Newhall



DIAPERS OR A CHANGE IS NEEDED

By

 SOL WETT 

The title should suffice the condition, and yet, I fear that I should say more on this timely subject, for surely, if you are not in time . . . messy, wot? And so you see, that the question and the whole emotion of it is ably expressed. Need I say more? I need not, but I will! Of course to such a superior being as you who read this, the whole business is clear, and furthermore explanation would only be an insult to your intelligence, but my well meant eloquence must have the necessary outlet that it seeks. And so, just for the sake of information and no more, let me show you what that most noble of vagrants, V. Ripathese, said in his commentary on the Greek diaper, written in the year 8.5 B. C. (Before Cleanex), and quote "Tu S'le Kozig."

Ah!, where else can you find such a clear and determined explanation of the problem. Here we find not only the practical act of finality, but also a deep and beautiful understanding of the fundamentals and teleological aspects of the conditions in actio primo (first change) as well as the posterior references to the above mentioned topic. It lifts my very soul into climeric realms of astronomical dimensions, leaping out over the very efficacies of the existing universe, filling me with a truer conception of the ultimate purpose of all things produced and unproduced, which are sometimes referred to as: *segundo primo actus* (second change).

And then again as that most wonderful of European violin makers put it, in his simple but moving book, *Full Fathom Five thy Bottom Lies*, and I quote from the text: "Momski, theseunvitch

diaperskys arenoff wet!" but no doubt you are already familiar with the text, and so I need not dwell on the text no more, and so while I change into a dry Martini, I will carry on with more in the line of illiterate literary intellect.

Again into a few words, the whole situation is ably and precisely stated, leaving out any room for doubt as to its authenticity and, as last reference to the already overwhelming proof which I have built up, I shall add not one, but two, famous authorities on this important subject. First, the famous Latin scholar, Delerium Tremens, who, in his now-famous-then-extinct (pronounced x-stink) "Ode to a Moist Muscle" made the famous inference, and I quote from the Latin:

"Dixerat ad genitor, circum caput omne micantes

Deposuit radios, propuisque accedure inssit—"

And as if this is not enough to enlighten the world beyond the shade of a doubt, (shadow sometimes around night-fall) we have the words of the great French imbecile, Charlotte Harlot; who, in her renowned "Disertations on the Table," so aptly put it in the nutshell in the center of the table, and I quote: "Ma visite, monsieur, dit-il avec un souvire plein de bon-homme qui eut-fait la fortune d'un acteur, n'a pas d'autre hut que de vous remettre ceci . . . contre recu cela va sans dire de vulez-vous couchez . . . de hubba hubba."

And so at last the case is closed, and it is time to open another.

To say the least I think that I have summed up the whole situation in a diaper. As you can plain-

ly see (and if you can't *try reading with your eyes open*), that the whole situation is not only complex, but also complete. In fact, as U. Scuffum, National Representative of that world-renowned company We-Buffum, said at the recent Tri-Cornered Debate held in Washington, and I quote: "A change in need, is a change indeed!"

To say the least it is, but what is it? We postulate, "it," yet it isn't. Hence if it is "it"—it is and is not nothing. Therefore something, but what is something? Again the answer is nothing, but it is, therefore something is nothing and likewise nothing is something. But this is confusing to say the least, so let's drop the whole situation. No! not over there, but over here! And so, with my last humble contribution to man's never-ending thirst for knowledge and Scotch, I bring to finis my argument; with the fond hope and belief that you, alone in the world, shall see clearly the way of reason and truth by the secrets I have here enfolded.

Next week I hope to bring you the theme of the recent best-selling novel, "Lost in a Corset," by Strecher Imaginashum.

Barmaid: "Oh, yes, I married a man in the village fire department."

Sailor: "Volunteer?"

Barmaid: "No, Pa made him."

Neighbor: "What did your son learn at college?"

Proud Parent: "Well, he hadn't been home a week before he showed me how to open bottles with a half dollar."

—Covered Wagon.

The Happy Life at Brunswick Annex

By Robert G. Nesbit

"Heh, Pete, what's the meaning of brachiocephalic?"

"Brachiocephalic?"

"Yeh."

"I don't know—ask Joe Smith in room ten."

"O. K. Heh, room ten, heh, Joe Smith, what's the meaning of brachiocephalic?"

"Ah hell, I don't know; I'm a tech student. Ask Dave in room three. He's A and S."

"O. K. Heh, Dave—"

Such is life in a college dormitory. In my room here at Brunswick Campus I can lie in my bed, and through the plywood wall I can gather enough knowledge to write an encyclopedia. Of course this knowledge is often jumbled; for while the men on my right may be discussing the theory of evolution, the men on my left are undoubtedly arguing over the correct way to open a bottle of beer. When I have had an easy day at school, I don't mind this noise. With my feet on the table, a pot of coffee, a package of cigarettes, and a good radio program, I can enjoy life. But I do not have many easy days at school, and life in the dormitory is not as quiet as I wish. There are several definite disturbances, and by far the worst of these is the man with an electric shaver.

Who am I to slander the electric shaver? This amazing little instrument is the result of years of tedious research. An electric shaver will shave cleaner and is far less irritating than the safety razor. Admittedly, I can not speak with authority on these benefits, for I must confess that I still wrestle with the antiquated Gil-

lette. However, I will make a concession and will say that I agree with the advertisers. The electric shaver is a wonderful instrument, probably the greatest discovery of the twentieth century. But the shaver still interferes with my radio. Army is playing Navy; the radio announcer is on the verge of hysterics; Glenn Davis is going for a touchdown; he's on the twenty, the ten—then comes the electric shaver. Will Davis reach the goal line before the electric shaver cuts him out? Never! The shaver is an efficient machine, and I must listen to static for twenty minutes.

Of course the electric shaver is not my only enemy. There's the "Buttermilk Man," Johnny Doe of Room 26. *Oh Buttermilk Sky* chants Johnny. Moreover, he is egotistical enough to believe that he can improve on this musical masterpiece. First he rearranges the lyrics; then he bursts forth with a bellowing bass; slowly he rises to a faltering falsetto. Johnny is in his glory. But Johnny believes in sharing his glory. He calls in Pete and Bill, then Bob. The volume of this quartette is truly amazing. Later, the quartette having grown to a full size chorus, the buttermilk threatens to curdle. The entire dormitory is shaking; and I, in my bed, am certainly not in a state of inertia. Having exhausted my supply of aspirin, I can do nothing but curse.

To add insult to injury, I am not even safe in my own room, owing to the antics of my roommate—Joe, the cockroach. To be strictly fair, I must admit that Joe has many fine qualities. He is doggedly faith-

ful, never leaving my room in search of better picking grounds. He is perpetually silent, never causing any noise except when he accidentally trips the catch on my alarm clock. Above all he is not picayune; he does not ask for orange peel or cracker crumbs; he is content to nibble on an ink spot or a wandering piece of dust. But Joe has a very bad physiological effect on me. I have a great admiration for his miraculous defiance of the law of gravity. At times I am so swayed by the seeming case with which he treads my ceiling that I jump from my bed, scamper up the wall, and attempt to follow Joe in his wanderings. Alas, my hopes are always shattered. I gather my scattered membranes from the floor, retie my loosened pajama string, and return to my bed with a deeper yearning for that bottle of aspirin.

And so, once again in my bed, I look up to the ceiling and watch Joe doing a John Paul Jones to the tune of *Oh Buttermilk Sky* accompanied by an electric shaver. I do not believe that life has short-changed me. I frequently count my blessings. I have my youth, my health, my subsistence check, and a fountain pen that writes under water. What more can I ask of life?—except a law outlawing cockroaches, electric shavers, and *Oh Buttermilk Sky* in college dormitories.

"What makes people walk in their sleep?"

"Twin beds."

—*Variety*s.

The Half Miler

By Ike Webber

Back in dusty track history at the University of Maine there ran a star half-miler named St. Onge. They called him "Spider," and he won race after race with apparent ease, but the student body came to realize that his ease of winning was brought about by the fact that all the competition was literally run into the ground by a running mate of Spider's named Hen Bearce. Now in order to win your letter in track you had to win an event in dual meet, or place in a meet where more than two colleges were represented. Hen had never won a race, nor had he ever placed in any meet, but every day at the end of classes he was out there giving all he had for the sport. Hen was a senior the year that this story took place, and he was still walking around without his "M"; still hoping to win one. It didn't look as if that day would be coming his way. Spider St. Onge was on hand and to Hen that meant another year of pacing for three-fourths of the half-mile and then dropping out to let Spider go on and win.

And so the annual State Outdoor Track Meet rolled around. It is May 13th, 1905. Coming down to the final event—the half-mile, Maine and Bowdoin are neck and neck on points, with Colby and Bates fighting for third and fourth. Maine has 50 points and Bowdoin has 49. We need a first place in the half to win the Meet. Bowdoin needs that first place to win also. It looks like a cinch for us, because the never-failing Spider is on hand. Hen and Spider are getting their orders from the coach: "Hen, you pace for the first three-quarters, and then Spider it's up to you."

With the crack of the starter's gun they are off down the cinder path, jockeying for positions, and as they pass the first turn Hen is in front, followed by Bowdoin's Everett, with the invaluable Spider bringing up third. At the 220 mark

Hen is still in the lead with Spider still in third position. Hen is in rare form this day, and doing a good job of pacing as they pass the 440 mark. Periodically he looks back over his shoulder to check on Spider. At the 660 mark Hen slows down, with all good intentions of dropping out. He has done his job and that is all that is expected of him; and so as Everett goes by him he glances back to watch the Spider begin to move up, but what he sees makes chills run up and down his back—Spider is as white as a ghost, and is holding onto his side. Spider has a cramp! The crowd, sensing a race of races, is roaring for Spider to come on, and for Hen to go like he has never gone before. Hen knows that it is up to him. His feet feel like lead ingots, and his breath is coming hard. He has set a fast pace, and knows that he never will get that brief respite known as a "second wind." Bowdoin's Everett has stuck to Hen's heels with glue-like manner, and now Everett, sensing no push from Spider St. Onge, really begins to leg it for the Black and White. It looks as if Hen is about through, but from some unknown source of reserve he musters all he has and pours it on.

Running on guts alone now, Hen can hear the pounding of another runner's feet at his back. Fear stops him from looking to see how far behind him the other runner is; instead he sets sail for Everett and that first place position. Slowly but surely Hen pulls up to Everett's shoulder. Now they are side by side and still Hen drives on. Now Everett is pulling ahead a little and Hen drops back. They are coming down the stretch. Another runner creeps to Hen's shoul-

der, but Hen reaches as far as he can and gives just a little more kick to it, and lo and behold! he pulls ahead of the other runner just enough to break across the finish line—in second place.

Maine has lost the track meet to Bowdoin by the score of 59-55, but the roaring acclaim of the crowd signifies another type of win—for Spider St. Onge was a good sport.



Union

The restive leaves rouge with fever,
Turn into the yellow pallor of
near-death—then,
Twist and turn to the fallow soil,
And all are dead.
And yet this tree will live to bear
The fruit of another spring season,
For though you take away its
beauty,
You cannot destroy its reason.



What color

If Miler

Webber

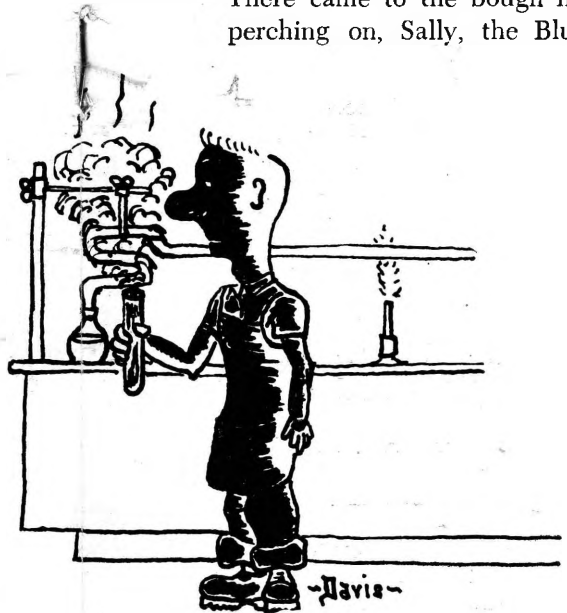
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What color did you say?

Herby, the k

It is very seldom that a contribution, like Carl Sandburg's fog, comes creeping in on us . . . but this month we received something different . . . something unique from Biff Shalek . . . and here it is.—Ed.

Once upon a time there was a bird. He was not a great bald eagle, soaring majestically above the clouds, nor was he a fragile hummingbird searching for nectar. He was . . . well . . . just a bird.

Herby, that was the name his mother and father gave him, loved to whirl and dart in the blue, blue sky. Sometimes he'd race like the devil, and then spreading his little tail-feathers . . . he'd skid . . . to . . . a . . . stop. In mid-air! Oh, he had so much fun! Beating his little wings as fast as the wind, he'd speed through the air and make believe he was a horned owl in search of a mouse. Besides, he was the champion worm-puller of the forest.

He was such a happy little bird, Herby was. But then it happened. There came to the bough he was perching on, Sally, the Bluebird.

Herby, the Bluebird---

By Biff Shalek

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you say?

What a blue Bluebird was Sally. Fluttering her little bird-lashes she daintily glided over and planted a great big peck on Herby's beak. Herby was mortified. Mother-bird had warned of falcons, cats, and snakes, but never of blue Bluebirds.

He didn't realize it, but love had flown to him on blue wings. Oh, how his teeny-weeny heart beat with joy! He wasn't a whistler or a warbler, Herby wasn't, but he sure could fly! And how he did fly! Cartwheels, figure eights, sixteens and thirty-seconds, he did 'em all!

In a blue flash Sally was at his side, and together they began wheeling and soaring in the cloudless sky. It was their flight of love. Ah me . . . love.

It soon became evident to even a novice like Herby that a nest was in order. So he went hunting and hopping and soon had enough straw and mud for a swell two-room birdgalow. At the tippity top of a bearded old oak tree, Herby made a nest for his little wife, Sally Bluebird. He didn't care so much about his room. Just any old place to tuck his head under his wing. Not so for Sally Bluebird, though! From his very own breast he chose the softest feathers, and lined her birdoir with them. For after all . . . she was . . . His Wife.

When he was finished, Herbert (Sally always called him Herbert) winged his way back to the bough where they had first met. The sentimental little fellow wanted a bit of bark to hang in their tiny nest. Oh, how his bird-heart sang as he flew back to his tiny mother-in-waiting.

Herby should have been more careful. Time and time again,

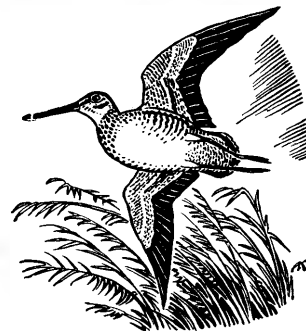
Fatherbird had told him to always be alert. But Herby, his eyes filled with the vision of his loved one . . . forgot.

The cruel falcon, ever watchful, spread his powerful wings, and before you could say Capantski, Herby was in his fearful grip. Too late, Herby tried to cartwheel. The sharp talons knifed through his small body and the life that had been so boisterous flowed from a dozen wounds . . . He died with Sally's name on his beak.

Somewhere . . . fatherless little bluebirds are getting the best care their Mummy can give them. To the best of her ability she is bringing them food, for, after all, she is no champion worm-puller.

Each day this brave little mother Bluebird searches the sky for her loved one; but soon the sky will be gray with snowflakes, and the cold north wind will drive them to the warm southland.

On the lifeless forest floor a tiny bit of bark will decay and again become a part of the earth.



WILL YOU BE THERE?

By Denny Evans

I'm coming back to this world of mine,

Some day,

Will you be there?

I'm coming back to a quiet home, Will you be there?

I'm coming back to a love of warmth and understanding,

Will you be there?

I'm coming back to a little church, a home of my own,

a life of my own, Will you be there?

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BALLADE

By Shirley Crane

The Scottish splendor of a Paisley shawl,
The wav'ring stately stalks of yellow corn,
The colored tableau painted by the fall,
The sunrise promising a lovely morn,
The freshness of a well-kept sloping lawn,
The wealth of love which is not owned by kings,
The breathless moment just preceding dawn:
Above all others I have loved these things.

The lilting of Poldini's *Waltzing Doll*,
The glory of the ancient Parthenon,
Poetic phrases known and loved by all,
The artist's silhouette so finely drawn,
The young alertness of a lonely fawn,
Nostalgic memories a love song brings,
The pure white softness of a graceful swan:
Above all others I have loved these things.

The startling shrillness of a robin's call,
The blissful air as Christmas cheer's reborn,
The white spray of a misty waterfall,
The lovely gift of a song denied to none,
The rushing swiftness of an English bourne,
Celestial grace with which the lyre sings,
The altar which the Easter lilies 'dorn:
Above all others I have loved these things.

She: "Does your husband still find you entertaining?"

Her: "Not if I can help it."

Fashions

Spring is washing off the sky, waking the grass up, and sending the robins back to New England; and with spring our thoughts turn lightly to . . . love, vacation, and Easter clothes.

Sparky Richardson brings out the lil ole bluebird in all of us, in her light blue crepe, trimmed with taffeta ribbon, that cascades from the hip like a quick mountain stream. And all would-be moderns please note the lengthened hemline.

And our own private University of Maine robin, Carol Robbins, rightly chose brown woolen gabardine, in a snugly buttoned jacket with a "toujour gaie" French pep-lum.

Dottie Butler's choice was a free swinging aqua coat to top every dress and suit. Her tiny hat is as exciting as a sudden flashing smile, a half-hat with tipped-up brim, charmingly bedecked with sequins.

Straight from New York is Pauly Curtis's portrait suit with the new long jacket, done in a petit black and white check, with dolman sleeves, and a straight skirt. Just for the added jest of spring, please note the antiqued loops at the neckline and catching-in the belted front. Her costume is accentuated by the well-chosen accessories: the swagger shoulder bag, white gauntlet gloves, and pert beret.

Ah, yes. Spring and Easter.

—Barbie Patten

Boss (to man in next room): Are you working? I don't hear anything.

Painter: Well, whatta ya think I'm putting this stuff on with . . . a hammer?

Mary: "How is it Bill never takes you to the movies any more?"

Helen: "Well, one evening it rained and we stayed home."

—The Log.



These five thousand words by Don Gross comprise one of the best, if not the best short story we've had submitted thus far. It's a well rounded story . . . and incidentally the longest one that's been run by the Needle since its start. But it is a real story—Ed.

"You're going to have a swell club here, Mister Palermo," the man raised his voice above the noise of hammering and sawing.

"You like it?" Louie asked the man. They stood in the closely congested, dim-lit interior which smelled of pine wood and paint. Carpenters ripped out panels and old furnishings, while new materials lay ready for construction in their stead.

"Mister Palermo, all this layout needs is a little advertising in our newspaper. You'll be able to make a lot of money," the man assured him.

"Whatta I need advertisement for, Mister?" Louie swarthy, round face smiled at the salesman. "Look, I gotta alla my customers right here in thisa neighborhood."

"What!" the salesman exclaimed mildly. "Customers in a neighborhood like this?" Then he smiled quickly, "Well, I just can't see it, Mister Palermo. This is a poor section for a neighborhood cafe. Only factory hands live around here."

"Thatsa right," Louie agreed, his smile continuing to wrinkle his dark skin. "Alla my customers right here. How you think I make my money to build this new place? The fellas they come here every night. They drink, they eat, they play cards, talk, do anything they please in Louie's Cafe. They lika Louie's."

"What made you want to renovate your cafe, Mister Palermo?" the salesman asked.

"Wella, the old place wasn't too ritzy. I maka money on it, so I figure the fellas deserved something better. A whiskey salesman give me some ideas about how to change things around, and I like. I wasn't gonna put so much money in it at first. I talk it over with the boys—they're my customers. They give me ideas, too."

"I can't figure out how your old customers are gonna fit in such a joint as you're building here," the man shook his head.

"You'll see," Louie smiled.

"When you want some advertising, call me at the *Morning Telegram*, Mister Palermo," the man extended his hand to Louie.

"Sure thing, Mister. So long."

Two weeks later the interior had undergone a complete rejuvenation. Louie was enthused with the transformation, and Maria, his wife, suggested they change the name of the cafe. "Louie's Cafe" had been good enough for the o'd establishment, but it didn't seem to fit the atmosphere of the new surroundings. They started to name it "The Ambassador," then Louie recalled the word the interior decorator had used—*lounge*, it was—and he decided to call it "Palermo's Ambassador Lounge."

Louie could no longer use the old neon sign which had hung out front, so he called up the sign company, and a salesman came down. He wanted something with a lot of colors, something which would show that "Palermo's Ambassador Lounge" was a real classy joint. It would "give the fellas a helluva thrill."

"It'll run into a little money," the salesman told him.

Louie decided the added expense would be worth it—he had a weakness for flash and color. The company made a huge sign with the name of Louie's new place emblazoned in three colors—red, yellow, green.

On the day of the grand opening, promptly at dusk, Louie lit the sign. It made a humming sound like a June bug, and as he and Maria and the two girls whom he had hired watched it, their enthusiasm welled up in them and spread out on their smiling faces.

Louie fixed the venetian blinds so that the cozy interior could be seen from the street. He stood by the door, dressed in his best suit of clothes, a carnation snipped from the basket of flowers which the florist had loaned them pinned in his lapel, and looked out into the street.

The first customer was Old Man Tilton. Louie, a smile on his round face, watched the man as he neared the place. There was an expression of awe in the old man's eyes as he looked up at the fluorescent glow of the neon. He may have walked by without coming inside if Louie had not opened the door and called to him:

"Steppa in, Mister Tilton. You're the first man to have the honor to enter Palermo's Ambassador Lounge." Louie beamed at the thin grey man, and almost enveloped him with a bear hug.

"Is—is this the place?" the old man stammered, pushing the enthusiastic proprietor from him. His unbelieving eyes roved slowly around the interior, taking in all the changes. Before, the interior had ben a huge yawning thing. There had been a bar on one side of the large room, and the remainder of the space was taken up with a few round tables at which the customers drank, ate, and played cards. A large frosted globe had hung from the dingy white ceiling, dimly shedding its light to all corners of the drab place. The floor had been dark and spotted, and at certain places sawdust was thrown around. Spitoons had been placed near the tables, but no one noticed them,

Grand Opening

by

DON GROSS

or was good enough shot to ring them.

Where once had stood the tables in the naked center of the room, a partition had been built, and Louie had had leather plush-lined booths built in. The ceiling had been recovered with a fabric which was soft on the eyes, and the lighting system came from indirect slits in the ceiling. The floors had been done over in linoleum and tile.

Tilton's eyes took on a tragic expression, as though the setting was entirely unfamiliar and strange to him, and he turned to the door, but Louie pulled him around again, cordially though briskly.

"Don't go, Mister Tilton. Comma, you have a drink on the house. The Palermo Ambassador Lounge wants to give a drink free to Louie Palermo's first customer, Mister Tilton, and you're the first customer."

With that, Louie almost dragged Old Man Tilton to the colorful new bar, made him sit down on the cushioned stool, and ran around in back of the bar and said, solicitously, "What'll it be, Mister Tilton? Whiskey or beer?"

The bar was a beautiful thing, with soft colors and indirect lights behind whiskey bottles. The whiskey company had arranged the bottles on the bright new shelves and a large mirror placed behind them increased the illusion of opulence and mellowness. The total effect was to give one a sensation of thirst. The bar itself now was made of a hard rubber composition, dark wine in color which

blended in with the other surroundings. The stools were of plush and chrome and could be swiveled around.

The old man was so obviously dazed that he could not speak at once. Finally, he said,

"Whiskey."

Louie poured the drink, and the man put it down his throat quickly. When his eyes met the glittering ones of Louie again, he felt a bit more composed.

"Excusa me, Mister Tilton, some more customers." Louie went excitedly towards the door, where he greeted Johnny Lebec and Rollie Gagnon, shaking hands with each of the men.

"Wait'll the boys see this layout!" Rollie exclaimed. "What a joint! What a joint!"

"Yeah," remarked Lebec, and looked at his baggy, unpressed pants uncomfortably. "We shoulda dressed for the opening, Louie."

Louie gave an embarrassed smile and said, "That's all right. Where you boys wanna sit?"

They looked at the booths where Mrs. Palermo and the two waitresses waited, dressed in spotless white uniforms. Quickly, their eyes reverted to the bar, where Old Man Tilton sat paralyzed on his stool. They decided on the bar. Louie called to Maria to tend the boys at the bar while he greeted other old customers coming in.

Harry Costa came in, then Larry Flannagan and Joe O'Leary. Louie greeted them all graciously, and when they had filled the bar, Louie persuaded customers to take

seats in the booths. They were wary at first of sitting in the new, modern plush seats of the booths, and sat stiffly in their unkempt work clothes. But as soon as they got a drink, they felt more at ease in the strange surroundings.

The house was crowded now and hummed with merriment and laughter and loud talk of men. Louie looked happy and felt he had been successful in accomplishing the desire to please his customers. He went back of the bar where Mrs. Palermo had been serving.

"I'll take over, Maria. You go take care of some of the booths."

He took off his dress coat, donned a white apron, and turned with a smile to the men who lined the bar. The familiar faces reminded Louie of the jolly spirit of the old Louie's Cafe.

Louie's smile melted slowly as he smelt the stench of burning rubber. Someone, he noted frowningly, had left a cigarette burning upon the smooth surface of the new bar. Louie swept the ashes away with his towel and grumbled softly when he saw the crusted burnt scar the cigarette had left.

"Whatsa matter, Louie?" Johnny Lebec asked, noticing Louie's displeasure.

"Be a little bit more careful, pleeza, Johnny, where you put your cigaretta. Plenty ash trays around."

"Aw, what're your worrying about, Louie? You want your bar to look well used, don't you?"

Someone who had heard the retort laughed gruffly, but Louie did

not think it a good joke.

"Thissa better place, Johnny," he said, almost in a reprimanding tone, and turned away from them to wipe the slop of beer and cigarette ashes which had been spilled along the new bar.

"He's getting fussy, ain't he?" Louie heard Johnny remark.

Orders from the bar and booths kept Louie busy. Smoke hung heavily in a blue-grey fog under the ceiling, and there was a hum of laughter and loud talking and noise. Louie liked it, because he felt his customers were pleased with the new establishment and were having a good time.

Old Man Tilton looked at the clock over the bar and called Louie to settle up.

"A dollar and fifty cents, Mister Tilton," Louie smiled.

"Dollar-fifty?" the old man looked startled. He had already counted out ninety cents, the former price of the drinks.

"Yeah, sure, Mister Tilton. You see, the price went up a little," Louie spoke softly. He waved his arm around to indicate the whole interior and said, "You know how it is. New expenses."

The old man dug through his pockets, his displeasure registering in his grey face, and muttered loudly, "Shoulda left the old place like it was! Dollar-fifty for three whiskeys! Don't know if I got a dollar-fifty."

"Never mind, Mister Tilton. You just pay the ninety cents, then," Louie smiled uneasily.

"No, I'll pay you your money," the old man muttered, continuing to search his pockets. "Never robbed nobody out of anything. Don't think I'll come back in here again, though."

"Now, Mister Tilton, don't say that," Louie looked frightened.

"Whatsa matter?" Rollie Gagnon turned to the old man.

"Just a little misunderstanding about the price, that's all," Louie said diplomatically.

"Huh!" the old man ejaculated

loudly to himself. "Guess I'll have to owe you fifteen cents, but you'll get it!" He handed the change menacingly to the nervous proprietor.

"Forget it, Mister Tilton. You have it for the old price. This is opening night."

"Yeah, Louie, what's the story on these new prices," Rollie exclaimed. "Before you charged five cents for beer and now it's a dime!"

"Yeah," Louie defended himself, "but we have bigger glasses now. You get your money's worth."

Everyone at the bar was listening.

"You sure we ain't payin' for this classy joint you built here, Louie?" Johnny Lebec broke in.

"I don't make money on nickel beers. You pay a dime everywhere," Louie exclaimed hotly.

"Good night, gentlemen," Old Man Tilton got up from his stool. "I'll be seeing you at Tony's Tavern."

Everyone, Louie included, watched silently as the old man walked to the door.

"Drink up, fellas," Louie said nervously. "Have one on the house!" He began pouring beer into their glasses.

"The old man's right," Flanagan said in a low tone. Louie scraped the heads off the foaming beer glasses. Inside, he felt a little twinge of misgiving. Flanagan's remark made him think of what the advertising salesman had told him.

Maria interrupted his thoughts. "I'll take care of the bar," she said and motioned toward one of the booths. "They wanta see you."

"Hey, Louie," one of the men said when Louie reached the booth. "What's the big idea of no fish-and-chips? Always before we could get fish-and-chips here, and all of a sudden you go high-hat, and get a menu, but you ain't got nuthin' on it except lobster and oysters and high class food we can't buy."

"You boys don't understand,"

Louie tried to explain quietly. "We got fish-and-chips, but we have this other stuff so you can have anything you want. Louie build this place for you fellas. Got a chef now. Whatta you want, that's what I wanna have. We ain't got no fish-and-chips tonight because this is the grand opening night. There's other stuff, though."

The men looked suspiciously from Louie, exchanging uncertain glances.

"We don't want no lobster. And we don't want no three dollar steaks!" the outspoken man retorted out of the side of his mouth.

"You have spaghetti, maybe?" Louie addressed the others.

They did not say anything.

"You want fried clams? Hamburger sandwich?" he asked, smiling graciously.

The men dropped their threatening faces and began anew to examine the menu. The outspoken one looked at his friends as though peeved because they were not backing him up. He got up, reached for his dirty work cap, and exclaimed,

"This place stinks! I'm going down to the diner. You men coming with me?" He looked at them menacingly. Slowly they got up and began to follow him.

Louie watched them, aghast, and as they left his hands went unconsciously up to clutch his balding head, then he dropped his arms slowly, striving inside to compose the turbulent anger within him. He felt hurt, his vanity had been wounded for the second time tonight by customers walking out. He had wanted so much to impress and please everyone, but his efforts apparently were not appreciated.

He shrugged philosophically, as he reviewed the remaining customers in the smoke-shrouded interior, and concluded that you couldn't satisfy everyone. He started back to the bar. Rose, one of the waitresses, intercepted him. Some men at her table were walk-

ing out without paying.

"They claim the price is too high," Rose told the perplexed Louie and motioned to the men disappearing through the door.

"Hey, you fellas, come back here!" he yelled. They turned to see who was yelling, laughed, and kept going. The last one retorted to the panting proprietor:

"This joint is too high-classed. The prices are too high. We ain't gonna pay and we ain't gonna come back in here either. Okay?" the fellow smiled cynically at Louie. Louie swallowed hard and looked around for help, but there was no one he could call on.

"I getta the police after you!" he cried angrily.

"Serves you right, Louie," a man in greasy overalls shouted from a booth. "You shoulda left the old joint like it was. We don't like this here finery. All we want is a place to go and drink and have a good time."

Louie looked at the man, his anger showing in his blood-shot eyes. He decided to ignore the remark. He went over to the bar and began scolding his wife for letting it become sloppy.

"Let her alone, Louie," Johnny said, as he began sopping up the liquid with a towel.

"I'm going upstairs," Maria cried. "You take care of your own place!"

"Go ahead!" Louie snapped hotly. His patience was sorely tried. A period of embarrassed silence settled, which was broken by a commotion from the booths.

Joe O'Leary, drunk as a lord, had climbed shakily up onto one of Louie's new smooth-top tables, and with a bottle of beer in his hand, waved all around for silence so he could make a speech.

"Jesus! Whatta he wanna mess up my good table like that for," Louie hurried to the booth where the crowd was gathering.

"L a d e e s and gentlemen!" O'Leary looked down expansively at the attentive men.

"Mister O'Leary, get down off

my table!" Louie yelled at the swaying man. The silent crowd turned to Louie expectantly.

"Ah, go ahead and give your speech, Joe," someone shouted. "Don't mind him. He's only the guy who runs the joint."

"Pleeza, Mister O'Leary, pleeza get down before you ruin the table!"

"Uh, 'm jus' gonn' giv' speech, Louie," the man mumbled drunkenly, waving his hands for silence.

"Yeah, keep quiet while the man speaks!"

Louie struggled to get at O'Leary, but the crowd blocked his way. He was powerless, forced to stand and listen to the drunken man's ranting.

"I pr'pose we turn this joint back like it was. New place too ritzy fr us. Whatta you say we make it back into Louie's old joint."

Louie's face took on a horrified expression. Something of the wild man welled up in him, and he struggled to get through the crowd and at the man. He could see nothing for his anger as he tore at the forms of the men who blocked his way. They shoved him back, hitting him with the force of their open hands or shoving him with their bodies. Louie fell onto the hard floor, stunned.

There was a feeling of pain in his shoulder as he picked himself up from the floor. His breath came back to him slowly. Joe O'Leary raved drunkenly on, and the crowd laughed boisterously at what he said. Louie started for the door to look for the policeman. A crashing sound caused him to turn, however. The mirror in back of the bar was splattered with beer and cracked in wide gashes. Someone, taking O'Leary's speech as the cue to start a riot, had thrown a glass of beer into the mirror.

The men, realizing the rowdiness had gone too far, began dispersing towards the door. Louie decided to let them get out.

When the last ones had hastened out of the place, Louie went over

to O'Leary. The drunken orator had fallen off the table onto the floor, and lay in a stupid daze. Louie picked him up and shoved him into the seat.

"Come on, snap outta it!" he shook the man's heavy frame angrily.

"Wh—what?" the drunken man muttered stupidly. Then, seeing Louie, he said, "You're just man I wanna see, Louie! Some changes to make."

"You damn right, changes!" Louie snapped hotly. "You goddam right, some changes! You get hell outta here! You ruin my business!" Louie yelled for the waitresses who had disappeared into the kitchen. The cook appeared. Between Louie and the cook, they got the man on his feet, and supported him as he stumbled to the door.

Louie had an urge to shove O'Leary onto the sidewalk, but contented himself to watch the man stagger around and look back foolishly at him through the apertures of the blinds.

"G'wan, get hell outta here!" Louie shook his clenched fist at the man. O'Leary made a wry face, turned, stumbled, and weaved slowly down the street.

"Bastard ruin my business!" Louie exclaimed through clenched teeth. Tears streamed down his cheeks.

"You shoulda kept them characters outta here in the first place, Mister Palermo," the chef said. "They ain't the kind of people to have in a joint like this. You gotta get people with money."

"Alla my customers gone for good," Louie exclaimed, looking at his new, glowing, buzzing neon sign, as he wept bitterly.

A dull thud came from the direction of the neon sign, and Louie watched angrily as the colored letters shimmered nervously and slowly darkened. He grabbed the door handle wildly and ran out.

"I'll get them bastards!" he yelled crazily.

In the cool night air Louie was suddenly stunned by the driving impact of something soft and squashy which caught him squarely in the face. The blow stung and hurt a little. Louie became more angry, mortified to tears. He spread his hands and rubbed the oozy liquid of an over-ripe tomato from his face.

Blinded momentarily, Louie heard voices of kids across the street. As soon as they heard him swearing they ran away. The cook followed Louie outside and led him back in.

"That's the thanks I get from this neighborhood," Louie swore bitterly. The cook sat him down and wiped the red tomato pulp from his face and clothes.

"Well, there's only one thing to do," Louie muttered.

"What you gonna do, Mister Palermo?" the cook wanted to know.

"This joint is closed to them bums. I'm gonna fix it up and put an ad in the newspaper. Palermo's Ambassador Lounge will have its grand opening again, but this time it will be for new business."

"That's what you oughta do," the cook agreed.

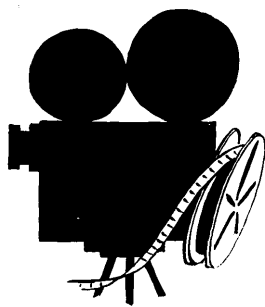
Judge: Where's your husband?
 Defendant: Ah ain't got no husband, Judge. He's been dead for ten years.
 Judge: But are those all your children?
 Defendant: Yes, sir, dey's mine.
 Judge: But your husband's dead?
 Defendant: I know dat, but ah ain't.

"If this lecture has gone overtime it's only because I haven't my watch and the hall clock has stopped . . ."

"There's a calendar in back of you."
 —Covered Wagon.

Head for the round-house, Nellie,
 he'll never corner you there.
 —Exchange.

Silas Clam
 Lies on the floor,
 He tried to slam
 A swinging door.
 —Covered Wagon.



CELLULOID REVUE

**THE YEARLING—A universally read novel becomes a moviegoers must. A fourth star would not be misplaced here.

**THE RED HOUSE—Edward Robinson and Lon McAllister make this stock mystery drama more than bearable. Sol Lessor has done much in the way of setting and suspense to enliven a deadly plot.

**STONE FLOWER—Few Russian films have been seen, but if this be a sample of things to come more power to them (In this line).

**MAN'S HOPE—While covering foreign language movies, this bit of horror and pathos deserves note. Not a pleasant evening yet valuable as historical record and emotional accounting.

*BRIEF ENCOUNTER—Once in a while even the hitherto fine quality of British film production falls off standard.

**STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN—David Niven and Raymond Massey give a fine performance in a good story. Note: Hollywood you'd best call your wandering boys home.

**THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES—When Jimmy Stewart gets an Oscar for his work herein I'll add the third star but not until then.

*BEDULA—Vera Lockwood and Ian Hunter, British stars of much note turn a class B story into class A show.

If these do not fit into your scheme of movie enjoyment, why not go to the Park and see a good Roy Rogers thriller?

QUESTIONS

When the official hangmen, appointed by the military tribunals in Nuremburg and Tokyo,

Finish a day's work (in line of military duty) and return to quarters,
 Do they lie down and sleep? or do they wash their hands until they are rough and red,

Trying to remove invisible stains?

Do they eat hearty suppers, or do they leave food untouched upon the plate?

And, when they are granted leaves of absence to visit German homes,
 and they sleep with the fraus and frauliens,

What do they think?

These are dangerous questions to ask, you say,

Or they are matters of no concern to anyone but the parties involved,
 or just, why not let it rest?

I don't know the answers—and I'd like to know the right answers;
 Because, underneath the complacent shrug of shoulders, or the lying awake at night, or the unfinished plate, or the continual washing of hands,

Rest the fundamental things of Life, and the survival of Life . . .

And the answers to pertinent questions.

—Clair H. Chamberlain.

SPRING SONG

It is Spring. The bird is on the wing.

Up from the sunny southland he will bring

His carefree warning of another seasonal metamorphosis. Or so the poets sing.

Personally, I cannot see why Wordsworth and Shelley and that other guy

Wrote so many bird-words. It was all right for them to carry on about the lark in the sky.

But they were in Merry Old England

And here I am in New England, Which, Summer Vacationland or no Summer Vacationland, is a very cold Springland.

Talk about the song of the lark, Percy and William and Bill, but hark! hark!

From where I sit in the Pine Tree State, all I can hear is a very irritated dog bark.

It is Spring. The bird is on the bough.

What is he doing there anyhow? The poor dope, if he thinks it is time for flowers and bowers and song, he is wrong.

As for the flower in the crannied wall,

Lord Al, I looked, and it isn't there at all.

Nothing on my side of the fence but ragweed and a fugitive from Revenue Internal.

Right now even a rose isn't a rose, Maybe because, like me, it is simply froze.

(Nor is this piece so hot. What is it, anyhow, prosaic poetry or poetic prose?)

So if some female eager beaver Should come along and twitter "Spring fever!"

I would not even mention that mine is the hay kind. I would just open the window and heave her.

—Elaine



This month again we shall attempt to cover as much of a variety of material as the new publications permit.

H. Willem vanLoon has made the outstanding contribution to our reading enjoyment for March. His novel *Report of St. Peter*, is a graphic presentation of the story of Mr. vanLoon's life and in a subtle manner the story of mankind. This subject is and has been vanLoon's specialty throughout his writing career and if this may be said to be his summary on the subject it is without parallel as such. For those who have enjoyed vanLoon's previous this is a must. For those not previously acquainted with his writing, I advise this as an ideal starting point.

Booth Tarkington, whose name is synonymous with reading, before his untimely death had started a novel which only recently has been printed. *The Show Piece* while only three quarters completed has sufficient Tarkington's cleverness and charm. It may seem a bit like an unfinished magazine serial story but for those who enjoyed Mr. Tarkington during his life-time should not fail to read this.

We have not reviewed anthologies before and it is with certain hesitancy that I suggest Robert Lowell's *Lord Weary's Castle*. A collection of poems is always dangerous to evaluate. In this case however, the reader will, I am certain, agree that, if not good, at any rate Mr. Lowell's work is novel and lively. I would not advise this for those who have little or no use for poetry, for those on the other side however this example of a modern trend is well worth the time required for its reading.

For the lover of mystery, Vera

Caspery's *Stranger than Truth* will provide a few moments of tensesness and suspense. Without any prejudice it will be noted that the plot is trite and only Miss Caspery's universally acceptable style saves this flight of fancy. In this same classification James M. Cain's *The Butterfly* is fancy and slower moving yet, as was true of Mr. Cain's former novels *Mildred Pierce* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, the reader's enjoyment is only slightly decreased by this lack of pace.

The historically and politically minded will find much of interest and knowledge in Hermann Rushning's *Time of Delusion*. As former President of Danzig, Rushning was in a position to observe the rise of Hitler and the National Socialist party in Germany. He gives a fine picture of the ten years 1929-1939. He is a man who, if this report be accurate, was alert and sensitive to conditions which gave rise to Hitler and his party. And before the reader says complacently 'that's all past and done with' he should read Sir Samuel Hoare's *Complacent Dictator*. Herein Spain's Franco is shown as a menace of long standing. Hoare was England's representative to Spain before the war and has been in politics and foreign service for many years and is in a position to analyze this man of mystery and threat.

Years Between—Daphne DuMaurier—A two act play which, while not, is more than amply covered in two acts. Miss DuMaurier should stick to writing novels.

Bouillabaise—D. W. Brogan—If memory serves bouillabaise is a mess of fish. Need say more?

—Bill Horner



HUNTING - FISHING

Here it is March—far enough along in the year for spring to seem tantalizingly just out of reach—early enough so that the crisp nights still call for that feather comforter. This is the month that is the dead spot on the sportsman's calendar. Pursuing the snowshoe hare is apt to have lost its savor for him by now, and he is most likely to be lost in visions of white water, whipping flyrods, taut lines, singing reels, and fighting trout—all of which is, unfortunately, still a month away. So—if you are the average Joe sportsman—you have probably packed away the old shotgun by now (well cleaned and greased, I hope), and dug out the Isaac Walton equipment. If you were smart last fall and used some D. D. T. and some moth flakes before you packed those flies away, you're probably all set to go. But if you didn't—oh, brother! Next to your best tweed suit, nothing seems to appeal to a moth as much as a nice tasty Parmachene Belle or perhaps a well tied Gray Ghost. Of course, if you belong to the fly tying brotherhood, you can salvage your hook from the sad looking mess you have left and tie the fly all over again, but after all — it would have been a lot easier to put them away carefully in the first place. Don't think I'm not talking from experience! Moths once cost me fifteen dollars worth of flies. I've been very careful about how I put them away ever since.

While you've got all that equipment spread out on the floor, better take a good look at the old fly-

rod. Check for rough guides (they'll raise hob with your fly line) and rewind any windings that are bad. You might also sand the whole rod *lightly* with very fine sandpaper, and then give it a coat of clear varnish. You'll be sure your rod is protected from moisture and it will add years to its life.

Now—if you've got everything all set—have you thought about where you're going to fish next month? If you are like most fishermen, you've probably got the spot all picked for opening day—some secluded little pool where the trout are *THAT* big—and no one knows about it but you! Right here and now, five will get you ten that when you get there you can't see the water for the fishermen!

In all seriousness though, there are some fine trout waters within reach of the campus. For you fellows who won't be content with anything but the big ones—when the ice goes out, there are Branch Pond and Green Lake, both of them with candidates for the "One That Didn't Get Away Club." If the brooks and streams are your dish, Sunkhaze Stream in Milford is always a good bet.

Silver Needles

By Shirley Crane

Silver needles against the sky
Pierce my soul with a longing
For that day, not distant even now,
When Love, Satan's lady, true,
Gave life to tenderness
And thrust your burning promises
Ever deeper into my craving heart.

We walked, you and I, through
paths
Marked by pines bred in stately
grace,
Pines crowned with white haloes
Floating in a warm blue ceiling.

Underneath, the earth was carpeted
With a thousand needles, green
and softer then—
Not piercing—
And so we loved. A higher ecstasy
I knew, than I had ever known.

But soon, the silver needles fused,
And formed a silver sword
Slashing and stabbing at the core
of my heart,
Afterwards, escaping with its
master to seek its newer victim
And leaving me crippled, to climb
above
The Pit of Loneliness. Oh pine,
Queen of trees,
Born of highest royalty, take now
your
Silver needles and fling them,
Elsewhere!

Capitulation

By Terence

He walked apart from humankind
Content with solitude,
And watched their earthly wanderings from
A Godly altitude.

Smug, upon a pedestal,
He viewed their little ways.
Their talk was small, their acts
were small,
And small their span of days.

They did not mind, continuing still
To live with love and hate,
Wasting precious hour on hour
To find or lose a mate.

Not him, there was too much to do,
His days were far too brief,
And too much human time lay
wrecked
On matrimony's reef.

So, with synthetic happiness
He looked down from above
With cold derision in his soul . . .
. . . And then he fell in love.

LOOT

By
JOE COBB

As I turned, my foot struck something beneath the snow, and I glanced downward to see an earthen handle protruding from the wet whiteness. I bent and picked up a souvenir of war.

It was a beer stein, topless, but otherwise in perfect condition. A little muddy, perhaps, but still capable of performing its ordained function on a moist table or a smoky shelf. Even in the weakening light I could see the bas-relief on the side, a colorful scene showing a returned huntsman quaffing lusty pilsener served by a blonde and braided maid.

I had heard a lot about the old-time days in Germany; of the gardens, the waltzes, and Gemütlichkeit . . . I wondered if the stein in my hand had been part of it. Perhaps it had been used in Bavaria, in a rich smelling tavern where it was raised and lowered to the music of a concertina, or in Vienna, at a sidewalk cafe . . . possibly Goethe himself had raised it to his lips . . . or Goering. Perhaps it had occupied a mantle corner in a farmhouse in Saxony, where it had silently witnessed the passage of sons to war . . . or it may have been left unsold in the abandoned shop of a Jew.

The Yank that stowed it in his bag and brought it home was not sentimental about it. To him it was merely a souvenir, something to give away and thereby add to his stature. *He had been in Germany.* He gave the stein to his aunt, and she thanked him and asked him about the war. In a few days, or weeks, it fell from its perch on the back porch rail where she had placed it after filling it with dirt and geraniums, and its pewter top was broken . . . it went to the dump on an ash truck.

But I brought it home.

MARRIAGE OR--- MATRICULATION

By SAMUEL E. JONES

To matriculate or to marry, that is the question; whether it is nobler in the mind to gain an education, or to grab a man and by so doing, satisfying every woman's most cherished hope. No more the ageless struggle! So they end the heartache—do these husband hoping co-eds.

By thus paraphrasing the words of the great bard, we find the basic purpose of every co-ed's college career. "O most pernicious woman." That they would disguise their aim—'tis woman once again hiding her true motives from the eyes of man.

Think of all the doting parents who spend uncountable sums to send their feminine progeny to college! Here they are to gain a degree, to learn the social graces, to meet people, to get out into society. All their waking hours are spent in social affairs. The quest for a mate dominates!

How many hours does the co-ed spend in the discussion of clothes, cosmetics, and caviliers? The things they do to attract the male of the species are unbelievable. Tons of paste and pounds of chalk-dust are consumed yearly in the search for the complexion smooth. Miles of elastic and yards of silk are sewn together in the battle of the bulge. Hundreds of perfumers, dress designers, beauticians, are made wealthy each term, by these searchers of the dream man.

As Willy Shake said, in anticipating the co-ed's attitude, "Though this be madness, yet there's method in it." This shrewd observation, 250 years B. C. (Before Co-ed).

What classes does earth's finest creature attend? Music Apprecia-

tion, Eighteenth Century Art, Modern Dance; these and other airy courses constitute her mental diet. They happily avoid the entrees of learning, yet eagerly devour the salads of erudition. In a nebulous cloud of self-importance, they tread the halls of Arts and Science.

Which sex gathers the most in extra-curricular doings? They scurry to committees, sororities, dances, cackle conclaves; witlessly like leaves before the wind. All this and fraternity pins too! Yes, nature has invented the perfect fulcramage; a woman's tongue, always seesawing, like a happy puppie's tail, constantly wagging.

In the not so gay nineties, the woman, like the weaker of the species she is, waited at home for her swain. Now, in her new twentieth century freedom, she strides after him, like the cat after the mouse. Again as the cat, she toys with her helpless victim, until he knows not into the trap which he falls. Like the angler with the trout, she casts out a little more line each time, hauling her human fish closer with each flicker of her masked eyes. What has happened to decorum, propriety, etiquette? She stoops to conquer! To once more paraphrase William S., frailty thy name is no longer woman!

Some say that women are replacing men. Replace us they may, chase us they may, yet we reign supremely serene. For what can amuse us more than their hilarious antics and constant foibles?

Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science we may someday be, but Bachelor of Single Blessedness, never! For, inherently a woman is not a solitary person.

The Hilltop.....

By Jean Miller

Why do I lie
Up here?
Why do I bear the hiss
Of cold wind in the grass,
The sly
And icy kiss
Of wind upon my arm
For a pale, thin slice
Of sun?
What alarm
You show, that I should pass
My time up here
When a warm fire blazes
At the house,
And I could sit with all of you
About the fire and seer
My tongue with tea and talk
With you of all your crazes
And your hates, your racing,
And your golfing, and your hearts.
I balk
At this, at tracing
Little ends of chatter .
That scatter
Into parts
Unknown,
And better left unknown
I say!
Why would I stay
Up here, blown
By the wind and shadowed by
the clouds, waiting?
Why
Would I sit before your
Stifling heat, hating
It, when I can catch
A snatch
Of sun, perhaps?
Just a little piece of sun,
And the perhaps is one
Of size.
But please don't say,
"Come down, the day
Is overcast for good."
When I have stood
The cold this long, just who are
you
To crush my faith, with faiths so
few?



Are you
Maeb eht no*



You are, if you get tongue-tied when you meet a cute cookie! Or worse yet, if you stoop to "weather talk!" *Get on the beam* right, fellow! Start off from third base! Offer that choice bit of calico a yummy Life Saver. She'll be keen on them (and you).

* "On the beam" backwards



P. S. Just in case this friendship ripens—Life Savers keep your (and her) breath kissably fresh!

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—

MRS. DUDLEY DAVIS
34 Forest Avenue
Orono, Maine

Elephant looked down at mouse and exclaimed "You're about the puniest, most insignificant object I ever laid eyes on." The mouse squeaked angrily, "I've been sick."





Good Pal
this suit
by



As seen in
Charm and Mademoiselle

It's young! It's lively! It's
tailored with those classic lines that do
so much for a junior figure.
And those double buttons and hand-picked
edges give it a real custom-made look.
It's a suit you'll wear everywhere.

Tailored in pure worsted Kanmak gabardine. Sizes 9 to 15.

Exclusive with us

RINES

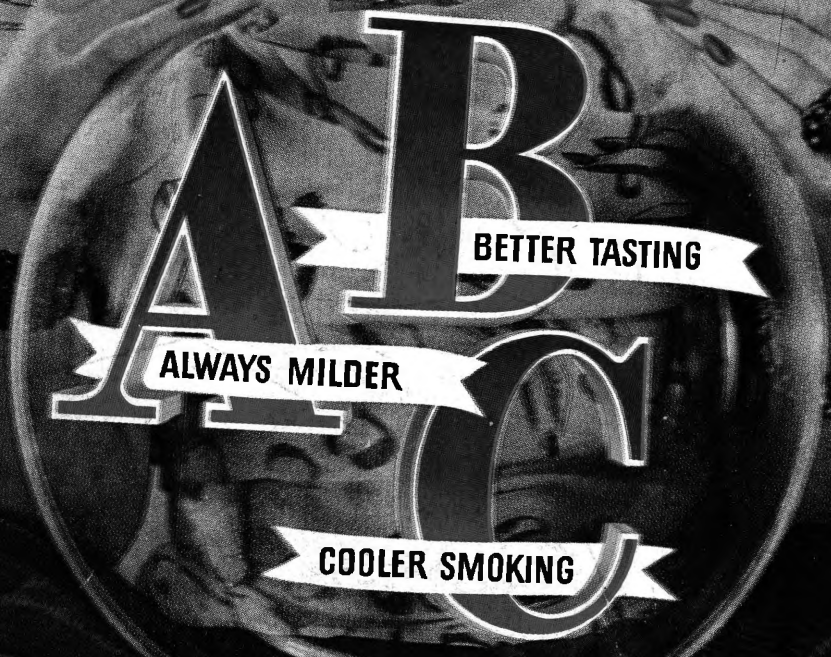


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